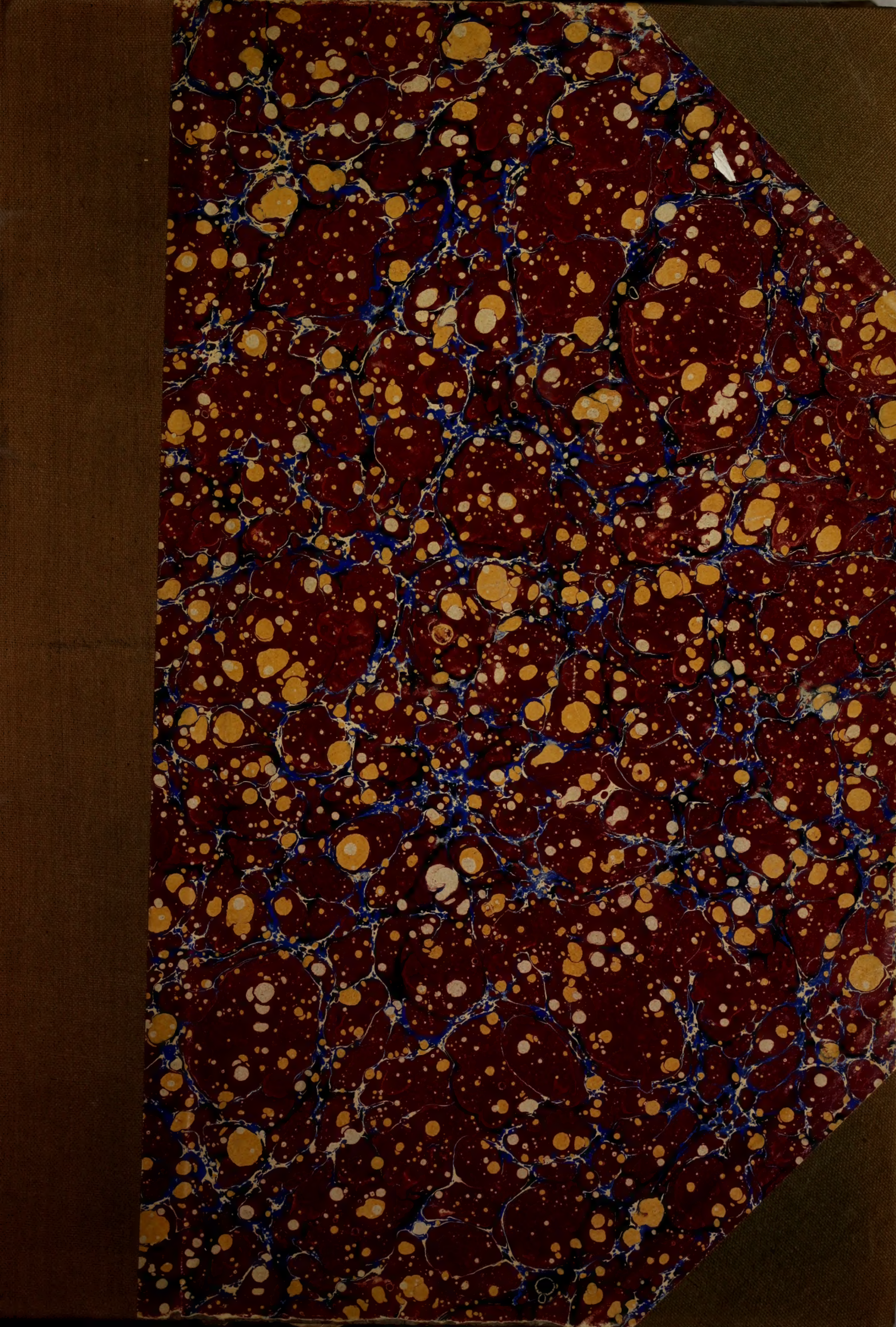



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Vol. XVII. No. 832. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1908. PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, August 8, 1908. No. 832.



FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM MARKET STREET

(See Page 11.)

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
N. W. cor. First and Mission Sts., San Francisco, Cal. Tel. Douglas 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

At It Again

"We ought," says the Hon. Theodore Bell—vehement friend of the people and self-sacrificing devotee of public office—"to close the great chasm between the Democratic and Republican parties, and sit down and reach an agreement that every man placed in public office should be clean." A noble, edifying sentiment and one in which all true patriots will concur. And it is a sentiment characteristic of that distinguished favorite son of Napa who but recently lent the dignity and light of his presence to the national convention of the Bryanized Democracy, presiding over that illustrious body with exceeding grace, and ravishing it with his highfalutin parts of speech. Mr. Bell is a fine sample of the class of statesmen by which the Democracy is now dominated. In the light of his utterances it is easy to take the measure of the man, and the foregoing excerpt from one of his speeches is of average luminosity. Lighting us along the devious way of his mental operations, it enables us to peer into the depths of his profoundest philosophy and observe the mainspring of his formulas for freedom and for redeeming the people from thralldom and misery. What an imposing idea is that of the closing of the partisan chasm while all good men and true sit down and reach the beneficent agreement that none but the clean shall be elected to public office! How fascinating the picture! How alluring the project and how feasible! How refreshing to contemplate the glad prospect of solving the problem that embraces all our political woes! Assuredly the thought that blossomed in this practical suggestion, thus thrown into the world from the upper air, far removed from the commonplaces of existence, bespeaks rare lucidity of mind and a firm grasp on the principles of government and of human happiness. There may be those amongst us who will sneer at the gallant son of Napa and deride him for what they may conceive to be transparent cant, but, indifferent to the jibes of the cynical, encased in the armor of his own sincerity, the young sage of the Democracy will pursue the even tenor of his way, firm and fearless in his determination to keep the unclean out of office, and to see that the administration of government shall be in the hands of the sterilized and pure. And, needless to say, Mr. Bell is himself of the pure,—nay of the simon pure—though he embodies a flat contradiction of an old proverb, for to him most things are absolutely impure, not to say tainted and putrescent. If they were otherwise Mr. Bell would be a missionless young patriot. Were all things pure this sincere and righteous young man would in all probability wear out his hindparts baying the moon.

Some Symptoms of Degeneracy

The Prohibition platform calls for "a suffrage based on literacy." The Prohibitionists believe no doubt that literacy implies intelligence, common sense and the power of discriminating wisely in matters political. Yet the Prohibitionists themselves afford exemplification of the futility of literacy for certain purposes. The ability to read and write has not saved them from fanaticism. Through the ability to read and write they have acquired a superficial knowledge of the science of government and of sociology, and upon the strength of their little learning they are wasting their energies trying to convert their intellectual superiors to a system of living which, because it is suitable to their temperament, seems to them fit and proper for all other temperaments. It would probably pain the Prohibitionists very much to be told that in their case literacy has brought on degeneracy, but such is the case if we may rely on the authority of Max Nordau. According to that scientific gentleman one of the strongest symptoms of degeneracy is discontent with the social order. The degenerate is to be distinguished from the enlightened reformer, Nordau tells us, by his ridiculous aims and his tendency to beat the air. He hatches astoundingly mad projects for improving the world. He selects among the arrangements of civilization such as are either immaterial or distinctly suitable in order to rebel against them. From the Prohibition platform we learn that the Prohibitionists propose the "suppression of the social evil." Now surely this is a mad project. And surely the social evil is one of the arrangements which should be regarded as suitable to the present state of civilization. It is not an ideal arrangement, but civilization must make great progress before it can realize its ideals. Indeed so far is it from the realization of its ideals that while it hypocritically turns its back on the one social evil which it might regulate to some advantage, it encourages many social evils infinitely more mischievous than the particular object of Prohibition hostility. We hope that Max Nordau is in error in his treatise on the obsessions that denote degeneracy, for we should rather attribute the mad projects of the Prohibitionists to religious zeal than to mental obliquity.

An Ideal Reformer

The probability is that New York's great reformer, Governor Hughes, will be renominated. Such is the opinion of shrewd observers of the political situation. And yet the attitude of all the leading Republican politicians of New York toward Governor Hughes is that of bitter hostility. But as this is the year of a national campaign the Republican politicians of New York are concerned with something more than the personality of the State executive. They realize that the National ticket upon which depends the security of the Federal machine is none too strong in New York, and they are sensible of the tremendous popularity of Governor Hughes. They need Governor Hughes more than he needs them; for that gentleman, with his honors thick upon him, would be well satisfied to retire to private life. "He will no more lift his finger for the office," says the New York Post, "than he would for the Presidency." But the office, in this instance, seeks the man, and thus is exemplified the wisdom of a policy which is rarely the principle of conduct in public office. The essence of this policy is conscientious devotion to duty combined with absolute indifference to political expediency. This is a policy that calls for firmness and courage, and that is not easily adhered to by the public servant with one eye on a second term. When a man enters upon a public career with a second term in view, however exalted his ideals, he is very apt to yield to the persuasive voice of political advantage, which is usually a siren voice that lures to compromises with conscience and eventually to destruction. Statesmen with excellent intentions have found it easy to reconcile the performances of the politican with the professions of the idealist. They argue that as the prolongation of their services is to the advantage of the people, and as the people might be deprived of those services were the political bosses to be treated cavalierly, it follows that

capitulation to the bosses is in the interest of all concerned. This is the species of sophistry by which the Pardees of the country have been converted into obvious charlatans. Now it may be accepted as an axiom of political science that no man can be true to the people who is not true to himself. And while it often happens that the people, seduced by catchwords, embrace the demagogue and repudiate the man who is true to himself, it does not follow that deception is essential to the winning of their confidence. This was exemplified in the career of Grover Cleveland and it is now exemplified in the career of Mr. Hughes who, as the Post tells us, "has compromised with not a single politician," and "who has been the Governor of all the people of the State doing precisely what he considered to be the right without the slightest regard for consequences." And his straightforward devotion has been recognized and appreciated the country over. He is a reformer who has reformed things without vituperating his opponents, without employing scurrility and without demanding that anybody be driven out of his party. How different the aspect which he presents from that of our local reformers!

The President and The Prisoner

The Baltimore Sun asks: "Does President Roosevelt feel at all easy in his mind when he thinks of the wretched conditions under which Colonel Stewart is living with the approval of the commander-in-chief, because of this unfortunate officer's temperamental infirmities?" Assuredly President Roosevelt does feel easy in his mind. If he did not feel easy in his mind he would not keep Colonel Stewart in the wretched conditions that are now the lot of that unfortunate officer. It must be assumed that he is well informed as to the nature of those conditions, for they have been described in all the newspapers of the land, and President Roosevelt is one of the subscribers of a clipping bureau. But President Roosevelt's sensibilities are not easily wrought upon by pictures of physical suffering. He is a strong man with perfect control of his emotions. There is nothing suggestive of effeminate tenderness in his make-up. A daring rough rider, a mighty hunter, a muscular athlete who loves the strenuous life, he exults in examples of great human endurance, and scenes of slaughter are to him a source of ecstasy. Why should this hero of the cattle range and the forest, this doer of doughty deeds, be expected to suffer mental discomposure from thoughts of the situation of the prisoner of our Devil's Island. If Colonel Stewart has no relish for life at Fort Grant he can resign. The alternative is not quite so severe as that which a Roman conqueror gave to his captive king who begged to be excused from playing the leading role in a great pageant. He was told that he might avoid the humiliation by killing himself. Colonel Stewart does not have to stay at Fort Grant. But while there he must suffer, for his only companions are a negro, a sick white man, venomous spiders and rattlesnakes. The latest news from Fort Grant is that an empty coffin was received there the other day, but it is absurd to suppose that it was intended as a piece of gruesome symbolism. In all probability it was intended for the sick man, whose case is perhaps hopeless anyway.

The Proposed Spy System

Whether the people of this city have been surfeited with intrigues conducted ostensibly in the interest of public morals is a question it might be well to have answered before too much money is spent on the luxury of a spy system independent of the police department. Aside from the fact that the city is in debt to its school teachers and cannot afford luxuries, there are many objections that might be urged against importing into this country a system which has been responsible in Europe for abhorrent practices and enormous crimes. One of the chief objections to the local project is that the spies are to be under the direction of a private detective, who is to become a government detective only in the sense that he is to cease drawing pay from an ambitious millionaire to whom he owes allegiance. And even though this detective were inaccessible to private influence we should still be justified in questioning his fitness for the office inasmuch as at present the repairing of a tattered professional reputation is to him a matter of paramount importance. Were this detective a man of the highest probity, still we should feel that it would be a great outrage to put in his hands the power contemplated. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this detective, whose instincts are those of the man hunter, may be animated principally by the desire to revenge himself on everybody who has aided in his circumvention. For two years he has been engaged in an extraordinary contest, instinct with the elementary passions and pregnant with ruin for many of the participants. This contest has developed into a feud, as bitter in its animosities as that which raged between the Houses of York and Lancaster. In the course of its development we have seen officers of the law and officers of the court and the court itself resorting to the most discreditable practices in furtherance presumably of a beneficent end. Finally a situation has been reached in which the agents of justice, as a result of their zeal and of the expedients adopted to avert humiliation and defeat, are in a plight much worse than that of the men they have been pursuing. And now though these agents of justice are in control of the police power of the city; though they represent in fact all that there is to our system for discovering, prosecuting and punishing crime, yet it is proposed to equip them with a secret power to be exercised in co-operation with all their other powers. Now manifestly the potentiality for mischief in all this is tremendous. For manifestly these men whose worst passions have been aroused in the course of the protracted struggle which they have had, and who are now, from the highest to the lowest, prompted by self-interest to acquiesce in whatever is done are not to relied upon to scorn the expedients of criminal cunning. They are not a holy order set apart and endowed with peculiar sanctity, representing God and administering his gifts. Most of them as we have seen are common clay, accessible to the emotions of the humblest citizens. From what we know of them we feel they should not be put in the way

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of temptation; not that we are at all solicitous for their spiritual welfare, but that we do not relish the prospect of being plunged into the Florentine atmosphere of the days of the Medici. At the same time, being a taxpayer, we do not like to see the money wasted. That it will not serve to vindicate justice we are convinced. Nay we are of the opinion that it will induce the adoption of methods by which justice will be frustrated. That the men who are to consume the appropriation are prone to such methods we all know. Indeed it seems impossible for them to forego such methods, as witness, for example, the curious process by which they hope to fix the guilt of the men accused of the dynamiting outrage. It is possible that those men are guilty, but it is highly improbable that after Detective Burns gets all that curious evidence together which he has been gathering with melodramatic touches and with absolute and sublime confidence in himself he will be able to persuade twelve men that it should be acceptable as proof of guilt. However, we must admit that a great deal depends on the way the twelve men are got into the box.

Women in Politics

Mrs. Humphrey Ward in a letter to The Times of London takes it for granted that the suffrage movement in this country has come to an end, and holds that the seemingly inevitable success of the movement in England is delusive. Incidentally she asserts that the activity of the suffragists in this country has hindered the natural progress of women in school suffrage and barred them from service on school boards where they can do good and needed work. This is a rather curious view of the matter. Whatever progress women have made toward having their services accepted on school boards has been due entirely to their political activity. It was not until they became clamorous for the privilege of voting that anybody took their claims with sufficient seriousness to suggest the advisability of permitting them to participate in the management of a school department. Their influence in educational work is no longer confined to classroom drudgery, and the suffragists may justly point with pride to this fact as one of the triumphs of their propaganda. As to Mrs. Ward's pessimistic view of the suffragist movement in England, that, too, may be challenged. Certain Liberal papers and several distinguished British statesmen are doubtful of the possibility of ignoring the movement or sneering it away. Even the dignified and dogmatic Saturday Review which reflects the cultured sentiment of England, now admits that there is a great deal to be said in favor of giving women the same suffrage as men and that many, if not most, of the stock objections to women having votes will not hold water. In England there are many writers and statesmen who do not share in the alarm of the good people who see the end of all things in a woman getting the power to vote. Nor do they fear that the enfranchisement of women will unsex fair voters, or result in the subjugation of men, the ruin of the home and the effacement of all the graces of life. They are as stolidly indifferent in this matter as Calvin was when John Knox, having been banished from England by Mary Tudor and proscribed in Scotland by the Regent Mary of Guise, went about preaching that for a woman to rule over any realm was repugnant to nature, contumely to God and a subversion of good order. While Calvin was not in favor of the government of women, he could not be induced to join in Knox's agitation because he could not find encouragement in the Scripture; neither in the cases of Deborah and Huldah, nor in the prophecy of Isaiah that queens should be the nursing mother of the church. Now in England where the people have had some experience with queens, and where feminine influence is openly invoked in electioneering campaigns,



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there are many intelligent men who say, "What is the use of saying women should not mix themselves up in the demoralizing game of politics when we, both sides alike, use them as much as we possibly can to make men vote our own way?"

Educational Reform

General Andrew S. Draper, Commissioner of Education in New York, has roused the ire of the educational faddist by advocating the adaption of the school curriculum to industrial ends. General Draper has discovered what others have persistently closed their eyes to—that the faults of the present system are not confined to secondary schools and colleges but are inherent in the primary and grammar school courses. He says the schools should send the pupils forth, at whatever age they leave, fitted to take hold of the practical concerns of life. The Independent takes issue with him, assuming that he believes children in school should be made ready to step into the factory with an acquired knowledge of the work therein, into the mercantile house learned in elements of trade, and into the rural districts with practical knowledge of farming and milking. As a matter of fact the schools are making an attempt to teach a little of everything. What General Draper aims at is a return to the conditions of thirty years or so ago, when boys and girls came out of grammar school well grounded in the elementary branches. Boys used to step out of the upper grammar grades straight into business colleges, and after a brief commercial course which was but a continuation of the work they had been engaged upon, they found occupation in stores and offices. Others would apprentice themselves to tool-trades and climb to the top in their chosen craft. Only those who expected to devote themselves to a profession entered the secondary schools or colleges, and instead of the present system of an artificially prolonged period of irresponsibility during which play is the major consideration, every pupil with ambition enough to learn more than was forced from him was eager to make as rapid progress as possible and be out in the world for himself.

Perspective Impressions

It is now said that President Castro is a dangerous lunatic. In the circumstances the people of Venezuela ought to know that the people of this country apprehend their emotions.

Mayor Taylor has discovered that the City Hall dome is still in a condition to serve as a memento of the earthquake and fire. And he blames it on the architects. Nothing like having a scapegoat when you're in public office.

If you like the kind of government you are getting under the Spreckels' dispensation, and think it better that all the beautiful whims and edifying caprices of the Spreckels family should be gratified than that factional strife should cease, vote the Lincoln-Roosevelt ticket.

Mr. Bryan threatens to "expose" Mr. Hearst. Go it Bill! Pile up the scurrility and personal abuse, and thus prove your fitness for the job. Besides we dearly love to see men exposed, for it helps us to realize that we do not monopolize all the vices.



HE SAYS HE CAN HITCH IT. CAN HE?

—Gillam in the New York Globe.

If you believe that the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels is deserving of encouragement go to the polls and vote the Lincoln-Roosevelt League ticket.

It is easy to offer a plausible solution of the mystery of the shot heard and the blood found near the Hon. Francis J. Heney's home the other night. Very often the effect on Mr. Heney of shooting off his mouth is a "nose-bleed."

A platitudinous parasite is the latest appellation for the Democratic Presidential nominee. As it is believed of Mr. Taft that he is safe and sane and at the same time a faithful disciple of Roosevelt, it might be well to call him a ponderous paradox. And while in the alliterative mood why not call Hearst's candidate a preposterous plutophobist.

Both wings of the Democracy, we are told, are in favor of renominating Judge Dunne. And judging from the length of time it takes the Supreme Court to consider whether certain language used by him ought to be construed as prejudicial to the interests of our judicial system we are beginning to think that perhaps he is entitled to a certificate of character from the learned justices.



HOORAY!

—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

The Gallery of Recollections

By Hans Muller

After he had achieved fame and success in Paris, Braganza returned to Vienna. The painter had always found it difficult to make friends, and during his absence the few that he had already acquired in Vienna had grown away from him. His fame served to attract artists and art lovers; but after a while they realized that this raw-boned, shabbily dressed painter had few social charms. So of all the doors that had at first been thrown open to him there remained but one to which he returned often. At the latchstring of this one he frequently tugged. It belonged to a strange man, much older than himself, the famous surgeon Burgermeister, who had been introduced to Braganza as a noble lover of art; and after a few meetings he frequently accepted the hospitality of the professor, and in a comparatively short time a warm friendship arose between the two men.

One evening after an ample dinner the two men sat together, sipping a delicious wine and arguing the idle question which of the arts takes precedence over its sisters. Braganza grew animated in defense of painting, while the professor contended that if the question were considered seriously, music must be given the preference. "Music," he continued, "is not an imitative art. It does not arise out of observation, but on the contrary, stimulates perception and is the purest expression of an artistic temperament. A picture is merely a reproduction of nature, while melody leads us directly to nature or lifts us to a sphere of higher naturalness. In fact, there is nothing for which it cannot prepare us. In comparison with this power, how weak is the art that you defend! What picture, even by the most famous master, begins to approach our own recollection of things seen? Is not each one of us the greatest painter for himself when he closes his eyes and allows recollections to limn the picture?" Then approaching the painter with his customary mincing steps he asked: "Shall I show you my gallery of recollections?" And without more ado he led the painter from the room.

"I really do not know what prompted me to lead you into this chamber—a place that heretofore no one but myself has ever entered. But now I have brought you here, all that the room contains shall be revealed to you."

He lit two broadly shaded lamps and invited the painter to step to the middle of the room. The light revealed a square chamber, the floor of which was covered with a heavy red rug. With the exception of two chairs, there was no furniture. The walls were of a grayish tint and were dotted with a goodly number of picture frames of all kinds: polished ebony set off by colored plush edges; dainty frames, scarcely bigger than a hand's span, hung next to pieces of deep and elaborate carving. And every frame was empty. As the painter's glance swept the room it seemed to him like an exhibition of a maker of frames.

The professor allowed the painter to continue his observation until the latter turned to his host with a questioning look.

"Now that I have shown you this toy, you wish to know its use, do you not?" Burgermeister said. "My long life has been crowded with moments that sprang from tremendous impulses, emotions that are unquenchable and glimpses of unmarred beauty. Now I have grown old and am a lonely man. Here, then, are the recollections of my whole life; minutes, as well as years, of my past; the happiest laugh and the saddest tear I have known. Nature has not given me a hand with the cunning necessary to wield a brush, but I believe that I have the eye of an artist—I have a fancy that composes great symphonies of color. My memories are paintings, my tears statues. Come, let me lead you through my gallery!"

He lifted one of the lamps and placed it before a big gold frame under which appeared the title: "Bay of Naples."

"This is the way I always see that wonderful scene," said the professor, gazing in rapture at the empty wall space. "It is always thus set in gold. Here is the wonderful, dreamy blue sea, bathed in sunlight, and over there is Capri—all just as I saw it the first time I was there. There in the sun's rays and the ripples of the water are mirrored all the hopes of a silly youth."

In a mood half of merriment and half of depression, Braganza followed the professor about the room as he went from one frame to another, lost in deep thought and occasionally venturing some half-explanation that left a great deal to be imagined. "Halstadter Sea" was the title of one, "Marghereta Schick's Death" was another, while a plain black wood frame bore the title "Marie" and a small funeral wreath. When they had come to the third wall the light of the lamp fell on a large frame adorned with plush that bore the word "Confession." Here the professor paused.

"This memory is connected with my life only by professional ties," he explained; "but there is a glorious loveliness about that woman as I see her before me, lying on her white pillow, her fine features sharpened by suffering. So vivid and moving is the picture in my memory that I have stood numberless times before this frame, scarcely able to control the emotion that threatened to overpower me." Then after a long pause, he added: "Yes, I'll let you see this leaf from the diary of a physician! Many years ago," he began, "I was called to a woman whose life, I saw almost at a glance, could be saved only by recourse to an operation. When I first approached her I was so struck by her remarkably delicate beauty that for the first time in my life I feared my hand might tremble while wielding the knife. But the inflammation rapidly grew more violent, and on the following day I performed the operation. It was successful and promised to restore the frail creature to life; but the improvement was followed by a strange sinking spell. It seemed to me that a deeply suffering soul must have devastated the physical powers of the invalid. I visited her daily, not in any hope of changing death into life, but because—though never a complaint passed her lips—I believed that my presence brought to her a certain peace and relief.

"I remember as though it happened only yesterady how one morning, as I was alone with her, she begged me to listen to her story. She had no weak desire for death, but I had aroused in her a certain confidence which prompted her to want to tell me of her life. Distinctly I see every detail before me: The square sick-room draped in red silk; the winter sun shining through the high panes, and this lovely face, dignified by pain and already blanched by the shadows of death, and it is as though I were hearing today that gently modulated voice.

" 'The name that I now bear,' she began, "is my maiden name, and not that of my husband. They may have told you that my husband is dead. That is not true, for he is alive, but we live apart. The estrangement is my own fault—and yet again it is not. When I first knew the man I married he was a young, talented artist, who had already achieved some success. He was naturally full of life and energy. My father opposed the match obstinately, but finally he was won over by the prospect of the artist's success. How can I describe to you the days that followed, in which the deepest wish of our soul was gratified! Months passed in which we heard only the call of love; and in the enchantment of this love I would have lost myself for all time, had not my father roused me to the responsibility of my new position.

(Continued on Page 36.)

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Forty-five Minutes from Market Street

By Lester Payne

Forty-five minutes from Market street,—and you are in the midst of a virgin forest where the smell of warmth and growth gladdens the senses, and where you may enter into full communion with the beasts and the flowers of the field. Tell that to the man from Broadway or the man from Los Angeles and you will be advised to tell it to the marines. Yet it is absolutely true. But the man in Market street isn't saying anything about it. He plods along in the dust, dodging automobiles, enthusing perhaps over the mammoth structures going up along his route, but never giving a thought to the fact that over the bay in Marin County there is a beautiful National park where almost throughout the year Pan and the nymphs, the hamadryads and the rest of the humane and Pagan gods might come forth like butterflies after their hibernation of centuries.



FALLEN MONARCH. MUIR WOODS, MT. TAMALPAIS

The man in Market street is a stolid, prosaic individual who doesn't go into raptures over anything. He is provincial in many things—nay, even parochial—but the provincialism that retains the enthusiasms of youth and prompts the villager to "point with pride" to the new department store and the other grand attractions of his town, is not peculiar to the San Franciscan. Local pride he has aplenty, but at singing praises of the features of the metropolis he isn't worth a cent.

One of the chief reasons why San Francisco is a delightful place to do business in is that Marin County is within a short distance thereof. For Marin County has more charms than any other county in California. And one of its most attractive features is the new national park, a deep canyon, one of the grooves in the flank of Tamalpais. This park is now known as Muir Woods having been so named by William Kent who presented it to the government a few months ago. Formerly it was known as Redwood Canyon and for years it has been the favorite resort of nature lovers, but perhaps there are fewer than a thousand residents of this city who have ever availed themselves of its delights.

Mr. Kent made his gift under the act for the preservation of American antiquities of 1906. He made the transfer just in time to prevent a water company from getting possession of part of the beautiful forest tract for reservoir purposes; so it is now under control of the Department of the Interior. Muir Woods is part of what was once a great tract of the Sempervirens or California redwood that covered the slopes of the big guardian mountain by the Golden Gate and veils all the canyons as far away as the picturesque Napa Valley.

In Muir Woods are to be found all the beauties that lie hidden in the shadows of a redwood forest. Within the small compass of 295 acres comprising the tract there are fern brakes deep enough to screen a man up to his shoulders. A brawling trout stream meanders the length of the canyon, now shimmering in the sunlight, now flowing lazily beneath a canopy formed by the interwoven branches of giant redwoods. Along the entire length of the canyon there is nothing but the heavy greenery of redwood, bay and manzanita shrub. The spaces between the tree trunks are choked with wildwood and the heavy drooping fronds of the giant native brake. Nowhere save where the road winds through the park have the axe or the grubbing hoe wrought a change in nature's handiwork.

Here a man with nothing on his mind and a good digestion would soon learn to sleep for twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. Here one may sit with Isaac Walton "under a willow tree by the water side," inhaling the sweetness of a scene unsurpassed, or after the manner of the mad, bad Persian poet achieve the limit of sublunary bliss with a jug of wine and an inspiring companion. For here the air whispers romance in your ears. And such an air! so tonic, so vivifying that even wasted energies are renewed by the intoxicating breath that blows down from the flowered mountain sides.

One can get within striking distance of Muir Woods on a spur track recently built by the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railroad Company. This track is half way up the mountain. It takes the passenger over the shoulder of the ridge and down close to the park. Here one finds himself high up over the ocean and shut out from all signs of human existence. And this point you can reach in forty-five minutes from the foot of Market street. Is there another spot so delightful on the earth to be reached in so short a time after leaving the madding crowd of a great commercial center? I for one know of none. Nor do I know of a trip anywhere more interesting than the ride up Mount Tamalpais over the crookedest railroad in the world—a road that climbs to the very top of the mountain by a series of twists and loops, and that affords a panoramic view of the bay, the ocean and a landscape of innumerable ravishing scenes. Almost every tourist that comes to San Francisco takes this trip, but the man in Market street—well sometimes he prefers Market street. Nevertheless all honor to William Kent who gave to San Francisco for all time this glorious playground! A noble gift and a fine tribute to John Muir.



A LABYRINTH OF FERNS. MUIR WOODS, MT. TAMALPAIS

Marin Beautiful

By Thomas J. Lennon

(Judge of the Superior Court of Marin County)

"Town Talk" requests a talk from me on the beauties of Marin County. This request is significant and consoling solely because it indicates that Marin County has at last been discovered. "Town Talk" is to be congratulated for being the first metropolitan newspaper to wake up and give notice of the fact that Marin County with its wealth of natural beauty stands as the homeseekers' paradise, without a rival in the great State of California.

I cannot, and a trained discriptive writer could not, in the time and space allotted do justice to the natural beauties and attractions of all of Marin County. It is all so beautiful, so charming, and so compact that it must be seen and treated in its entirety before it can be fully appreciated. In its entirety it may be justly styled a compendium of nature's poetry. With her climate, genial as a mother's smile, her azure sky, her lofty mountain, her majestic forests, her ever varying scenery combining at once all the elements of the rare, the novel, the picturesque, the sublime and the beautiful, she invites and yet defies the poet's pen and the painter's pencil.

To appreciate her beauties one must roam from valley to valley, penetrate her secluded nooks and dells, ascend her mountain peaks, and there revel in the things of eternal beauty which Mother Nature presents for the pleasure and edification of her children.

As seen from the steamer's deck Sausalito, the threshold of Marin, is indeed fair to look upon. From each of the several natural terraces upon which the town is built is to be had an enchanting view which grows wider, grander and more inspiring as one ascends until, when the summit is reached, there is nothing left to be desired in the magnificant combination of scenes which greet the eye on every hand. All around are superb views of hill and dale, islands and bay, mountains and valleys, cities and towns in bewildering profusion. As you walk through shaded groves, by purling brooks, and flower decked lawns you pause and cease to wonder that the cliff-dweller of Sausalito regards his as the one choice spot on earth.

All the wild magnificence of forest scenery is to be found in the secluded and deep tangled depths of the Muir Woods. In this lofty primeval forest huge redwoods of a thousand years form with their clustering and intertwining boughs high arches and lofty galleries strangely like the daring structures of human art, but only grander, more life-like and more spacious as if raised for a great temple of nature. In the presence of these stupendous monuments of nature the eloquent witnesses of her greatness, the mind is expanded and elevated; every low and groveling thought vanishes and we find ourselves reveling in visions of the infinite and the eternal.

In the valley of the mill, which nestles at the foot of Old Tamaplais, nature reaches her climax of beauty and sublimity, every aspect of which is full of poetry;

> "Her air is living with its spirit
> Her rivulets dance to the music of its melody
> And sparkle in its brightness."

Marin County has no more picturesque locality than this same valley of the mill. To the old residents the beauties of this charming place have long been known, but only in the last few years have its advantages and attractions been made known to the people at large. As I knew it some fifteen or twenty years ago it was a stock ranch with not a score of inhabitants. Today it is a city of beautiful homes with a population of four thousand, and growing so fast that the sunrise of each day discloses the roof of a new dwelling.

Kate Field says: "What Tamalpais is to the hills of Marin County San Rafael is to its valleys—as pretty a nook as nature ever cudgeled out of her prolific brain. Surrounded on three sides by hills, Tamalpais towering in the southwest and San Francisco Bay glittering in the east, with Monte del Diablo as its majestic background, San Rafael blinks and purrs in the sunshine a picture of beautiful content."

San Rafael, with a population of seven thousand, is the county seat of Marin and enjoys the distinction of possessing the most even, temperate climate in the State of California. The best roads and streets that money can buy are maintained throughout the city. The Hotel Rafael with its handsome grounds, the beautiful Dominican College, the rose-covered cottages in every part of the city, the magnificant churches, schools and public buildings, the excellent and frequent transportation facilities, the purest of mountain water and a perfect city government, are just a few of the things that tend to make San Rafael a superb, popular and prosperous city.



A. SWITZ'S RESIDENCE, MILL VALLEY

Many years ago, before the days of the railroad, Marin County, on account of the salubrity of its climate, was chosen by the Mission Fathers as the place to establish a sanitarium for their own recuperation and the health of their Indian charges. To this day, the reputation of the county for healthfulness remains unchanged, and for that reason its valleys and hillsides are being rapidly filled with beautiful homes. Travelers who are familiar with the world at large pronounce this county the Switzerland of America. We have not the towering ranges of the Sierras nor the snowy crests of the Alps, but our mountains are lofty enough to impress one with their grandeur and their densely wooded sides and towering summits overlooking, as they do, green valleys and sparkling water courses present views most charming to the eye and make a permanent residence here most desirable.

(Continued on Page 27.)

The Spectator

Reno as a Mecca for Divorce

The Sothern divorce case recently filed in Reno has served to bring Nevada into the limelight as being the easiest state in the union in which to get a divorce. Since the suit was filed investigation discloses the fact that Reno is the mecca of dissatisfied couples and that its lawyers are doing a very thriving business in this line because, as one of them confided to an impatient client, "Nevada beats South Dakota to a standstill in this game. You can get a divorce here while you're waiting for the next train out of town." This remark is a bit of exaggeration but discloses the situation. The easy freedom of the divorce laws there is illustrated practically in the Sothern case. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Sothern is a resident of that state. Mrs. Sothern, the plaintiff, has never been in the state, except to go straight through it on an express train. Her divorce papers were made out in New York and mailed to a Reno firm of attorneys who are putting the complaint through the lively grinding divorce mill. They alone know what the complaint is, for it is sealed, and under Nevada laws the case can be managed so that the public may never know any of the details except the judgment. This point was covered adroitly when Mr. Sothern obligingly appeared and accepted personal service. So convenient an interpretation has been put upon the law that Mrs. Sothern herself may get the divorce without appearing on the scene. Till this loop hole was discovered by the astute attorneys in the case lawyers generally considered that a six months' residence was necessary. Mrs. Corey, wife of the millionaire steel magnate, served that probation at the time she set him free to marry Mabel Gilman, the actress. This recent very broad rendering of the law is likely to shove Sioux Falls into the background and make Reno the dumping ground of the nation's "easy divorce" hunters.

"Quiet" Divorce Cases Uncovered

Among the score or more of "quiet" suits that have been uncovered in Reno since the Sothern suit attracted attention to the thriving divorce colony is the Morton case. The fair plaintiff heard that Nevada was an easy place to get a divorce and came on from New York to procure one. Her husband is living in England and has never visited the United States, at least so it is claimed. The plaintiff has not lived six months in the state and yet her case is on the court docket. The chances are that the conservative element in Nevada will endeavor to stop all this notoriety at the next meeting of the legislature. Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has awakened to the evil effects of easy divorce laws and will make a strenuous effort this winter to elevate the bars. Financially the divorce business has been a windfall for the little town as the divorce colony averages about five hundred a year and most of them are good spenders from the big eastern cities. The money annually left behind by the colonists is figured at a half a million dollars at least, and it is scattered everywhere, from the hotels to the bootblacks. The lawyers of course get the first whack at the loot. The main streets are lined with their names but competition is now very keen among the smaller fry. The big lawers have connection with law firms in the East; the latter drum up the business and send on the client with the proper credentials. Under this system advertisements "guaranteeing easy and quick divorces" are published freely in the eastern metropolitan papers and business is hunted as actively as in any commercial pursuit.

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Nearly Ruined the Business

The notorious Sioux Falls started business with a ninety day divorce law several years ago. A horde of matrimonial misfits from the four quarters of the country immediately swept down on the little town. Among them were representatives of wealthy eastern families. This class of business was new to the local lawyers and they were somewhat flustered as to the size of the fees they could extract from these millionaires; for not knowing how long the rush would last they were determined to charge all the traffic would bear. A fatherly looking attorney handling the case of one of the first of the string of wealthy New York women, was selected by his fellows to try out the size of a fee on her. The day after her divorce was granted she called at his office to ask his charge. He wrinkled his forehead, fumbled the papers on his desk and finally, unable to face her, he swung around in his revolving chair and mumbled "$10,000." "How much?" she inquired, not being able to see his face. "Er—$10,000," he repeated. Dead silence followed. Then the nervous attorney, unable to bear the strain any longer and thinking his client might have fainted at the amount, turned slowly in his chair. Very calmly she was writing out a check and very sweetly she handed it to him with many thanks for his celerity in obtaining the decree. With gloomy countenance he reported straight back to his fellow lawyers and silently spread the check before them. A whoop rang out as the figures were displayed and the company smote him heartily on the back with many congratulations for setting such a splendid scale. He listened to them dejectedly, "Boys," he said, "I can never forgive myself. I could have made it $20,000 and got it just as easily. I'm afraid I've ruined the business."

In the Good Old "Squatting Time"

In an obscure newspaper paragraph was recorded last week the death of John Wilson, a Vallejo pioneer. Casual allusion was made to the aid which he rendered to Captain Frisbie during the squatter troubles. Though the "squatting time" has been buried in the oblivion of forgotten years, it was one of the most exciting episodes that troubled the tenor of existence in California, and possibly, had it occurred at any other period than when the national attention was absorbed in the struggle of the civil war it would have found its way into history. It abounded in episodes, tragic and comic, that might well receive the attention of the Great Californian Novelist. Captain Frisbie, who was a son-in-law of General Vallejo, owned large tracts of land which were held under a Spanish grant. Early in the sixties, when so many of these old allotments were in dispute, one claim overlying another, to say nothing of the undoubted frauds by which many of them were obtained, it was noised about that Captain Frisbie had no valid title to any of his holdings, and straightway everyone, of all ages and both sexes, set forth to acquire real estate. Town lots as well as farm land were considered fair game, and anything even suspected of belonging to a Frisbie or a Vallejo was seized upon. While some went about it methodically and with system, having definite idea of what they

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wanted and how to proceed, the majority were possessed of nothing more than a wild desire to grab something. Household furniture was broken up to furnish the necessary "stakes" in the shortest period of time, and many a "smart" householder made a bed on the floor in order to utilize the slats and posts in "squatting." Kitchen chairs and tables were ruthlessly demolished. The housewife frequently received a breathless message from some barefooted urchin, at noon hour, giving her directions where to appear with a midday meal, since it was imperative for the man to seize his hour and "squat." Likewise the head of the family might return to find a locked door, a cold stove and a notification that wifie had "gone squatting," since he was so negligent of the golden opportunity. Children played at squatting as they did at war and politics. Though there were neutrals amongst the adults there were none amongst the infants, some of whom made a virtuous practice of pulling up every stake they encountered, while others religiously planted whatever seemed to their childish comprehension as big enough to answer the purpose. As some of the genuine squatter's stakes were nothing more than the rungs of kitchen chairs or spokes of old wheels, and as the surveying was for the most part pure guess work, there was on hand the material for some beautiful land wars anywhere within ranging distance of youthful Vallejo. Farther out, on the Sacramento and Solano plains numerous tragedies grew out of the rival claims. All this was in those idyllic times before the advent of the railroad and the telegraph, when news from the outside world arrived via the Panama steamer,—once a fortnight. In due course of time communication was had with the authorities at Washington, Captain Frisbie's claims were acknowledged by the government, and the "squatting time" was over.

Such a Cultured Man!

If there's anybody in Berkeley who feels about Browning as Douglas Jerrold felt about him it's his or her own fault. It will be remembered,—by those who have heard the story—that when Jerrold first read "Sordello," he was convalescing from a serious illness. Sentence after sentence brought no consecutive thought, and presently Jerrold was seized with a great fear. Thrusting the book into the hands of his wife he eagerly demanded what she thought of it. He watched her intently as she read, and when finally she exclaimed, "I don't understand what this man means," Jerrold uttered a cry of relief and exultation. "Thank God," he said, "I am not insane." As William Lyon Phelps of Yale has been expounding Browning at the Berkeley Summer School and as he could be heard at two bits a throw, as they say on the campus, it is reasonable to surmise that fresh impetus has been given to culture in the college town and that almost any woman you meet over there can explicate the most obscure passages in "The Ring and the Book." I have heard that there was a woman in Berkeley who thought that Pacchiarotto who worked in distemper was a dog, but I am sure she has been enlightened out of that misapprehension, for I am told that Professor Phelps brought Browning down to the level of even the low-brows. And for doing so he is greatly esteemed; also for being so cultured. The ladies looked to him for enlightenment on every conceivable subject. One day at a tea in Berkeley, a distinguished matron exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad Professor Phelps is coming; I want to ask him about the immortality of the soul." And she did. The ladies petitioned the Professor to return during the winter holidays. This was after they had given him a thirty-dollar silver trimmed writing pad. He said he would come back and give a three weeks' course for $1,000. The ladies are thinking it over.

The Bohemian Jinks

"The grove-plays of the Bohemian Club in their present type, which they have reached only after a gradual development of thirty years, present what must be acknowledged to be a significant phenomenon in art." Assuredly they do, and for that reason, if for no other, we should be grateful for being permitted to glimpse them between book covers even if only in the form of synopses as they are presented by Mr. Porter Garnett in his very creditable treatise entitled, "The Bohemian Jinks." The foregoing quoted dictum is from Mr. Garnett's preface, and it is worth while quoting further: "That this growth toward something distinctive should have taken place here in California, where we are sufficiently far away from the rest of the world, and whither sophistication in art reluctantly pervenes, is, in a way, extraordinary; and yet it is our very isolation that is at the root of the creative impulse displayed in these forest dramas." And it is something to be proud of, that here in California this creative impulse has found the kind of appreciation and encouragement essential to artistic fruition. "The Midsummer High Jinks," says Mr. Garnett, "have carried the name of the organization over seas until, among a certain class of persons in every part of the world, it is as familiar as that of the city in which it has its home." But, "unfortunately the annual encampments of the Bohemian Club are associated in some persons' minds with the license of a Dionysiac revel, and the woodland performances with which they end have been given a factitious celebrity which militates against their serious consideration as works of art." This is quite true, and therefore Mr. Garnett's treatise, in the course of which is given the interesting history of the inception and development of these sober and edifying revels will go a long way toward dispelling an unfortunate misapprehension while at the same time rendering accessible to students of dramatic literature much that is worthy of their attention.

"The Sons of Baldur"

This is the week of the annual midsummer jinks. Herman Scheffauer is the sire. He is also the author of the grove-play for this year—a forest music-drama, he styles it, entitled "The Sons of Baldur." He has summoned the Bohemians to the grove in these stirring lines:

> From ruts and rounds of brazen-footed toil
> Where souls flag heavily in howling marts
> And peace is price of time, from counters gilt
> As much with blood as sweat of bartering
> And shocks endured when bruising Traffic binds
> Your bodies to his maddened chariot-spokes,
> From launching of new ships of enterprise
> And arduous travail fixed in many spheres,
> Unto the pure, thrice-sainted Grove your Sire
> Now calls you straightly. Hearken and attend.

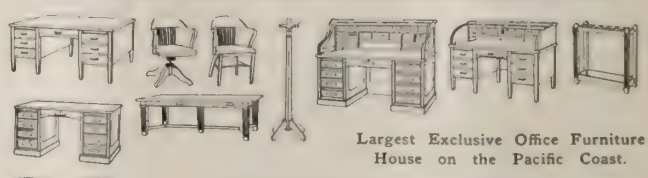


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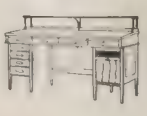
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By Way of a Boost

"Boost—don't knock," the slogan of the Daily Globe is apparently refreshing to the ear of the populace. From the reports of the circulation manager and the tales of the newsboys the policy of the new evening journal is evidently the very thing the doctor ordered. Apparently a protracted diet of the journalism that savors of spleen and inspired vindictiveness has proved nauseating to many thousands of people. The Globe came into existence at the psychological moment when the bored and surfeited were threatened with nervous prostration, and it received a very cordial greeting. The paper is clearly devoted to the best interests of the city, and it should receive the hearty support of everybody. It should especially receive the support of the merchants who have yet to recover from the effects of a car strike instigated by an infamous band of journalistic conspirators.

"Jim "Budd of Stockton

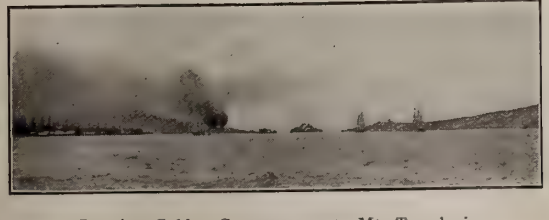
From all sections of California to the city of Stockton friends of the late James H. Budd journeyed last Sunday to attend the funeral of the ex-Governor. John W. Mitchell made the trip from Los Angeles, Governor Gillett and Judge Shields came down from Sacramento, James H. O'Brien, Major Harney and William F. Herrin went up from this city and Frank Drew from his home in Alameda. Almost every county in the State was represented by somebody who knew "Jim" Budd, and who loved him for those rare, delightful qualities which make friendship worth while. Having been governor of California it must be inferred that Jim Budd had a few enemies; it was impossible for him to appoint to office everybody who wanted a job. Moreover he was not one of those unctuous statesmen who try to please everybody. But there were many whom he did not please who were nevertheless very fond of him. Among them were men who had observed the charitable side of his nature, who had seen how superficial was his hatred, how readily he forgave an injury and how sympathetic he was towards the victims of ill fortune. They prized his friendship and deeply they mourned his death. And it was this tender emotion awakened by the death of the man who had inspired so noble a friendship, which animated the pilgrimage to Stockton last Sunday. Not in a spirit of captious criticism but merely by way of inciting to reflection on the frailty of ties that bind in politics I take occasion to observe that the only men conspicuous by their absence from the funeral were men whom Governor Budd appointed to public office.

When He Removed Irish

Budd's first political quarrel after entering the gubernatorial office was with Colonel John P. Irish who was then a trustee of the Blind Asylum. Irish had long been at war with the "Old Bills" of Alameda County and as soon as Budd was elected they demanded Irish's scalp. Budd was not at all disposed to gratify them. I heard him confess once that he had no relish for a controversy with Irish. Sensible of the doughty Colonel's talent for stinging comment he was reluctant to make himself the object of that gentleman's hostility. But the "Old Bills" were insistent and implacable. "I asked them," said Budd, "if they'd be willing to take the Colonel on in the event of a row. And they assured me that they were aching for a chance at him. So at the expiration of Irish's term I filled the office with another man, and Irish turned loose. I looked for the 'Old Bills' to come to the front, but you couldn't find hide or hair of any of them. They left me to stand the brunt of the onslaught." In the controversy that ensued Budd explained that Irish's successor was a poor man, that he had rendered much party service, that he had a large family and needed the job. Whereupon Irish suggested, "Why not add blindness to his other qualifications and make him an inmate." Nobody enjoyed this witticism more than did Jim Budd.

His Interest in Murder Cases

During Budd's term of office nothing gave him greater concern than applications for commutation of sentence in murder cases. He was ever fearful that an innocent man might be hanged, and in cases of circumstantial evidence he instituted the most searching investigations. I recall that in the Durrant case he read the whole record, visited the scene of the murders and interviewed witnesses. Just before the day set for the hanging a prisoner in San Quentin announced that he was the murderer. But when the man was interviewed it was made obvious that he was not telling the truth. From his description of the church in which the bodies were found it was evident he had never seen the building. In a case from one of the northern counties the principal question involved was whether a spot of blood on the accused's trousers was human blood or the blood of a beast. A chemist pronounced it human blood. After the man's conviction Budd employed three other chemists to analyze the blood. Two of them said it was not the blood of a human being. Governor Budd was seriously thinking of commuting the sentence. He called on the prisoner and said: "I've had three other experts' opinion on that blood and they say that—" The prisoner interrupted: "It's a lie. They are all —— liars." Budd was convinced that this was the unguarded cry of a guilty conscience," and he refused to interfere.



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Heney and Marat

The case of the Hon. Francis J. Heney in its current aspect reminds me of an episode in French history, the protagonist of which was a patriot whose aspirations and method of achieving them were somewhat similar to those of our own darling, picturesque hero. I refer to the triumvir Marat, who, with Robespierre floated France in blood. Half-dwarf, prurient romancer, rancorous libeller, envious and revengeful, the blood-thirsty Marat struck at all above him with dog-like ferocity and insatiable malignity, in the name of the people calling for "heads." Those whom he hated he pointed his finger at and promised them the guillotine. And all the while his feverish cries for slaughter were regarded as the exhalations of an exalted patriotism. Well, Marat as we all know, came to the end of his rope, but, (and this is the principal point of dissimilarity in the two cases) he was not found out until after his death. But as he lived by the knife, so he died, and the people mourned him as a martyr. They decreed him Pantheon honors. Mirabeau's dust made way for him. Presently in his voluminous writing was discovered a passage advocating monarchy. The man who hated royalty as Heney hates graft was himself a royalist. Forthwith the people's friend was burnt in effigy and the urn containing the ashes was borne through the streets with ribaldry and execration and flung into a sewer in the Rue Montmartre.

Getting His Own Medicine

Mr. Heney has not yet been burnt in effigy. But perhaps it has not yet been made clear to the people that he deserves to be. So far he resembles Marat principally in his method of vindicating his patriotism. And he reminds me of Marat because like the Frenchman he seems destined to have his career ended by the very weapon which he employed for his sinister purposes. Mr. Heney has been running amuck for nearly two years brandishing the weapon of personal abuse and using it with vindictive fury in the hope of silencing criticisms which he knew to be just. Now he is having a taste of medicine akin to his own unsavory nostrum. But the dose that is being administered to him has a certain merit which cannot be claimed for what he dispensed. Facts are being poured down his throat to induce regurgitation of the truth while the reluctant patient retching violently stubbornly thwarts the doctor. Hitherto facts have not seriously concerned Mr. Heney; nor have they been prized by him as a staple of controversy. This peripatetic orator never scrupled against employing misrepresentation or gratuitous calumny in his declamatory excursions through the state. To that perverted taste for the depreciation of their fellow-creatures which is peculiar to a very large class of men Mr. Heney has catered with the enthusiasm of a purveyor of salacity appealing to the prurient appetite of the debased and degenerate.

An Ugly Figure

Mr. Heney, therefore, has been getting precisely the punishment that fits his crime. And doubtless the blistering of him is gratifying to minds of the same order upon which he relied for approval. And now, whether he is all that the Examiner imputes, is a question that interests me less than the lesson which his case affords. According to my view of his general conduct as a rancorous prosecutor, voiding his bile up and down the state, emitting blasts of denunciation from pulpit and rostrum, with his choler always in a state of ferment and his lineaments distorted in corrugations,—according to my view this is a figure far more repulsive than the one the Examiner has drawn by innuendo for the entertainment of its readers. For after all a grafter is rather a commonplace rogue. A frenzied reformer of the Heney type is unique. Besides, the crimes that flow from cupidity are not the worst. Far more mischievous than graft is the confusion of the public mind as to justice, decency, humbug, pretension and patriotism. And more to be desired than the punishment of a grafter is the awakening of the ideals of good breeding and social intercourse. I know nothing more deplorable in the recent history of this state than the obsession of the people with respect to Heney. We have seen this coarse individual acclaimed in churches and universities by people who pride themselves on their intelligence and refinement, but who either were unable to differentiate scurrility from argument or preferred not to do so. Here was an unhumorous Bardolph, who had coined his tongue for guineas and his jaw for drachmas, exhibiting in temples of culture the manners of a swashbuckler in an Eastcheap tavern, frankly answering argument with personal abuse, asserting things in disparagement of his critics without proof or the slightest pretension that proof existed, and all the while evoking the plaudits of the multitude.

Suppressed By Newburgh

The obsession with respect to Heney appears to have been dispelled. He is not yet dumb, for his fountain of falsehood has not dried up, but his poison bag has been punctured. Incidentally his reputation as a courtroom bully has been shattered. When he took the Ruef case into the police court ostensibly to perpetuate Gallagher's testimony but in reality to defer the trial until public sentiment could be inflamed again, he was guilty of a great tactical blunder. For in the police court it was possible to confront him with a man who would not scorn to play at his own game. There he went up against Attorney Newburgh and that gentleman went at him hammer-and-tongs fashion and actually drove him out of court. And now that Heney is about down and out I feel towards him as that gentle quaker felt who, finding a dog in the act of robbing his larder, disdained rough modes of punishment, but said he would content himself with a parting admonition; upon which, opening the door to the dog he cried after him, "Mad dog! good people, a mad dog!"

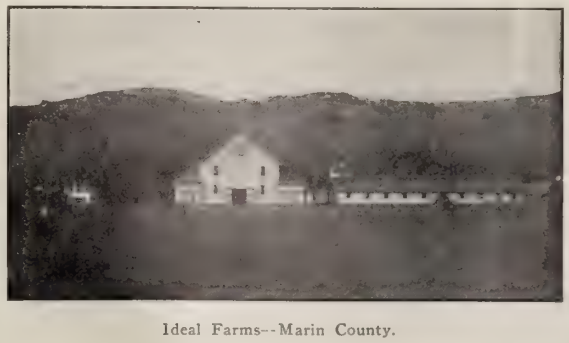
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The Hotaling-Miller Incident

Not being in the confidence of Mr. Henry Miller I do not know whether he appreciates the free advertising which he contrived to get out of the ebullition of temper provoked by Mr. Richard Hotaling, but as he is a manager as well as an actor I am inclined to the opinion that the box-office sheet will render him sensible of a debt of gratitude to the man who stirred his choler. For even actors of the keenest artistic sensibilities are susceptible to those emotions which are most grateful to the sordid financier and the thrifty captain of industry. From the standpoint of the press-agent Mr. Miller is deserving of the highest commendation for the artistry which he has exhibited in promoting publicity through the simple expedient of rearing a mountain out of a mole-hill. As for Mr. Hotaling, being aware of his amiable temperament and his freedom from rancor, I am convinced that he presumed, on the strength of acquaintance with Mr. Miller, to affect sentiments which he did not feel, not supposing that they would be taken seriously. But the joke is on Hotaling. It was a case of not knowing it was loaded. But Mr. Hotaling should have known, being as he is in touch with affairs theatrical. Mr. Miller, though an artist, is not to be trifled with. A few years ago when, after being highly praised by a few provincial critics for a performance of "Camille" which he and Miss Anglin gave on the road, he ventured into New York, and there the critics told him the truth. And the artistic Mr. Miller flew into as great a rage as he did when he read Hotaling's letter. And he denounced the critics from the stage. And the critics laughed at him.

Thelen Quits the League

According to Warren Olney, chief counsel of the Western Pacific Railroad in California, that corporation is not to take a hand in politics. Which probably accounts for the rumored retirement of Max Thelen from the councils of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in Berkeley. Mr. Thelen is a Western Pacific attorney, and he has been the very head and front of the Berkeley leaguers. While this young attorney may be able to keep out of politics, it is far from likely that the corporation which he represents will be able to do so—Mr. Olney to the contrary notwithstanding. Apropos of Max Thelen's rumored abandonment of the reform movement it has been remarked that to prove himself a sincere and consistent leaguer he should withdraw from the legal department of the Western Pacific. For, it is explained, the leaguers have been vehemently affirming that no self-respecting citizen can afford to have any connection however remote with that abomination of the financial world, Mr. E. H. Harriman. Now, it appears, the iniquitous Mr. Harriman, is the dictator of the Western Pacific as well as of the Southern Pacific, having jockeyed the Goulds into the subservient position of henchmen. In the circumstances the Western Pacific will be hardly anything more than an auxilliary of the Southern Pacific, and therefore the distinguished civic patriot of Berkeley should have conscientious scruples against so odious a connection as that which has been established between himself and the wizard of Wall street.

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Spring Valley's Presidency

The election of William Bourne to the presidency of the Spring Valley Water Company was doubtless most gratifying to the stockholders of the corporation; not only because of his ability as a financier, but also because as a result of his stepping in Captain Payson steps out. For Captain Payson has not achieved much in the presidency, and as the water company is now passing through a crisis the stockholders feel there should be at the helm a man of energy with genius for straightening out difficulties. Captain Payson is a fine old gentleman, who, though he was educated for the army, doesn't relish being under fire. And these are hot times for the water company. Its financial affairs have been somewhat chaotic. When Captain Payson was elected to the presidency after the fire on the strength of the Parrott holdings, he was expected to do things, but nothing has been done. The presidency has probably been on Captain Payson's nerves, and I have no doubt that he yielded his seat to Mr. Bourne with the grace of a cavalry officer swinging himself out of a saddle. But Captain Payson is not going into retirement. He will continue to manage the Parrott estate, an interest in which he acquired by marriage.

Little Hayes of the Marathon

Jack Hayes, who won the toughest and most heartbreaking race in the world, the Marathon, in the recent Olympic games, London, is only 19 years old, a slim, nickeled steel athlete from his toes to the crown of his head. He stands just a shade under 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 125 pounds. Long before he sailed with the American team for London, he was confident of winning the race. As he expressed himself, "I've been training my head and legs ten years for a chance at this Marathon and I know I can win. The only runners that will press me will be the men of my own team. That Canadian Indian Tom Longboat, who is cracked up so high by the English, will fizzle at twenty miles. I intend to go right out with the pacemakers, dog their heels till near the finish and then sprint to the line." Hayes followed this course and passed three men in that final sprint. The

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over-touted Longboat fell at the wayside at twenty miles, just as the little runner forecasted.

How He Ran to Fame and Fortune

Two years ago Hayes went to work as a messenger boy in Bloomingdale's big department store in New York. He pegged along through various jobs till just before he sailed for the games when he was getting twenty dollars a week in the superintendent's office. His victory in winning the historical Marathon has given his commercial value an immense boost and when he gets back to New York Bloomingdale is going to put him at the head of the sporting goods department at a salary of $4,500 a year. This sudden lift into athletic fame has come to little Hayes only after hard and indefatigable training. For years it was his ambition to win the Marathon and for years in and out of season he was persistently training towards that end. Incidentally he gathered up an armful of trophies for distance running. He worked all day in the store, and Sunday and at night were the only times he had to train but nothing could check his ambition. He rigged up a quarter mile track on the roof of Bloomingdale's big store and with the stars looking down he used to reel off mile after mile and build up his stamina while other athletes were sleeping. He entered several of the Marathon races run in the vicinity of New York and Boston and gradually forged up among the finishers. It was in one of these local Marathons that Tom Longboat, the Canadian Indian, made his reputation. Longboat ran the distance in 2 hours 24 minutes and 20 4-5 seconds, smashing all former records. Hayes was a plucky third in 2 hours 30 minutes and 38 seconds. His finish in this race attracted the approval of close students and leaders in the National Amateur Athletic Association and they kept an eye on him. In his next race he finished two miles ahead of his field. Since then he has ranked among the American topnotchers. England prides herself on being particulary strong in distance runners and counted confidently on capturing the Marathon race. Before the games the American managers said very little concerning the runners they had entered for that classic event but with Hayes, Foreshaw, Welton and Tewanina in quiet reserve they knew they would surprise the athletic world in the finish—and they did.

A New Theatrical Combination

According to a local amusement manager the theatrical powers—which means the biggest of the syndicates and the strongest of the vaudeville combinations—have decided that there are too many theatres in the country and their representatives are going to meet in New York this week and eliminate, crowd out, or suppress whatever houses or theatrical enterprises they deem unnecessary. It's a case of big fish eat little fish, a survival of the fittest, only as the big fish are to be the judges in the case the little fish are placed in very much the same position as was the canary with the cat. To stave off competition is said to be the explanation behind the move. It is known generally that last season was a poor one in the theatrical business and that the syndicates failed to clean up their regulation big profits. Again during the recent good times "opera houses" and theatres sprung up like mushrooms in cities ranging in population from fifty to one hundred and fifty thousand. Many of these theatres and opera houses are now lying idle, offered at cheap rates, and speculators in various forms of amusements are likely to rent them and open up in opposition to the trusts and combinations. The bars are to be put up so that these adventurers shall not get feeders for such shows.

To Close Strings of Theatres

As far as can be ascertained the first plan suggested was for the big combinations and syndicates to con-

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tribute a fund with which to pay sufficient rent to keep picked theatres in the most important cities and towns closed. The vaudeville combinations are strong supporters of this suggestion because they do not wish these idle properties to become the homes of popular priced dramatic or musical stock companies, the element of competition engendered by such organizations being very considerable. The intention all along the line is not to have property lying around loose for any adventurous or anti-trust spirit to set up shop at a reduced scale of prices, and thereby continue to threaten demoralization to carefully nursed trust prices. That this general plan has been under consideration by the trust magnates for some months past is born out by the fact that a well known local manager when asked about his dates said, "I've got them signed for several months, but winter dates seem more or less befogged just now. My New York agents write that I must wait awhile till certain things in the East are straightened out and that the business will be cleared up in ample season. I gathered from the letters that the generally poor business of last year had brought about a necessary readjusting of dates all along the line." How much this proposed new deal of the syndicate, providing it goes through, will affect the local theatres remains to be seen. Like all the western cities San Francisco is dependent on the East for its main theatrical provender. Several firms here, backed by local capital, divide the theatrical business among themselves more or less. Since the big fire a number of newcomers have broken into the field and have shifted the business somewhat.

Governess—Where do we obtain coal, Freddie?
Freddie—From coal beds.
Governess—Right. Now, where do we obtain feathers?
Freddie—From feather beds!

Dingee Park

By far the finest suburban residence tract on the peninsula, "Dingee Park," has just been re-subdivided and is now offered for sale by its owner, William J. Dingee. It is located only thirty-six minutes from the depot at Third and Townsend streets, this city, and two minutes walk from the depot in Redwood City. Its transportation facilities are being added to constantly. The Peninsula Electric Railroad has bought a right of way along the edge of the Park and construction of this convenient line will soon be rushed to completion. The county road connecting San Francisco and San Jose, the best and most important motor road in the State, runs along the front of the tract. The Park is now being rapidly developed in street work, ornamentation and other valuable improvements. All of the streets are to be graded, macadamized and to have cement curbs. About 30,000 square feet of cement sidewalks have already been laid. A complete water system is to be added to the tract. Mr. Dingee will construct a reservoir in the foothills back of the property and deed it to the City. The main water pipe runs directly through the tract. The sewer pipe is being laid and will be completed as fast as homes are erected. Nothing is being neglected to make "Dingee Park" an ideal spot in which to live.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

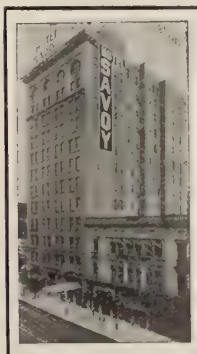
If there is any one left who now doubts that a genuine bull market in Wall Street securities is not in full swing he must surely be hard to convince. Starting early in December last, securities began to show signs of advancement. They acted very much as a sick child would act before starting to mend; every little change one way or the other dealt directly with them, but their recuperative powers appeared stronger, and after every weak spell the market rallied to a higher level. While the price showed only a small gain yet it was at a higher level than the previous high market. This condition has prevailed ever since December last. At this writing fresh new high levels have been reached with indications of the market taking on a runaway aspect. Railway earnings, while under those of last year at this time, are not so bad as many would lead us to believe.

The strong feature to the stock market at present is the urgent demand for bonds; this condition has but recently made itself felt. It is always a good plan to buy stocks when the bond market shows strength. There are many conditions this year to make securities at present prices very attractive. The high prices for farm products, the wealth of the American farmer, and the general prosperity of many lines of trades, all go to show a very bright future. This year the corn crop will be three billion bushels; wheat, eight hundred million bushels; oats, one billion bushels; cotton, fourteen million bales. The barley, hay, potato and other crops will be bountiful. The prices for all crops are very high. Foreign countries will require more of our food products this year than ever before. With such conditions why should any one borrow trouble regarding the future? The upward tendency of Wall Street securities might be temporarily halted, but that a higher level will be reached in the near future goes without saying.

It is a noteworthy fact that railway supply manufacturers are showing a big increase of orders on their books. This brings employment to many men. This further means an increased general distribution of money, thereby expanding the trade of many quarters. We hear more confidence in the prospects of the future than we did a short period ago. Optimism is returning, the country is growing rapidly. The consumption of our products is increasing faster than most of us imagine. Something must be done to further promote our production, irrigation and the like. Our gold and silver outputs are showing a very satisfactory increase. After considering these significant facts which stand without contradiction, does it seem reasonable that our eyes should be closed to actual conditions, and that we should listen further to the chronic growler? It is beyond doubt that this country is starting upon a campaign of the greatest prosperity in its history; the signs are too plain to be mistaken.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Bohrmann-Miller Engagement

The engagement of Miss Madeleine Bohrmann to H. Clay Miller was no surprise to her friends as Mr. Miller fell a victim to cupid's arrow almost at the first meeting four years ago in Sausalito. Miss Bohrmann is a stunning blonde, brilliant in conversation, accomplished in manner and widely connected with some of the best families in the State. She is a granddaughter of the late Charles Kohler, well known in business and musical circles. He was among the first, many years ago, to establish the Loring Club here. Miss Bohrmann was born in New Jersey, and came to California a few years ago on a visit to her aunts, Mrs. Willis Davis and Mrs. Bauer, and her cousins, Mrs. Foster and Mrs. E. Van Bergen. With her sister, Miss Elizabeth, who is a noted musician, she has made her home at Alta Mira Villa, Sausalito, for the past two years. H. Clay Miller is the son of the late H. Clay Miller, brother of the late Senator John F. Miller. Mrs. Frank Findley, who was formerly interesting Rose Miller, is a sister of the prospective groom. H.



MISS CLARA CLEMENS

Miss Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, has just made a successful debut in concert in London and her charming mezzo-soprano voice is being highly praised by the critics.

Clay Miller, Sr. has been dead many years. His widow still resides in the old home in Sausalito. The Millers are related to Mrs. Dulee Bolado Ashe and many prominent Spanish families in Monterey. The wedding will take place at the little church in Ross Valley, September 5th. A reception will follow at the magnificent country home of the Charles J. Foster's, "The Hacienda," Ross Valley. The maid of honor will be the bride's sister, Miss Elizabeth Bohrmann. The four cousins of the bride, Misses Edna and Sidney Davis, Miss Mina Van Bergen and Miss Marie Louise Foster will be the bride's maids; while William Bohrmann, the bride's eldest brother, will give her into the keeping of the groom. The engagement ring is a magnificent solitaire encircled by sapphires, the birth stone of the bride. After an extended wedding tour the bride and groom will spend the winter in an attractive apartment in this city. Miss Bohrmann will be the guest of her cousin, Mrs. C. J. Foster, in Ross Valley until after the wedding.

Betrayed by a Postal Card

Several of the garages in this city have established an elaborate system whereby the owner of a machine may feel comfortably sure that his auto is not out without his permission. At one new garage a report is mailed every day telling the hour and number of times the machine leaves and enters the building, and as a consequence a well known young matron played the leading role in a farce comedy. Fitted to the opposite role was a young woman who has recently been visiting in San Francisco. As the dainty little ingenue, trailing an almost imperceptible odor of gasoline behind her she has made a great hit with a select audience. The matron recently gave a luncheon in honor of the fair young visitor at a country club, and after the festivities she generously provided one of her machines for the guest of honor and several other young women. The day after the luncheon she received a card from the garage notifying her that that particular machine had turned in at 2 o'clock in the morning. "Aha!" said the matron, or words to that effect, as she buckled on her gum shoes and slipped to the telephone to unravel the mystery. Each occupant of the car insisted that she had in turn been deposited at her own door, leaving the distinguished young visitor to be taken to her hotel at about six o'clock in the afternoon. Considering the matter settled, the owner summoned the chauffeur and put him on the carpet. The chauffeur was haughtily dismissed from her service—and then hired over again after he managed to cram an explanation into an interstice of silence. He had not taken the young lady directly to her hotel but instead, at her order, had driven her down the avenue on a shopping tour which had lasted until the dinner hour. Then he was told to wait outside the hotel, while she dressed for dinner, and in due time the young lady and her mother appeared and were driven to a fashionable residence where a dinner dance was in progress. He was then commissioned to attend to several errands for them, as they were leaving town the next day, and at midnight he reported again, and when they were ready he drove them to their hotel. Naturally he thought his employer had put the machine at their disposal. The chauffeur's story proved true in every detail and a lively chuckle was enjoyed by those who had shared the automobile with the young woman who commandeered it for her own purposes in such a royal fashion. Of course the story did not long restrict itself to that particular set, for an episode so saturated in gasoline is too highly explosive to keep in close confines.

Still Figuring on a Bridge Scandal

A summer without a bridge scandal would be like a mint julep with tinned mint, and for a time it looked as though we were going through the dog days without a single reputation going to the bow-wows via the sociable bridge tables. But the other day an amiable little breeze blew up, down Burlingame way, and every one that told the story fanned it along until it resembled a nice, grown up squall. But I am assured by a discriminating person that really the thing was all a horrid mistake, that the miscalculation was a matter of questionable

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arithmetic not morals. It happened two afternoons in succession to be sure, but as the amount gained by the tally keeper would not pay her French laundry bill for a week, it is stupid to suppose that she would soil her hands with a paltry unearned increment at the bridge tables. As a facetious writer on bridge recently remarked, "the participants generally play a rubber of three



MRS. JOHN WISSER

Mrs. Wisser is the wife of Colonel Wisser who was stationed at the Presidio not long ago. He is now military attache to the American legation in Berlin. The photograph represents Mrs. Wisser in her presentation gown. Colonel and Mrs. Hollister, her parents, are now living in Santa Barbara.

games, and then spend the rest of the evening doing sums in simple addition to find out who won. Tonight they will find out who won last night's game, but they will not find out who won tonight's game until some one remembers to bring home another tablet of scratch paper." No doubt the lady whose blunders started the comments in Burlingame is not proficient in the mathematics which bridge entails. An old school mate was vigorously defending her the other day and pointed her appeal for justice with, "why, everyone knew she would have been cinched in algebra at school if her people weren't so prominent. But of course the principal wanted her name on the graduation programs and so they passed her mathematics."

Colonel and Mrs. Marion P. Maus will move into their quarters in the Presidio this week. A number of social functions have already been planned for their welcome.

Still on the Invalid List

Friends in California are very worried over the reports that come from the sick bed of Esther Chamberlain, who with her sister Lucia, has won a comfortable place in the eastern magazine field. These clever sisters are nieces of Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, the portrait painter, and their girlhood was spent in San Francisco. They are also related to Mrs. Thomas Magee, Sr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. Many of the characters in their drawing room stories wear thin disguises which can easily be recognized as cousin Germain to some of our own fashionable celebrities.

May Wed in California

A society woman who has just returned from the East brings back the report that Mrs. Nathalie Schenck Collins is engaged to Mr. De Wolf Cutting and Newport would not be surprised to see them slip off to California to be married. Just why they should come out here for the ceremony is a mystery unless it be that Mrs. Collins has contracted the habit of marrying in California. Her first affair, which turned out so unhappily, was consummated out here, without any of her large following to applaud the performance. Now, if rumor be true, with a short entra acte in the East, she will again use California scenery for a background.

Considered a Beauty

Every time Mrs. Nathalie Schenck Collins appears in print she is placarded as a "beauty," and possibly she lives up to the noun as gracefully as most of the beauties featured in the press. But people who know Newport tell me that she is really considered lovely by her fashionable peers. San Francisco women may lack finish, and that indefinable smartness which characterizes the Newporter, but when it comes to sheer physical beauty, the New York standard is far below the variety we grow out here in the west. If Paris began here he would have to say "there aint going to be no core" by the time he came to consider the claim of Newport. I remember that the day the steamer sailed for the Orient with Captain Collins, his bride and the Jersey cow, which the Captain took along to insure pure milk on the way, a Bohemian Club wag happened to be down at the docks. The distinguished party was pointed out to him and solemnly regarding the trio he asked "which one did you say was considered a beauty?"

Invited to a Royal Party

From letters received in Burlingame lately, I learn that this season the Queen has not signaled out any California girl for special attention. Miss Marguerite Le Breton, who was a recent visitor here, owes her social success largely to the fact that Queen Alexander, after Miss Le Breton was presented at court, asked that she be invited to the next royal garden party. Many are presented but few are chosen for such an honor and this year the list is particularly unCalifornian.

D. M. Delmas, formerly of San Francisco but now registering from New York, is at the Fairmont, where he will remain while in the West.

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Motor Parties at Del Monte

Monterey correspondents write me that there was quite a bevy of San Francisco society folk at Del Monte last week. Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, motored down from Burlingame and spent the week-end. With them during the most part of their stay was Mrs. Henry Stevens Kiersted who came over from the Presidio of Monterey and who was recently the house guest of the Colemans at Burlingame.

Mrs. A. C. Miller of Berkeley, together with Mrs. Robert Herrick, spent a few days here last week. Mrs. Herrick is the wife of Professor Herrick of the University of Chicago who came out here to take charge of the deparement of economics at the summer school at Berkeley.

Mrs. C. C. Clay, Miss Madeline Clay and Miss Harrold were at Del Monte for a short visit recently. From here they went to Santa Barbara and Coronado.

Mrs. Samuel Knight joined Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and Miss Hooker here for a few days' visit last week. Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Land motored down with the Hookers for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury are among those spending the summer here.

Mrs. W. T. Swinburne went up to town several days ago to join Admiral Swinburne who has just returned from a trip north with the "Charleston." While in the city she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee. Mrs. Swinburne will leave the latter part of the month for Honolulu. It is possible that Mrs. Emile Bruguiere will accompany her on the trip.

Mrs. J. D. Peters of Stockton and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, are here for a month's stay and will be joined on Wednesday by Mrs. C. L. Six, who was Miss Genevieve Peters.

A jolly automobile party that arrived on Saturday to spend the week-end included Captain C. McKinstry, H. R. Simpkins, P. W. Selby and Eugene B. Murphy.

Among those who motored here recently were F. E. Booth who brought with him Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Booth of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Beadle and Mr. and Mrs. C. Adams who made the trip from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy and Miss Marjorie Mauzy; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Walcott and Van K. Walcott of Berkeley, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Carter and R. Brace Carter of Los Angeles; Mrs. Thomas R. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gary of Chicago who made the trip from Pasadena to join Thomas R. Lyon, Miss Lyon and Miss Dickerman; Mr. and Mrs. William Ede, William Ede, Jr., and Mrs. Catherine Ede, Dr. H. A. Rowell, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bartlett and Miss Van Guedepe.

In the Social Spotlight

B. F. Nourse is on a three weeks' visit to his relatives in Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, Jr. have returned from Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Jennie Whittier Bothin and her daughter, Genevieve, have returned home from Tahoe.

Mrs. Edward Barron will leave for a trip abroad in September.

Mrs. James Mee has returned to her San Rafael home after a fortnight's visit at Tahoe.

Miss Grace Davis was quietly wedded to Frank Edmund Booth in the home of her sisters in Baker street last week. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George T. Davis, prominent residents of Carson, Nevada. Mr. Booth stands high in local mercantile circles.

Orville Pratt has joined Mrs. Pratt and her mother Mrs. Russell Wilson in London. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt will spend several months on the continent before returning home. Mrs. Wilson expects to remain abroad for some time.

Mrs. Porter Ashe has returned from a six months' visit with her own family near Philadelphia. The Ashes will spend the winter in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates will leave early in October for a lengthy tour abroad. Mrs. Bates is a sister of Chief Justice Beatty.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell have returned from their visit to Lake Tahoe.

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F. O. JOHNSON - - Proprietor

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle have leased a house in Broadway which they will occupy when they close their country home in September.

The wedding of Miss Clarie Chabot of Oakland and Leon Bocqueraz of this city occurred at "Villa Remi, the Chabot country home at St. Helena, last week. After an extended tour through Europe Mr. and Mrs. Bocqueraz will make their home here.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary Hamlin of Philadelphia and Lieutenant Hensley Lacy, U. S. N. Miss Hamlin is a cousin of Mrs. Philip Bancroft. Lieutenant Lacy is attached to the U. S. S. Charleston and is very well known in social circles.

Spencer Grant has returned from his Yosemite trip.

Rear Admiral Dayton, who was relieved from the command of the Pacific fleet last Friday, is at Lake Tahoe en route to the East.

The National Convention of Collegiate Alumnae, which meets in this city August 31st to September 6th, will have its headquarters at the Fairmont. Many prominent speakers including Dr. David Starr Jordan and Benjamin Ide Wheeler will deliver addresses. It is the intention of the Convention to transact all business in the morning leaving the afternoons for sight seeing. Following the stay in San Francisco they will go to San Jose, Del Monte and on to Los Angeles.

Mrs. S. P. Pfingst is at the Fairmont for several days. Later she will return to her country home near Pajaro.

C. A. Miller, Paul A. Miller, Miss Marion Miller, Miss Amy Talbot of San Francisco, and Miss Helen Jones of Ross, Cal., are guests of Mr. C. O. G. Miller at Aetna Springs.

Major and Mrs. C. M. McKinstry have returned to their apartments in the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Leslie Pope and Miss May Hamilton have decided to prolong their eastern trip till October.

The wedding of Miss Irene Van Arsdale and Lieutenant Kurtz, whose engagement was announced last week, will probably take place this fall and immediately before Lieutenant Kurtz departure for his new station.

Eugene de Sabla will leave shortly for the East where he will join Mrs. de Sabla and her two daughters, Vera and Leontine. The family will return home in a few months.

The J. Parker Whitneys are at Del Monte.

Mrs. Emil Bruguiere and her young son are in town on an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Ernest Folger has returned from her visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre are motoring through the south of France. They will return in the fall.

Joseph D. Grant will reach here from England in a few days. Mrs. Grant and the children will remain at their country place in Lynington.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop has taken apartments at the St. Xavier for the winter.

Miss Linda Cadwalader, after visits to several country homes, is back again in Burlingame.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret, Miss Marian and Miss Elizabeth have left Lake Tahoe and have gone to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant left last week for Detroit to visit Dr. and Mrs. Brodie, after which she will spend some time in New York. She will be gone three months.

Announcement was made this week of the engagement of Miss Florence Beal Hush of Fruitvale and Charles Harvey Bentley of this city. No date has been set for the wedding. Miss Hush is a sister of Mrs. Thomas A. Magee and Mrs. William Magee and of Mrs. Frank R. Wells. Mr. Bentley is a graduate of the University of California. He is sales manager of the California Fruit Canners Association and a former president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has come down from Pleasanton for a few days and is in her rooms at the Fairmont. William R. Hearst and wife, who are now at the Pleasanton home, are expected later in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond and their daughters are now doing the Swiss lakes.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steuart are spending the week in Bolinas as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hellmann.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Barnett of San Francisco registered at the Pacific Grove Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have returned to their Ellis street home from their motor trips about the State.

Mr. Robert S. Woodward, President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is visiting the West on a tour of scientific investigation and is at present stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy is at Tahoe for a season.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bridge have returned from their Yosemite outing.

R. Masson Smith and Mrs. Lucile Fairchild Fernald were quietly married last week with only a few friends present. Aside from his connection with the law Mr. Smith has recently became interested with Hensley Green in real estate ventures. Mrs. Smith, as Mrs. Fernald, is widely known in Christian Science circles.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomilson and Ethel Keeney arrived from New York early this week on a visit to Mrs. Tomilson's mother, Mrs. Charles Keeney. They will be here several weeks. Mrs. McMillan and Leontine Blakeman are also here on a visit to her parents, Judge and Mrs. Blakeman. These young matrons are cousins and have brought back from the East numbers of stunning gowns in the new modes.

The handsome Livermore house on Russian Hill has been rented to the Chamberlain's of Santa Barbara. Mrs. Chamberlain was Miss Edith McDonald, daughter of Mark L. McDonald of Santa Rosa. The Livermores will leave for Europe early in October where they will join Miss Beth Livermore and the family will spend a year in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Holcomb, Grace Thompson, have just returned from their wedding tour spent at Tahoe Tavern. They are occupying their cottage in Belvedere where they will remain until late in the fall.

Recent letters received in this city from Dr. Arnold Genthe give an interesting account of his travels. He is traveling alone with the exception of two servants who carry camera and photographic supplies. He goes on to say that he had not met a single white person in the mountains which demonstrated the fact that he had selected the right haunts of the natives. He reports having to contend with stubborn difficulties in getting good results with his negatives on account of the damp heat prevailing. He is now in a part of Japan unfrequented by tourists. His plans carry him ahead several months yet and no definite date is set for his return.

A supper of unusual interest was given by Mr. Henry Miller in the Red Room of the Hotel St. Francis last Friday, to the distinguished players who have been appearing in the notable series of performances under his management at the Van Ness. Mr. Miller is a delightful host and inspired his brilliant guests to a play of wit and fancy that made the evening memorable. Present at the table were Mr. C. Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," and Mrs. Kennedy; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob; Mr. Percy MacKaye, author of "Mater"; Miss Hazel MacKaye; Miss Isabel Irving; Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Miss Laura Hope Crews; Miss Gwladys Wynne; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis; Mr. Bertram Harrison; Mr. Walter Hampden; Mr. Tyrone Power; Mr. Galway Herbert and Mr. Edward Rann Kennedy.

Miss Roberta Thompson of Palo Alto, whose engagement has just been announced to George La Farge of Vancouver, B. C., is the daughter of the late Frank Thompson, brother of the late Thomas L. Thompson, Minister to Brazil, and brother of Mrs. William B. Craig. The family connections in this city are very large. The wedding will take place this fall. Mr. La Farge is a relative of La Farge, the famous artist.

Miss Maude Bourn will leave next month for an extended trip through Europe. Before returning next fall she will visit a number of friends scattered about the continent. Miss Bourn will spend next winter in New York where her mother, Mrs. W. B. Bourn plans to take a house for the season.

Wellington Gregg joined his family in Nauheim, Germany, last week.

Suites for the fall and winter have been engaged at the Hotel Jefferson by Mr. and Mrs. C. Mason Kinnie, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Washburn, Mrs. W. W. Young and Miss Ella Young, Mrs. N. A. Whitaker and Miss Gertrude Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Butler, Mrs. Norman Rideout of Marysville, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter and Miss Mary Carter of Honolulu, and Mrs. J. A. Hopper and Miss Margaret and Miss Katherine Hopper of Honolulu.

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San Rafael Development

By L. V. Stanton

San Rafael is to be the Tuxedo of California. So sayeth some of its active citizens who are also among the most active citizens of California. They have taken hold of things in Marin County and are giving great impetus to its vital affairs. They say, too, that what has long been a dream respecting the future of San Rafael is to be realized—that it is to be a bay port with water communication by steamer with San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and all the bay towns, and then it will become again what it was in the days of the Pardres the health resort of the coast. San Rafael was one of the five original missions of Northern California, and thither the Missionaries sent patients suffering from bronchial troubles.

The men who are devoting their energies to the development of San Rafael are the men who organized the San Rafael Development Company. Among them are Wm. Babcock, Geo. M. Pinckard, John F. Boyd, Frank S. Johnson, A. W. Foster, John Martin, Frank B. Anderson, George Heazleton, Chas. R. Bishop, and many others. Some time ago they purchased from James L. Flood some 650 acres of land lying between San Rafael and the bay front, covered with oak, madrone, laurel, pine, redwood and buckeye. This property they are developing, and now in the center of the tract are the spacious grounds and home of the San Rafael Country and Golf Club of which George M. Prickard is president. This property lies in the flat. Surrounding the Country Club property, in the form of a horseshoe, are rolling hills covered with woods. At the open end of the horseshoe is the Bay of San Francisco. The rolling hills which surround the Country Club tract are being rapidly purchased by wealthy people in lots of from 3, 10 and 20 acres. The view from these hills across the Country Club grounds, looking towards the bay, is surpassingly beautiful, and many lots also have a view of Tamalpais Mountain.

The club house of the Country Club is situated near the center of the tract on a knoll surrounded by oak trees. The building is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in two or three weeks. The club house is one hundred and ten feet long and some fifty feet in depth, the center portion being two stories, and architecturally without question it is the handsomest club house in California. It was designed by Fred H. Meyers, the well-known architect. Adjacent to the club house is a large concrete swimming tank some fifty by ninety feet into which salt water will be pumped by electric power daily. To the front of the club house beyond the home, Golf Green, are situated the large tennis courts. Still further in front of the club house is the San Rafael Creek, which has just been dredged by the San Rafael Development Co., permitting of five feet of water at low tide and some eight feet at high tide. This creek affords over a mile of canoeing.

Among the features of the club house are a salt water plunge, and out-door dining room beneath the oak trees. This house will be opened in a few weeks with a ball, and thereafter it will be the center of social activity in San Rafael.

The people who have been buying home sites in San Rafael of late have been securing tracts of 100, 150 and



ON THE GROUNDS OF THE SAN RAFAEL COUNTRY CLUB



250 feet frontage, and they have been building beautiful homes. But of course there are smaller villa lots aplenty.

Two lines of railroad now serve the city of San Rafael —the narrow and the broad gauge—and it is expected that the Hotaling road will shortly be built into San Rafael. This will give the city three lines of rail communication. The development of the San Rafael Creek under the auspices of the San Rafael Development Company and with the assistance of the town authorities will make possible in a few months of sternwheelers within the city limits of San Rafael. The dream of San Rafael that it will become a bay port will then be realized. It is only a question now of two or three months before this development will take place.

The mountains and landscapes are irresistible; the grandest beach on the coast of California is located in Marin County, and is comparatively unknown owing to the lack of proper facilities in reaching it. As yet, no railroad has sought to go over or through the mountain, and the only means of reaching this choice spot is by stage from Sausalito or San Rafael. The ride in itself is interesting and exciting, as the coast road from Sausalito skirts the cliffs and overlooks the ocean from dizzy heights. Visitors soon become enchanted with the gorgeous scenery and gaze in awe down the precipitous cliffs. For many miles the road continues to follow the rugged coast line which has been the scene of many a disastrous wreck, and finally a glimpse is obtained of the wonderous beach which is pure white and makes a perfect picture as the old ocean peacefully breaks upon it.

Bubbling from numerous springs on the slopes of Tamalpais comes a clear, sparkling flow of pure mountain water, the best to be found in the State. This water is caught and distributed to the people of southern Marin. It is even bottled and sold in San Francisco, the mere fact that it comes from this county being a sufficient guarantee of its purity. A mammoth dam is now in course of construction which will hold sufficient water to supply the needs of the county for many years to come. Lake Lagunitas on the western slope of Mt. Tamalpais is now the source of supply for the San Rafael district.

The soil of Marin County produces the finest apples in the west. This industry has been neglected owing to the dairy interests which have made Marin County famous.

The finest cheese in the State is made in Marin County and the exports of butter, eggs, chickens, milk and cream is immense and is growing rapidly.

There has never been a lack of water in the county and irrigation has never been found necessary. The depth of the soil, its retentive nature, and ample rainfall in winter, render artificial watering unnecessary. The soil of the county is easily worked being heavily charged with the elemental constituents of plant life, admirably suited to horticultural purposes, and wherever worked to fruit it yields heavily.

The area of Marin County is 516 square miles or 330,000 acres. San Rafael is the county seat. Novato is the center of the fruit district. Point Reyes is the center of the dairy interests. Southern Marin is the section of suburban residence. Two railroads transact the business of the country and a third railroad will soon have its terminus near Belvedere.

Marin County today is in a particularly prosperous condition. The placing of large tracts of land on the market has been the means of attracting a desirable element to locate there permanently. Rapid trains and fast ferries make it possible for the merchants or the mechanic to live in Marin County and do business in the city. Picturesque and prosperous Marin County has every advantage to offer home seekers and heartily welcomes them.



J. FRED SCHLINGMAN'S RESIDENCE, MILL VALLEY.



CALIFORNIA LAUREL, MUIR WOODS, CAL.

Marin Beautiful

(Continued from Page 12.)

Only within the last few years, however, has attention been directed to Marin County as a place of permanent residence and in these few years great changes have been made. Towns have sprung up almost in a night, peopled with that most desirable element, the unit of which is the man who owns his own home. For many years Marin County's development was retarded by an obsolete railroad, a narrow gauged affair, with little engines that wheezed and stuffy little cars that creaked and a time-table that even the President of the road was ashamed to see in print. Notwithstanding all of which Marin County, (thanks to its unsurpassed scenic attractions and equable climate), progressed surprisingly. And meanwhile the little old narrow gauge railroad with its weather beaten rolling stock has been transferred to new owners and the road transformed into an up-to-date third rail electric system, with large and brilliantly illumianted cars of modern design and a half-hour service to San Francisco. The result is that every town in southern Marin is rapidly doubling its population.

In conclusion let me say that the crowning beauty of Marin is her hearty welcome for the worthy, no matter how humble their lot.



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FROM THE VERANDA OF "FERN HILL" THE BEAUTIFUL LAGUNITAS CANYON REACHES TOWARD MT. TAMALPAIS IN THE DISTANCE

Stage

"Mater:" Its Initial Production

"Mater," as played at the Van Ness Theatre, is a charming, idealistic comedy, but it is too attenuated in spots and lacks fibre. Poetry is made to cover lack of action. Perry MacKaye has handled his materials from the viewpoint of a poet, an idealist, and has laid on his colors in masses over broad stretches and they fail sometimes to blend and connect. Vivid minded himself he has left much to the imagination of the less fertile brained individual. However this task of filling in the thin spots is evidently very readily accomplished by the intense admirers of Mr. MacKaye and the ideals he stands for. There is only one character in the play "Mater." The role radiates with a vivifying comedy spirit and, in Isabel Irving's hands, is the whole show. It is easy to understand now why Henry Miller sent for her to create the character. In hands less light, less deft the production would have run to smash before the close of the sluggish opening first act. Henry Miller's role was in nowise strong enough to step into the breach. As a character "Mater" is decidedly original and whimsically delightful, a creation that Barrie, with all his train of half human fairy folk, might envy the author. But her elf-like spirit of fun, wit, sprightliness and imagination, which might circle rare flights of comedy endeavor, are set in the surroundings of an idealistic son and daughter, who, despite their subtle inconsistencies, have about as much comedy spirit and texture in their make-up as the stage props. Senator Cullen and the young lover offer only a thin relief in comedy coloring and this is mainly due to the clever way in which the two roles are handled. "Mater" is a widow, "fair and forty," who might easily be mistaken for the sister of her grown son and daughter, as she is by Senator Cullen who wooes her under this error. Both son and daughter are intensely idealistic. The son aspires to go to Congress as a "reformer." Senator Cullen, political boss and arch manipulator of the election returns, alone stands in his way. The mother learns this fact and in her practical, common sense, fun hurdling way overrides all opposition in order to reach the Senator and win his influence. This she is able to do through Cullen's recently awakened ardor to gain her hand. The Senator, though blinded in a measure by love, is still worldly wise enough to know that his chances of success depend on the way he exchanges his political influence for her hand. Politician and mother cleverly fence over the stake and all the wit besprinkling the comedy crackles in the interchange. The son suspects what is going on and in his melancholly Dane fashion bitterly opposes any compromise with Cullen and what he stands for. Incidentally the Senator's notes and flowers to the mother are mistaken by the boy lover as intended for the sister and a tiff ensues between the young couple. Isabel Irving has certainly added to her successes in the sprightly and delightful way in which she plays the part of "Mater." It is an exquisite bit of sparkling, deft and dainty light comedy, given with the nicest and surest of touches. It will be a matter of keen regret if the play is not strengthened in its action and in the coloring of its subordinate characters so as to insure success and thus afford Miss Irving an opportunity to win in the part the distinction she deserves. The role



HENRY MILLER AS SYDNEY CARTON
In "The Only Way" at the Van Ness Theatre.

of Senator Cullen is sketchy but Henry Miller infuses into it a foxy, unctuous manner that gives it a being. A less clever actor would have portrayed the lines in broad comedy, something to delight the groundlings; such a coloring of the part would not have held for a moment the attention of a woman with the fine perceptions of "Mater." Mr. Miller carefully represses any impulse to "cut loose" and quietly and adroitly plays up to Miss Irving's conception of "Mater." Thus he harmonizes his own part with the leading character and illustrates again, as he has so frequently this season, his conception as a stage manager of a well proportioned and finished production. Frederick Lewis' portrayal of the son, that half mad reformer in politics, is cast in too glomy a mold by half and he can do no better than begin by reforming himself. Mr. MacKaye is undoubtedly responsible for much of this Hamlet like dementia by endeavoring to voice some of his personal ideas of the way the coming political millennium should be reached. Such extended flights belong in the North American Review rather than in a stage production of this character. One has only to compare the charmingly, poetic sentiments expressed by "Mater" to catch the distinction. Incongruities of character may be necessary in developing comedy but there is no call to run hazards with radical examples that threaten the life of such a promising production as "Mater." Hazel MacKaye has a deal to do in portraying the role of the daughter before she will attain the requisite flexibility and color. Charles Gotthold puts all the life and virility possible into the lines of the lover. The one setting of the play is simple and in excellent taste.

—Raymond Stock.

Revival of "The Only Way"

What promises to be the most popular attraction of the entire Henry Miller season at the Van Ness Theatre will be the elaborate revival of "The Only Way" on Monday evening next. The dramatization of "A Tale of Two Cities" scored a big hit many seasons ago, when it was first presented by Mr. Miller and his company, as a strikingly picturesque and wonderfully clever footlight version of that masterpiece by Charles Dickens. "The Tale of Two Cities" has always been recognized as the strongest of all Dickens' novels from a purely dramatic sense. The central character of Sydney Carton, with his strangely contradictory traits of drunken recklessness and brilliant eloquence, his redemption through love and his supreme self-sacrifice for the sake of that love, affords Mr. Miller the most delightful and impressive of all his character creations. He has been importuned time and again to revive this play but has been unable to do so until now, owing to the many new productions and important stage work of his recent career. The incidents of the play are dramatically absorbing and the exchange of the one prisoner for the other is always greeted with enthusiastic applause, just as is the spectacular scenes of Carton's definance of the French Assembly. Mr. Miller has taken special pains to make this revival as scenically rich as possible and has selected a special cast for its interpretation. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Stirring Play at the Alcazar

At the eleventh hour the Alcazar management substituted "Soldiers of Fortune" for "Monsieur Beaucaire" as their next offering, commencing Monday night, because of the popular demand that the dramatized version of Richard Harding Davis' tale of adventure be presented ere the White Whittlesey engagement expires. San Francisco's playgoers evidently have not forgotten the hit made by Mr. Whittlesey in "Soldiers of Fortune" half-a-dozen years ago at the old Alcazar—a hit so pronounced that Belasco and Mayer adopted the play as a vehicle for his starring tour over the western circuit. Its scenes are laid in an imaginary South American Republic, where the usual revolution is in progress. Mr. Whittlesey has the role of Robert Clay, a thoroughgoing young American who is serving as engineer and manager of a mine owned by the father of the girl he loves. The action mainly hinges on his efforts to preserve the property of his employer from ruination by the clashing armies, and from first curtain-rise until the finish there is not a dull moment. The rival leaders try to extort money from him and he euchres them at their own game. They get him into some very tight fixes, but his ingenuity and pluck always extricates him in the nick of time. In the last act it looks as if he and his compatriots are done for, and the audience involuntarily sighs relief when a United States warship lands its crew and routes the enemy. In the cast with Mr. Whit-



HOWARD HICKMAN

Who will play the revolutionary leader in "Soldiers of Fortune" at the Alcazar, commencing Monday night, August 10.



FRANKLIN UNDERWOOD

Who will appear next week in the comedy of "Dobb's Dilemma," at the Orpheum.

tlesey are all the Alcazar favorites and an army of supernumeraries as sailors, soldiers and revolutionists. Among the players most happily cast are Bessie Barriscale in an ideal ingenue part, Howard Hickman as the revolutionary leader, Fred J. Butler as Clay's staunch ally, Louise Brownell as a haughty Spanish dame, John B. Maher in a comedy role that fits him like a made-to-order glove, Burt Wesner as the mine owner, Ernest Glendenning as an impetuous American boy, Herbert Farjeon as the president of the republic, and Anita Murray as the heroine's sister. Each of the four acts has an appropriately tropical setting, and the stage pictures promise to be very picturesque and pretty.

An Entertaining Series of "Travel Talks"

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces for his first attraction of the season Mr. Lloyd Scott, a famous traveler in a series of "Travel Talks" on foreign lands. Mr. Scott is a brilliant scholar, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the few Americans bearing the title of "Doctor of Jurisprudence" from the University of Heidelberg. Although educated for the law Mr. Scott has devoted almost his entire life to travel and photography and has a most wonderful collection of beautifully colored views which in conjunction with moving panoramas and motion pictures will be used to illustrate his interesting tales of travel. The subjects for the first series will be "India," "Egypt," "Russia," "Japan," and "Ireland." Next spring Mr. Scott expects to make a tour of Mexico and the South Sea Islands for new material. It is the intention of the management to make the Lloyd Scott "Travel Talks" a permanent western institution to cover the same field that the Burton Holmes Travellogues do in the East. Occasional visits will be made to the eastern cities and in return the Burton Holmes Travellogues will be given in the West. Following this series of entertainments Mr. Greenbaum promises Signor Emilio De Gogorza, the splendid Spanish baritone, whose success when here with Emma Eames was tremendous.

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"The Girl From Paris" at the Princess

For the week beginning next Monday night the Princess offers a captivating programme in "The Girl From Paris." This delightful production has not been given here in a long while. It is well remembered as one of the most enjoyable of musical comedies and abounds in bright and witty dialogue and sparkling and catchy music. Beautiful scenery and costumes have been prepared and a cast has been selected which cannot fail to give satisfaction. May Boley will be at her happiest in the soubrette role of Ruth, and Evelyn Frances Kellogg will have the best opportunity yet afforded her as Mlle. Julie Bonbon, "The Girl From Paris." Sarah Edwards will have as Mrs. Emeline Honeycomb a fine character role and Zoe Barnett is happily cast as Norah. William Burress should be thoroughly at home as Hans, the proprietor of the Spa Hotel, Schloffenburgen

(Continued on Page 34.)

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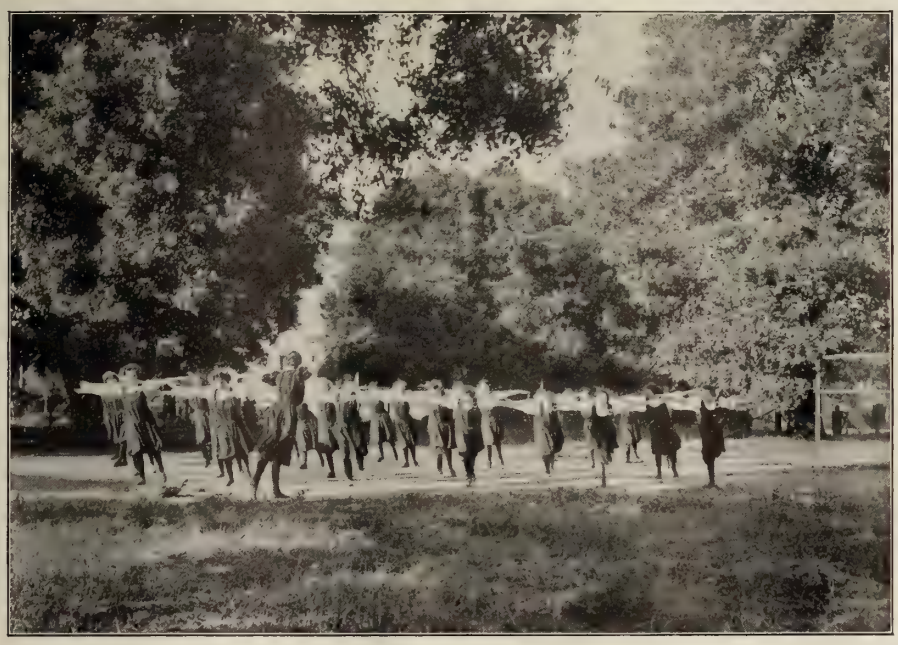
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ENTRANCE TO CASTILLEJA SCHOOL, PALO ALTO

Stage

(Continued from Page 31.)

which Louis Man created in the original New York production. As Major Fessdyke Arthur Cunningham should shine lyrically and dramatically. That sterling actor, Reginald Travers, will make his reappearance and play Mr. Ebenezer Honeycomb, a shining light. Wallace Brownlow, the splendid baritone, whose last appearance was at the Tivoli, has been specially engaged for the role of Tom Everleigh. The remainder of the cast is composed as follows: Algernon P. Dusie, Charles E. Couture; Percy Tooting, Jack Tobie; Cecil Smythe, Harold Abbott; Alfred Hubert, Laurence Bowes; Angela, Grisella Kingsland; May, Maybelle Baker; Gladys, Gertrude Alzora; Maud, Nina Payne; Ethel, Lola Hansen; Edith, Lydia Crane; Violet, Lois Armand; Rose, Ellen Crane; Amos Dingle, Walter de Leon; M. August Pompier, Walter Catlett; Gretchen, Myrtle Dingwall; Anna, Ella Kearny; Fritz, Daun Seaton; Louis, Robert Leonard; Blatterholler, Hubert Whitehead. "The Chaperons" will be given for the last times this Sunday afternoon and evening.

Striking Specialties at the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for the week beginning this Sunday matinee a programme of rare merit, novelty and variety. Franklyn Underwood, one of the greatest dramatic favorites we have ever had in this city will make his first vaudeville appearance and prsent a clever and amusing one act comedy, entitled "Dobb's Dilemma," which was written especially for him. He will be capitally supported by Frances Slosson and George Bloomquest. Mike Bernard and Blossom Seely will make their first appearance in this city and judging from the flattering reports which have preceded them from the East their efforts will prove a great treat. Mr. Bernard is a phenomenal rag time pianist and Miss Seely is an exceptionally clever and diverting singing and dancing comedienne. The Tennis Trio consisting of Will Campbell and May and Alma Stock will present, in a beautiful and picturesque Japanese Garden drooping with wistaria, an original and novel juggling act in which it is said they completely eclipse all their predecessors in their line. Campbell is a perfect marvel and performs the most extraordinary feats and one of the sisters does some capital baton juggling while the other is an expert with the clubs. They are both very pretty girls who costume beautifully and tastefully. Fay Carranza, who has been specially engaged for one week only, is a gifted young soprano. In the opinion of some of our best musicians she is destined to win fame in the near future. The great success which she lately achieved in concert at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, is well known. Next week will be the last of Jesse L. Lasky's spectacular production, "The Military Octette" and "The Girl With The Baton"; Ines and Taki, and the Dancing Mitchells. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will also conclude their engagement with this programme. They will say au revoir in Mr. Cressy's funniest one act play, "Bill Biffin's Baby." New Orpheum Motion Pictures will conclude the performance.

In the Limelight

One of the early attractions for the Van Ness Theatre will be the latest musical comedy to capture New York, "The Girl Question."

Out of deference to hundreds of requests it is not unlikely that Henry Miller will offer a few performances of "The Great Divide" before the close of his season at the Van Ness Theatre.

"The Man of the Hour" company will leave New York next week, coming direct to this city. Brady and Grismer have especially engaged Cyril Scott to play the leading role during the Van Ness Theatre engagement.

Miss Carranza, who will be the attraction at the Orpheum next week, made her successful debut here two years ago. The only teacher she ever had was Senor Joaquin S. Wanrell.

The Personal Equation in Selling Books.

This story is told of the power of the personal equation in matters which influence the public in selling books. A publisher had printed a first edition, 1,000 copies, of a little book which both he and his readers thought was a good thing. Six months after publication only about eight hundred copies had been sold and the title was scratched off the lists as not worth a second edition.

Returning from Boston one day this particular publisher had read all the newspapers forward and backward and was looking around the parlor car for something to suggest an occupation for another hour when his eye fell upon a local sheet carelessly thrown on the floor.

Picking it up and glancing through it his eye fell upon a report of a speech made by President Roosevelt the day before at Bangor. In that speech the little book which had been such a disappointment to its publisher was mentioned, in fact it was recommended to everybody.

Two hours later the accuracy of the report of the speech was verified by telegraph, and then followed a vigorous advertising campaign, exploiting the President's indorsement of that book. Result: 280,000 copies of it were sold within a year. The book was Wagner's "Simple Life."



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The Gallery of Recollections

(Continued from Page 10.)

"'Then I noticed with astonishment and pain that my husband's work was almost at a standstill. Huge paintings were begun, but remained uncompleted. All creative energy was sacrificed in the tumult of our love, converted into mild subjection or dreamy happiness. It seemed to him the greatest sacrifice to leave me at all, and so he neglected his studio for days. If I accompanied him to his atelier and remained with him when he began to work, his energy and will would soon turn into childish longing that forced him into my arms. Nothing would awaken him; and when I reminded him earnestly of the past and the future, of all the hopes that were centred in him, he would declare with a laugh that one must either drink or die of thirst.

"'All of his friends spoke of the change that had taken place in him, and I was generally charged with the blame. Violent, warring emotions possessed me, and I must admit that in addition to my love I had a certain sense of satisfaction because the man I loved placed me above all things. But out of this tumult of feeling arose a resolution that mastered me: I must help my husband.

"'I began by leaving him much to himself, and his love flared all the more imperatively. When I told him seriously that I did not wish to be the cause of his ruin, and that we must agree to separate for a time, he assured me that no power on earth would keep him from suicide. I tried in every way to make him return to his former life, to reawaken his energy, but I succeeded only in drawing him closer to me. Then in the fever of my dilemma I hit upon a plan to estrange him. I would change his admiration into contempt by proving to him that I was unworthy of his idolatry.

"'At that time a young doctor was among the frequent visitors at our house. Before my marriage he had informed my father that he was in love with me and had asked permission to press his suit. Now that I had been taken out of his life he sought every opportunity to be in my company. Never before had I given him more than a fleeting thought. In the delirium of martyrdom I encouraged this doctor in a way that could leave my husband in no doubt whatever.

"'My plan succeeded. Struck by the lightning bolt that made our past love seem a ghastly dream my husband repulsed me in silence. My former reticence he now interpreted as the satiated indifference of one who was longing for a new toy; and he thought of the interruptions to his career as an unworthy sacrifice. Then he left me. I bore it all silently; there was not a sob left in me. I seemed to stand on an altar on which an eternal sacrifice was offered up. But later, after he was really gone and I could not find him again, I wandered day and night in the rooms that he had left, tortured by an insane longing.'

"'My act,' she continued, 'was not without results, for after a few months I received news of my husband's further success. He had controlled his sorrow and had found the way back to his art. Those were my happiest hours. Whenever I saw in the newspapers accounts of his fame or of the success of one of his paintings I knelt and cried until there came over me a sense of numbed quiet that is the greatest boon to wounded souls. But in those nights I suffered as no woman before me ever suffered. What spiritual happiness can ever make amends to me for the torturing knowledge that my husband thought me guilty, an outcast!'

"As she spoke to me thus, the grief in her cried out aloud. And her first hour of actual peace must have come only a few days afterward, wnen we placed her on her bier."

The professor ceased speaking and took his hand from his eyes. When he arose and approached the painter he was alarmed at the sight that confronted him. "What is the matter?" he asked excitedly.

Braganza did not answer. He paced about the room unsteadily and, as though led by unseen hands, went from one picture frame to another. This room was not, after all, the mere amusement of a cynical old scoffer, who painted his pictures in his own mind's eye. Here in this room his wife, whom he had long since regarded as lost, had been born again and now lived for him in shimmering glory, a great and patient soul. What were all his former successes and failures in comparison with the treasure that had been discovered in this room, whose walls were hung with empty frames!

For a long time he remained silent, unable to find a word to break the spell. Then he grasped the professor's hand and looked into the blue eyes of the old man.

"I must go now," he said simply, "but not until I have thanked you a thousand times for what you have told me. I mean to thank you in a manner more worthy—I mean to paint your 'Confession' just as you see it when you stand solitary before this frame. Then both of us will gaze at her features together, for then we will be able to do so without closing our eyes. I mean to make it real and beautiful, if God will give me strength."

"I doubt that you will be able to paint the likeness of those features so plainly as they exist in my memory," said the professor, smiling.

But he was surprised by the painter's voice as he cried: "Don't judge too hastily, my dear professor. Sometimes during the long, silent hours of the night the gentle, noble features of a woman come before a man's vision so vividly that in the morning he can paint them with faithful exactness."

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Auto Notes

P. B. Roberts and family of Palo Alto have gone to Sherwood, Mendocino County, in their two-cylinder Buick touring car to spend a vacation of several weeks.

Probably a world's record for mileage was established when the tires on a car belonging to P. F. Goyet of Woodland passed theh 25,000 mile mark. Mr. Goyet writes the Diamond Rubber Co. that two tires of their make have gone over that distance and are still good, one having only worn down to the breaker strip, while the other has not even worn through the tread.

Charles E. Lutz and a party of his schoolmates have returned from a pleasant outing of several weeks in Mendocino County in his father's two-cylinder Buick touring car. Although a rather diminutive driver Charles had no difficulty in making the somewhat difficult roads.

Governor Gillett and Mrs. Gillett, with their son, returned from a trip to Eureka last Wednesday, coming by way of the automobile stage line in the Thomas Flyer. They are most enthusiastic over the scenery as viewed from an automobile.

The Consolidated Motor Car Co. report the sale of two Pope-Hartford touring cars during the past week, one going to J. E. Clifford of Stockton, and the other to A. F. Patnott of Hanford.

The Franklin car continues to grow in popularity with physicians, the latest purchaser of one of these cars being Dr. Phillip King Brown.

The Pioneer Automobile Company report the sale of a thirty-five horsepower Oldsmobile to Waterman Brothers of Fresno.

The latest purchaser of the Buick "White Streaks" is Dr. F. R. Orella, who took delivery of one of the natty little machines on Monday from the Howard Automobile Company.

O. W. Greenewald spent his week-end vacation at Santa Cruz. He made the round trip in his Buick model "S" in company with three gentlemen friends.

R. H. Zacharais, who recently purchased a Thomas Forty car, reached the city last evening in company with his two sisters, having driven from their home in Westley. Mr. Zacharais has had his car about two months during which time he has done considerable touring through Stanislaus and Modesto counties.

The Pioneer Automobile Company have just received a report from the stage line running from Sacramento to Fair Oaks. This line has been in operation six months. In order to accommodate twelve people, the tonneau was taken off a Thomas Flyer and the chassic used with a specially built body. The distance to Fair Oaks and return, to Sacramento, is eighteen miles and the car has successfully accomplished three trips per day for the entire six months.

Another message from Percy J. Walker, who is touring Europe in his Thomas Flyer, has been received by E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co. Mr. Walker was spending a few days in Venice and evidently enjoying himself perfectly.

J. E. Scotford of this city has just purchased a sixty horsepower Thomas Flyer from the Pioneer Automobile Co.

A. W. Mariner, one of the directors of the Lake County Stage Co. plying between Pieta, Lake Porte, Soda Bay, and Lakeport, says he believes that within the next two years all the large stage lines on the coast will use automobiles. His company recently bought a Thomas Flyer as an experiment, and he claims it is paying much larger dividends than the old horse stages. Everybody prefers riding in the automobile on account of its ability to cover the ground quickly, and also because it affords much easier riding. The Thomas has not varied five minutes from its schedule time in two months.

Mr. George Young of Modesto came up to the city on Friday and returned with one of the new Model M Oldsmobiles.

The Pioneer Automobile Company report the sale of a sixty horsepower Thomas Flyer to C. U. Zelle.

One of the largest four cylinder Franklin machines, the same type that made a perfect score in the Glidden Tour, was sold and delivered yesterday to Frank G. Snook of Sacramento. This makes the second Franklin car Mr. Snook has owned.

It is of particular interest to note, in spite of many kinds of statements to the contrary, that tires have not kept pace in improvement with the automobiles, the average cost per car for tires on the Glidden 1700 mile tour this year is about 40 per cent less than in the previous year's test. The Diamond Rubber Co. have kept an accurate record of all tire expense in the Glidden tour and the figures just compiled show that where the average cost of tires per car last year was $27.47, this year it was but $16.88. This, of course, on cars equipped with Diamond Tires. The other makes averaged $135.00 per car for 1907 and $64.94 for 1908. The Diamond Rubber Co. therefore, feel particularly proud of the low cost of tire up-keep on their goods as compared with other makes.

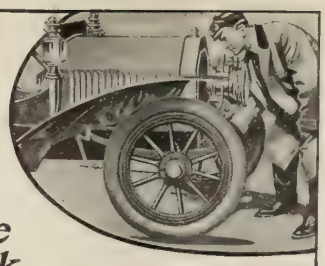
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Letters

Novel With Local Scenes

Mary Austin might have called her recent novel "When East Meets West," for it is essentially a study of what the respective sections think each of the representatives of the other. "Santa Lucia" concerns itself with the life of a little college town in Santa Clara valley where everything is more or less dominated by a denominational college which, in turn, is dependent for its existence on the benefactions of an elderly, childless couple who are bent on perpetuating their own names and narrownesses. East is ably represented in the person of a young professor of biology, recently imported, who brings with him the New England idea that "Culture" makes a caste of its own; and also by Mrs. Evan Lindley, the wife of the attorney for the trustees of the college, herself an Eastern woman, a college graduate and erstwhile a teacher. She, too, has the narrow, specialized views which admit no shade between pure black and absolute white. Lindley, a Californian, accustomed to taking long looks into the future and perhaps, long chances, and who revels in the present and the new, strikes some serious domestic snags. Mrs. Lindley, with her training and caste of mind, would have made the ideal wife for the college professor. Professor Stair must needs fall in love with and marry a Californian who, influenced by ambition and the future she thought she discerned for him counted on his being recognized and called to one of the state universities where she could shine and glitter in a society worthy of her. Professor Stair was engaged in writing a book which he hoped would win him recognition and preferment. Unfortunately, in the prosaic publishing world the opinion was diametrically opposite. Mrs. Stair had no interest in the book itself but only in its success and the results thereof. Julia Stair would have made a better wife for Lindley, for ultimate success, if not too long deferred, would have atonned to her for immediate short comings. Lindley made the mistake which over-kind husbands have made since the beginning of time, of saving his wife from annoyances by keeping her in ignorance of the precise standing of his business, and as a result finding him seriously involved in debts, her "New England" conscience immediately saw in him only dishonesty. Fortunately, however, she had other characteristics, amongst them an economic mind and an executive head, and out of their misfortunes they found each other. In the Stair household matters went the other way. Julia began speedily to regret the gayer life she might have enjoyed had she married her other suitor, and to see in herself only the poor, abused and misunderstood wife who was justified in cutting all her knots, freeing herself and beginning again. While the two families started on practically even terms, and the fortunes of each were dependent on the view and conduct of the wives, one attained while the other distintegrated.

At this late date there is no necessity to dwell on the literary excellence of Mrs. Austin's style, nor will any of her readers assume that in "Santa Lucia" there is nothing more than an old fashioned parallel of the good vs. the bad. The scene shifts from the Santa Clara valley to San Francisco and back again to San Mateo and thereabouts. It may be merely our local prejudice, but sympathy is decidedly with the western characters as against their eastern brethren. Though "Santa Lucia" makes no claim to being a Californian novel in the sense of attempting to reproduce the life as lived in the state at large, it is a faithful picture of one small corner of the commonwealth. Published by Harper and Brothers.

A New Alaskan Novel

Rex Beach's second novel of Alaska should lose him none of the popularity he gained in "The Spoilers." It deals with the primitive life of the northland, the hardy pioneers who first dared its isolation, and the coming of civilization and the law, likewise with love under difficulties. The backbone of the novel is the question whether an army lieutenant of southern blood and chivalric traditions shall marry the girl who has won his heart, despite her strain of Indian blood, and in so doing, inevitably cut himself off from his own family, with nothing to expect in his profession but ostracism by his brother officers. He has seen the thing done too often not to comprehend it in its fulness. Necia, who knows no other life than that of the trading post and the mission, and who has been accustomed all her life to the mixed and irregular families of the frontier, neither divines nor comprehends Burrell's scruples. The barrier which seems to separate them so inevitably is removed by the story which John Gale relates to the lieutenant. The romantic interest is supposed, perhaps intended to be concerned with Necia and Burrell, but there is a blithe, light-hearted little French Canadian, 'Poleon Doret, who has known Necia since her childhood, and who has loved and waited in silence. When we have reached the "happy ending," wedding and all complete, our hearts follow 'Poleon—'Poleon, hiding his broken heart and singing his gay French chansons as he paddles down the river in search of that mystical "New Land" which has always called him. Incidental to the mere love story we are invited to take part in a stampede, to assist in the establishment of a new mining district and its laws, and to look on while a new town springs up as by magic, gambling saloons, dance halls, and all the accessories, as well as to make the intimate acquaintance of some of the unique characters who

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The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS. C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery St., San Francisco. Phone Douglas 636

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are always to be found in the lost corners of the earth. Flambeau, the name by which the new town is called in the story, is Rampart City, at whose birth Mr. Beach assisted. Though the story is not itself a transcript of history its characters are by no means all myths. Published by Harper and Brothers.

"Little Women" as Popular as Ever

The dearth of good books for young girls who are in the period of development which lies between the age of fairy tales and that of grown-up novels is once more emphasized by the announcement that another special edition of Louise Alcott's "Little Women" is to be brought out at once. As the publishers state that the issue is to be "limited to one hundred thousand copies," it is evident that the demand is yet unlimited. "Little Women" was first published in 1868 and it has been virtually without a competitor ever since. The third generation appears to enjoy the performances of Meg, Joe, Beth and Amy as much as the first did, and there seems to be no reason to assume that the sixth will not be as the third. "Little Women" has been translated into all the foreign languages and appears to enjoy its popularity abroad as much as it does at home. Anna Chapin Ray, whose girl stories are also brought out by Little, Brown & Co., is the only other writer who comes within shadow of Louise Alcott in this particular field. The new edition is to have illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett. It is to be hoped that he will not deck out the "little women" in modern costume, for, however perfect his drawings may be, however interesting as pictures of pretty and dainty little girls, as soon as he forgets the hoop skirts which even the toddling babies were encased in, the hair nets and white hosiery and the shapless baggy sacques and the hats of the period, his pictures will cease to be illustrations.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE TUCKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said adminstratrix at the offices of her attorneys, Robinson & Getz, rooms 402-3-4 Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny street, San Francisco, California, with said offices the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Tucker, deceased.

EMILY JANE TUCKER,
Administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 1, 1908.

ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Administratrix, Oscar Luning Building, San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 16,863. Department No. 10.

SOPHIE C. OLSEN, Plaintiff,

vs.

OSCAR J. OLSEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIfornia, send greeting to Oscar J. Olsen, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of May, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Chronicle Bldg.

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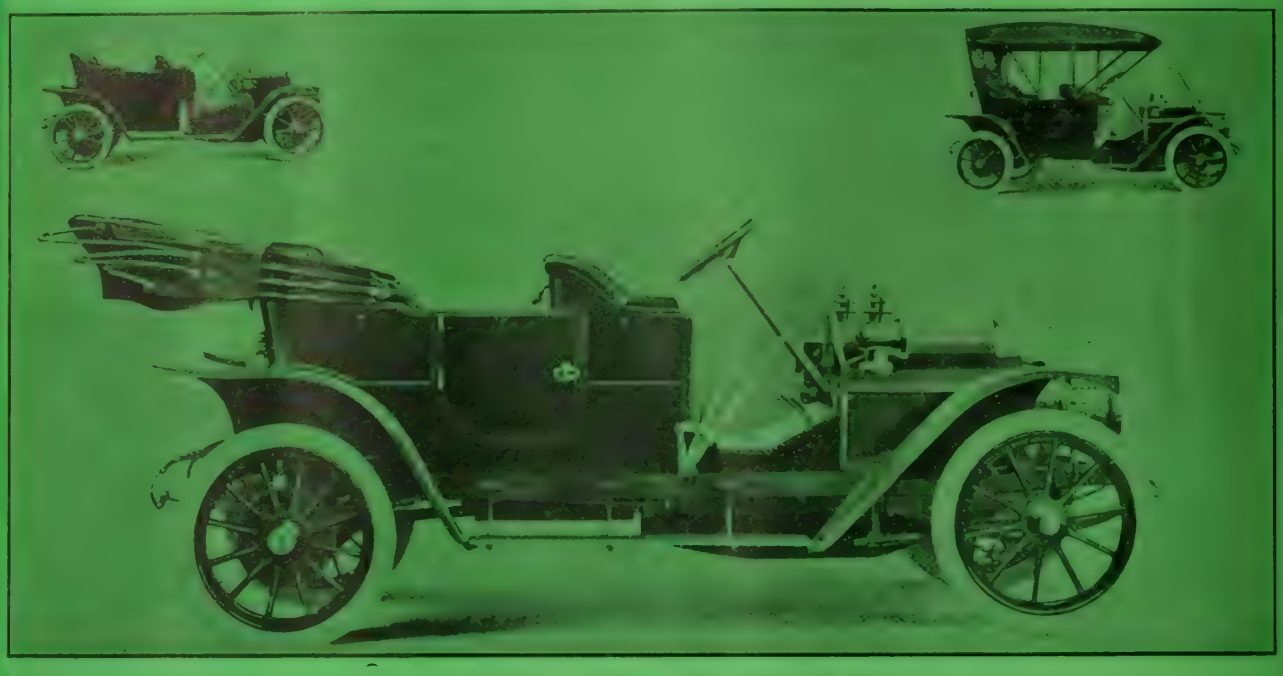
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Vol. XVII. No. 833. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 15, 1908. PRICE, 10 CENTS

STATE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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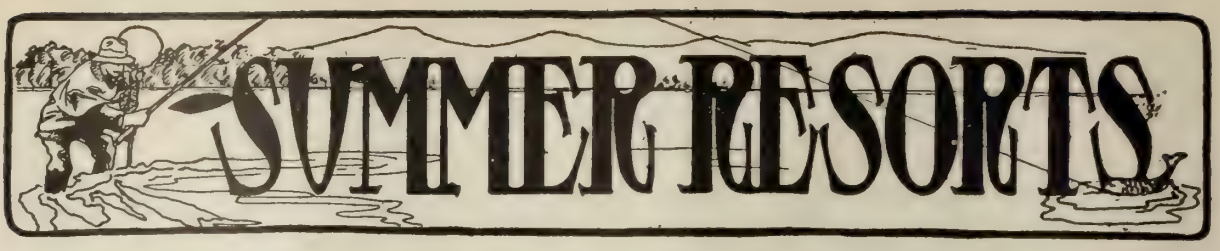
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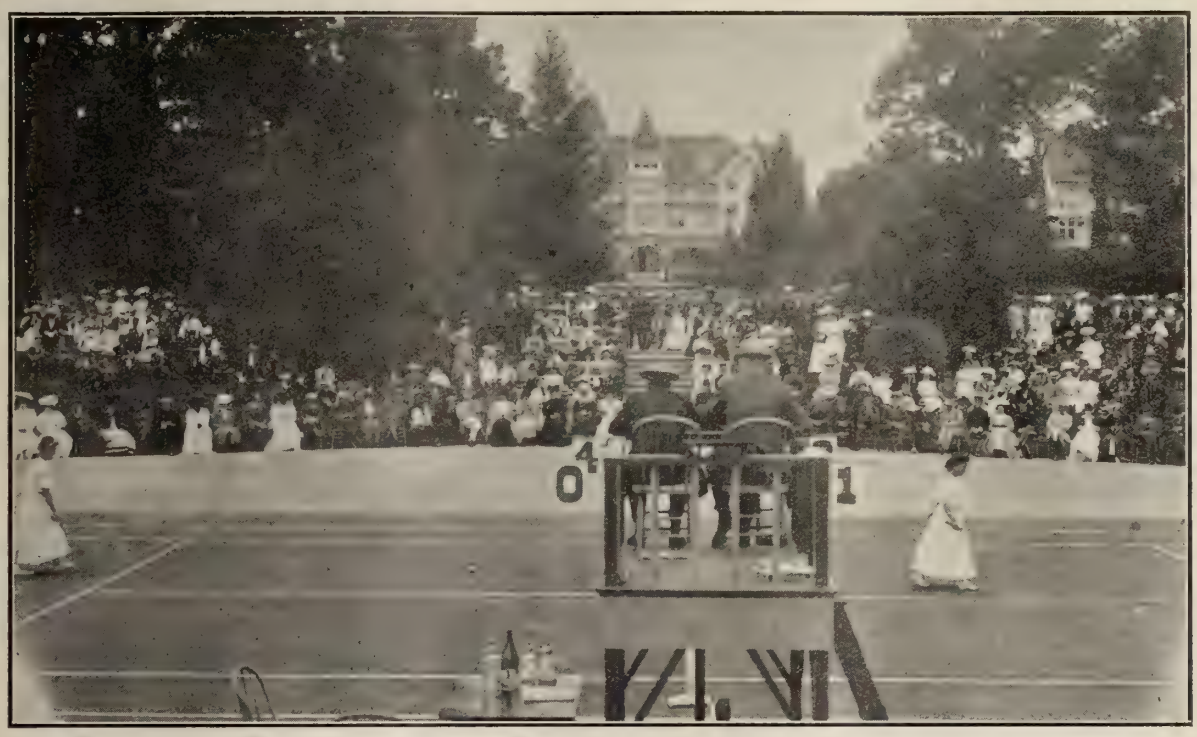
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, August 15, 1908. No. 833.



THE TENNIS COURT AT DEL MONTE



AT THE GOLF LINKS AT DEL MONTE

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Home For The Indigent

Editor Town Talk: Have you nothing to say on the subject of the new home for the indigent presented to the wealthy city of San Francisco by the gentlemen who had charge of the money sent to this city after the fire for the relief of the sufferers? I think there are many people who would like to know whether there was strict adherence to moral principles in the handling of that money. The men by whom it was handled were trustees appointed to relieve suffering and distress and to aid all persons who were in need of aid. They were not authorized to enrich a municipal corporation out of the funds. Have they not been guilty of a breach of trust?

—A Constant Reader.

A strict constructionist will doubtless hold that the gentlemen who presented the new home for the indigent to the city may be very justly reprehended for giving to the city what they should have given to the victims of the April calamity. But they had the money on hand, it was not to be expected that they should return it to the persons from whom it was received, and in the circumstances nobody will be inclined to censure them severely for making all the taxpayers the beneficiaries of the trust. On the contrary, perhaps they should be applauded for winding up their trust in spite of the fact that there was sufficient money on hand to maintain a large staff of salaried employees. The temptation to prolong the trust must have been very strong. In all probability the bank which had the good fortune to be chosen treasurer of the Relief Committee viewed the gradual diminution of the big fund with poignant emotion, and doubtless would have liked to profit therefrom for an indefinite period. So from a survey of all the aspects of the matter we conclude that it is advisable to swallow with no audible murmur the humiliation to which as taxpayers of San Francisco we have been subjected by the trustees of the relief fund. We must observe however that it was unfortunate that more of the money was not spent for relieving distress and less for salaries and red tape. The trustees have made a splendid record as financiers and bookkeepers, but when we recall some of the heart-breaking episodes of the bitter days of 1906 we are not at all disposed to felicitate them on having saved sufficient money to build a home for the indigent.

Mayor Taylor's Brief

The Hon. Edward Robeson Taylor, one day last week, after a refreshing automobile ride at the expense of the indulgent taxpayers, dashed off a brief ostensibly for the purpose of demonstrating that the renascence of the horse car is a phenomenon for which the people should be profoundly grateful. Without the slightest diminution of our respect for our venerable Executive we harbor the suspicion that an esoteric purpose animated this somewhat jejune production. It occurs to us that in a moment of intellectual exaltation the Mayor undertook to remind his loving constituents that he is a lawyer as well as a poet, and that it is as easy for him to ratiocinate like a polemic as to rhapsodize like a child of the Muses. But whatever the animating principle, the Mayor, by the sweat of his brain, turned out a pretty good job, exhibiting some little subtlety of mind and some facility in disingenuousness. But to be candid we will state that we prefer the Mayor in his poetic moods. You can see that the brief is not to him a felicitous form of literature. The fact is that Dr. Taylor is at his best when softly prating of the crimson coronals of the lilies of the field, or when with lyric fervor he sings of Orient pearls, goldfinches and nightingales. Long after his brief fades from memory his "Ode To The City Hall Dome" will gladden the hearts of posterity. When the Mayor's imagination is chained to a syllogism he utters himself awkwardly, but when astride of Pegasus, giving rein to the graceful wilfulness of his fancy, in the copious flow of his words there is a rhythmic pulse that soothes the esthetic ear. We would advise the Mayor to stick to the rhythmical life; at any rate, until sure that the prosaic impulse has seized him to some purpose. What's the use of wasting time on a brief designed to convince the people who ride in the Sutter street cars that they should felicitate themselves on being martyrs in a glorious cause? And how absurd when it is impossible to prove that the cause is glorious! The Mayor argues in his brief that the United Railroads Company and not the supervisors should be reprobated for the lamentable situation arising out of the withdrawal of the privilege to operate the Sutter street electric cars between Sansome street and the ferry. For the purpose of this argument he puts himself forward as a reservoir of eternal certitudes, and reaches his conclusions through a series of impeccable deductions. Doubtless the Mayor believes that in his brief he has employed faultless logic. He has fallen into the very common error of confounding logic with the art of sophistical controversy called dialectic. In the logical process there are two parts—the choosing of an assumption and the arguing upon it. Dr. Taylor has not the faculty of sound assumption. In this matter he is strictly dialectical. In other words he is a special pleader in the interest of his Administration, and so far as the public is concerned he has been guilty of a perversion of diligence, for who but a fool would expect to get at the merits of a case by listening to the hired advocate or the enthusiast who imagines himself, or affects to be, impartial. The proper way to get at the merits of a case is to have it argued pro and con with vehement bias. Properly to appraise a saint you must hear the devil's advocate. If it were worth while we should give the Hon. E. Robeson Taylor a lesson in dialectic and by demolishing his frail argument teach him that logic is an excellent weapon wherewith to exterminate logicians. But it is sufficient for our purpose to point out that in all this pregnant discussion of a street railroad question the important, paramount fact has been lost sight of, that whether the supervisors grant the desired privilege or not the company will remain master of its monopoly. Consequently the punishment that is being inflicted on the company is on the principle that the proper way to discipline a public service corporation is to prevent it from accommodating the public. To assume that something beneficent is to be achieved by maintaining the present situation is absurd. Mayor Taylor may argue till he is black in the face that the company is wrong and the supervisors right, but it cannot be maintained that the principle involved in that controversy is more important than the public convenience. The law gives the supervisors a certain power over the company, but the law also secures to the company its rights and Pat Calhoun is not to be coerced into surrendering his rights. And, by the way, why should he reduce the value of his property? He is not posing as a reformer or as a philanthropist. He is practicing no such deceptions on the public as have been practiced by some of our patriotic millionaires who acquired valuable properties and public support under pretense of a consuming passion to reduce the burdens of the people. He

is frankly making as much money as possible out of his business. Let it be admitted if any satisfaction is to be derived from such admission, that he has taken advantage of a technicality to perfect his hold on a great public franchise through which he enjoys a monopoly. Let it be admitted that he is incorrigible. Let no notice be taken of the fact that what he has he acquired by purchase and that he had no hand in the legislation which made the monopoly possible. But after this agreed statement of facts, what then? How is Pat Calhoun to be out-manoeuvred? Assuredly we may prohibit him from doing all that he wishes to do, but what do we gain? Do we hasten that doubtful blessing—a competing road? Not at all; we cause widespread inconvenience, and with the horse car stimulate fond recollections of the days of yore.

The Repudiation of Spreckels

It is to be hoped that the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels and his pigstye journalists have derived from the results of the primary election an indelible impression of the sentiment of the people of this city and State with respect to their patriotic pretensions. The vote—especially in this city—was distinctly a repudiation of Mr. Spreckels's gumshoe methods in politics as well as of his conduct as the head and front of the nauseous and infamous graft prosecution. It was a luminous manifestation of protest against the behaviour and personality of a man who is believed to be arrogant and vindictive and who appears to have requited the trust and confidence of the people by substituting his own selfish ends for the legitimate ends for which he had been fortified by public sentiment. converting the city government into a personally conducted machine, bringing scandal upon the judiciary, injuring the reputation of San Francisco abroad and plunging the whole community into bitter factional strife. The result of the primary election was heavily charged with humiliation not only for Mr. Spreckels but for all who have been identified with him in his discredited enterprise. There can be no question as to the sentiment expressed at the primary. The issue was clear, and there was no ambiguity in the verdict. For many months the people had been exhorted in impassioned, not to say vulgar language, to avail themselves of the elysian opportunity to be given them by Mr. Spreckels whereby they might throw off the hateful, irritating yoke of the Southern Pacific Company. The Hon. Francis J. Heney, pulpiteering from San Diego to Siskiyou, the veins of his forehead standing out like whipcords, and thumping his brisket to give emphasis to his comminatory utterances, thundered into the ears of the people his prophetic warnings of the terrible fate that would overtake them if they failed to amputate the tentacles of the octopus. In the meantime the pigstye journals were vindicating their devotion to the cause by diffusing slanders designed to smother with obloquy every prominent citizen who would not bend the knee at the throne of the gallant young reformer. Considering all the wealth of rhetoric employed by the exhorters, all the lay and clerical sermons preached to the people, advising them as to the corrupting influence of the Southern Pacific and picturing for them the alluring prospect of the redemption promised by Mr. Spreckels, it would be absurd to venture the hypothesis that the issue had not been clearly apprehended. Everybody intelligent enough to vote knew that a vote against the regulars meant a vote to drive the Southern Pacific out of politics. And everybody knew also, that a vote against the regulars meant a vote of confidence in Rudolph Spreckels and the graft prosecution. And while, unquestionably, the people of this State are far from pleased with railroad domination in politics, the alternative presented to them by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League they would not embrace. The results clearly indicate that Spreckels and his henchmen have overplayed the game of politics. Tuesday's verdict was a ringing rebuke pregnant with galling provocation to poignant rumination. When Mr. Spreckels received news of the result there must have dawned upon his mind like a picture flashed in the darkness a merciless review of the things that he has done and that have been done for him by his bawds of the press and his gumshoe auxiliary. Incidentally it must have occurred to him that it is quite true that all the people are not to be fooled all the time. But now that the verdict has been rendered, will the servants of the people who have been doing the bidding of the gumshoe sanhedrim continue to serve two masters? We hope that the answer to this question will be as clear and distinct as the answer of the people to the exhortations of the humbug reformers. And let us hope also that it will not be long delayed.

The Law's Delays

The ponderous Mr. Taft has been discoursing platitudinously on that old familiar topic, the law's delays. He tells us that justice should be more speedily administered, and also that the poor should be at no disadvantage when litigating with the rich. The evils of which Mr. Taft complains are not of recent origin; nor are they peculiar to present conditions in this country. In other times and in other countries there were successful litigants who had cause to rue the day they sought justice. Long before the Roosevelt epoch; nay, long before Democracy found a home in America, hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, unreasonable expenses, unnecessary appeals and dilatory and evasive proceedings, wore out the means, patience and lives of unfortunate litigants. The time was when everybody appreciated the witticism of the Irish advocate who, when informed from the bench that the remedy of his client was in chancery, exclaimed, "Would your lordship send a fellow-being into chancery?" The quality and character of the administration of justice, the place it should hold in public confidence, the protection it should afford, the influence it should exert, are matters that have occupied the attention of men through many successive generations; and many abuses have been remedied, many reforms instituted, but the system is still far from perfect. In recent years there have been lapses into old, discreditable practices, which have occasioned some injustice. For some of the evils against which there is now complaint, weak and incompetent judges are responsible, for some, the blame may be justly imputed to the legal

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profession, which, being tinctured with the prevailing vices of a money-mad commercial era has relaxed somewhat in its devotion to precious and ennobling ideals. Some of the evils are not beyond rectification, but as for putting the poor on a plane with the rich that is a consummation which only the socialistic dreamer may speculate upon without rousing suspicion of insincerity. There is a certain inequality that exists in almost all cases of conflict of interest between the rich and poor. But the poor are not disadvantaged in court to the extent the average demagogue would have us believe. The rich man though willing to pay the highest price does not always get the best legal talent. The lawyer with his office in his hat is sometimes a man of greater ability than his high-priced adversary. The most skillfully presented side is not always the one that wins. In short, justice is pretty evenly administered, but unfortunately it is not free.

Roosevelt's Shameful Declaration

Speaking of President Roosevelt's mean innuendo with reference to the United States Court of Appeals on the occasion of the reversal of Judge Landis's absurd decision in the Standard Oil case, Harper's Weekly says, "There has never been known such unanimity in condemnation of a President's utterance," and adds, "In fact, we have not seen or heard a word offered by newspaper or individual in excuse of that official declaration." Nevertheless that remarkable declaration met with newspaper approbation. Here in San Francisco and also in what is known as the maniac colony of Oklahoma there are published newspapers that warmly applauded Mr. Roosevelt's shameful utterance. It is doubtful whether President Roosevelt could say anything which would not meet with the approbation of the vociferous moralists of the local school of journalism. For these moralists are disciples of President Roosevelt. They look to him for encouragement in their self-righteous pretensions and they are continually exchanging felicitations with him in the most approved log-rolling fashion. All bear the same broad phylacteries and point to them with pride. But happily in the country at large Mr. Roosevelt's influence as a moralist has waned. The gospel according to Saint Teddy is no longer accepted as canonical. The protracted obsession has been dispelled. The people who used to maintain stoutly that, whatever the aberrations of Mr. Roosevelt's judgment, his heart was in the right place, now view his conduct with disgust. There has been a popular revulsion against the man whose repeated denials of statements attributed to him by men of intelligence and character have made the Ananias club something of a joke. His audacities having palled on the public which has suffered from his demagogic political machinations, his hold on the popular imagination having relaxed, and the people having emerged from their trance, they are able now to make an accurate estimate of the man who lied and wriggled out of the Bellamy Storror scandal and the cunning politican who threw out deceitful bait to Harriman, and after spending the latter's money to purchase floaters and repeaters in New York, held him up to the execration of the rabble. Many of the erstwhile worshipers of Mr. Roosevelt are not even at present claiming for his conduct that it arose from mistaken motives of right. Nothing has more clearly exemplified the change of sentiment toward Mr. Roosevelt than the reception accorded his disgraceful utterance on the subject of the decision reversing Judge Landis. And now, in all the circumstances we are disposed like Harper's Weekly "to regard it philosophically as justifying completely the criticisms which we have passed upon Mr. Roosevelt's methods during the past two years, and for which, from time to time, we have been taken somewhat severely to task."

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Press Criticism

While Harper's Weekly is somewhat severe in its strictures on President Roosevelt it is not quite so frank in accounting for his misconduct in office or so bold in its interpretation of his motives as some of the other leading journals of the country. The Weekly is content with felicitating the people on the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's term of office expires in March. Some newspapers that have thundered censure and objurgation into his ear tell us that on all sides men have been bowed down with shame by the hysterical ravings of the country's Chief Magistrate. The New York Post has reviewed his career to prove that he is a politican utterly without sincerity. The New York Sun says:

"We do not think that Mr. Roosevelt's character qualifies him to criticise the courts in any way. We do not think that the public is in the mood, especially the public in this State, to listen with patience to abuse of the courts by corrupt and dishonest politicians. In the campaign of 1904 Mr. Roosevelt obtained a quarter of a million dollars from corporations represented by Mr. E. H. Harriman, for the purpose of corrupting the voters in this his own State. There never was a grosser instance of political corruption in our history. It is pleaded in extenuation of Mr. Roosevelt's act that he never meant to carry out his part of the bargain whereby he got the money. He is welcome to the full force and effect of that plea in mitigation. We believe unreservedly in criticism of the courts. That such criticism is natural and wholesome no sensible man ever disputed. But it must come from men who have clean hands. Mr. Roosevelt is not a fit person to pass judgment upon the law's administration. Mr. Roosevelt will do well to reflect that his circumstances are changed and that however blind and deaf to his many derelictions the public may have been heretofore, it is now wide awake and keenly sensitive to matters that touch upon its own honor. Granting without hesitation that it is true that Mr. Roosevelt has aroused public sentiment in respect to integrity in affairs and that he has quickened the public conscience in regard to civic morals, he is grievously mistaken if he infers that in doing so he has established any right to immunity for himself. So great is the present lucidity of the public mind that it is apparent that had Mr. Roosevelt been nominated at Chicago his election would have presently been seen to be hopless. Far more hopeless than the election of Mr. Bryan now appears to dispassionate and competent observers."

There is not much that is equivocal in the foregoing. Viewed as a rebuke rather than as a formal arraignment it is lacking neither in vigor nor in force. Nor is it the language of a perfervid partisan holding up to obloquy a candidate for office. For the present, as a political factor President Roosevelt is eliminated from consideration. The Sun can have no sinister motive in thus disparaging the Chief Magistrate of the county, in affirming virtually that the man holding the highest office in the gift of the American people is unworthy of the respect of men. No sane, decent citizen would hurl such imputations and accusations at the President of the United States were they without foundation of the most substantial character.

Perspective Impressions

Very often love is a disposition woman experiences for the man she—cannot marry.

It is not always what a woman does but what she may do that makes her interesting.

Apparently a knock for Herrin is not a boost for "Spreck."

By the way—wasn't the verdict loud enough to produce an echo at that high attitude where the ravings of a degenerate of the bench are now under consideration?

Mr. Samuel Gompers says he has no politics. Which is another way of saying that he is a man with elastic principles. Hence the feeling of kinship between Gompers and Bryan.

Perhaps the people were not unmindful of the allowance of $800 out of the treasury for the Burns family. And perhaps they will not forget the supervisors who voted for it.

One of the unpleasant phenomena of the times is the success that attends the journalism that is devoted principally to the propagation of envy.

From an editorial in the New York Sun of August 1st: "In the first place the recent struggle over the governorship between Kitchen and Craig has left many open sores behind." Somebody must have been spanked.

Do the people who pay the salaries of the notoriety-seekers of the pulpit care to hear any more sermons that are preached at the request of the bawds of journalism and upon promise to give space to the right kind of stuff?

"San Francisco," says the Chronicle, "ought to have an elegant and commodious station near the heart of the city, but it will not be provided so long as those who run our railways are wholly engrossed with the desire to get all they can out of the community without giving anything back." Will Mr. De Young guarantee the acquiescence of our corporation-baiters in a proposition to grant our railways a right of way to the heart of the city?



COMING DOWN.
—Donahey in the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.



"SOLD!" YES, SOMEBODY'S SOLD.
—Rogers in the New York Herald.

The Other Woman

By Paul Oscar Hocker

He had come to the Riviera, where he wanted to forget the sickness of his heart in the midst of the exuberant gaities of the carnival season, with its masked balls and flower parades. However, his itinerary had been planned in disregard of the calendar. He established himself in one of the small French hotels which lie scattered over the lower beach at Condamine. Of course, he visited the Casino on the very first evening, where he played and won, and then lost what he had just gained. The play did not serve to excite him in the least, and he was rather irritated at his own indifference. His artistic eye was pleased with the brilliant spectacle unrolled before him at the theatre or on the terrace of the Cafe de Paris. Still he did not feel light-hearted and happy. Somehow, he could not make himself care for pleasure at the present time. His recent experience had been too much for him. Often and often though he told himself that the short farewell letter he had received from Her must be the end of all things between them, yet his thoughts could not leave her, and her image was invariably present to his mind. When in a softer mood, he would yield to his longing; then again his will power would triumph.

What he needed was work, effort, activity, instead of play and pleasure. He now planned and worked on a drama, impersonating the living memories of his love, which filled his mind to the exclusion of all other things. These were days of delight for him, although or because his task exacted strenuous efforts before the individual figures would assume distinct shape. Nothing but his drama existed for him at this period. His correspondence was entirely neglected, and when one day a certain note reached him, after circuitous journeys, he did not recall the writer at the first lines, and even afterwards he tried in vain to reconstruct her portrait from memory.

The lady's letter had been penned on board an excursion steamer, while she was enjoying a thirty days' trip on the Mediterranean. She had much to say on the subject of Monte Carlo, the paradise of flowers and of Paris model hats, which was attracting her. His answer was short and terse, with thinly veiled sarcasms. Then there came a picture postal from Corfu, in which she told him that she would probably come after all to spend a couple of weeks in "lovely and wicked" Monte Carlo, as she called it. Up to this hour, he had still hoped secretly, almost stealthily, for a sign of life from the other woman. Now this postal card awakened all his old fiery resentment. Day in and day out he had pondered over the past, but at last he was forced in bitter disappointment before the question: Did she care for him at all? Did he still mean anything at all for her feelings and her life?

"Dear doctor, have the kindness to engage pleasant quarters for me in Upper Monte Carlo," next wrote the temptress from Naples, on a picture postal ornamented with Mount Vesuvius. "I understand that everything is overcrowded out there, and my relatives, who usually relieve me of similar worries, have unfortunately decided to remain on board the steamer. Or had I better return with them to Berlin direct? What do you say?"

He held the postal undecidedly in his hand. Mount Vesuvius was laboring with uncanny efforts upon the gaudy cardboard. The wealth of colors flooding the southern landscape had a somewhat artificial effect. He smiled at the idea that this visit should appear to him in the light of an indefinable danger in regard to the other woman. "This person is no volcano," he assured himself, "and the color of her passion is borrowed from the rouge pot."

Within the hour he rode to Monte Carlo and at the hotel transacted the courier duties assigned him by the lady. He did so with a beating heart, however, and had to admit to himself that he felt rather foolish about changing his own domicile.

All work had to be discarded for the present. From the moment that she had moved into her expensive and charmingly furnished apartment, rest and concentration were no longer possible for him. The lady took sweet revenge upon him for his indifference, doing her level best to render him enamored and jealous.

"She really is deucedly pretty!" he said to himself, when they sat down vis-a-vis at the table d'hote. She was past mistress of the arts of the toilette. Whenever he set eyes on her, he had another opportunity of admiring her in a new masterpiece of the dressmaker's art. Neither did he remain her sole admiring cavalier. She met various friends during her very first promenade along the wide terraced park of the Palace Hotel. These were harnessed at once to her triumphal chariot, and the small table at which she presided was the merriest one of the entire hotel.

That same afternoon she left them all to attend an opera party in Nice. Shortly after eleven o'clock in the evening he strolled in the direction of the Casino. When he reached the station, the crowded cars were just rolling in. The lady emerged in person, for she had not been to the opera after all, but had gone shopping instead with an acquaintance, who knew all about Nice. She had acquired a treasure trove of silk and laces and fripperies.

"And then I got me a frock, a Paris model—simply a dream!" she said beamingly, just as excited over the fact as a girl in her 'teens. "It fits like a glove! I shall have it by tomorrow afternoon. Then I shall wear it for dinner in the evening. By the by, were you going to the Casino at this time of night?"

"Yes, that was my intention."

She playfully threatened him. "I would never have forgiven you. This very evening, I had meant to put your devotion to the test."

"Indeed!"

"Now you must turn back with me at once, do you hear?"

"But then you must promise to have a glass of champagne with me on the terrace."

"Impossible. I am ready to drop. Imagine how I have trudged for hours, from one department store to the other, in the Nice sunshine! But I will promise for tomorrow. Only you will have to be very, very nice indeed!"

"I thought I was always nice."

"By no means. There is room for improvement!"

She laughed and coquettishly dropped her head a little to one side. "Moreover, tomorrow is my birthday."

"And you did not tell me before? Of course, we will have to celebrate."

"I really did not mean to celebrate at all. Standing all alone as I do—and having passed through so many experiences—but then I always tell myself: Youth is so short and so fleeting," she remarked, with somewhat affected sentimentality.

She took his proffered arm and turned at his side into the path leading to the hotel. The terrace was illuminated in fairy-like splendor. Dark figures in dress suits appeared like shadows at the side of daintily gowned and diamond-bedecked women. The Gypsy music, the tinkling laughter, the fragrance of flowers, and the rustle of silk blended into a festive, intoxicating essence of pleasure in the semi-tropical, sultry, starlit night.

Under the seal of secrecy, the entire circle of acquaintances had been informed about the impending birth-

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The Great American Cocktail

By Major Ben C. Truman

Not so gorgeous nor so queenly as the julep; not so ambrosial nor so imposing as the punch; not so satisfying nor so domesticating as the nogg; not so rejuvenating nor so evanescent as the fizz; but more soothing, more exhilarating, more bracing, more enticing and more dangerous than all others, is the American Cocktail, the ne plus ultra of compounded potables, and indulged in at present more largely than all other made drinks.

When Esculapius confidently asserted in the presence of his disciples that there was somewhere in the world an efficacious remedy for every pain, he spoke with greater wisdom than he knew. He did not dream even of a western hemisphere, much less of its most famous and seductive drink.

It may never be known who invented the cocktail, or where it originated. Boston and New York lay claims to the honor, and the preference is awarded the latter city, since it is known that old Peter Stuyvesant put a few drops of bitters and a bit of sugar into his glass of Holland gin, thus making the first gin cocktail, and pronounced the mixture a success; and that his friends came to him from miles away, smacked their lips over the agreeable beverage and went home full of joy and recipes for making the seductive anteprandial "nip."

To be sure, Virginia, some fifty years ago, put in its claim, as usual, of genealogy, and essayed the following exquisite fiction, which is as visionary as it is clever.

It is to a certain Col. Carter, not of Cartersville, but of Culpepper Courthouse, Va., that belongs the honor of inventing the cocktail, and this is how it all happened: Near Culpepper Courthouse there used to stand an old inn, built to imitate the famous roadhouses of England and bearing the storied sign of "Cock and Bottle." The former word in the old vernacular stood for the tap. The point is that the man who got the last drink and the muddy portion of the tap was said to have received the "cocktail." Col. Carter was once subjected to this indignity and threw the stuff upon the floor. "Heahaftah," he said, "I'll drink cocktails of ma own decoction, sah." And starting to "clean out the shop," he dashed together bitters, sugar, bits of lemon peel and Holland gin. Great oaks from little acorns grow, and this was the genesis of the cocktail—so have been seriously said by some clever writer.

But we need not quarrel over the parentage of this famous bracer-up. Suffice it to say that it came to stay, and may now be found not only in the country of its birth but in every part of the civilized globe. And while it is neither so reputable nor so alluring as the julep or the punch, it is no less as artistic production; and, when its ingredients have been harmoniously assimilated, like a dainty mosaic alongside a brilliant creation in oil it elicits admiration and appreciation. Let us enter the "study" of an artist and see him prepare elixirs for two:

First, he sets out a mixing goblet of prismatic crystal, and with the dexterous hand that only waits on years of patient study deftly decants and gauges a portion of liquor, a dilicious blend, one-half French vermouth, one-half the sun-kissed product of the laughing corn; then half a goblet of cracked ice; then a few clever and well-timed bits of jugglery to and fro; then a dash from one, two, three mysterious bottles, absinthe in one, the gum of rock candy in another, orange bitters in a third; then a brief yet scientific vibration of the crystal goblet, the bits of ice whispering to each other in a soft, delicious language that touches a tender and responsive chord in the hearts (let us not say vitals) of the waiting gentlemen; then, last stroke of all, there is a flash of a silver strainer and the deft whirl of a silver spoon; a twinkling more, and a bit of lemon yields a kiss of pungent oil, sprayed with the cunning of an old coquette—presto!

The earliest cocktails were made of gin (straight); then gin and brandy divided the honors as liquors; then whisky came to be generally preferred to either; and at present, brandy is seldom used. But vermouth and maraschino and often a drop or two of absinthe are now introduced, and the result is the Manhattan or Martini as a perfect symphony of the mixer's art.

That more danger lurks in the cocktail than any other compounded drink is a matter of absolute fact. Like the coquette, it is tempting and often dangerous. It is just as safe as any other drink made of liquor for a moderate drinker in perfect condition, and especially in the evening—just before dinner, say after a good day's mental work. But if it be required!—in the morning, say—to soothe a head, it is sometimes a villain beside which Iago and Mephistopheles are honest fellows.

Oh! isn't it agreeable—isn't it soothing—isn't it good? Yes; for awhile. But under such circumstances, it is a demon right from the first, and invariably exacts its pound of flesh, so to speak. Just you dally with it when you ought not, and you'll surely see! It seems an angel, but it has hoofs instead of wings.

The late Dr. Willard Parker, the elder, used to say of this great American drink, that cocktails instead of being a stimulant are an irritant; they are like a whip and spur to a horse instead of like oats. "Cocktails," said he, "are essentially bad. They not only contain liquor in a concentrated form, but the bitters in them are apt to have properties that are irritating rather than stimulating. A very bad point about cocktails is that they are apt to be drunk hastily and on an empty stomach. Spirits should always be well diluted, slowly imbibed, and taken with food, or after eating. Alcohol temporarily stops the action of the gastric juice and irritates the coating of the stomach in such a way as to simulate hunger, but not by the production of a true appetite. It is a false appetite and not a healthy one that is thus brought about meantime, and the digestion is retarded. The steady cocktail drinker is very apt to become a victim of catarrh of the stomach, and, like all steady tipplers, soon finds his liver more or less affected."

There is very much truth in what Dr. Parker says. Still, the cocktail becomes more and more popular, among both men and women, with each day's revolution of our planet around the sun, and the cocktail routes become as numerous as the stars in the Milky Way. And so long as men obtain aching heads at night and sluggish stomachs by day, so long will they seek that smiling necromancer whose magic manipulation is as gentle and artistic as that of a limner restoring a picture by an old master; while there are those who as habitually press the button at home or hotel as they dress daily for their matutinal repast. Other cocktail devotees never start upon a journey without carrying with them a flask of this recuperating fluid, although the drink may be obtained at almost any railway station restaurant. Sporting men and boxers are particularly prone to this weakness, and more than one man felled ostensibly by a soft glove, has been in reality knocked out from having too frequently flirted with a Martini surreptitiously tucked away in a hip-pocket flask.

Some two years ago the Department of Internal Rev-

(Continued on Page 33.)



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The Spectator

Rudolph's Musings

The musings of the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels on Tuesday last have been translated into verse for his own particular edification:

I am a King today,
But what of tomorrow?
Let it be as it may,
I am a King today;
Yet who knows but my way
Leads to sadness and sorrow.
I am a King today,
But what of tomorrow.

The Dimmick Case

Some of President Wheeler's warmest admirers were filled with grief last week when they read in the papers that he had petitioned his friend Mr. Roosevelt to pardon Walter Dimmick, convicted of larceny, and now approaching the wind-up of his term in the penitentiary. According to President Wheeler there is grave doubt of Dimmick's guilt. Unquestionably Dimmick's guilt was not established to the satisfaction of everybody, but it was established by Detective William J. Burns, a gentleman whose sponsors enjoy the esteem and confidence of the Berkeley philosopher. Detective Burns worked up the case against Dimmick. And now to question the guilt of the prisoner is indirectly to reflect discredit on Detective Burns. For no man is so well qualified to judge of the guilt of an accused person as the detective by whom all the evidence is gathered. Detective Burns, as we know, does not employ the most approved methods in procuring convictions. His methods are not the methods best adapted for ascertaining the truth. Whether he was so zealous in the Dimmick case as he has been in other cases, I do not know, but I quite agree with President Wheeler that there is grave doubt of the prisoner's guilt. Dimmick was charged with having stolen many thousands of dollars from the Mint, but he had no money to use in his own defense and his wife and children have been in great poverty and distress ever since his arrest. There are many who say that the man who stole the money was not arrested.

An Episode of the Jinks

Even in so imponderable a thing as the atmosphere of the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club the whirligig of time effects wondrous transformations. A year ago so active were certain eminent darlings of the elect in contributing to the gaiety of the occasion that the atmosphere was redolent of civic patriotism and conscious righteousness. The Hon. Francis J. Heney was in the very midst of things. The Hon. E. Robeson Taylor was bottled effervescence in continuous process of being uncorked and he was programmed for a speech, which he made. And all the while the higher-ups modestly figured in the soft gloaming of the background. It was different this year. Mr. Heney haunted by an interrogation point was not on parade. His Chestiness was nowhere in evidence. He failed to put in an appearance. Jimmy Phelan was there, but inaudible. All the noise that was in him he must have expended at the Peninsula Hotel. The Hon. E. Robeson Taylor was conspicuous, but only by reason of his whiskers. The effervescence was gone. He was not called upon to give utterance to himself. The irreverent alluded to him as "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." The Hon. Rudolph Spreckels who made himself illustrious and won for himself a chapter in the unwritten annals of the club by his method of getting in failed to impart grace and tone to the jinks. He was probably busy doing politics in town. As for the higher-ups—Pat. Calhoun, Tirey L. Ford, John Martin and Eugene de Sabla—they were the life of the party. One of the interesting episodes of the outing occurred at the dinner given by the Star and Garter annex, a little coterie of congenial spirits, prominent among whom are Mr. Martin and Mr. de Sabla. In the midst of their prandial festivities, just as John Martin was doing a carving stunt, the Hon. William P. Lawlor, judge of one of our Superior Courts, injected himself into the proceedings. Taking a chair he made himself at home. This proof of the judge's capacity for adapting himself to circumstances, however great the incongruity to be overcome, was commented on by his warmest admirers.

Another Episode

Another episode of the Jinks more or less indicative of the atmosphere occurred at the dinner on Saturday night. The central figure of this episode was the Hon. Frank Dunne, famous for his catch-as-catch-can bouts with the rudimentaries of the law. This distinguished judicial officer, far from the bulwarks of the bench, with no adventitious or supervenient circumstances to lift him above the general, presented an appearance not less rueful than that of Rozinante's rider. Apparently he was not in touch with the spirit of the occasion. In the heart of a merry, rollicking throng he was as isolated and lonely as a sole survivor on a desolate island. Presently this pathetic figure caught the eyes of a little group of good fellows and some one remarked that the Judge seemed to symbolize evil tidings at a wedding breakfast. One there was in the group who took pity on him, and to rouse him from his dejected state and indicate to him the avenue to mirth and pleasantry addressed him in a glad, inviting tone. Startled out of his comber musings the Judge sat up, took notice, smiled and extended his hand to him by whom he had been addressed. Thereafter he seemed to extract a little joy from the festivities. The man by whom the Judge had been addressed and to whom he extended his hand was Tirey L. Ford.

"The Only Way" at the Jinks

One of the best cartoons at the Bohemian Jinks dealt with the recent Hotaling-Miller episode. It portrayed Dick Hotaling seated on a high stool scowling with a threatening melodramatic thunder-look at Henry Miller who was seated on a high stool opposite returning the menacing glare. Each had a murderous looking pistol in hand, while loaded blunderbusses leaned beside them. In the middleground reposed a money bag marked "$14" and above it stretched a huge sign on which was chalked in bold relief "The Only Way."

The Joke on Joe Campbell

Of the many practical jokes played the one on Joe Campbell was more appreciated by the skylarking throng than by the victim himself. Seated at a table and apparently deeply immersed in a game of dominoes were Willis Polk and a friend. Along came innocent, genial Joe Campbell, serene, smiling and kindly disposed towards the whole wide world. "Want to score



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for us, Joe," asked Polk, abstractedly, as he continued deep in his game. Campbell did: he wanted to help everybody on such a joyous occasion. "There's the scorer's chair," said Willis, indicating a near by seat. Campbell dropped into it and—the next instant shot six feet into the air propelled by a bolt of electricity. The chair was loaded. While still clutching the yielding atmosphere and while pain, surprise, reproof and anger wildly struggled for expression on his gentle face a throng of delighted apaches burst whooping from the surrounding tents and green woods and a stentor with a big megaphone roared "Stung!" Of course the drinks were on Campbell and of course Campbell being such a whole souled, thoroughly all round good fellow and fully appreciating the situation every apache called for a twenty-five cent installment. While he was eyeing the increasing line as it struggled towards the bar a mad wag had the temerity to ask him if he was wishing that he had kept going while still in the air.

Loaded Dice for the Unwary

The loaded dice at the bar caught many unwary Bohemians with a known predilection to side-step their treat. Such cases were handled by an artful and crafty self-appointed committee. The lynx-eyed artist handling the megaphone always shouted "stung" while the victim was struggling in the trap and of course a swarm of delighted revelers immediately sprung from all sides to laugh at his discomfiture and to add to the score against him by joining those at the tankards.

Death of a Noble Woman

The rather sudden death of Miss Annie Dargie in Oakland last Monday was a great shock to her many friends and filled many hearts with sadness. Annie Dargie was of a rare and most admirable type of womanhood. She had the golden faculty of inspiring warm and lasting friendships, and fortunate indeed were those to whom she paid the tribute of her esteem; for in her loyalty and self-sacrificing devotion to friends she rose to sublime heights. A woman of the most generous and charitable impulses, after the great April disaster when people fled to Oakland for succor and safety, most active among those by whom the refugees were received was Annie Dargie, and she was untiring in her kindly ministrations and her efforts to relieve distress. And now, all that know of the ideal relations that existed between Mr. W. E. Dargie and his sister, of her gentle influence and her loving vigilance in respect of his interests, must feel for him in his bereavement the profoundest, sincerest sympathy.

The Sarcastic Longpre

Mr. Paul de Longpre, a gentleman who practices the minor and rather prosaic art of painting flowers, has written me a letter rebuking me for saying that in censuring the Congress of the United States for its indifference to art he was neither accurate nor just. This is the severe language of his reproval: "Out of over eighty editorials yours is the only one criticising the project, and after all I like it; it makes a little change over the unanimous approval coming from every other State without exception." Apparently Mr. de Longpre is sarcastic as well as artistic. It will probably surprise Mr. de Longpre, the flower painter, to learn that if I some matter of art I should be inclined to accept as consome matter of art I should be inclined to accept as confirmation the dissent of seventy-nine editors of the calibre of those quoted by him in the circular letter which he is now distributing. But Mr. de Longpre has entirely misconstrued my criticism. I am not opposed to his pet project. I have not the slightest objection to a national art gallery or a national school of painting. Such institutions can do no harm. They might do much good. Almost everybody realizes the political functions of letters and the arts and their immense importance in connection with the prosperity of a commercial nation, but that "national art institutions," as Mr. de Longpre says in his circular letter to the press, "would surely place the United States in the front rank with her composers, painters, sculptors and her dramatic artists," is an assertion in which I must decline to concur. The arts are not founded on facts which are evolved. Art is not to be achieved by study. It is the instinctive and inevitable result of powers which can be developed only through successive generations and which reach their efflorescence under propitious social conditions.

Factories Better Than Academies

When I discussed Mr. de Longpre's scheme a few weeks ago it was for the purpose of suggesting the advisability of laying the foundation of the disposition essential to the growth and development of a national art movement. He is under the misapprehension that an artistic feeling can be diffused through a people by means of a school in which artists are trained; that a popular relish for art can be created by an academy in which men are taught to draw; that all the people are to be refined and edified by a national art gallery. Now as I have tried to point out, before a national taste for art can be created the people must be educated up to a love of the beautiful; and to that end there must be a widespread cultivation of the artistic instinct. How is this to be achieved? By familiarizing the people with that body of art which deals with the objects of every-day life, the art in which is comprised the crafts of furniture-making, carpentry, pottery, book-binding, weaving and embroidery. Art is never more effectively employed than in its application to objects which are in common use and hence immediately presented to the eyes of those who most need to profit by its refining influence. When the Academy of Painters and Sculpture and the School of Architecture were called into being in France, it was not particularly to teach painters and sculptors and architects. Glassmakers were brought from Venice and lacemakers from Flanders that they might yield to France the secret of their skill. The principal object of the royal collections of art was to educate public taste and increase the knowledge of the working classes. The elaborate factories of the Savonnerie and the Gobelins were better schools than the academies, for in them were cultivated the instinct and the disposition which gave the artistic impulse to the French people. In other words before the French people acquired the artistic feeling there was a popular art in that country, and the plain people knew something of form and beauty, a knowledge that came to them while working in the decorative arts. If Mr. de Longpre will include in his scheme a plan for the cultivation of popular taste for the decorative arts he will have my hearty endorsement. Without such a plan I shall not have much faith in his propaganda.

Fred J. McWilliams Wm. N. McCarthy Herbert B. Keith

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The Cordial Reception of Harriman

The amiable treatment which Mr. E. H. Harriman received from all the dailies when he came to town last week was not at all what might have been expected in view of the assaults that have been made upon him at long range. Mr. Harriman, it has been said, is one of the most loathsome creatures now cumbering this earth. We have been told that he is the most malign of the organized enemies of the people; that he is the source and fountain-head of all the corruption that menaces the integrity of our institutions; in short, that of all the abominations by which we are beset he is absolutely the worst. Not many months ago we were promised the head of Mr. Harriman on a charger. It was to have been



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN

Who is quietly spending his summer vacation fishing and hunting in Northern California while Wall street is on the qui vive regarding his next move in the railroad world.

struck off by Mr. Heney with his grand jury hatchet. Mr. Harriman was to pay the penalty of his crimes. But after the deepest and most thorough scrutiny Mr. Heney, to his profound chagrin and disappointment, was unable to discover that Mr. Harriman had committed any crime. It was in the case of Mr. Harriman that Mr. Heney first made it clear to us that the burden of his vociferations is not always to be taken seriously. But this illuminating revelation caused no change in the attitude of Mr. Heney's journalistic sponsors toward the railroad magnate. They went on berating him with undiminished enthusiasm. It was not until Mr. Harriman came to town that our delirious journals abated their fury. Then instead of hurling epithets at his head they prodded him with questions, inquired into his views on divers subjects of general interest, and sifted his ideas with great diligence. Mr. Harriman was presented to us through the medium of these journals not in the familiar role of monster, but as a great captain of industry to whom we should be grateful for his achievements as an empire builder. The reaction against muckraking which recently caused a change in the policy of the yellow magazines is now felt in San Francisco.

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WEDDING INVITATIONS
A. M. ROBERTSON

Wheeler's Devotion to Harriman

It was not recorded in the dailies that the Hon. Benjamin Ide Wheeler paid his respects to Mr. Harriman at the Fairmont, but it would surprise me very much to learn that our distinguished Berkeley scholar neglected an opportunity to give the great financier renewed assurance of the steadfastness of his esteem. While Mr. Wheeler's passions and prejudices are in a measure amenable and responsive to White House sentiment, whatever is in Presidential disfavor is not necessarily frowned upon by the philologist of the State University. It pleases the Hon. Benjamin Ide Wheeler to be one of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent disciples; to pay Mr. Roosevelt's policies the tribute of his endorsement; to signalize his concurrence in Mr. Roosevelt's heterodox and even anarchic utterances, but that is as far as he will go in his fealty to Omnipotence. His friendly relations with Mr. Harriman are not to be disrupted merely because that gentleman is a member of the Ananias Club in good and high standing. For Mr. Harriman he has great admiration. This sentiment he exhibited in a most striking manner at the Bohemian Midsummer Jinks about two years ago, when he engaged Mr. Harriman's attentions almost incessantly, and performed the very kindest offices for that gentleman. Early one morning in the grove, a member of the club sitting in front of his tent, was suddenly startled by the breaking of twigs in the tangled wildwood hard by. His first impression was that some wild animal was approaching, but in another moment a man appeared and looked about as if in quest of something. His eyes falling on a coat that had been left upon a rustic table, he seized it, and saying to the gentleman in front of the tent, "Oh, I just came for Mr. Harriman's coat," departed as abruptly as he had come. The coat-bearer was President Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

A Harriman Story

When engaged in inspecting his railroad systems Mr. Harriman never loses an opportunity to impress the chiefs of departments with the importance of keeping an eye open for the small non-essentials. By way of illustration he recently told a story of the experience of a keen business man who bought a cheap theatre which had long been unprofitable. By economical management he put it immediately on a paying basis. But he did not relax his vigilance, and when the first month's bill of expenses was rendered he found the item: "Meat for cats—to protect the scenery and properties from the ravages of rats—$2." The item was struck out and on the margin was penciled the note: "If the cats eat the rats, wherefore the meat? If they don't, wherefore the cats?"

She—You said you'd never love another if I did not marry you.
He—Yes, but you did marry me.

Another Infant Prodigy

Among the innumerable things indigenous to the fertile soil of California is the infant musical prodigy. And the species is of infinite variety ranging from boy orators to female trombone players. Every year we export our musical prodigies to Europe and but rarely are they heard of again. The latest prodigy is of the musical variety, a

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IT IS THE BEST
NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

native of San Francisco. He is to be sent to Germany, there to blossom and diffuse his fragrance on the cultured air. But let us consider The Early Pea and The Late Pea:

Once in a Field, where Peas were grown,
Two Species side by side lay sown—
The One was of the Early Kind,
To bear a forward Crop designed;
The Other, late; not timed to sprout
Until uncertain April's out.
Now March, that Year—the Month reviled—
Belied its Fame with Weather mild,
So when the Early Pea broke through
And saw, above, the genial Blue,
Kissed by the Sun's soft Warmth and Light,
She cried: "What ho! This 'is' all right!"
And, pitying, she deplored the Fate
Unkind of her more backward Mate,
Who buried still in Torpor lay
Beneath the Surface of the Clay.
"By Peasticks! How I pity you,
Thus hid from Sun and Welkin blue,
While I enjoy this Weather fair
And revel in the Upper Air."
The other Pea—the backard Sort—
Just answered with a drowsy Snort:
"Be careful how too soon you revel,
For April's oft the very Devil!"
Came April in. 'Twas warm at first,
And all the Trees began to burst.
But soon things took another Tack,
Belated Winter Frosts came back
And turned the forward Green-stuff black.
Thus Early Pea, erstwhile so gay,
Now parched and withered Litter lay;
While, safe from Frost's Destruction kept,
Her Friend in Earth's warm Bosom slept,
Murmuring: "Ah, me! what risks they run,
Who court too soon the fickle Sun.
Better to face a longer Gloom,
Secure in Earth's protecting Womb,
Nor germinate in early Days,
While faithless still the Weather's Ways,
Than, springing up too quick and bold,
Succumb untimely to the Cold!"

Moral

Precocity in early Prime
Withers too oft before its Time;
In the long Run, they farthest go
Whose Minds develop sure, if slow.

Professor Herrick's Novel

The tempest raging in feminine club circles over Professor Robert Herrick's novel, "Together," and the attitude assumed by the fair dames toward it causes one to wonder whether they have read the book or, if they have, whether they have the gray matter requisite for comprehension of what Professor Herrick has striven to set forth. What the author says and emphasizes is that the tendency of marriage today, amongst those who regard themselves as of "the better classes," is wrong. The home, in the old sense, is rapidly disappearing and the fault is chiefly that of the wives, who are in no sense the partners of the men they marry. They do not, as in pioneer times, work side by side with their husbands. It is no longer necessary that they should assist in the primitive occupations of clearing land and planting crops, but they do not even husband and administer the store. The successful man, according to Professor Herrick, is he who can sell himself for the highest sum and lay the price at the lady's feet. She is pleased accordingly, and as a reward, spurs him to further activities in the same direction. She wants to "entertain," and it is up to him to find the wherewithal, else he is said to be cruel and neglectful. She wants a town house and a country place and a suite of apartments at her disposal in some fashionable hotel, and she wants, wants, wants, everlastingly and eternally. Meanwhile she will not willingly bear or nourish children and when a child happens to be born she turns it over to a trained nurse and puts herself into the hands of some fashionable specialist. She has a "soul" and she needs to "develop" and so on. In plain English, the wife of a successful millionaire is nine times out of ten just a "thing," useless, selfish and egotistic.

The Lesson in His Story

Well, isn't it all true enough? Hasn't the rich American wife become a by-word in Europe, where she trails around from court to capital, and from bath to spa, generally unattached? Isn't the prevalence of divorce and re-marriage just for the sake of novelty and change a matter of course? The good ladies who have flown to the defense of their maligned sex give but another illustration of their inability to stick to the point under discussion. Some of them generously admit that Professor Herrick speaks truly of "a certain class." That is all he attempted to do. Others dismiss the matter with a hazard that he must be "young," "unmarried," "jilted" and so, of course, incapable of distinguishing dark from daylight, and nearly every one of them assumes that "Together" is but another presentation of the woman who enters into marriage solely for the sake of material gain, whereas there is not one solitary example of an out-and-out mercenary marriage cited in the whole five hundred pages of the novel. It simply sets forth the plain facts that no marriage, of rich or poor, can be a success when husband and wife do not pull together in a common cause; that wealth will not save nor poverty wreck, and that what the average woman needs to keep her clean and wholesome is less idle time in which to indulge her egotism, more work for head and hands, and vastly less nonsense preached to her from all sources on the subject of her superiority to the uses for which she was designed. "Together" happens to be the kind of book which cannot be adequately skimmed in the fifteen minutes before dinner is announced. Neither Carolyn Wells' "Bookshop Girl" nor Charles Battell Loomis' "Bookish Bootblack" could have disposed of it in two clever sentences, and neither will the first and last chapter and a few passages culled here and there answer the purpose. If the ladies of clubland really desire to do themselves and the author justice there is only one way—furnish themselves with a copy of "Together" and sit down and read it.

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Ruef in the Forty-Fifth

During Tuesday's primary a group of old time ward politicians happened to foregather in one of the precincts of the forty-fifth assembly district, Ruef's old stamping ground, and in passing the time lamented on the general quietness of the day in contrast with the good old Kilkenney, money scattering times when the results of an election depended on the size of the barrels and the dare deviltry of the opposing forces. They recounted some of the wily work in the Burns campaigns and told of the fine stratagems of "Doc" Meyers in holding the forty-fifth. "Doc" preceded Ruef as boss of that district. Ruef was rated by these old timers as a fair politician, an indefatigable worker and a good spender, when money would furnish him favorable results. In the early days Abe was beaten time and again by his shifty opponents; as one of them put it, they "buried him" every time he came to life. But Abe proved a lively corpse and had a fund of craftiness even in those days. He never neglected to properly "salt" the County Committee and no matter how badly he was beaten in the primaries in nearly every instance he finally managed to out-flank his enemies by taking an appeal to the County Committee and getting a decision in his favor. Those were the days of reckless frauds in voting. One of the narrators, for instance, told how he reached his polling booth early one morning so as to save his vote. He was the third man in line yet he found the box so crammed with tickets that the inspector was unable to force in his ballot. Free fights were common among the rival factions and an election day in the district that did not furnish a dozen cracked sconces and a score of arrests was accounted a tame affair.

A Record Barrel Campaign

According to the memory of a gray beard politician present one of the biggest barrels ever broached in a political campaign on the coast was opened on the occasion when Fair started his race for the U. S. Senate. Nevada was the storm centre of gold dust and reckless political fights in those days. How much Fair spent will never be known but it is said by many old timers that merely to make a showing in the same race cost Adolph Sutro $200,000. When this fight was hottest along the Comstock lode votes brought $80 each. Fair had just made a big clean up on the lode and he backed the demands of his lieutenants for coin so steadfastly that when the Legislature met it looked as if his fight was won. At this stage of the game Sutro suddenly awoke with the ambition that he too wanted to go to Washington to serve the nation. Fair's cinch on the situation, the lateness of the hour to enter the contest, the immense cost of a fight and other obstacles were explained to Sutro but they all seemed easy hurdles to the man who had just cleaned up a great fortune with the world against him. He asked how much the fight would cost. The figure was placed at $200,000. By the next day he had that amount in cash delivered by the express company in Carson and the fight was on. Fair and his lieutenants were startled for a time for Sutro was known to be a hard fighter and a stayer. Both sides buckled down to fine work. Sutro had able lieutenants and their first attack was to win away legislative members from the Fair caucus. Money was scattered judiciously and many of Fair's supporters followed it into the outlying sagebrush, to San Francisco, and other places where they became "lost" when wanted. At last things reached a pass where it looked as though Sutro might win. A number of those who had "flopped" wanted an excuse to offer in the Legislature for their change of base. To balm their conscience a scheme was arranged by Sutro's lieutenants whereby Lew Drexler, one of Fair's chief distributors and a member of the Legislature, should be arrested for offering bribes. No matter whether the charge stuck or not one of the Sutro representatives was

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TOWN TALK

88 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

to rise in the Legislature and denounce Fair and his followers as base corruptors of the State's political manhood. A speaker was put in training to rip Fair and his alleged methods to pieces and in the wake of his phillipic the "floppers" were to rise in their indignation at such methods and vote for the State's new saviour—Sutro.

The Fatal Counterplot

It happened however that a few days before the vote was taken one of Sutro's henchmen tipped off the plot to Fair. The result was that when the attorney went to Reno to get the warrant for the arrest of Drexler there was not a public officer to be found in the town to issue the necessary papers. The attorney had a fast team and drove to another town but found some mysterious individual ahead of him to block his game. Thus the fatal hour arrived for the taking of the vote in the Legislature and Drexler and what was left of his phalanx were all in place. The plans of the Sutro lieutenants were upset, the "floppers" failed to flop because the excuse to change had not materialized as promised, and the name of Fair went through with a whoop of victory. But the size of the barrel broached during the campaign still makes the eyes of the ordinary politician bulge.

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Make a display of shapely limb,
But don't go near the water.

His Curious Hallucination

The guests of one of our suburban hotels were afforded much amusement last Sunday morning by the predicament of a popular young army officer. He arrived at the hotel the night before in an automobile with some gay companions, one of whom was a very vivacious young woman, whom he registered as his wife. In the calm of the Sabbath morning the hallucination was dispelled. The spirit of romance had departed, storm clouds blackened the prospect; strongly contrasting with the Sabbath calm was the violent manner of the young woman, who caused something of a disturbance. The officer realizing that it was all a mistake, sent the young woman home, and then undertook to have a correction made in the hotel register. It was his desire that the hotel manager should be undeceived. Indeed he was most keen for an amendment, but he was sadly disappointed. According to the testimony of the register this gallant officer is no longer a bachelor.

Moffett's Rise in the Newspaper World

Samuel E. Moffett, the editor and writer who was drowned in the waters off the New Jersey coast last week, was one of the brightest spirits in the first flight of local newspapermen to the East some twelve years ago. He was born in St. Louis but came to California while yet a lad and received the major part of his education here. After graduating from the State University he attempted farming in the San Joaquin Valley but two dry years thoroughly changed all his inclinations in that direction and he returned to San Francisco. As a student he had dabbled in writing for the amateur press and meeting a number of his old school fellows who had adopted newspaper work he readily entered the field. His first employment was on the Evening Post, then under the management of T. T. Williams, than whom there was no better local trainer to teach a cub the business. Williams, in his keen, broad and incisive way, sketched out the scheme of each day's editorials to Moffett and the latter dressed them up. In this wise he very quickly learned the ropes, and acquired a reputation that led to quick advancement. He followed Arthur McEwen, when the latter assumed charge of the Examiner, and took a post graduate course under that brilliant penman. Moffett was among the picked lot of local newspapermen selected by Hearst when he made his invasion of New York journalism. In that ranging field Moffett's mind, quick to absorb and digest economic facts and questions of national and international importance, rapidly expanded. He was a nephew of Mark Twain who guided him into good places where his quick wit and natural attainments led to his encouragement. Shortly after Hearst purchased the Cosmopolitan he put Moffett in charge of that magazine but he quickly tired of that character of employment and joined the World editorial staff. When Collier broadened his weekly into a national publication in 1904 he selected Moffett to head the editorial staff and the Californian won wide distinction. He was the author of several works on political subjects, and a prominent member of many clubs and political, economic and scientific societies. Swimming was an exercise in which he prided himself and it ended his life. The surf was running unusually high and the wind was strong on the day he arrived at the beach. Very few swimmers dared venture in but Moffett, fresh on his vacation, was nothing daunted and eagerly plunged in. He finally reached the last post, clung to it and then was seen to throw up his hands and call for help. Life savers finally brought him ashore but the doctors pronounced him dead, though every effort was made to resuscitate him. His wife, two children and brother-in-law, Albert Tallman, were present on the beach during the painful scene.

"Does that promoter know anything about the mining business?"

"He starts in as if he were an experienced hand. I never saw prettier stationery."

Taking Advantage of Labor's Plight

P. H. McCarthy has ducked into self seeking obscurity since unionism under his curious influence fell into its present disastrous eclipse. But a man of his adamantine

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determination to stir up trouble cannot long remain quiet. Of late he has been busy in his McCarthy-Machiavelian way laying wires and planting mines against the day when he figures an explosion will produce the most benefit to McCarthy and create widespread disaster among his enemies. Among the hostiles marked for slaughter is the Bricklayers Union, a strong and successful organization that has steadfastly refused to come into the McCarthy camp despite the inducements offered. Just now the union has a stiff fight on its hands with non-union masons over the big building being erected at Powell and O'Farrell streets. Is labor leader McCarthy doing what he can to stop this invasion of non-union men into union territory? Not a bit of it. The non-union men have the encouragement of McCarthy and if they win out it will be with his adroit endeavors. Through them he hopes to deal his long sought blow at the backbone of the Bricklayers Union. If McCarthy's present plans succeed he will gather what men he can from among these non-union bricklayers and organize them into the nucleus of a new union. The seed of this nucleus will be men completely under McCarthy's domination; it will consequently be McCarthy's organization heart and soul. He will carefully nurse this toddling union till it is big enough to walk and the first time thereafter that the present Bricklayers Union presents an opening he will declare a general strike on the building whereon they may be working. The only way the worried and perplexed contractors or builders may resume operations will be to take on McCarthy's nursling union and thus oust the regular Bricklayers Union. In following up this line of warfare against the unions that oppose him McCarthy always blacklists their boldest and strongest leaders and at the same time offers inducements to the weak kneed members to join his union and thereafter become subservent to him. In this way he broke the backbone of the Electrical Workers Union that went down in the general strike ordered by him in the Fairmont Hotel while in the course of construction. McCarthy simply uses unionism to crush every labor organization in the building trades that will not become his tool and truckle to him. No matter how good and sound the union may be if it threatens his proud title of Czar of the building trades he ruthlessly tries to smash it. That is one of the reasons he is taking advantage of the present plight of labor to smite his enemies.

Merchant—When are you going to pay that bill?
Market Street Bank Teller—As soon as public confidence is restored.

Left Some Money After All

The local papers called attention to the poverty of Helen Dingeon who passed away recently at the German hospital, but devoted little space to the distinction she won as a singer. As a matter of fact she did not die in distress as the newspapers represented. Her will discloses that she left some seven thousand dollars, part of this was bequeathed to her mother and part to Mrs. John Kreling, who proved such a devoted friend during the last years of the invalid's life. Though Miss Dingeon made money fast in the palmy days of her stage career, from $100 to $300 a week, she spent it freely and this gave color to the report that she had very little left. But she had been taught a valuable lesson by a close friend and long ago several safe investments were made which she firmly refused to draw on. These investments helped in a great measure to lighten the sick burdens of herself and her mother during the past few years.



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Miss Dingeon was born in New York and as a child showed so much talent that her parents sent her to Munich to study. She advanced very rapidly and at the age of ten was singing at the Royal Odeon there. Meanwhile her father had moved to this city and had become proprietor of the Maison Doree in Kearny street. After finishing her studies abroad Miss Dingeon followed him here and introduced herself to the public by appearing in sketches and operatic bits at the old California theatre, then under the management of John McCullough. Her first real engagement was in the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief," at the Bush street theatre, under Charles Locke. After a season there she toured America and Canada with Adelina Patti, playing second in the cast to that famous singer. The engagement wound up with a Patti season in New York. Then she joined the McCall opera company in Boston. In 1882 she returned here and became a member of the Tivoli company, opening in the "Masked Ball." For seven years she was very popular and scored in numbers of successes. Her marriage with Stieglitz proved unhappy and they soon parted. The settlement of her father's estate left her very little and when approaching sickness prevented her further appearance on the stage she retired with her mother to a very secluded life, seeing only those few staunch friends who were attracted by her whole souled and kindly personality.

Injured His Eyesight in Alaska

Rex Beach, whose latest novel, "The Barrier," is just fresh from the press, is reported to be in a Seattle hospital undergoing treatment for an affection which may cost him his sight. Mr. Beach went to Alaska a few weeks ago on a hunting trip in the Copper River country, and the undue exposure has caused a filmy growth which may eventually result in total blindness. There is always some allowance to be made for the inaccuracies of first reports, which, as Mark Twain had occasion to remark on the publication of the announcement of his death, are likely to be "greatly exaggerated." It may turn out that Mr. Beach is only suffering from some temporary strain which will rectify itself with rest. In any case, he has the sympathy and best hopes of his hosts of readers who have seen Alaska and its stirring scenes through his eyes.

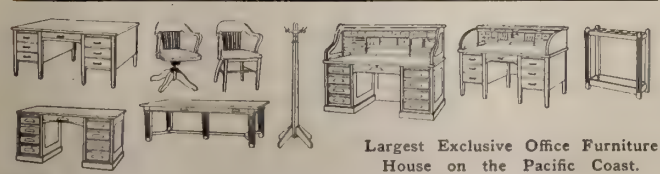
Old Maid (in upper berth of Pullman, ringing bell violently) —Porter!

Porter—Yaas, ma'am?

Old Maid—I'm quite sure there's a man under my bed!

Spellbinders of the Campaign

Who is going to be the star spellbinder in the present political campaign? In 1906 Bryan himself was easily the bright particular star of the Democratic side. The "cross of gold" speech that gained him the nomination for the Presidency catapulted him from obscurity into the national limelight. He was dazed somewhat by his sudden transition as was evidenced by his fiasco in the big meeting gotten up by Hearst at Madison Square Garden, New York, at the outset of the campaign. A little latter he pulled himself together and began a series of oratorical feats that astonished even his closest friends. In his campaign four years later he made even a better showing. In the interim he has mellowed in his powers and has acquired more tact and higher arts of persuasiveness. The season's star spellbinder in the Republican ranks is still to be developed. Will he shoot out of the darkness very much as Bryan did and as did that young stripling from the South who created a furore in New York and nearby cities in the last fortnight of the campaign of 1900? His name was Hugh Gordon Miller and Senator Scott is credited with discovering him in the hustings of Virginia. Scott took him north and bided his chance. One night there was a monster meeting in New York. Senator Depew's special train was caught in a washout, he failed to appear on the platform and Scott prevailed on the chairman to substitute his beardless young protege, Miller. Inside of ten minutes Miller had completely captivated the 10,000 men and women present. When he finished flags were seized and the cheering audience stampeded towards the platform to carry Miller through the streets at the head of a procession. They were finally restrained till the other speakers were heard. Then with a roar of enthusiasm they lifted Miller in the air and carried him to his hotel. A few days later at a gathering of business men in Wall street Miller again created so much political enthusiasm that the conservative business men present boosted him on their shoulders and carried him through the streets. Miller spoke at some half dozen meetings and in all of them he created unrestrained enthusiasm. Lyman J. Gage, then Secretary of the Treasury under President McKinley, was one of the speakers on the platform to follow the young Virginian at the time he swept the monster meeting in Philadelphia off its feet. Gage was present at the instance of the administration and was to deliver the single official speech of the campaign, the cabinet's position on the nation's money and credit, questions of paramount importance. The audience was still Miller mad when Gage delivered his message so the latter was feeling rather crusty when he returned to Washington the next day and McKinley asked him how he had fared. "It was a great meeting," was the reply, "but it was captured and almost stampeded by a youthful, intellectual and oratorical monstrosity."



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THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

The bull campaign in Wall street stocks and bonds goes merrily on. More new high records have been made as compared with a week ago. The most noteworthy advance was seen in American Smelting common, which sold at 107, a gain of $10 per share, as compared with the prices of the previous week; the advance was followed closely by National Lead common, which sold at 92¼ as compared with 77 a week ago. Amalgamated Copper, Interborough common and preferred, and many of the smaller issues shared in the upturn to a fair degree. Brooklyn was advanced sharply on the 10 cent Brooklyn fare.

In the railway list, Reading was the most prominent, selling at 129¼, an advance of ten points during the past week.

The Harriman stocks attracted a great deal of attention; Southern Pacific common, and Union Pacific common advancing to new high marks. Southern Pacific is now selling within one dollar per share of its highest point during its existence. There seems no stop to the advancing tendency. Those well informed think Union Pacific common is booked for 200, while Southern Pacific common will go to 120 purely on merit.

Atchison common has shown a great deal of underlying strength. There is a very strong pool in this stock. It is thought their operations will soon be manifested.

The Gould properties are somewhat dormant, but will undoubtedly move forward in sympathy with the rest of the market.

The great strength shown in the Steel stocks has been one of the market features. The movement of Steel common, one way or the other, has acted as a barometer, many operators taking their cue from this particular feature. Those who are in charge of the market are working the group system; that is, certain stocks are taken in hand and marked up, after which another group is taken up, etc. Heretofore this manner of handling the market has been the forerunner of a rampant bull market. No better time could be had for a big bull campaign, as money is a drug on the market, and bankers are glad to find employment for their surplus in Wall street securities. The urgent demand for bonds has been reflected in the market value of these securities quite materially during the past month. Money is coming out of hiding and is seeking investment. A greater change in public sentiment than that which has been seen in the past two months has never been witnessed. It is only to be compared by going from utter darkness into daylight, which in reality means that our past depression was caused more through fear than from reality.

Railways will find it easy to finance their intended improvements; this will employ labor, and labor fully employed means our greatest circulating medium. Crops will be bountiful and prices for farm products will be high. Surely a bright future is ahead for at least two years. Local securities are showing more activity, buyers are more in evidence. Our street car, gas and electric and water systems are in a very prosperous condition, and are bound to invite investment in these securities.

Locally money conditions are gradually improving. It is only a question of a short period when the East will look to the Pacific Coast for investments. San Francisco is getting nearer New York every day—that in itself means prosperity to the whole coast.

The scientists are finding out many things about ancient nations, some of which may be true and some not. Inference is often advanced as fact. Guesses grow into possibilities, and possibilities into probabilities and probabilities into certainty. Dr. M. G. Kyle tells a story which illustrates one method of argument. An Assyriologist boasted to an Egyptologist that "the Assyrians understood electric telegraphy because we have found wire in Assyria." "Oh," said the other, "we have not found a scrap of wire in Egypt, therefore we know the Egyptians understood wireless telegraphy."



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Stories That Startled the Club

What constitutes "strong language" is the question pricking the conscience of the Papyrus Club. Now the Papyrus ladies do not take themselves as seriously as some of their sister clubwomen. They do not expect to settle the destiny of nations, reform the Marcel wave, and bring back to our streets of Spanish nomenclature the glory and pride of real frijoli pronunciation. The Papyrus exists for amiable sociability, and insists only on one thing—every new member must pay besides her initiation dues, an entrance fee in the shape of a funny story, and of course any club member who has a quiver full of funny stories may cap it with as good as the new member sends. Seasons went by and the Emergency Hospital never reported that any one had broken her funny bone at the Papyrus. The stories were carefully expurgated before being delivered. One fatal day a new member told a story and right out in meeting called the horned gentleman, who is said to rule the nether world, by his real name. That reminded some one else of another story of the same geographical status, and she called the place by its given name. Of course it would have spoiled the point of both stories to trip over the names, but there were several members who gasped at what seemed to them sheer profanity. The ice having been chipped, there followed something like a run on this sort of thing. To be sure the necessary "cuss" words were really nice little lady-like affairs that would only offend the prudishly attuned ear. However there are evidently some ladies in this club who think that a dam is properly included in a course in hydraulics, but should be sluiced out of humorous stories as told by the gentler sex. This contingent was discovered in solemn council deciding that it is necessary to condemn "strong language." As is the case with all unofficial gatherings, various reports of their action have been circulating around. One club member says that really the only funny story that she has heard during her membership is this one which concerns itself with a Puritanical effort to amputate "strong language" from the club vocabulary, when as a matter of fact the language has never been strong enough to stand by itself against a gentle breeze.

Fluffy Ruffles on the Spot

Laundry bills are the fences which people with abbreviated incomes find difficult to climb. But up on the McCloud river a well known young matron found a way out of her difficulty. A woman and her lingerie are soon parted in a modern laundry and so householders who can afford it have established laundries in their homes. The convenience of this is obvious in remote country places but in few establishments is one conducted on the scale of this country home on the McCloud. A Frenchman and his wife, imported straight from the province where blanchisseuses are the chief article of export, are installed in the laundry and the house guests in this hospitable home do not have to send their fluffy ruffles to San Francisco to be tubbed. A young matron recently arrived at the place followed by several more pieces of luggage than usually accompany a visit to the mountains. Soon their was a chattering and a babble in the laundry that reached the kitchen and passed on to the maids who not only whispered it to their mistress but to the other house guests. The canny young matron, having heard of the laundry, had been saving up her elaborate peignoirs and all the rest of the hand embroidered things for weeks and had brought them there to be laundered!

Caught in the Occult Wave

An occult wave is vibrating in the fashionable suburbs, and though the men wear their auras rather rakishly over one ear, many of the women are seriously trying to put their soul vibrations in accord with the eternal harmonies of the occult. Several months ago an Indian "doctor" came as a guest to the old Mills place near San Mateo. The present tenants of the place and their friends found balm for their sorely perplexed spiritual outreachings in the gutteral teachings of this Red Man. Some of the less psychic villagers hinted that he would



MRS. HENRY T. SCOTT

Who is entertaining house parties at her beautiful Burlingame country home.

"shake with Destiny for beer" or shuffle a greasy poker pack as diligently as his brother "poor Lo." Whether the occult wave which now reaches from San Jose to Burlingame had its beginning at this place is a matter of conjecture, but at any rate a great many people down that way are now dabbling in the occult, and it is the fad to "visualize in color." As money is the most cherished commodity in all fashionable precincts, the majority are cultivating a green haze in front of their eyes as that verdant shade is said to perceptibly fatten one's bank account.

Seeking the Mystic in Burlingame

Everyone in Burlingame who has acquired a sudden fancy for the occult has an assorted stock of swinging glass balls, and the guest selects the color most needful to her wants, hangs it in a shadowy corner of her room, and concentrates her gaze upon it for a stated length of time during intervals of the day. The effect of these colored glass balls is not instantaneous like the high ball

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which may account for the preference most men show for the latter. One chatelaine of a handsome country house has gone so far as to fit up a room where no undesirable vibrations or sounds in error may penetrate and interfere with work in the occult. Any of her guests are at liberty to use this room but so far the hostess herself is the enthusiast who most frequently retreats to its mystic shadows.

Local Students in the Mystic

While this fad is still young down Burlingame way there are a number of well known women in San Francisco who have long been students of the occult. Mrs.



MRS. ADOLPH SPRECKELS

Mrs. Spreckels was Miss Alma de Brettville, well known in local art circles. Her recent quiet marriage in Philadelphia to Adolph Spreckels proved a great surprise to their families and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels are now touring Europe.

A. W. Scott, the prominent clubwoman, who has been identified with every movement that makes for public improvement, has long been a researcher in the occult. Mrs. Scott has a room in her home fitted up for occult investigation, and her friends who are interested along the same line of thought are permitted to use it, though her general acquaintance is of course excluded.

Wedding Was a Surprise

The wedding on Wednesday evening, August 12th, of Miss Jeannette Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, to Edward Torney, son of Colonel and Mrs. George Torney of the Presidio, came as a great surprise to their many friends as it was scheduled to take place in October. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents in Broadway. The guests included members of the family and most intimate friends only. Rev. Father Ramm officiated. Miss Marion Wright, the bride's sister, a beautiful brunette, served as maid of honor. Her gown was a rare creation of the modiste's art, a soft yellow fabric, which was very becoming to her jet black hair and eyes. Little Miss Jeanette Langley, cousin of the bride, and Master Jack Ryan, nephew of the groom, were the only other attendants. The decorations were entirely in yellow. The illumination of the spacious home was entirely by candle light and in varied tones of yellow. The ceremony was one of the most artistic in every detail which has taken place recently. The Wright family belong to our oldest and most prominent set. Kirkham Wright, a southerner of Mississippi, is a brother of the late Judge Selden S. Wright and a nephew of the late General R. W. Kirkham, after whom Kirkham street, Oakland, was named. Mrs. Wright was Miss Millie Langley of Oakland's exclusive set. Her only brother is Mr. Charles Langley, the wholesale druggist of this city. The announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Wright are on the eve of departure for a lengthy tour abroad is without foundation. They returned from Europe only recently with their interesting daughters.

Will Be Married Abroad

Mrs. Caroline Green Noble left this week for New York en route to Rome where she will meet her daughter, Miss Cara Pickens Noble, whose wedding will take place late in October to Victor Kohnk, a wealthy German of Hamburg. Miss Noble is a granddaughter of the late General Duff Green. Mrs. Green, the grandmother, was Miss Rebecca Pickens, daughter of General Pickens of South Carolina, and also related to the Calhouns. Edward B. Noble, brother of the prospective bride, is associated with his father, Patrick Noble, in the Pacific Rolling Mills of this city. Miss Noble left California for New York several years ago where she perfected herself



MRS. EDWARD STURGIS

Not long ago Miss Edna Montgomery became the bride of Captain Sturgis. Both are now living at Whipple Barracks, Arizona, where, last week, they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith en route to Europe on their bridal trip.

in the languages. Later she was sent to Rome where she represented and established the Institute of Social Service, which has gained a world wide reputation. Recently she rented a house in Rome and established a Co-operative Woman's Club in touch with clubs of Berlin and Paris for wandering women who have no homes. Queen Margarite is very favorable impressed with her work along these lines. Miss Noble is still in her early twenties and has had a notable career abroad for one of her years. Mrs. Noble will return to California after the wedding in October.

DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

has resumed consultation practice, 246 Powell. Hours by appointment. Tel. Douglas 1419. Residence, Fairmont.

Smart Tea for Debutantes

What promises to be one of the most elaborate teas of the season is scheduled for October 31st at Century Hall, when Mrs. Charles Keeney will be the hostess. The affair will be given in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Innes Keeney. A bevy of beautiful debutantes will assist the hostess in receiving. As runaway matches and surprises seem to be in order some body suggested the other day that perhaps the fond mother might be called upon to welcome a son-in-law on this occasion. All her friends are aware of the deep devotion of the out of town banker's son for the beautiful young girl.

Found a Bride in Stockton

Announcement of the engagement of Miss Marie Glenn, one of the prettiest of Stockton's younger belles, and Ralph W. Weymouth, a clever young architectural engineer of San Francisco, is the culmination of a three months' acquaintance and wooing. Mr. Weymouth came to Stockton in connection with plans for the new half million dollar hotel which Stockton is building—and that settled it. The wedding will take place in the early winter. It is to be a church affair with Miss Lucille Budd, maid of honor, and Mrs. B. J. Powell, matron of honor. Miss Glenn will be a beautiful bride. She is rather petite and has superb coloring, a combination of brown hair, blue eyes and peachy cheeks.

Furnishes Brides for San Francisco

It amounts almost to grand larceny the way San Francisco chaps are carrying away Stockton's society girls. The list even for very recent years is a long one. Beginning this past month and going back just a little way there was Jean Read who became Mrs. O'Higgins; Anna Fyfe who is the bride of Bishop Hamilton's son; Sue Nicol who became Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith and is now on her way to Europe; Jeannette Gillis who is Mrs. Alexander Bryant; Mabel Thompson who is Mrs. Edward Haas; Blossom Simon who became Mrs. David Steiner; Carra Cobb and Georgia Bogue who became the brides of Frank and Harry Long; Hedwig Rosenbaum who had but one short year of happiness as Mrs. Julius Israel and became a widow and a mother at about the same time; Gertrude Elliott, one of our bachelor girls and prominent musically, became Mrs. James Littlehale; she by the way is a cousin of Miss Glenn, the pretty bride-elect before mentioned. Miss Ewing is now Mrs. Harry Marsh; one of the Welsh girls, Grace, became Mrs. W. E. Elliott some years ago and now her youngest sister Maud's engagement has been announced to another San Franciscan, Mr. Dutton. There are others who "left their happy homes" for San Francisco, but the ones mentioned are among those most prominent and more recent. Stockton boys have tried to balance accounts by "importing" brides, but not in anything like a compensating ratio. John Fisher went to Illinois, Howard Hammond to Kentucky and Jo Peters and Fred Read to San Francisco for brides.

Outdoor Pastimes at Del Monte

An era of outdoor sports is setting in at Del Monte. Golfing on the fine eighteen-hole course, horseback riding, driving, automobiling, lawn tennis, swimming in the surf or tank, cycling and walking—these recreations are enjoyed constantly. The bowling alleys, the billiard tables and the card tables have their devotees. In addition to all these sports and recreations, the management has recently provided a court for raqueta, an easier and less violent form of lawn tennis. The large lawn to the southeast of the rose garden has been set aside for new and improved croquet, which is played almost with the accuracy of billiards, with large balls, heavy mallets and "wickets" (or hoops) barely half-an-inch wider than the diameter of the ball. So expert are the players of the new croquet that it is no uncommon thing for a skillful player in good form to make two rounds of the lawn without an error or miss. A highly interesting game that has been introduced recently is lawn bowls, which is one of the oldest outdoor recreations. It is mentioned several times in the English history of the earliest sports. Bowling on the green, as it is often called, was enjoyed by New Yorkers in ante-Revolutionary days, the lower end of Broadway, near the Battery, New York, being known still as Bowling Green. The game affords good, though not violent, exercise and needs no special preparation in the way of dress. The lawn to the west of the club house has been set apart for bowling on the green; and every afternoon until it is high time to go in and dress for dinner ladies and gentlemen may be seen enjoying the game. Between the bowling green and the club house is the clock golf green,



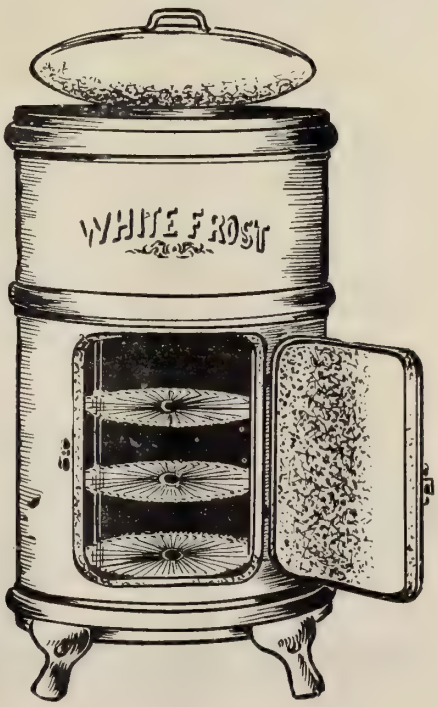
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on which many contests were held last summer. A hole, or cup, is placed in a circle, but not at its center, and round it are circular metal plates bearing the Roman numerals I to XII, from which the player endeavors in turn to hole out the ball. On the opposite side of the road to the clubhouse and clock green is a nine-hole putting course, on which excellent practice may be obtained. Near the bowling green a space will be devoted to quirts, a game in which there is much more opportunity for skill than may be supposed by the uninitiated. With all these various occupations and recreations no one need be idle at Del Monte.

Social Diversions at Pacific Grove

Pacific Grove has been the mecca for an unusually large number of summer resort visitors this year and the pretty little village has been more than ordinarily gay in consequence. Every day nearly there is a bridge party, a tea or some other little social diversion which serves to pass the time pleasantly. Last week the principal affair was the bridge party given by Mrs. Joseph Trilley, in honor of Mrs. John Leicester Sehon, who has been visiting Mrs. W. H. H. Chapman at the Monterey Presidio. Mr. and Mrs. Paris Kilborn have closed their pretty home at Pacific Grove and have left for an extended trip East. Their destination is New York City where they will spend some time with Mr. Kilborn's daughter, Mrs. Herbert Leighton. Mrs. G. A. Phinney of Sacramento and Miss Clare Phinney, who are spending the summer at the Pacific Grove Hotel, were joined during the week by Mr. Phinney and his son, A. Van V. Phinney. Dr. Hubert Rowell and party of Berkeley were among those who spent the week-end at the hotel.

Engagement in the Navy

The engagement of Lieutenant Ernest Friedrick to Miss Mabel Claire Southard has just been announced. Lieutenant Friedrick is the commander of the torpedo boat Hopkins, one of the mosquito fleet which followed the big battleship fleet from the Atlantic to this port. He is now at the Mare Island Navy Yard with his vessel. Miss Southard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Southard of Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y. When Lieutenant Friedrick slipped away a few weeks ago on a vacation trip to the East, it was surmised by his friends that it was a pilgrimage of sentiment. This week he returned to Mare Island and announced his engagement to Miss Southard, with whose family he spent his vacation.

Reported Engaged

Friends of Grove L. Johnson, the well known attorney and state politician and father of Hiram Johnson, are congratulating him on his engagement to Miss Alice Hassett, daughter of former Mayor Hassett of Sacramento. Miss Hassett is a remarkably bright young woman with many friends. For a long time she acted as private secretary to her father and relieved him of a great many of the details of his public and private business. She is very popular in Sacramento society. Grove Johnson has taken part in some of the biggest California law cases, has represented the State in Congress and is one of the best known Sacramentans.

Motor Parties at Del Monte

My Monterey correspondent writes me that the social season is in full swing at Del Monte and the hotel is crowded with guests. There is a constant succession of arrivals and everyone is looking forward with keen anticipation to the week of sports which will begin with the Dog Show on the 28th and 29th, to be followed by the golf tournament which will extend from August 31st to September 5th, and the tennis tournament which begins September 7th.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander arrived at the hotel on Friday accompanied by her three daughters, Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Janetta Alexander and Miss M. C. Alexander. They left on Monday but will return later to make a visit of several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Harry Scott and S. E. Sherwin came down from Burlingame on Friday and were joined on Saturday by Charles J. Freeborn, whose mother before her marriage to James Freeborn was Miss Nellie Smith, one of the handsome Smith sisters who were such belles in San Francisco in the early seventies.

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Miss Crocker is very sweet and unaffected, dresses simply and wears very few jewels. The party while here spent their time bowling, motoring and swimming, Miss Crocker being an adept at the latter sport.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Miss Harriman and Miss Carol Harriman arrived in their private car on Thursday and on Sunday departed for San Mateo where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker for a few day before joining Mr. Harriman at his hunting lodge on the shores of upper Klamath Lake.

Other distinguished guests at Del Monte last week were Judge Alton B. Parker, former Democratic candidate for the Presidency, who was accompanied by Delancey Nicoll of New York. They motored to Del Monte from Paso Robles and are en route to the annual meeting of the American Bar Association to be held in Seattle.

Mrs. Swinburne, wife of Admiral W. T. Swinburne, who has been here since the visit of the fleet in May, will leave in a few days as she plans to sail for Honolulu the latter part of the month in order to be there during the visit of the Pacific Squadron.

Other arrivals at the hotel were General C. R. Greenleaf, United States Army (retired) and Mrs. Greenleaf, who have come for a visit of a couple of months; Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, who will spend a few weeks here; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller and Miss F. Stern, who have settled themselves for the remainder of the summer; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford, who motored here for a day's visit to return later for the golf tournament; Mrs. J. D. Peters, Miss Anna Peters, and Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughter.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. J. B. Coryell entertained a house party recently, numbering twenty-two guests. On Monday evening last she gave a picnic at La Honda. The guests left Menlo Park at 3 p. m. in a tally-ho coach, while the guests from the city went by auto. Dinner was cooked al fresco, and as it grew dusk a huge bon fire furnished a weird light, the entire party drove back to the Coryell home at Menlo Park in the wee sma' hours.

Mrs. Darling of Nome, formerly Miss Etta Birdsall of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Mrs. Laura Clark Wright made Mrs. Darling the motif of a tea last week, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Clark, Presidio Terrace. It was a reunion of girl friends from Sacramento and was most enjoyable affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro, who have been spending the summer out of town, have returned to pass the winter at the St. Francis.

After a three weeks sojourn along Monterey bay Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have returned to their San Mateo home.

Colonel Marion P. Maus of Monterey, who succeeds General Funston, arrived with Mrs. Maus last Sunday at the Hotel St. Francis, where he will make his temporary headquarters.

Emil Steinegger has returned from his summer vacation and has resumed his instructions to pupils on the pianoforte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan will give up their home in Sausalito in a fortnight and return to town.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Shean, all of New York, motored down from Pleasanton where they have been spending a short time at Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's magnificent home. They were guests of the Fairmont while here.

Miss Marion Zeile is now planning to go abroad to complete her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff and Miss Cluff have returned from their trip abroad.

W. P. Hammond and family are back in town from their motor trip through the south.

Among those registered at Byron Hot Springs are Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gilmartin, Mr. Harry Leap, Dr. Louis Stern and Mrs. Henry Williams, from San Francisco; Mrs. Henry Wetherbee from Fruitvale; Mrs. S. Martin from New York City; Prof. and Mrs. E. C. Atkinson from Sacramento and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Baker from San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann and Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell of San Francisco are guests at Aetna Springs.

This week was a gay one at the Mare Island Navy Yard, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Swinburne being made the motif of a number of special affairs Tuesday evening. The girls of the navy yard gave a bal poudre, their guests of honor being the officers of the fleet. On Wednesday there was a matinee dance on the West Virginia, given by the officers of the vessels in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Swinburne. On Thursday evening the officers and ladies of Mare Island gave the regular fortnightly dance in the sail loft. On Friday an informal dance took place in the club house, attended by only the younger set. Another matinee shipboard dance on Saturday closed one of the most delightful weeks enjoyed at the navy yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Talbot, who have been living in New York, are just now the guests of Mrs. Talbot's parents. They will sail shortly for Korea where Mr. Talbot has business interests that will engage his attention for several years.

Admiral Swinburne and Mrs. Swinburne have been at the St. Francis for the past few days. When the Admiral goes to Honolulu in command of the Pacific Squadron Mrs. Swinburne intends to go over to the island accompanied by Mrs. Emile Bruguire.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs of Burlingame are guests at Aetna Springs.

Dixie-land will prevail in the parlors of the St. Francis Hotel, Thursday evening, August 20, when Miss Louise A. Williams of Augusta, Georgia, will give impersonations of the darkies of the South. Miss Williams is a daughter of the distinguished ex-Confederate veteran, the late A. B. Williams. The patronesses on Thursday evening are the following well known society ladies: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. W. G. Pritchard, Mrs. Wm. Keith, Mrs. H. T. Fergueson, Mrs. C. F. Pond, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. C. Edward Brown, and Mrs. W. M. S. Beede.

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Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Marie Thomas, daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. C. Thomas of Berkeley and Charles Orville Dunstall of Kentucky.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly McMonagle are motoring through picturesque Lake County.

Miss Mary Joliffe and Frances Joliffe are the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Cryan, on her estate in Ireland. Mrs. Cryan was Miss Minnie Mathews of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Anna Foster and Dr. Laurence Draper has been set for Saturday afternoon, August 22nd, at the San Rafael home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster.

Miss Edith Jones of San Rafael will sail for Honolulu September 11th. There she will remain as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hines, till the following month when her marriage with Mr. Cooper, an Englishman in the diplomatic service of Siam, will take place.

Mrs. Frederick Funston will remain at Fort Mason until next month when she will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Blankart, in Oakland for several weeks. On account of the Kansas heat Mrs. Funston and the children will not follow General Funston to Fort Leavenworth till sometime in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at their country home, Stag's Leap, Napa County.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. is motoring through Switzerland. In her party are Mrs. Belmont, Miss Greer and Mrs. Henry Lehr.

John Vance Cheney, Superintendent of the Newberry Library, Chicago, and Mrs. Cheney are registered at the Hotel de Rome. Across the way from their hotel appartment they had a chance of inspecting the Kaiser's gigantic new $3,000,000 Royal Library, which is approaching completion at a snail's pace. The library, which will have room for 5,000,000 volumes, will be the largest in the world.

Commander J. B. Milton has recently been relieved from the command at Mare Island at his own request and has been assigned to the command of the "Independence." Mrs. Milton was Miss Hattie Steele, granddaughter of the late Commodore R. B. Cunningham, U. S. N., in command of the Navy Yard many years ago. Miss Mattie Milton and Maxwell Milton, well known in society, are the son and daughter of Commander and Mrs. Milton.

Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Wheeler have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. R. C. Foute will leave the St. Xavier, where she has spent the winter, and take rooms at the Hillcrest.

Mrs. Mary Keeney was hostess at an enjoyable luncheon during the week at the home of her parents in Clay street. Among the guests were Miss Florence Breckenridge, the Misses Calhoun and Gussie Foute.

Mr. and Mrs. David Edwards of Oakland are looking for a house in Bolinas with the idea of remaining there all winter. David Edwards is a son of Mrs. Henry Butters of Piedmont. Mrs. Edwards is the niece of Mrs. Wetherbee of Fruitvale.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell gave a delightful moonlight picnic at her home in Menlo Park on Monday evening, August 10th.

Miss Evelyn Norwood is the guest of Miss Ethel Lincoln at "Ethelinlde," St. Helena.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves, who has been visiting Mrs. Jerome Lincoln for the past three weeks, is now stopping at White Sulphur Springs where she will remain for some time.

On Monday evening, August 10th, Mrs. Edgar Wilson gave a tug party around the bay, the guests being the friends of Miss Maud Wilson and Miss Anita Mailliard. A dinner on board and dancing followed a glorious evening. Mrs. Wilson was one of the attractive Forbes girls of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and Mrs. Harry Holbrook have gone to Coronado for three weeks.

Judge and Mrs. Van Fleet have closed their Inverness cottage for the summer and have returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have just engaged a house in town for the winter.

Miss Hooker of San Francisco, Mrs. Samuel Knight of Burlingame, and Miss Land of New York, are guests of Mrs. George Lent at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. Timlow, Evelyn Carolan, is here on a visit from her eastern home and just now is staying with the Francis Carolans at the Crossways, Burlingame.

Theodore F. Jewell, Rear Admiral U. S. N., retired, accompanied by Mrs. Jewell, has taken apartments for a short time at the Fairmont.

Among Los Angeles visitors at the Fairmont during the past week were C. E. Sanger, J. M. Taylor, Mrs. Milo Baker and Miss Belle Baker, Lewis Bradbury, Geo. F. Tweedy, W. P. Dunham, G. A. Whitford and Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy.

A change has been made in the wedding plans of Miss Madeleine Bohrmann and H. Clay Miller. Charles Foster, in whose home in Ross Valley the ceremony is to be held, will be obliged to leave for the East several days earlier than was expected. The wedding has therefore been reset for the 30th so that he may be present.

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Stage

True Romance at the Alcazar

By the Alcazar clientele White Whittlesey is evidently regarded as the ideal hero of the true romance. Give him a drama pregnant with thrilling adventures and palpitating with the heart throbs of true love that wins its bliss against all obstacles and he packs the house with rapt and enthusiastic devotees. "Soldiers of Fortune," that capital story of South American adventure as evolved by Richard Harding Davis and stage fashioned by Augustus Thomas' offers just such an opportunity as evolved Whittlesey delights in. In all respects it is a matinee girl's ideal drama. The play has been produced here before and never fails to fill the house. In it Whittlesey is afforded scope to display charms of manner which seem to hypnotize his admirers. To them there is a spirit in his action, a sincerity in his sentiment, a pellucid note in his earnestness, a subtlety in his love making that less delicate artists seek in vain to simulate. The play offers capital chances to Bessie Barriscale and the other members of the company. Since Miss Barriscale won the hearts of the audience by her portrayal of the part of Juanita in "The Rose of the Rancho" she has made no more charming success. She displayed a variety delicacy and breadth in her powers which delighted those who are following the development of her powers as disclosed in the plays offered her for appearance. Louise Brownell scored again as a haughty dame. The stronger lines of expression are Miss Brownell's forte and every time she is fortunate enough to be cast in them she succeeds in winning the strong commendations of her admirers. Clever Anita Murray is sure to win applause when cast in a part which commands good character acting. For a play of this character the company is splendidly equipped with such good all round adaptable actors as Fred Butler, John B. Maher, Burt Wesner, Howard Hickman, Ernest Glendenning, Will Walling and Walter Belasco. As usual the management spared no pains and expense in giving the play a superb production.

The New Plays of Next Season

American plays by American playwrights is evidently the year's slogan judging from the list of plays now on record to be produced the forthcoming season. Among them are dramatizations of several well known novel successes. Charles Klein, Wm. Gillette, Langdon Mitchell, Booth Tarkington, Rex Beach, George Broadhurst and George Hobert are among those scheduled for productions. September will see a number of them running on Broadway. Mr. Klein's play is called "The Michief Makers." The story revolves in part around a murder which the police investigate. A drunken man who has been in a room adjoining the scene of the murder is accused of the crime. Mr. Klein's argument is that by persistent mental torture, prolonged suggestion, and the influence of hypnotism an innocent man may be forced into a confession of crime. In this particular instance he makes the drunken man confess guilt after five hours of the persecution which the public have come to know as "the third degree."

The reading public is familiar with the plot of Rex Beach's Alaskan novel. "The Barrier" is a story of primitive passions; a romance of a great love and a great hate. The reader who knows the theatre can see the possibilities of Theodore Roberts in the part of Poleon Doret, the Canadian, with the great climax of the rescue of the girl and the fight on the river bar between the half breed and the desperado.

Extraordinary Scenic Effects

The new play by Frederic Thompson and Paul Armstrong ha sbeen named "The Test," but it is possible that another title will be chosen before the date of production. This is a modern story. Two extraordinary scenes are promised. One of these scenes is laid in the foundry room of a private arsenal for the manufacture of gigantic marine guns. The blast furnaces will be shown, the molten metal will run about the stage, workmen stripped to the waist will carry on the play amid the din of the rolling mill, and the whole stage will present a picture utterly unlike anything ever seen before.

The other scene is laid in the wireless room of a big Pacific liner. It is promised that this scene will be the most exciting marine picture the New York stage has ever held. The whole act is to be played amid a terrific storm. The wreck of a private yacht in the distant night and the transmission of wireless messages between this yacht and the liner furnish the background for the action. One of the two big scenes was not written by Mr. Thompson or Mr. Armstrong, but by a hitherto unknown playwright, who read a short story and saw in it dramatic possibilities.

The Coming Warfield Engagement

David Warfield's engagement at the Alcazar commences early in September. The opening play will be "The Music Master," through which he has achieved his widest fame and greatest popularity. This remarkable drama enters upon the fifth year of its extraordinary career. Excepting a brief road tour, in which a few of the largest cities were included, a little over a year ago, it has played for four consecutive seasons in New York City, and "capacity business" prevailed at every performance. "The Music Master," which is in three acts, is by Charles Klein, and was moulded, vivified and produced by the master of stagecraft, David Belasco. San Francisco will have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Warfield in "A Grand Army Man," his newer Belasco success, in which he rises to even greater artistic heights than he has attained in his previous, and in other respects, none the less notable triumphs. Mr. Belasco is one of the co-authors of "A Grand Army Man." It was produced last season in New York at his new Stuyvesant Theatre.

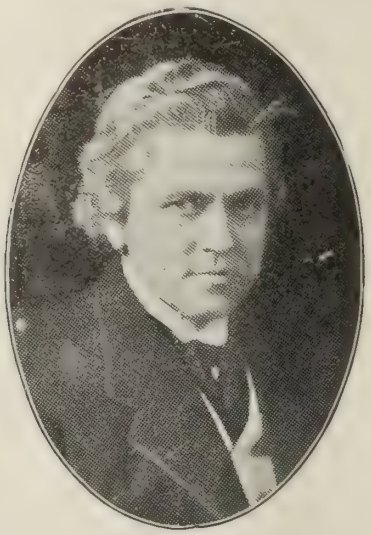


"HENRY MILLER AS STEPHEN GHENT"

Mr. Miller will be seen again in his characterization of this strong part in "The Great Divide," at the Van Ness Theatre, commencing Monday night, August 17th.

Romantic Play at the Alcazar

Vocal music will be a feature of "Heartsease," the romantic play scheduled to follow "Soldiers of Fortune" at the Alcazar. A picket octet, of which Mr. Homer Henley and Mrs. Millie Flynn Gish are the principals, will sing a number of operatic selections during the third act, and throughout the play songs will be heard. Mr. Henley was engaged to come from Sacramento, where he has resided since the fire, to arrange the music and conduct the rehearsals, and Mrs. Gish is assisting Mr. Henley. Both of these artists sang in the first Alcazar presentation of "Heartsease," about five years ago, when White Wittlesey made one of his big hits in the part of Eric Temple. It is a pretty costume play, the period being the seventeenth century, with the scenes laid in London and rural England. The story hinges upon the theft of an opera which Temple had written. Heartbroken, he goes into retirement, but is induced to go to a theatre in London, where he hears his work being sung, another man, Sir Geoffrey Pomfret (Mr. Walling), getting the credit for its composition. The two men meet in the foyer of the playhouse and have an altercation and in the final act



DAVID WARFIELD

Who will begin a season at the Alcazar Theatre early in September, opening in "The Music Master."

Temple defeats his enemy in a sword duel and comes to his rights. Of course there is also a young lady in the case, and Bessie Barriscale is admirably adapted to give her faithful representation, as she is a sweet girl of aristocratic parentage. All the other Alcazar favorites will be suitably cast in "Heartsease," and the staging will disclose some very beautiful pictures.

Special Privileges to Music Teachers

Manager Will L. Greenbaum has succeeded in making arrangments with several prominent European and Eastern managers to give special rates for concert tickets to active music students and their teachers as well as to teachers in public and private schools. All teachers desirous of securing these special privileges for their pupils should address Mr. Greenbaum at Lyric Hall, San Francisco. This will bring them full information, programmes, etc. One of the principal advantages of European music study is the opportunities for hearing great artists. With the large number of high class artists that Manager Greenbaum has been bringing here the past few seasons and the large number of excellent teachers now located in this vicinity San Francisco is very little behind the big cities of the old world.

"The Great Divide" at the Van Ness Again

For the farewell week of his highly successful season at the Van Ness Theatre, Henry Miller, that finished and versatile actor-manager, will repeat "The Great Divide," which play scored such a triumph at the opening of his engagement. The picturesqueness and absorbing interest of this drama made it as great a hit in this city as it has been in New York and throughout the East. Its fortnight's run could have been easily extended for an entire month, but Mr. Miller had previously arranged to bring his associate players all the way across the continent with "The Servant in the House," and then there was also his original production of the new MacKaye comedy, "Mater"; so that "The Great Divide" had to be temporarily withdrawn in spite of the enthuiastic audiences nightly crowding the Van Ness. It is no wonder that this sterling play, which so happily combines both high literary value with deep human interest and with stirring melodramatic situation, should have appealed with such widespread effectiveness. The first act climax, in which the rough western mountaineer (Stephen Ghent) violently breaks into the lonely cabin on the Arizona cactus ranch and abducts the helpless girl as his bride, is a situation that is intense and would be too daring in the hands of an inferior playwright. William Moody, the author, has treated this scene, as well as all the curious complications of the play, in a delicate and yet masterful manner. As Ghent, Mr. Miller gives the most virile characterization of his career.

Coming: "The Man of the Hour"

"The Man of the Hour," George Broadhurst's uncommon play of big-city politics, comes back to the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, August 24. Playgoers of this locality are not likely to have forgotten the fine impression left by this

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Monday, August 17, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
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Six Nights—Two Matinees of William Vaugh Moody's Drama,

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An augmented orchestra of twenty-four pieces under the Direction of
MR. PAUL STEINDORFF.
Note.—This opera ran for an entire season at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, New York City.
Prices: Evenings, Orchestra 50c, 75c, $1.00. Balcony 25c, 50c, 75c. Sunday Matinee, Orchestra 50c and 75c. Balcony 25c and 50c. Saturday Matinee, 25c and 50c. No Higher.

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HEARTSEASE

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FOUR RIANOS, in their acrobatic comedy sketch, "In Africa"; CHARLES H. BRADSHAW & CO., in "Fix in a Fix"; BIG CITY QUARTETTE; RALFINI'S SIMIAN PERFORMERS, BERNARD AND SEELEY; FAY CARRANZA, TENNIS TRIO, NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week of FRANKLYN UNDERWOOD & CO., presenting "Mr. Stung's Mistake."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.
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Beginning Next Monday Night, Brief Engagement of
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THE IDOL'S EYE

All the Princess Favorites in the Cast.
Monday, August 17: FERRIS HARTMAN in "THE TOY MAKER."
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play a year ago. A special feature of this engagement will be the engagement of Mr. Cyril Scott for the role of the Mayor. Mr. Scott has been for the last three years the successful star of "The Prince Chap." Miss Mary ("Polly") Stockwell, daughter of that rare old San Francisco favorite, L. R. Stockwell, comes as leading woman of the company, in the role of Dallas Wainwright, the heiress-ward of the unscrupilous politico-financier. Miss Ethel Brandon, another favorite here and the mother of Miss Stockwell, returns in her role of the Mayor's mother, and two other successful players of last year's cast, Louis Hendricks and Felix Haney, come back in their racy creations of the Big Boss and Alderman Jim Phelan, respectively. Seats for "The Man of the Hour" will be ready on Thursday morning, August 20th.

Captivating Opera at the American

"The Love Tales of Hoffman," one of the big hits of the grand opera season in New York and the most popular of the new offerings at the Manhattan Opera House, will be superbly presented at the American theatre during the week beginning Sunday, August 23. The story deals with Hoffmann, a dissipated young German poet, who is found leading the drinking chorus in a tavern one night when some one suggests that he amuse his fellow revelers by telling about his three love affairs. The poet consents. The curtain falls and the stories are enacted in the three acts which follow. They are all fascinating, full of romance and told to colorful and sympathetic music. No effort has been spared on the part of the management to give the production a beautiful setting and a strong cast. Over sixty people will appear on the stage. The leading roles will be taken by such well known favorites as Edith Mason, Bernice Holmes, Ann Tasker, Thomas H. Persse, Charles Swickard and Joseph Fogarty. Paul Steindorf, who ranks so high as a musical director, will be in charge of the orchestra which will be augmented to twenty-eight pieces for the occasion. Popular prices.

Ferris Hartman at the Princess

Ferris Hartman, the most popular of all comic opera and musical comedy comedians will begin a brief engagement at the Princess Theatre this Monday night. Four years have elapsed since Mr. Hartman last appeared in this city and he is sure of an enthusiastic welcome for he is probably the greatest stage favorite that San Francisco possesses. He has wisely chosen for the renewal of his acquaintance with us the merry musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, "The Idol's Eye." It was in this play that he scored in the role of Abel Conn, an American magician traveling in India for the purpose of learning new tricks from the Hindu jugglers in order to mystify his countrymen on his return home. Elaborate scenery and costumes have been prepared and every effort will be made to render the production a notable one. Arthur Cunningham will repeat a former triumph as Don Pablo Tobasco and Wallace Brownlow, who is already as popular at the Princess as he was at the Tivoli in the days gone by, will have a congenial character in New Winner, an American novelist. Pretty Zoe Barnett is happily cast as Damayanti, the favorite Nautch girl of the Rajah of Jabalpus, Evelyn Frances Kellogg will be Maraquita and Sarah Edwards will have abundant lyric and dramatic opportunity as the Chief Priestess of the Temple of the Ruby. The run of "The Idol's Eye" will be limited to one week only. It will be followed by a superb production of "The Toy Maker" with Mr. Hartman in the title role. "The Girl From Paris" will be given for the last times this Sunday afternoon and evening.

Startling New Acts at the Orpheum

The bill at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will be headed by the famous Four Rianes, who it will be remembered created a perfect furore on their last appearance in this city. They will present their original and novel comedy acrobatic sketch, "In Africa," in which they recently scored a tremendous success at the New York Hippodrome. The Gotham press declared they possessed a skill and originality that completely baffled imitation. Charles H. Bradshaw, one of the best and most popular of American comedians will present a laughable farce entitled, "Fix in a Fix," which abounds in mirthful and surprising complications and is rich in bright and witty dialogue. The Big City Quartette, pronounced by eastern critics to be the sweetest singing four in vaudeville, will be a delightful feature of the coming entertainment. The first tenor is Fred G. Rover; the second tenor, Geoffrey O'Hara; the baritone, Jack Hamilton and the bass Gus Reed. Raffin's simian performers will surely awaken the astonishment of the audience. A feature of this novel act is Charming, a little monk who imitates Charmion in her much discussed disrobing act on a trapeze. Other amusing incidents include the Merry Widow waltzers and the flying trapeze baboons. In consequence of the enthusiastic recognition which has been accorded to the gifted young lyric soprano, Miss May Carranza, her engagement has been extended for another week. Bernard and Seeley, The Tennis Trio, and Franklyn Underwood & Co. will conclude their engagement with this programme. Mr. Underwood, with the assistance of Frances Slosson and George Bloomquest, will present a new sketch written for him by A. C. Carson of Denver, entitled "Mr. Stung's Mistake." A new series of Orpheum Motion Pictures will terminate the performance.

Henry Miller has decided upon "The Great Divide" as the play in which he will make his London appearance during the coming season.

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Napa Soda Springs: From San Francisco, Mrs. M. Faye, Mrs. Gwene Moraghan, Mrs. J. A. Jordan, Mr. Leo Gans, Mrs. C. H. Woodruff, S. C. Woodruff, Miss Woodruff, Mr. Stanley Wolten, Mr. Max Becker, Leo Cory, Mrs. J. D. Isaacs, A. E. Keehn, Mrs. Alex Cohn, Ashley Cohn, H. J. Weil, L. W. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Myer Friedman, J. L. Levison, Mrs. A. Haines, H. Haines, Geo. Siebenhauer and Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Prunk. From the U. S. S. Hopkins: John Hancock, W. Heyford, Chas. Kane and L. Wittman.



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Hotel del Coronado: From San Francisco, John S. Howell, Dr. and Mrs. George Frink, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Lindblom, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lowenstein, A. L. Le Compt, M. R. Pratt, Word A. Dwight, Burton Haines, A. Gloss, Louis E. Pels, J. C. Feige, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Stewart.

Atena Springs: From San Francisco, Mrs. George Lent, Miss Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Finnell, Miss Brown, Thos. F. Davis, Solomon Davis, Robert A. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hanna, F. H. Coon, H. E. Monroe, Mrs. T. F. Boyle, Eugene Unger and Sol Aronson. From Oakland: Dr. C. M. Holmes, R. M. Fitzgerald, and Mrs. W. H. Morrison. From Burlingame: Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, and Chapin F. Tubbs.

Paraiso Springs: From San Francisco, Mrs. E. Gosling, E. P. Gosling, Frank Gosling, C. S. R. Gosling, Mrs. T. Donovan, Elizabeth Kenealy, Sam Dannenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Gianvini, L. Scatena, R. M. Costello, W. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Levy, Fillie Levy, Miss Hilda Levy, Miss Jennie Williams, Mrs. Charles C. Hill, Mrs. Wm. H. Davis, Mrs. H. E. Elfin, Miss Nell Smith, Miss Emma Smith, Mrs. W. Smith, L. R. Dannenbaum, Miss M. E. Stafford, Miss Caroline Smith, R. R. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Costello, Miss Frances O'Connor, Frank Riley, Louis A. Lefevre, S. Cantor, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Wm. Anderson, M. J. King, T. L. Tobin, Alfred Galloway, William H. Boshwell and family, Miss Mazie Cook, Frank A. McGregan, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Rouse, E. Durnan, Mrs. E. McNab, Henry Redlick, Mrs. E. Siminoff, Mr. and Mrs. C. Oberfeld, Miss Oberfeld, Mrs. M. R. Dannenbaum, and Miss H. Hauser.

Auto Notes

Mrs. C. C. Clay of Fruitvale, who for a fortnight had been chaperoning a party of merry young people on a motoring tour through Southern California, returned home Thursday night in her Thomas Flyer.

Mrs. A. L. Buckley and her son Frank have returned home here after a stay of two months at Soda Bay, Lake County, from which place they enjoyed side rides to all of the resorts in that county. They were accompanied by Mrs. A. E. Vogt. Frank Buckley acted as chaffeur of their Buick two-cylinder touring car.

The Diamond Rubber Company are just in receipt of a telegram from their factory stating that their Demountable Rim had won a signal victory over all other makers at the Chicago Club contest, four wheels having been changed in five minutes, thirty-six and two-fifths seconds.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Mendenhall of Oakland drove from their home to the Santa Clara Valley last Friday in their Oldsmobile. They spent Saturady and Sunday visiting there and returned Monday.

The Pioneer Automobile Company report the sale of a Thomas-Detroit car to S. T. Allen, and one of the same model to Mr. Don Ray.

M. Koshland and a party of friends returned recently from a trip to Lake Tahoe. The party were away several weeks and enjoyed themselves thoroughly in their Thomas Flyer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Barrere have returned to their home in this city after a four days trip to the hunting grounds of the Point Reyes Sportmen's Club. They made the trip in their two-cylinder Buick runabout and enjoyed a pleasant outing.

E. B. Watson, who recently arrived from Portland, Oregon, and will engage in business here which will necessitate his traveling all over California, took delivery Saturday from the Howard Automobile Company of a Buick "White Streak."

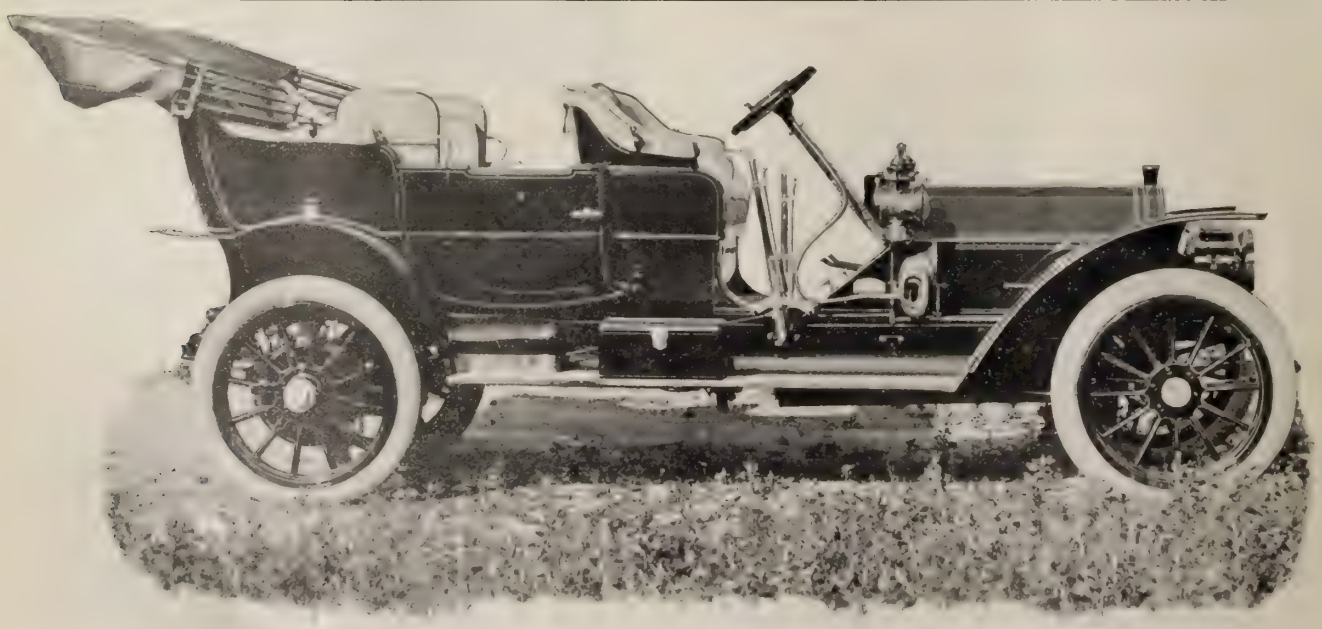
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foote made the southern circuit of the bay last Sunday in their Thomas Forty.

The Pioneer Automobile Company report the sale of an Oldsmobile to W. W. Cox of Crows Landing. He will leave today for Santa Cruz to spend two or three weeks touring that vicinity.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, has just returned from a hurried trip to Los Angeles where he went to arrange for more space and help, a great increase in their business in southern California making larger quarters an absolute necessity.

H. D. Hallett of Los Angeles, accompanied by W. T. Hoover and Walter Hopkins of Boston, are making a tour of the State in an Oldsmobile. Mr. Hallett owns several Oldsmobiles, but this particular machine is a 1907, Model A, touring car, which he has reconstructed for long journeys. The tonneau is cut off and a jump seat substituted which is placed on a large trunk in which supplies are carried. The car is also equipped with 34x4½ inch tires all around. One of these tires claims 16,000 miles to its credit. The roads between Shepherd's Bar Inn and Gaviota Pass are said to be so bad that they defy description. Otherwise the three day's trip was a comfortable one.

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The Other Woman

(Continued from Page 10.)

day. The breakfast table was accordingly loaded with flowers. The young author likewise had ordered a beautiful floral offering. She distinguished him by placing some of his flowers in her belt. On this morning, he forced himself into the most exaggerated high spirits. He played all sorts of pranks, while the merry crowd who had gathered to celebrate the lady's twenty-sixth birthday (do not let us be too accurate!) was speeding along the Corniche in a large automobile.

Towards the end of the sumptuous luncheon, which was served in the Restaurant de la Reserve at the Gulf promenade of Cannes, he brought out a sparkling toast to the health of the birthday queen, as he raised the champagne goblet.

Everybody cheered and applauded, surrounding the lady, whose mood was that of the majority of the participants. Her hands were taken possession of and covered with kisses. All at once, one of the gentlemen, who had lived for a long time in Paris, protested against this kissing of hands, claiming that a salute was the only proper and time-hallowed procedure on a festive occasion of this kind. She was obliged to submit. Everyone was privileged to salute her, according to the French example set by the ringleader, who imprinted a fleeting kiss on the powdered cheek, first to the left and then to the right of the mouth. When the writer's turn came, she pressed her lips for an instant close to his.

While coffee and liqueurs were being served, together with cigarettes, in the pavilion built out over the water, she entertained him again by raving about her new frock, the birthday surprise she had prepared for herself.

"By the time we get back, the box will have arrived. I can hardly wait to see it. You will be able to judge for yourself tonight."

"So I am not to see the masterpiece before that time?"

She deliberated and peeping rapidly to right and left, she said in a semi-whisper: "I shall be dressed by six o'clock, in time for my cup of tea. But do not come across the corridor, please, in order to avoid all gossip. It will be best for you to sit on the balcony of the reading room. My suite is next door to it. Well, we shall see."

The others were consumed with envy as they witnessed the excellent terms the couple seemed to be on. The universal mood, however, rose to more exuberant heights than ever on the way home.

When they separated on the hotel terrace in Upper Monte Carlo, the writer reminded the lady of her promise. But now she objected.

Her bejeweled hand happened to rest on the back of a chair. He felt impelled to place his own hand over it. She let him do so, trembling slightly under the pressure of his fingers, which had grown all at once as cold as ice. Then she returned the pressure of his hand, gently, almost imperceptibly. He had caught fire, as he was free to admit to himself. If there was a flaw in his triumph, it lay in the fact that his victory had been made too easy.

"I am going to promenade up and down right here, in front of the reading room, like a very good boy, between your room and mine," he said with a smile. "You will come at least as far as the door, in order to show yourself to me in the new dress—won't you?"

She nodded without speaking. Then she suddenly wheeled around and disappeared in the door of her apartment. He knew that she was expecting him.

The sun was just about to set. The western sky was flaming in fiery reds. The colors were so intense that all the windows and balconies gradually filled with spectators.

The young man likewise was charmed for a time by this wonderful play of colors. Cape Martin slowly dwindled to a pale, pinkish streak, gradually turning to lavender. A sea of light tints spread from the direction of Marseilles beyond the outposts of the Martime Alps and gradually across the entire horizon. A dark red haze lay in front of the west—a white sail came gliding past and was at once dipped in crimson. This was not water, no, it was a sea of opal and gold. From the small crests of foam, silver sparks sprayed up into the darkening air.

The ahs! and ohs! of admiration around him had subsided. He now stood alone upon the terrace; filled with a longing mixed with infinite sadness. His contemplative mood was interrupted by the porter who obsequiously brought his mail, a number of much traveled letters demanding extra postage. But there was one which bore the correct address and which he almost tore across in his haste to learn its message. He did not even take the time to step into his room, but began to read at once, although it had already become rather dark on the terrace. Everything had disappeared around him. But the beautiful sad eyes of the other woman were gazing at him from the darkness. It was as if her eyes could reach from the blue distance to the Mediterranean Gulf, and as if they were penetrating to the very depths of his soul.

"I have kept silence," she wrote, "because my battle had to be fought alone. Now at last I am free. Whether my voice is still strong enough to reach you in the midst of the social whirl of Monte Carlo, I do not know. I hope so—but my hope is nothing but a tiny, trembling flame."

The door leading into the small reception room of the temptress was still open. The lights had not yet been lit. They had even been extinguished again in the adjoining bedroom,



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where she had donned the new dinner gown. It was still light enough to admire the beautiful garment. The large arc lamps, which floated like full moons in the dark blue sky above the terrace, threw a magic radiance over the cozy room and the smiling woman before the mirror.

Her slender, supple bust emerged from sea green waves of airy chiffon, which formed the material of the blouse-like waist. Rippling cascades of chiffon seemed to float like a vapor over the heavy, soft silk, with many interstices bridged over by Brussels lace. The closely shirred skirt at last flowed down in extravagantly wide, soft billows, the sea green chiffon suggesting the floods from which arises the seaborn Goddess of Beauty. The broad jeweled necklace lent a proud poise to her piquant head, crowned by auburn hair, in which a small diadem was scintillating. A mysterious blamor emanated also from the silk garment. Hundreds of tiny silver tinsel ornaments flashed from the chiffon waves, irregularly scattered, as if poured out in reckless profusion. The entire woman seemed to radiate in the deepening twilight.

The temptress smilingly appeared on the threshold. The terrace was empty. No—over there, at the banisters, someone seemed to recognize her. Now he turned. But he approached the open door to the left of the reading room—his room!

She waited a while longer. It was somewhat chilly at the open door, for the nights were invariably accompanied by a marked change of temperature. A triumphant smile passed over her features. She picked up a large fur boa of costly ermine from the nearest rocker, threw it around her, and ventured out a few steps upon the terrace.

Deep silence lay all around, for the guests had all gone to their rooms, in order to dress for dinner. She heard only the rustle of her long train and of the silken skirts dragging over the marble tiles. She had passed more than once by his door, which had remained half open. She could see him moving hastily to and fro, but she did not wish to stop, because she thought he was dressing for dinner. She could hear the pulling out of bureau drawers, the pushing aside of trunks.

At last her exuberant spirits helped to drive her upon his threshold. He was bending over his trunk. When he heard the rustle of the silken skirts, he turned hasitly around.

She gave a short laugh. For an instant, she spread out her arms, so that the fur, the ends of which she was lifting at the same time, left her dress exposed. "Well?" she said, amused by his startled, not to say perturbed expression. He pushed his hair back, and looked confusedly around his room, with all the open trunks and boxes and cupboards. The gravity expressed in his features froze the smile upon her lips. She suddenly caught sight of the traveling bag upon the table.

"What is the matter? Are you getting packed?"

"I am. I am obliged to leave tonight."

"But that is—that is—more than peculiar."

"Yes. I have received news which concerns me—nay, moved me so deeply that—"

The fur had been dropped back over her seductive array.

"Indeed?" she said almost soundlessly. "News, you say. Of a business character, I presume?"

Her aspect, her insistence, hurt him.

"No," he said shortly, after a brief, mute struggle with himself. "It is only a personal matter. But it is a call which I must and will obey."

His strange and freezing accents struck her like a cold shower. She could not forgive herself for remaining even another second. At the same time, her rising anger rendered her incapable for the moment of ending the scene. In helpless fury, she kept clasping and unclasping the tips of her fur boa.

"That is indeed more than peculiar!" she at last repeated half to herself. Suddenly she covered her eyes with her hands, turned abruptly, and hurried away past the reading room, back to her apartment. The rustle of silk died away. Impetuous weeping, like that of a spoiled child, became faintly audible in the distance, immediately followed by the violent slamming of a door.

The man was keenly alive to the fact that he had mortally offended the pretty woman. But he had not time to ponder over the matter. She belonged to another world, so infinitely remote from the world that suddenly claimed him again as its own!

The Riviera express was to leave in an hour. He was obliged to finish his packing in a desperate hurry—to see her again—the other woman!

Send an Automobile by Parcels' Post

Attention was recently called to a somewhat remarkable feat on the part of the European post office officials in sending an automobile from France to England parcels' post. Mandeville Hall, a young New Yorker, was hurrying from Paris to London, in order, he said, to be present at the Olympic games. He reached Calais too late to catch the regular boat and the next one did not carry freight nor baggage. So he decided to send the machine across by mail and it was duly weighed and stamped and delivered to Mr. Hall safely by the postal authorities at Dover. Later, however, Hall was arrested at the instance of the French authorities, who demanded his extradition for the alleged theft of the automobile from Henry Fournier, of Paris.

Edgar C. Humphrey and family of Burlingame spent their week-end vacation touring Marin and Sonoma counties in their two-cylinder Buick touring car.

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The Great American Cocktail

(Continued from Page 11.)

enue ordered that "In future cocktails put up in bottles for medicinal, fraternal or picnic use, are to be taxed and stamped!"

"Shades of old Peter Stuyvesant and Colonel Carter of Cartersville! A cocktail—that delicious concoction that enables the palate to appreciate all the delights of a succession of dishes—to be treated as though it were of no more value to a man's enjoyment than a bottle of patent medicine or a flask of "Ben" Tillman's South Carolina dispensary whisky! That this attempt to throttle the "cocktail habit," so far as consumption is concerned should prove a failure was a foregone conclusion. The cocktail will be a power in the land when the name of the man who attempted to tax and stamp it will have long since been forgotten.

Thirty years ago an American cocktail could not be procured in all Europe. Gradually afterward decoctions that would make a cat sick could be procured at the Criterion or Alhambra, the Langham or the Victoria, in London; the Grand and the Continental, the Cafe de Paix and Cafe de Paris, in Paris, and at the Cafe de Paris in Monte Carlo. But at present the American cocktail—good, bad or indifferent, generally bad—may be obtained all over the world. In the very shadow of Cheops and the Sphinx there is a barroom, with the sign "American Cocktails" over the door. Just at the outer gate of Pompeii is an inn and over the bar are the words "American Cocktails." Away up the Nile at Assouan I was informed by my dragoman where I could buy the New York Herald and get an American cocktail. The conductors on the train between Joppa and Jerusalem will point out at the same moment where Stephen was stoned to death and where could be obtained an American cocktail. At the leading hotels in Vienna, Berlin, Budapest, Constantinople, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, Madrid and Seville a sort of an American cocktail may be procured. But, my God! no more to be compared to the nectareous offerings of a San Francisco or Los Angeles barkeeper than the muddy waters of the Mississippi can be compared to the pellucid depths of Lake Tahoe. But there is one place in Paris where a perfect Martini or Manhattan may be obtained—I mean at "Henry's."

TAMED AT THE TABLE.

By John O'Keefe.

At breakfast in our little flat
Our words ran hot and high.
The canteloupe was green, and that
Was shadowed in her eye.
The bitter butter touched her tongue,
Which leaped decorum's bounds.
If I cold looks in answer flung,
The coffee gave me grounds.

At luncheon it was worse by far.
The white wine, sharp and sour,
Produced much verbal vinegar
In that unhappy hour.
The ragout put us in a stew,
And, as a thing of course,
When I the duckling cut in two
I pondered on divorce.

But dinner! Ah! the most serene
Peacemakers are the cooks.
The vapor from the turtle green
Steamed out our hardened looks;
Succeeding dishes added spice;
Stomachic bliss we felt;
And when our hands clasped o'er the ice,
You should have seen it melt!

Ah! love may languish in the morn
When muffins make him moan;
At 2 p. m. hurt hearts may scorn
The finest luncheon known;
But when the red-robed candles gloat
O'er wine more red to see,
Then Cupid dons a dinner-coat,
And waits on you and me.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

He—I love you.
She—I love you.
Her Mother—I can turn up my nose at Mrs. Johnnie-Tucker now.
Her Father—My little girl is too good for him.
His Mother—I hope she loves him.
His Father—He had such a future before him.
The Maid of Honor—I always thought she would get some man of his type.
The Best Man—He's too good for her.
The Minister—Thank you.
His Former Flame—I could have had him.
The Other Debutantes—How did she ever get him. She isn't pretty, hasn't a cent, and doesn't know how to dress.
His Partners—Now we will have to do all the work.



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Letters

New Edition Demanded

The new edition of "A Green Carnation," that clever satire on the peculiarities of a certain prominent literary set of London, will be none the less well received because of the identity of some of the characters. The "Elderly Gentlemen" is drawn from the Marquis of Queensbury; "Reggie" is Lord Alfred Douglas; "Mr. Amarinth" is Oscar Wilde; "The Second Marchioness of Hedfield" is the Marquis of Queensbury's second wife; "Madame Valtesi" is Mrs. Gabriel; "A Certain Actor" is Sir Charles Wyndham; "Your Brother" is Willie Wilde; "The Soul of Bertie Brown" refers to Oscar Wilde's novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and "A Theatre" is the Criterion. The book, which was Mr. Hichens' first, enjoyed a sensational run. It was widely attributed to Oscar Wilde at the time, and that alone would have attracted attention to it. It has been long out of print, but in the meantime the reputation of Robert Hichens has grown so rapidly that almost anything from his pen is reasonably certain to become a best seller as soon as offered. Years ago Mr. Hichens was the editor and owner of a weekly newspaper called "Mistress and Maid," which was designed to be the organ of domestic servants. The tastes of the butler and the cook, the parlor maid and the footman were all appealed to and no doubt, taking into consideration the personality of the editor, they were reveling in better literature than their superiors enjoyed.

New Books by Californian Authors

Eleanor Gates has a new novel ready for publication. Indeed there are few of the local celebrities whose names will not appear in the fall catalogues. Gertrude Atherton has her new book ready for press; Kate Douglas Wiggin has just returned from her annual European visit, ready likewise; Gellett Burgess is in France assiduously making hay; Wallace Irwin's "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" will be an early fall book. It is time that Geraldine Bonner came to us again. Society with the capital "S" is, of course, on the verge of surprising us once more with the perfections of the untrained amateur, and despite the wails of the publishing world over the hard times, there will be no dearth of the usual output of volumes, good, bad and indifferent. Frank Norris once said, "At a conservative estimate there are seventy million people in the United States. At a liberal estimate, one hundred thousand of these have lost the use of both arms; remain then, sixty-nine million, nine hundred thousand who write novels. Indeed, many are called, but few —or, what a scanty, skimped handful that few represent—are chosen!"

A Children's Story for Grown-Ups

Josephine Daskam Bacon assuredly knows children of all ages and both sexes from A to Izzard, and if the adult generation had the wit to understand that her stories about children were not meant for children, they might imbibe much wisdom therefrom. Her recent volume, "Ten to Seventeen," concerns itself with the doings of a fashionable boarding academy where the ages of the inmates range between those ages. It is thrown into the form of a diary kept by one of the younger children and intended to be secretly buried with appropriate ceremonies, to be resurrected in some future age of the planet, and thus to furnish a true, historical record of the important events affecting the Elmbank students. The little girls are, naturally, only onlookers and imitators of the elders, but they have individuality and character. "Connie," otherwise Constantia Van Cott, is a priggish little mortal who, even in her tender years, plays the part of missionary and reformer—and she writes poems—dear, delicious little poems, all of which end up in the same fashion with references to "beyond the tombs." Benigna, otherwise Ben, is as practical and resourceful as Connie is morbidly priggish. Roberta, the scribe of the coterie, is philosophically matter of fact, and the three children unconsciously lend their aid to Dr. Welles, who is charged with the bodily well-being of the school, by their comments on the vagaries and fads which affect the pupils. Elmbank is probably a typical institution of its kind, attended by daughters of the well-to-do whose mothers have no time to devote to them. Though the girls are neither wild nor unruly their teachers have enough occupation heading off the restless little atoms in their adventurous sallies, and counteracting the effects of their innocent, if impertinent meddling. Grown-ups and those who have passed the period of early youth will enjoy and appreciate "Ten to Seventeen." Children in their early teens, who are still too near the same point of view as the three principal participants, will be as unable to comprehend the humor. Published by Harper and Brothers.

A Tale of the Merry Monarch

Some captious critic has complained that the Castles can never stray far from "Prince Charlie" but as long as they give us stirring good stories, why should any one object? "My Merry Rockhurst" takes us back to the time of the merry monarch, first during the dark days of his exile, when the wherewithal for the next meal was not even a problem, and after the restoration, to England where the extravagant lavishness would seem to have left not even a memory of other times. "Rockhurst," the faithful friend of the exiled

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The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS. C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery St., San Francisco. Phone Douglas 636

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prince, was anything but merry, the sobriety and solemnity of his countenance alone having provoked the designation. Along with the usual pictures of damsels of easy virtue and dames of none at all, and the ups and downs of the fortunes of court gallants there is a graphic presentation of the plague years, the horrible levity that went side by side with the insane fear, and the separation of friends and families, some to be reunited under most dramatic circumstances, others never to meet again. There is a singularly involved love story in which both father and son are entangled, and an unraveling of the knotted cord. "My Merry Rockhurst" is a historical novel in the sense that it helps to make a background for the history of the period and to fix the picture of the careless profligacy of the court as contrasted with the peaceful quiet of rural life and the squalid misery of the poor in London. The Macmillan Company are its sponsors.

Demand for Lafcadio Hearn's Works

One result of Dr. Gould's unprovoked attack on the memory and reputation of the late Lafcadio Hearn is to cause an increased demand for his books. The Harpers are resurrecting his "Two Years in the French West Indies," and will probably follow it with other reprints, while the number of reviewers who, according to their own confession, are just discovering "Japan," and other of his more recent books speaks volumes for the influence of the "best-sellers." However, better late than never. No doubt many of the newly interested are misled by newspaper discussions and expect to find material salacious enough to appeal to a jaded palate, in which they are doomed to sad disappointment. The inscription over the doorway of an ancient Rhenish inn is as applicable to books as to other hospitality: "Man takes not hence what he brings not here."

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PAPER

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE TUCKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said adminstratrix at the offices of her attorneys, Robinson & Getz, rooms 402-3-4 Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny street, San Francisco, California, with said offices the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Tucker, deceased.

EMILY JANE TUCKER,
Administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 1, 1908.

ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Administratrix, Oscar Luning Building, San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 16,863. Department No. 10.

SOPHIE C. OLSEN, Plaintiff,

vs.

OSCAR J. OLSEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIfornia, send greeting to Oscar J. Olsen, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of May, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Chronicle Bldg.

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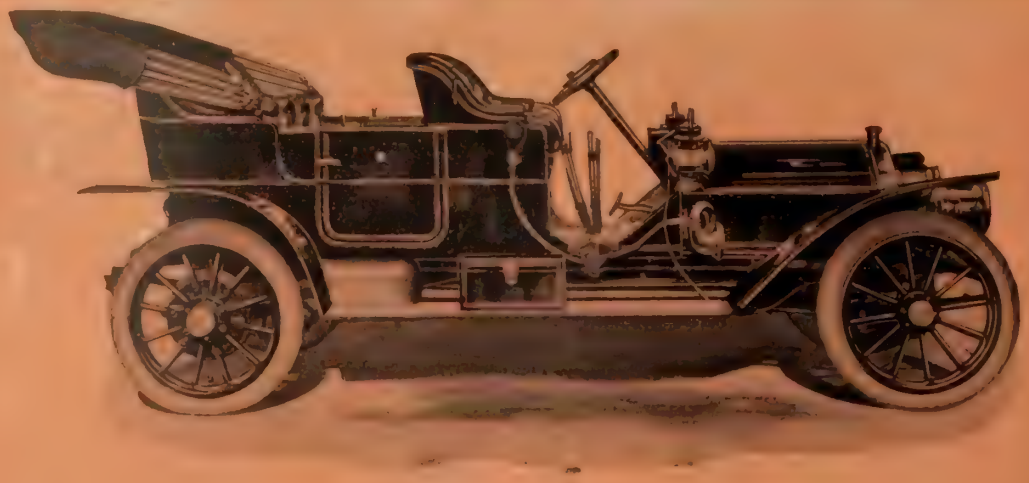
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

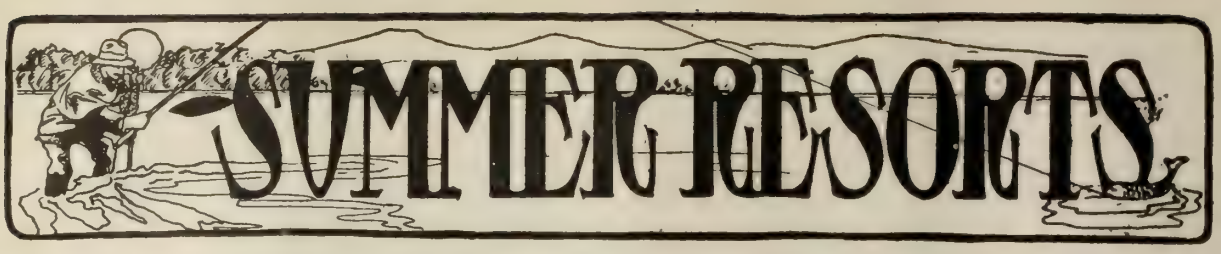
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, August 22, 1908. No. 834.



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LAKE TAHOE NEAR THE TAVERN.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

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The Truth Comes After Death

Now that Senator Allison is in his grave it is interesting and instructive to ponder the testimony that has been offered since his death with reference to his high character and devotion to duty. For from this testimony we learn how undeserving of credence are many of the disparaging reports concerning statesmen which are diffused by the conscienceless muckrakers of journalism and politics. In recent years Allison was abused and villified almost as much as any other member of the Upper House, but since his death we have been informed even by the most bitter of his calumniators that he was an upright, conscientious statesman, and that he was devoted to the best interests of the country. By nobody was Allison more bitterly vituperated than by his political rival, Governor Cummins of Iowa, but that gentleman having had his envy assuaged by the death of the man whose seat in the Senate he coveted, rushed into print with a choice collection of fine eulogiums of the deceased. William H. Taft tells us that in the death of Senator Allison the country has lost a great public servant, one whom he loved and whom he consulted "as a son would a father." William Bryan with his characteristic passion for utterance and indifference to truth tells us that Allison "has enjoyed the confidence of the country regardless of party." Allison did not enjoy the confidence of the country at all. The country has been repeatedly told by the muckrakers that Allison was one of the coterie of Senators that managed the Senate in the interests of the great robbers of the people, and such is the damnable power of iteration and the popular predisposition to whatever is offered in disparagement of the exalted, that they were believed. It is because of Senators of the Allison type, men who scorn the arts of the demagogue and are guided by the fundamental principles of government, that political agitators who preach the desirability of abandoning the constitutional mode of electing members of the Upper House, have made many converts to their propaganda. The Allisons of the Senate, whose self-respect restrains them from the expedients by which a La Follette charms the imagination of the multitude, have supplied the demagogues with their most effective ammunition.

How Vice Is Disciplined

Says the Rev. Father Carraher, speaking of conditions in San Francisco: "Crime was never so rampant nor morality at a lower ebb than at present." And further: "Chief Dinan and Abe Ruef were indicted for opening and keeping open 714 Pacific street. Mr. Biggy openly sanctioned the running of that place as an immoral institution, the very thing for which the other men were indicted." And again: "This district that Mr. Biggy has established here is the stronghold of criminals, the stronghold of thieves, assassins and thugs, from which they sally forth to waylay, rob and murder." Father Carraher speaks the truth. He is guilty of no exaggeration. Nay, he has but faintly outlined the true state of affairs. San Francisco, so far as life in the shadows is concerned, in all that pertains to the affairs of the outcasts of society, is in a far more deplorable condition than it was during the regime of Schmitz and Ruef. Under the guise of regulation certain forms of vice are receiving from the good, chaste old gentleman who imagines that he is running the city government, the same encouragement that was given when Eugene Schmitz was in power. But there is a great difference in the aspect of affairs. The holy-rollers of the Spreckels' dispensation have, perhaps in their misguided zeal for morality, made vice seem far more frightful than ever before. For now the quintessence of it is exposed in one district as in a market place. Here it is endured, pitied by some, by others embraced. In no other city of America is there such a frank, revolting exhibition of vice. We have heard it advanced as a theory of enlightened sociologists that the vice which must be endured should be isolated; that it should not be permitted the freedom of the city—to flaunt itself broadcast and spread contamination. There is much to be said for this theory. And here we have one of the principles of it undergoing a practical test. While there has been no attempt to reduce the size of the theatre of vice, the lupanars of the lowest grade are restricted to a certain area, and these are open to the public. The scene of degradation which they present is at once hideous and piteous. Nothing approximating it can be found anywhere in the world. One might imagine an analogy to be found in a slave market of the Orient. Here are human chattels waiting to be chosen in a large hall through which passes a stream of humanity; poor, shameless creatures on exhibition, in charge of an overseer, and compelled to observe certain rules of decorum that bring out their degradation in grostesque relief. This system may realize the Christian idea of safeguarding the world against contamination, but nevertheless it presents a terrible spectacle, one that is instinct with cruelty and brutality. And this spectacle, under the divine dispensation of the Hon. E. Robeson Taylor, has become one of the popular "sights" of San Francisco. Tourists from all quarters of the globe flock to the lupanars to see how vice is made hideous in the metropolis of the West. Small boys mingle in the procession of onlookers. And all the while perfect decorum is maintained. The system is in perfect working order, and Chief Biggy is proud of his achievement.

A Scientist Believes in Spirits

The principal reason advanced by science for its refusal to regard the Bible as anything more than a combination of history and legend is that miracles are mentioned therein. Science is convinced that the laws of nature cannot be suspended, and therefore it takes no stock in miracles. M. Renan having greater faith in science than in religion refused to accept the gospel accounts of many of the incidents in the life of Christ and flouted the whole Messianic dogma. But now we find that Science is beginning to recede from its position. That eminent British Scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, declares it to be his opinion that a good case has been made out for accepting the possibility of lucid moments of intercourse with departed spirits. Apparently this is a step in the direction of the supernatural. If it once be established that intercourse with departed spirits is possible who will be able to say with any degree of authority that any kind of miraculous power is impossible? Sir Oliver Lodge tells us that for twenty years members of the Psychical Research Society have been holding back "excellent evidence" of chats with the dead, on the bare possibility of explaining the matter some other way. "Definite and crucial" tests have been made, and the evidence is soon to be given to the world. When we come

to examine the method of communication as described by Sir Oliver we find that it virtually involves resurrection of the dead. For he tells us the medium of communication is a person whose spirit and body become "dislocated"; that is to say, the spirit retires and leaves the body to itself, like a typewriter whose operator has gone home. While the body is in this unoccupied condition, some roaming spirit detects the deserted instrument and eagerly takes possession and "makes use of it to achieve some desired influence on the physical world." After conveying some message the vagrant spirit departs and the spirit that has a vested interest in the body returns and resumes possession. Is this not very much like resurrection of the dead? Any way it implies the existence of a marvellous force that is beyond the ken of scientists. Nobody knows what the potentialities of this force may be. But until we get more definite information from Sir Oliver Lodge it is idle to speculate on the subject. Meanwhile the revelation to be made will doubtless be awaited with eager expectancy by the religious world.

They Must Mend Their Manners

Very entertaining has been the behaviour of the repudiated reformers since the primary election; and characterized by the variety of a vaudeville performance. Some have bared their emotions and others have studiously dissembled; some have taken their medicine without a grimace, and others have snarled and exhibited their fangs in the old, familiar way, but most of them, partial to misrepresentation as usual, have juggled the returns to make the overwhelming defeat appear to be only a set-back instead of a rout. But as the lust of our reformers is of the sadistic variety, inasmuch as ecstasy is impossible unless their passion is gratified through the medium of pain, this distortion of the facts involving no injury to anybody, is not at all satisfying. It is but a makeshift, adopted on the principle of any port in a storm. Far more creditable to the reformers is their naive display of courage and confidence and their affectation of resolute perseverance. Crushed and humiliated, they affirm their intention of keeping unfurled the banner of reform and waging the fight for freedom until the railroad forces are driven out of the political field and the octopus has received its everlasting quietus. This is the stern spirit we love. We like to see men with spirit ever willing and flesh never weak—gluttons for punishment, as it were. No good work can be accomplished without encountering difficulties and surmounting obstacles and putting forth the qualities of energy and perseverance. In the sentiment that inspires the bold resolution of these reformers of hot blood and abounding vigor, these "glad souls without reproach or blot," we heartily concur. The redemption of California from railroad domination is a consummation to which we have been looking forward for many years, and for its achievement we would not scruple at becoming—even a reformer, providing the company were not too good. The mere novelty of being in a popular fight is in itself to a journal that is always apparently fighting the people in their own interest, a powerful inducement. We believe that if sufficiently persevering the reformers will be able to exterminate the octopus, but not if experience has failed to bring wisdom to aid the operations of dulled sensibility. The condition precedent to triumph in our opinion is that the reformers shall cease to arrogate to themselves all the virtue available in these parts. If they have not learned that a superfetation of virtue is fatal then they have accumulated experience in vain. The evil that a monopoly of virtue with the inevitable consciousness of it entails is this: it makes men arrogant, hypercritical and offensive. Our reformers have been positively insufferable in their ostentatious rectitude. There is not the slightest likelihood of their accomplishing anything as reformers while insisting that they are the source and centre of all the good in the world. It is in this state of mind that men are inclined to utter themselves in derogation of others; and thus they provoke resentment which leads to retorts and embitters controversy. To become successful politicians our reformers must first learn that they are only fallible and blundering mortals like the rest of us. They must quit holding themselves out as:

> Salt of the earth, the virtuous few
> Who season mankind.

Vanity is a pardonable weakness, but when blended with a contumelious spirit it is one of the worst of vices. We have witnessed its mischievous effects upon our heady reformers. Bent alike on enforcing their own views and crushing their opponents by all the resources of wealth and of a political despotism which they have perfected in the heart of an American commonwealth, their arrogance provoked universal disgust, and when repulsed, in their fury and frenzy they behaved at one moment like pole-cats and at another like wild horses biting those before them and kicking those behind them. Let us hope the reformers have profited from experience and are now disposed to mend their manners.

Dramatist and Playwright

Speaking of the death of Mr. Bronson Howard the New York Post says he "bore the courtesy title of the leading American dramatist, when he should have been described more properly as the leading playwright of America." If Mr. Bronson Howard was the leading American playwright but not the leading American dramatist to whom does the title of leading American dramatist belong? We suspect that in this matter the Post is drawing a purely academic and priggishly highbrow distinction. At the same time it occurs to us that the distinction has been improperly drawn. A writer may be dramatic without adopting the dramatic form, as was Browning in his monologues, but it can be hardly said that having written monologues abounding in dramatic interest Browning was a dramatist. When we speak of a dramatist we mean a playwright, one who writes plays, and no monologue however powerful in its appeal to the emotions can be so eminently dramatic as a play which expresses ideas through a perfectly successful use of the conditions of the stage and deals with life through the medium chosen for expres-

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sion. If, therefore, Bronson Howard was a great playwright, he was also a great dramatist; but he was neither. We have no great dramatists and one of the reasons is that we have no great critics. It will be said that the great Greek dramatists flourished in advance of the great Greek critics, and that the critics learned the rules of the art from the dramatists, but while this is true it does not refute what we have said. The great Greek dramatists, in addition to being heaven-born geniuses, were men of culture, and they lived in a strong current of ideas and in a period of intellectual growth. Behind or in all the subsequent creative epochs of literature was a great critical effort. When the influence of sound criticism is not felt the mediocrities of literature flourish, and even men of ability have little conscience in intellectual matters. "The less a literature," says Matthew Arnold, "has felt the influence of a supposed centre of correct information, correct judgment, correct taste, the more we shall find in it the note of provinciality." There is no such centre in this country, and as a consequence theatrical claptrap is profitable, and when a play of the character of "TheGreat Divide" comes along the critics are moved by it, and instead of seeking above all to learn whether they were right in permitting themselves to be moved, they pronounce it "a notable production." Some have even pronounced it "The Great American Drama." Yet here is a play built on an unsound basis and one in which the fundamental human probabilities are not observed, a play constructed entirely with a view to effectiveness—of superficial effectiveness on the stage, but not according to the logic of human nature. There is very little serious dramatic criticism in this country. Occasionally an intellectual person, such as the New York Post's editorial writer ventures to illuminate the subject of the dramatic art, and then we are edified thus: "For all his sharpness of observation and his later capacity for satire, he was a story-teller, rather than a dramatist. His plays dependent upon a foundation of preordained incidents were essentially conventional in structure. They never grew out of the everlasting conflict between circumstance and character, and seldom touched upon any of the graver racial or social problems demanding a comprehensive outlook and philosophic insight." Now what does all this mean? Is satire essential to drama? Was there ever a dramatist who was not a story-teller? Can a writer be dramatic without telling a story? If preordained incidents are fatal to drama, how about the Greek classics that deal entirely with predistined persons? If dramas should not be convential in structure why should there be a technique of the drama? If Bronson Howard was not a great dramatist (and he wasn't) it was not for any of the reasons given in the Post. As a matter of fact his plays grew out of nothing else but the everlasting conflict between circumstance and character. Plays that do not grow out of such conflict are not playable. And as for their dramatic qualities, anything which represents divers persons conversing together in such a manner as to rouse anxiety with respect to the result is dramatic. Even the dialogues of Plato are of a dramatic nature. The simple truth is that Bronson Howard's plays are not great because he brought the most elementary of moral and physical conflicts on the stage, and because the persons in whose feelings, desires and actions he made perceptible the incidents of his story were the most obvious of stage puppets.

Women In Clubdom

A London woman's club squabble which has found its way into court for adjustment has brought forward the old question: Are women clubable? with a discussion which would seem to mass the weight of evidence on the

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negative side. Few women are able to put aside their personal and family prejudices. It is hard for the sex to grasp the fundamental fact of collective ownership and equal rights. Each woman regards the club house as her own private domain to be conducted with due respect to her personal idiosyncracies. Anything that she individually finds annoying or uncongenial must straightway be abolished. And women with few exceptions are "cliquey." Just as soon as one develops a prejudice, it may be against some color scheme or style of furnishing, or it may be against something more important or infinitely trivial, she at once seeks out others who either are already semi-inclined in the same direction, or who can be easily influenced, and straightway there are factions formed. The club squabble is often the rock upon which engagements are broken and marriages wrecked. Elaborate club houses are becoming more and more simply private restaurants where the women drop in for tea or for cards. It has been found impossible to establish a code of etiquette or manners, and the whole scheme is so new there are no traditions for guidance. Every woman is a law unto herself and an ever-changing law, and who dare say her nay? The root of the fatal irreconcilability between women and club life is in the congenital inconsiderateness of the sex. And this is a fatal perversity not to be easily eradicated. We do not agree with Dryden who says, "To so perverse a sex all grace is vain," but we are not disposed to grant that the sex will ever be able to ornament behaviour with the graces essential to harmonious existence in clubdom.

Perspective Impressions

Nothing is so astonishing to some men as the success of others.

The idea of expecting Judge Lawlor to find Gumshoe Burns guilty of contempt of court!

In estimating the expenses of the campaign several candidates have failed to hand in the cost of their own funerals.

Mascagni was recently pelted with onions in an opera house in Florence, but as he probably had been eating garlic he was doubtless strong enough for the ordeal.

Adlai Stevenson who is running for Governor of Illinois enjoys the distinction of being the oldest job-chaser in America.

Editor Older who pointed the way to the homes of the judges of the Court of Appeal in the hope that a crazy mob would take his dastardly hint and commit a foul murder, is now wondering why the people aren't holding indignation meeting to express their rage against the villains who, it is said, marked him for slaughter.

"He confessed without promise of immunity," says Detective Burns. Wasn't something similar said with reference to Ruef?

Those classics—Mayor Taylor's appeal to the voters and Livernash's epistles to his faithless disciples of organized labor—ought to be preserved between book covers for future reference.

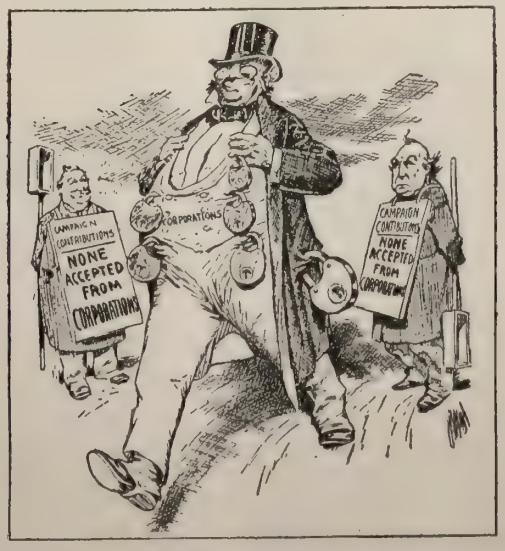
The overshadowing question of the day says Bryan, is "Shall the people rule?" The answer is, Not very long if they continue to put demagogues of the Bryan-Roosevelt type into office.

According to Bryan in his speech of acceptance, God's laws have been annuled by cunning politicians, and therefore the people should elect the Democratic standard bearer to have things straightened out.

The clergy of the Methodist Church have announced their intention of pledging Congressmen to vote against Speaker Cannon because he is opposed to a silly prohibition measure which, if passed, would be pronounced unconstitutional. The liquor interests will probably take notice of the Congressmen who take the pledge.



AN ADVERTISEMENT THAT WOULDN'T STICK.
—De Mar in the Philadelphia Record.



"NEVER TOUCHED ME!"
—Williams in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Street Singer

By Rene Morax

At a sign from the Baron von Axius, the silent waiters disappeared. The rippling laughter of women mingled with the voices of men. The white orchids on the table were dying in the heat of the candles. The tapping of a knife against a glass suddenly stopped the conversation. Hamburg, the musical critic, had risen. With his athletic figure he seemed to dominate this assembly of artists and financiers. "Allow me," he said, "to express once more our affectionate gratitude to the generous patron of arts and artists. Mycenas was a mere child compared with him. Let us drink to our host, the high-born and excellent Baron von Axius."

"Hochs!" resounded amid the clinking of glasses. The old man smiled calmly, and his fan-like white beard trembled on the expanse of his shirt front. He turned toward his neighbor and, pointing to an empty glass, said jovially: "You will bring me bad luck, fair Thecla. Is this some religious vow?"

"No, my dear friend," she replied very simply, "it is a promise I made myself long ago and that I have kept."

Again Hamburg tapped his glass. "The divine Thecla is going to tell us the secret of her abstinence," he said.

"Yes, yes!" cried the merry voices. "The secret!"

The singer, visibly embarrassed, shook her head. "No, no," she said. "Do not ask me to call up a phantom of the past in the midst of all this revelry." The silver knives of the guests beat rythmically on the gilded dishes.

"The phantom! Let us have the phantom!" they cried. The singer laughingly pressed her hands over her ears; then she raised her hand, and the tumult was silenced.

"It is a very ordinary story," she said, "there is nothing romantic about it. It is the simple truth, and reality is dreadfully tiresome." The baron had leaned toward the young woman, whose strong throat, encircled by a triple row of pearls, rose like a white gladiolis from her filmy black gown; silver spangles shone in the folds of the light material like illuminated fountains. "We shall not be able to do without your story," he said with his irresistible courtesy. "Your exordium was admirable."

"I suppose I must be resigned. But you must promise not to reproach me when I have finished. I was young then—it was many years ago. I was then a simple chorus girl. My parents, who possessed a small property, had made great sacrifices in order that I might continue my musical studies in Berlin. I rented a room in a big house on the Lutzowstrasse. I can see the shabby furniture now, covered with a flowered creton, the knitted cloth on the table, the piano in one corner covered with scores and parts. On a shelf, between two photographs there was a dusty bust of Beethoven. Who does not know the room of our youthful days, with its dirty and faded wall-paper, in which we had such delicious dreams and high ideals? My two windows looked out on a court. The light that filtered into it was cold and gray, like that at the bottom of a well, for it had to descend along five high stories. Opposite my lodging there were leprous spots of saltpeter on the wall; the hideous stains disgusted me like birthmarks on a face. An entire population of small employees, working people and soldiers, led a disordered and noisy life there. Pardon me if I dwell upon this, but I suffered as much from that court, almost as if it were a personal shame. In my hours of discouragement it seemed to be the very image of my mediocrity. But I was ambitious and I worked hard. I saw a great deal of a fantastic and scatter-brained young fellow there, Franz Pollnitz, who, like me, came from Silesia. Oh, you need not smile. We were very poor and very good. Pollnitz had a great deal of originality which he frittered away in schemes and theories. He was sure that he was a great genius, but he at least had an excellent heart. He predicted a glorious future for others as well as for himself."

"Is he dead?" asked Tiny.

"No, he married a very domestic little woman, and now he manages to eke out an existence by giving piano lessons at Frankfort." Then resuming her story: "It was one of these dark December afternoons when Berliners light their lamps at two o'clock. I was feeling sad enough to cry. It had been snowing all night. Never had I felt so thoroughly alone, so impotent before life. I had just written to my mother, I was so utterly discouraged that I longed for death with all the ardor of my eighteen years. Fortunately at that moment Pollnitz came in to ask my charity. His wood-box was empty, and his pocketbook even more so. His energy at once drove away my sadness. In a moment we were in a corner by the fire, building a thousand fairy palaces, dreaming of fabulous tours, imagining halls filled with light and applause and great audiences intoxicated with our art and our fame. Ah, what a dizzy thing is the glory that we dream of! Such an abyss separates it from reality."

She was silent for a moment. The voice of the famous singer had taken on an accent of such sincere melancholy that they respected her silence.

"We were so happy," she resumed. "Suddenly a cracked voice rose from the bottom of the court in thin 'arpeggios,' like the clicking together of little bones. It was the harp-player 'What can that spectral voice be?' cried Pollnitz. Before I could stop him he had opened the window. Like some wild beast shut up in a trench, an old woman was trudging through the snow between the black walls with their obstinately closed windows. With her head down, she was singing a wretched romance. Oh, what a hoarse and horrible voice she had!—one of those voices ravaged by drink, in which two or three notes still bloomed like pale violets on a refuse heap. That phantom of a voice, accompanied by that phantom of a harp, moved one at the same time to laughter and tears. Pollnitz burst out laughing. Then the old woman lifted her face to us, and his laughter suddenly ceased.

"Sometimes in my dreams I see again that hideous face, crushed by care and misery. Through an ugliness that had been accentuated by age and distress, there still lived a certain tragic beauty.

"'What a monster!' exclaimed Pollnitz. 'Does she come often?'

"'No, only rarely. The porter says that she has had her hour of celebrity. She used to sing at the court in days gone by, before the Emperor.'

"'A court singer!' he exclaimed laughing. 'What a ruin!'

"'Drink has done that.'

"Pollnitz threw his last pfennigs to the poor old woman. She bent down and scratched for them in the snow. To testify her gratitude she sang a piteous little love song. The windows all about flew open! 'Enough, enough!' they cried from all sides.

"Women and soldiers appeared at the casements. Then one of the soldiers conceived a brilliant idea. He gathered together on the ledge of his window a lot of newly fallen snow and dropped it on the harp. Its strings vibrated in a funny way. I confess to my shame that Pollnitz laughed, and I too. In fact a shout of laughter went up from all the windows. This was the signal for the attack. From all sides snow-balls rained upon the unhappy woman, amid coarse jokes and derisive calls. The poor old woman shook her fist. She proudly raised her head, her mouth poured forth curses. A handful of snow, thrown from one of the upper windows and thrown hard, struck her on the cheek. She tottered, and

(Continued on Page 32.)

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Race of the Nations for the Successful Airship

By Graham Stern

Aerial navigation is no longer a fantastic dream. This year, according to competent inventors, saw the problem enter on a period of practical and definite results. The dirigible balloons, the aeroplanes and the aerodromes of today far surpass anything ever before achieved in aerial navigation. In vessels "heavier than air" Delagrange of France beat the world's aeroplane record by flying nearly eight miles and remaining in the air fifteen minutes and twenty-eight seconds. Henry Farman of Scotland, during a dead calm, covered 4,033 feet in his aeroplane with two men on board. Wilbur and Orville Wright, who claim to have made sensational flights in secret trials, declare they have flown a distance of 24 miles against the wind and at a speed of 40 miles an hour. There is a distinction between the Wright experiments and those of the successful French inventors: the Wrights keep most of their improvements a secret while the latter make no mystery of either their inventions or their flights. Count Zeppelin has thoroughly demonstrated the practicability of his "rigid" system and has kept his dirigible balloon in the air under complete control and against strong wind currents, carrying fourteen passengers the while, for nearly 20 hours.

One point is significant in this race of the nations to achieve the goal of successful aerial navigation; all of them are working along lines in which they hope to add airships as a potential arm to their military power. Just



FARMAN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

This photograph represents the aeroplane taking the run on its wheels just before the rise on the air.

now Germany, with the Zeppelin airship, seems to be in the lead on the points of control, endurance and serviceability.

In this country the government has just bought Baldwin's new dirigible balloon with a view to having several others built on similar lines for the War Department. Plans are being pressed also to establish a large government experimental station in which the latest discoveries in aerial navigation may be carefully studied with a view to their adoption for usage in war. The utilitarian side of these new air vessels for commercial purposes has hardly been considered. The most encouraging sign in this direction is the attention being directed to ballooning as a new and enjoyable sport. One has only to recall what Santos Dumont and men of his kind have done in the past few years to advance the sport of ballooning to realize what amateurs may accomplish. Almost from the date of the construction of the first crude balloon the idea dominating inventors and those backing them was to construct a machine to win the supremacy of the air for martial purposes. When Giroud Villette, an able man of his day, made an accession more than a century ago in a captive Montgolfier, a developed parachute filled with heated air, he returned to earth firmly impressed with one idea—that the nation possessing a successful air machine would have a tremendous advantage over a poorer equipped enemy. That was in the time of short range guns, before Bonaparte overran Europe. Conditions have changed immensely since then but the impulse is working along the same lines. In that early period of ballooning the "military" idea was zealously followed without producing any more tangible results that the easier handling of drifting gas bags and a better acquaintance with aerial currents. During the second half of the last century the gradual changing conditions of war-

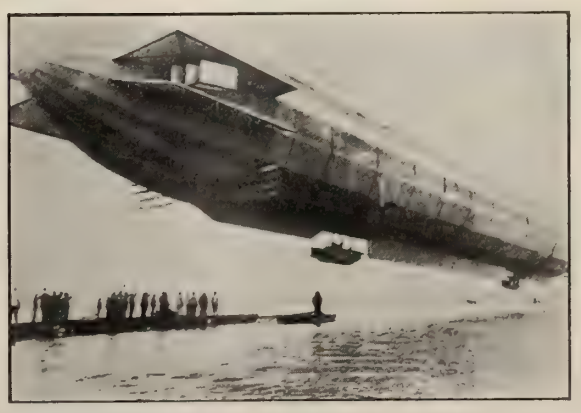


DELAGRANGE IN HIS AEROPLANE

This machine recently encircled the parade grounds near Paris six times thus carrying its inventor on a flight of six miles.

fare brought about several modifications in air vessels. Simple gas balloons were used by the French in Italy, by the northern States of America in 1861, the Austrians in 1866 and the French and Germans in 1870.

Modern ballooning was given its first great impetus during the famous siege of Paris. In that direful period the field was recognized as being so important, so potential in results. that it fascinated the French mind. This idea became permanently fixed by the government adopting plans for ballooning in the reorganization of the army after the war. Ever since that day France has been systematically working at the problem of aerial navigation and possesses more general experience along these lines than any other nation.



COUNT ZEPPELIN'S FAMOUS AIRSHIP

It was in this "rigid" type of balloon that Zeppelin made his recent successful trip around Lake Constance.

After a prolonged experimental period the year 1877 saw the beginning of the modern ideas of military aeronautics. The Powers quickly recognized the powerful new military arm in air-ships that France was building up and by 1884 England, Germany, Italy, Russia and Spain were working steadfastly and quietly to catch up with her.

The next big step in the conquest of the air came when Otto Lilienthal, a German, put forth his idea of a flying machine "heavier than air," the first crude idea

(Continued on Page 31.)

The Spectator

An Oracle of the Upper Air

The Supreme Court has been again overruled. Not by the college professor of elusive name (Boke or Bloke), but by one equally well qualified as is evident from the fact that such is his proficiency in the science of law, instead of being preoccupied with the practice of it he devotes his time to annotating the codes for a local publishing house. His name is Kerr—James M. Kerr. Never heard of him? Strange. I never heard of him myself until the recent exploitation of his oracular utterances in the two Spreckels organs. But immediately I realized that he must be one of those exalted beings of whose existence we cannot afford to be ignorant. For the Speckels organs treated with profound seriousness the fact that in the course of his masterly annotations Kerr had overruled the Supreme Court. Kerr's decision must be final. Nay it is final unless he should take it into his head to throw in a little obiter dicta for good measure. He might, for example, impose a fine on the court or sentence the court to swallow the whole code. Why should Kerr sit down and rest after so puerile an achievement as the overruling of the Supreme Court of California? Not to animadvert on his work, but for the purpose of celebrating it, I will take occasion to point out the significant coincidence that Mr. Kerr, like his alter ego, Professor Boke, went all the way to England in quest of an authority with which to demolish the decision in the Schmitz case. The authority is the House of Lords, the very same that found favor with Bloke. But Kerr, it should be explained, didn't have to go to England. He tells us that the court erred in not taking judicial notice of Schmitz's official position. This however is not a new point. It was made some time ago by somebody who hasn't been heard from since, for it was then pointed out that while there are certain things and only certain things which the court is empowered by statute to take notice of that particular thing is not one of them. As Chief Justice Beatty has said this fact is so clearly established, so far removed from the domain of speculation, that it was confessed even by the attorneys for the prosecution. How humiliated they must feel now that Sir Oracle Kerr has been heard from.

A wit being asked, after the failure of a bank in which he kept his money: "Were you not upset?" replied: "No, I only lost my balance."

The Greek Drama

Colonel Mutt—Now that's what I call clever work—damned clever. That fellow has Sherlock Holmes lashed to the mast.

Major Mentor—What are you talking about?

Colonel Mutt—I'm talking about the capture of Pete Claudianes in Chicago by means of a decoy letter. Wasn't it clever?

Major Mentor—I should say it was. Much more clever than you think, and well timed too, though for psychological purposes it was of no avail.

Colonel Mutt—What are you driving at now?

Major Mentor—At a coincidence. Claudianes was caught the day before the primary election, just in time for the Bulletin's extra.

Colonel Mutt—Do you think there was design in that?

Major Mentor—Never lose sight of the fact, Colonel, that we are living in a theatrical day and generation. I should think that by this time you'd be wise to the methods that have been employed throughout this whole melodramatic business. Go back over the files of the papers and you'll find that something theatrical was done on the eve of or in the midst of every trial; something to capture the imagination of the public or to influence a jury.

Colonel Mutt—Don't you believe they've got the dynamiters?

Major Mentor—It wouldn't surprise me to learn that they have. I'm in a receptive mood, but not for melodramatics. The decoy letter following the thrilling chase through Nevada with Peter surrounded every inch of the way and rendering himself invisible at will is too much like Dave Belasco. These Greeks may have done the trick, but it's evident to me they are not to be seriously prosecuted. Nor do I think anybody expects to use their confessions for the purpose of convicting the person or persons whom they may charge with having instigated the crime. Viewed as a melodrama the whole affair is very exciting but not convincing. And the singular feature of it all is that the elements which impair the plausibility of the drama are being infused by the men who profess the intention of going into court to make the crime stick.

"Frost has everything in the world for his automobile."
"Has he, really?"
"Yep—even a chauffeur-proof wife."

A Care-Free Club

The Press Club in its new quarters in Bush street has taken a new lease of life. This is what the Press Club has been doing almost since its inception. When it is not taking a new lease of life it is because its energies have not reached their nadir. But true to its bohemian instincts, whatever the record of the club pulse, like Mark Tapley, its spirits are always light and gay. A Press Club jinks is never postponed on account of financial stringency. The treasurer is never consulted when anybody discovers a pretext for a blow-out. There is no institution in the world, (not excluding the religious world) so obedient as the Press Club to the injunction "Take no thought of the morrow." Throughout its career the club has been continually realizing that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment. Perhaps that is why Providence has been so good to the Press Club. For the club has weathered all kinds of financial storms, most of which were precipitated by erring treasurers who were always treated with that divine consideration which that man of boundless sympathy, St. Francis of Assisi, showed even to robbers. And now, as I have said, the club, in luxurious, nay sumptuous quarters, with a fat bank account and a few loving creditors, is taking a new lease of life. Many prodigal sons of the press who wandered after the Babylonian fleshpots of the clubs of Mammon are returning to their first and only congenial love, and journalism once more dominates in a club that for a time was a press club but in name. The annual election of the club will take place in a few weeks, and in all probability William Woodhead, the clever young manager of Sunset, will be elected president, but there is some talk of a contest. Some of the members are in favor of a

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spirited campaign and they are trying to prevail on Ralph Renaud, the Bulletin's brilliant young dramatic critic, to run for the presidency.

The Cleverest Mot

The Cleverest Mot of the Bohemian Club Jinks was that uttered by Judge Kahn of New York, a visitor. At one of the dinners some one was asked to pass the water.

"Who in h—— wants water?" asked a genial clubman.

"Everybody," replied the New Yorker.

The mot was passed down the table, but en route it was attributed to Judge Lawlor. Some one said, "Here what a clever thing Lawlor just said," and repeated the mot. And Judge Lawlor, preoccupied with his plate, did not deny the soft impeachment.

A Literary "Prize"

A reward of $150 is offered by the Literary Bureau of the Republican Congressional Committee operating from Washington, D. C., "for the best Republican campaign article." This offer is misleading as are most of the prize fiction announcements of the newspapers, magazines and literary bureaus. The Republican Congressional Committee is not looking for "the best Republican campaign article"—it is reaching out for an article signed with a name that will "command universal attention." In politics as in commercial literature the name's the thing. If the committee really desired "the best" they would not offer a reward of $150 for it; they would save that money to hire an extra spellbinder, and select from the vast ocean of Republican editorial a suitable article "not exceeding 1000 words," written in "style" to make the ghost of Matthew Arnold green with envy, containing "arguments" that might rouse the ancient sophists from their forgotten tombs, replete with "facts" to satisfy the most exacting Gradgrinds of every crossroads in America, and permeated with a "convincing power" surpassing the orations of Cicero and the eloquence of Burke. It is not the "article" that the committee wants; it's the name behind the article.

Market Price of Masterpieces

A pretty good "article" of this nature ought to be obtained for the price. A thousand words for $150 is at the rate of 15 cents a word—about the Jack London tariff and only ten cents less than is demanded by Rudyard Kipling for a pot boiler. It is eleven cents more than the syndicates pay Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and it exceeds the normal rate of the "Indiana school' by at least seven cents. Milton received only $50 for Paradise Lost, but times, men and manners have changed for the better in the literary world since the days of Milton and the poorest "seller" on the market commands more real money than would have sufficed to keep the "regicide poet" all the years when, "in darkness, and with dangers compass'd round," he moved in solitude. I doubt, however, if Milton, who was the best political pamphleteer of his age, could win that "best Republican campaign article" prize. I am afraid that the low browed "literary bureau" would reject Milton on the plea that his "style" was not "up to the committee's standard."

Tricks of Another Trade

Another reason why the Literary Bureau of the Republican Congressional Committe is advertising for the best Republican campaign article on "Why the Republican Party Should be Successful Next November," is to secure a mass of campaign argument from sources independent of the usual channel. I am led to this "deduction" by the explicit announcement in the advertisement that "no manuscript will be returned, but will be the property of the committee." It's a trick as old as the Vedas and as stale as the sawdust swindle. It has been practiced by the commercial literati of the publishing houses since the days of Cadmus. Thousands will respond to the advertisement of the Republican Congressional Literary Bureau, but only one will get the prize, and that one will bear a name with which the committee can conjure. All the others will be divided between the committee waste basket and the campaign literature published by the bureau. None of the published stuff will be paid for. Even the vultures and cormorants of the publishing houses, whose consciences have been shredded to tatters by constant kicking against their own pricks, pay for what they publish even though they have obtained it by the trick and device of the "prize story" fake. But this political literary bureau will pay for nothing except the bait with which they lure their gudgeons. There may be graft in the publishing trade; there is graft in it; but it is limited to mere larceny; when politicians set up a "literary bureau" they not only steel away the brains of their victim but they sandbag him for his folly.

She—I think it very strange that man was made first.

He—Quite the natural order. Money has to be made before a woman can spend it.

Princess in Exciting Elopement

Another Austrian Princess, Princess Amalie, has just passed through the European limelight by eloping with and marrying a handsome motor car agent, Lieutenant Koczian. The Princess is 24 years old and a stepsister of Prince Max Egon of Furstenberg, one of the wealthiest men of Germany and a personal friend of the German Emperor. Herr Koczian, who comes from a distinguished Csech family, made the acquaintance of the Princess last year at Carlsbad, where he was acting as agent for a motor car company. Thereafter they kept up a correspondence till last May when the details of the elopement was arranged and they made off in a motor car into Switzerland, accompanied by Lieutenant Koczian's mother. Detectives were at once put on their trail and finally located them. The mother and sister of the Princess hastened at once to Zurich and earnestly begged her to return with them to Austria but she declared that she was determined to marry her lover. They refused to meet the Lieutenant and the latter with his mother left the town for the time being. The young couple at once made secret preparations for their wedding. The mother and sister discovered the arrangements that were being made and were in the chapel of the castle of Kammerburg when the eloping couple reached the place. The weeping mother fell upon her knees and implored the Princess to give up her lover and return home. The intense scene affected the Princess Amalie so much that she fainted. Upon recovering she insisted on going on with the ceremony but she became so weak that she had to be supported. Directly after the marriage the young pair left for Austria.

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HOTEL SAVOY SEATTLE

The Presumption of Innocence

In deciding the Burns contempt case last week Judge Lawlor took occasion to inform us that "extraordinary conditions are prevailing in San Francisco." This is no profoundly wise observation, but it is true and in these days the truth from some sources is very refreshing. If extraordinary conditions were not prevailing in San Francisco Judge Lawlor, in our opinion, would not have given serious consideration to the Hon. Francis J. Heney while that gentleman, with his customary vehemence, argued that the courts of this country are not bound to presume a man to be innocent till he is proved guilty. For while Judge Lawlor is unlearned in the law, having acquired such knowledge of the law as he has since his accession to the bench, and never having had the advantage of the liberal education which is absolutely essential to an appreciation of fundamental principles, yet it is highly improbable that he is ignorant of the principle of the presumption of innocence. Judge Lawlor is surely sufficiently versed in the science of law to know that the very idea of a trial in which the burden of proof is on the prosecution implies that the defendant is presumed to be innocent. Even though he had never read up on the subject it would have occurred to him, a man blessed with an abundance of common sense, that the right to give bail grew out of the principle of the presumption of innocence. This point is very clearly expressed by Francis Lieber, who was corresponding member of the Institute of France, author of "Political Ethics," "Civil Liberty and Self Government," "Principles of Legal and Political Interpretation" and other works through which he won a degree of authority somewhat higher than that enjoyed by the Hon. Francis J. Heney. He says: "But even in the freest country there is this painful yet unavoidable contradiction, that while we hold every person innocent until by lawful trial proved to be guilty, we must arrest a person in order to bring him to a penal trial; and, although by the law he is still considered innocent, he must be deprived of personal liberty until his trial can take place, which cannot follow instantly upon arrest. To mitigate the harshness as much as possible, free nations guarantee the principle of bailing, etc." Of course Judge Lawlor is sensible of these rudimentary principles of the law. But in all probability his senses were in a swoon when he decided the Burns contempt case. It is probably one of the features of the extraordinary prevailing conditions—the swooning of our judges in the midst of their duties. Judge Lawlor apparently has not recovered from the swoon into which he was thrown when called upon to make his deposition in reference to a celebrated midnight meeting.

The Point of the Joke

Despite his weakness there is one of Judge Lawlor's senses that never swoons. We allude to his sense of humor. This is the most virile of his senses. When on the ground of prevailing conditions he exonerated the gumshoe artists who had been tampering with veniremen he achieved a masterpiece of humor, one that clearly indicates his extraordinary capacity for conceiving amusing and hilarious nonsense. It is what might be called an ironical paradox. It reveals touches of the judge's wonderful fluency in indefinite half-truths, his brisk enthusiasm for making comic mockery of the law. The point of the joke is this: however extraordinary prevailing conditions may be, obviously they have been brought about and are being perpetuated by the men whom some of our judges appear to be serving in preference to their conscience. So if it is difficult to get an honest jury in San Francisco today, the difficulty is not one that embarrasses the revolutionary sanhedrim now ruling the city with inflexible arrogance and absolutely indifference to public opinion. It is precisely because of the extraordinary prevailing conditions that gumshoe detectives have the temerity to tamper with juries. They know they will be protected by the police, by the district attorney and by certain judges. They know that all the departments of government are controlled by their employers, the boldest and most sordid set of rascals that ever infested an American city. They see even a majority of the Board of Supervisors, presumably respectable men, obey their masters in defiance of civic bodies and oppressed property owners and at the risk of being abominated for their servility during the remainder of their lives. A remarkable condition of affairs indeed! And Judge Lawlor who is bound to have his little joke, says that Burns's detectives should not be punished for attempting to disqualify jurors by the practice of a cowardly deception. The average dull-witted person will say that in the present state of affairs the courts should endeavor to preserve the sanctity of our jury system. But Judge Lawlor being a humorist perceives the absurdity of bothering about the sanctity of anything at present.

The Torture Chamber

And thus we go from day to day calmly viewing the astonishing and violent anomalies of the present extraordinary condition of affairs. The community seems to be afflicted with a sort of paralysis of the faculty of thought. Each act surpasses its predecessor—a little more shocking, a little more brutal, pushing daring a few steps further, uncovering the inherent infamy of men a little more completely and a little more offensively. There is no absolute goal, or rather the goal is perpetually receding. We read in the papers that a prisoner is being starved in the City Prison with a view to extorting from him incriminating testimony. Nobody demurs. In the year 1908 of the Christian era, the torture chamber, several centuries after its abolition, is revived in the enlightened land of liberty, beneath the stars and stripes, and the people acquiesce in the revival. We bear this crimson shame without a murmur. It excites no aversion, not even in the pulpit, where men with heaven mirrored in their eyes and their senses alert for the manifestation in the clouds promised by Christ, preach to us of the importance of a wholesome public sentiment.

As to Impeachment

What the end will be I have no desire to predict, but I think it proper to suggest the advisability of reviving the agitation which was started by the ineffable Bulletin some months ago in favor of impeachment proceedings in the next Legislature. The Bulletin, after printing the home address of each judge of the Court of Appeal in the hope of inciting a mob, was grieved that it could not occasion bloodshed, and roared itself hoarse on the subject of impeachment proceedings. Since the expression of public sentiment at the polls there has been no more talk of impeachment. But let us hope that we have not heard the end of it. In view of all that has been done in the Superior Court there is abundant material with which to stimulate interest in the next session of the legislature. It ought to be possible not only to impeach a few crooked judges but also with the aid of

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a Lexow Commission to clear the way for a grand jury that might think it worth while to ascertain whether there has been committed the felonious crime of conspiring to send innocent men to the penitentiary. It is important that we should have a clean-up before the statute of limitation shields the guilty.

Husband (after the theatre)—"Well, how do you like the piece?"

Wife—"Very much. There's only one improbable thing in it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and they have the same servant."

Greeting the Stranger With a Package

Nowadays when a man of prominence in the financial world comes to town he finds, upon reaching his hotel, a neat package addressed to him, and upon opening it he finds that it contains in compact form much interesting information about conditions in the city, comprising a resume of building operations, bank business and all matters pertaining to material progress. These packages of information are prepared by the California Promotion Committee which keeps track of the movements of everybody of prominence en route to San Francisco. Furthermore, members of the committee give their personal attention to many strangers. This missionary system is proving very effective. Its purpose is to establish more cordial relations between the East and California, and it is producing gratifying results.

A Big Dinner Proposed

The systematic efforts of the California Promotion Committee to arouse interest in the resources of the State are now bearing fruit in abundance. So successful has the committee been in stimulating curiosity respecting California that all the big Eastern papers are devoting more or less attention to our industrial affairs. Herman Ridder, President of the New York Staats Zeitung, the most influential German newspaper in America, has begun to take a very deep and kindly interest in California, and he has invited the Promotion Committee to send a delegation of business men to New York to become his guests at a dinner to which he will invite the proprietors and managers of more than a hundred newspapers and magazines and about twenty-five of the leading financiers of the country. He suggests that this ought to be a pretty good way to bring California enterprises in touch with Eastern capital.

Mother Bird—"Run along and play, now; but be careful you don't get run over by any of those flying machines."

Where Depression is Unknown

Among financiers the impression prevails that the industrial depression which followed our panic of a year ago has been felt in all countries of the civilized world. This is not so. Down in the blissful, romantic isles of Hawaii, where they raise sugar, alligator pears and bananas, nothing has occurred to reduce the speed of the wheels of industry. This is the news that Mr. Louis Rosenthal, the marine insurance magnate, brings over the bounding wave. Mr. Rosenthal is the man who, as the representative of what are perhaps the strongest marine insurance companies in the world—the Swiss Marine and Thames & Mersey—is very deeply interested in the shipping on the Pacific. He returned this week from a business trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and he reports that those islands were never more prosperous than at present. The sugar planters were about to harvest a crop when the panic struck this continent and all the world felt the effect of the money stringency. Now it requires considerable money to harvest the Hawaiian sugar crop, and yet, notwithstanding the panic, there was a bank in Honolulu with the lubricant required for the wheels of industry and the willingness to supply all that was needed. It was the Yokohama Specie Bank which has a branch in this city. It was a record crop that was harvested and the profits were prodigious. According to Mr. Rosenthal the Hawaiian Islands are only in their early stage of development. New industries are now being promoted, and already the lumber industry is one that is attaining large proportions. There are immense forests on one of the islands, from which, by the way, the Santa Fe Railway Company is getting its ties.

Surprise Valley Soon to be Accessible

Modoc County, away up in the extreme northeastern corner of the State, is coming into its own. Modoc County has a peculiar history, so far as development is concerned, in that it was one of the first parts of the State to receive attention from settlers, and has been the slowest to become known. In the early 'fifties a band of homeseekers crossed the plains in wagons for the gold fields of California. They reached what is now Modoc County, and found a beautiful valley, with a most luxuriant growth of grass. The homeseekers decided to stop there and believed that they could not find a more suitable spot for a home. They abandoned the idea of seeking gold and became farmers, calling the place "Surprise Valley." Today this is one of the rich valleys of California, and the descendants of those early settlers possess the land. But Modoc County was shut away from the rest of the world, and there has been no progress or development in all these intervening years. The Nevada-California-Oregon Railway is now hard at work changing conditions in Modoc County, and by October expects to have trains running to Alturas, the county seat. This will mean the opening of a rich county, and will also bring within easy access one of the best game countries of California, Goose Lake in Modoc County abounds in water fowl, while the adjacent woods are full of deer, bear and small game.

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Morrissey Talks of Pastor

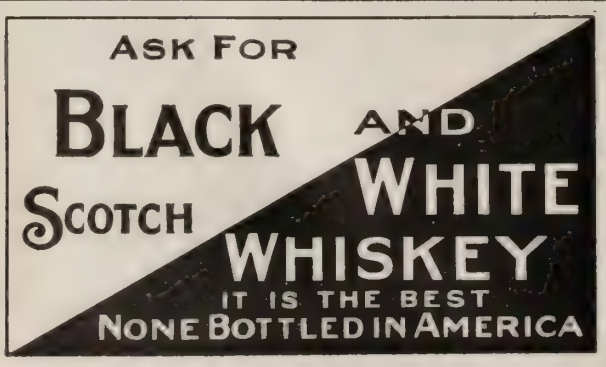
John Morrissey of the Orpheum was thrown into reminiscent mood the other day when he read that Tony Pastor was at death's door. "It grieves me," said Morrissey, "to hear that Tony is about to cash in. He is one of the biggest-hearted men in the theatrical business. But we all have to go some time and Tony is pretty old. I think he's in the seventies. He was the first manager of a first class vaudeville house. He started his career as a singer at temperance revivals and then he organized a concert company. Later he took up clowning and stuck to circuses until 1861 when he turned up at the Broadway Music Hall as a comic singer. In 1861 he went to the famous 444 Broadway and in the war time he aroused enthusiasm by appearing on the stage with a big flag and urging every one to join with him in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Here it was that he saw the future of vaudeville. Variety shows at that time were a little too coarse for family consumption. Tony Pastor decided to branch out as a manager and put out a variety show on a higher plane. His money went into the idea and, with Sam Sharpley, the minstrel manager, he leased the Volks Garden at 201 Bowery and in March, 1865, he announced vaudeville fit for women to attend. He was a vaudeville manager always after that."

Gave Lillian Her Stage Name

Continuing Morrissey related that Pastor introduced Nat Goodwin to the New York public. Also that he introduced Lillian Russell and bestowed on that beautiful woman her stage name. That was in 1876. She was a Miss Leonard and asked Pastor's advice about changing her name for professional purposes. He suggested "Lillian Russell" and she approved. May Irwin and her sister, Flo, played under his management early in their careers, as did many others whose names are now well known both in vaudeville and in the so-called "legitimate." Some of them, who might well be called the Pastor alumni and alumnae, are Florence Bindley, Gus Williams, Richard Carroll, Francis Wilson, a song and dance artist under Pastor; Denman Thompson, later of "Old Homestead" fame; "Old Hoss" Hoey and his partner, Charley Evans; Bill Barry, who did his first negro monologue for Tony; Jennie Yeamans and Pat Rooney. Pastor also introduced the first version of condensed comic opera in his presentation of "Pinafore" at the old theatre. In 1881 he moved his place to Fourteenth street and there he brought out Jenny Hill, the English music hall singer; Vesta Tilley, Bessie Bonehill, Bessie Belwood and Vesta Victoria.

Illusive Fees

In a hotel lobby the other evening a group of old time politicians were discussing the forthcoming flight of spellbinders over the land and the recompense they were likely to receive. Colonel Tom Fitch was appealed to as being an expert on the subject. Incidentally he was charged with having received some of the biggest fees in the West for his silver tongued flights of oratory. The Colonel laughed and declared that out of the fourteen canvasses he had made on this coast since 1860, he never received anything more than his expenses and frequently paid those out of his own pocket—except in one instance.



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TOWN TALK
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That was in 1890 when Stanford was a candidate for re-election to the Senate. The campaign was nearing its close when a leading member of the State Central Committee approached Fitch and said that his services as a speechmaker were wanted in order to properly finish off the campaign. Fitch declared he was out of harness and didn't want the job. The Committeeman insisted that it was a matter of business and ended his plea with "name your price for seven speeches." "In order to get rid of him off hand," said Fitch, "I said $5,000, never supposing for a moment that such a sum would be paid; but it was, and I traveled that week with the Senator and did the best I could for him, though at the time I did not think my services were worth more than one-third of that sum. Later on while in Arizona I happened to read a report of the evidence given by Senator Stanford before a grand jury in which he testified that during the political campaign he had paid Tom Fitch $10,000 for his services. I confess that statement jolted me. My first impulse was to run down that committeeman and get the other $5,000 that had been held out on me. My affairs delayed me awhile and when I reached him his funeral was over; illustrating again how fees will slip through the honest earner's hands.

Benefit For the Widow

Mrs. Brusie, widow of Judson Brusie, the well known playwright, will be given a benefit at the Van Ness theatre, Friday afternoon, August 28th, under the auspices of the Family, Olympic, Corinthian and Merchants' Association clubs, of which deceased was a member. The programme for the benefit will be made up of selected professional, club and society talent.

Mabelle Has Arrived

Papa Gilman having been suppressed the fair Mabelle is now queening it in Paris and satisfying the very top-loftiest of her social aspirations. A friend writes me from the gay capital that the California girl who abandoned the stage, which had never been very kind to her, to become the wife of Millionaire Corey, has climbed into the very midst of the aristocracy. In her magnificent Chateau Villegines, which once belonged to Napoleon, she has entertained many distinguished persons. But the scene of her greatest triumph was the Hotel Ritz where the Coreys gave a dinner in honor of the Crown Prince of Greece. The dinner took place in the gardens of the hotel which were exquisitely decorated for the occasion. Among the guests were about fifty people of title.

Luxurious Americans in London

The scale on which the millionaire Americans live who go over to England to reside for a few seasons may be gauged by the house which Athony Drexel, the New York banker, has just leased in London for seven years. The mansion was built for extensive entertaining, judging by the size of its ballroom, reception, billiard and dining rooms. There are also spacious halls, minstrels' galleries and a wide staircase entirely of Mezzano and Ezchallion marble. Charles Allom, who planned and decorated the new ballroom for the King at Buckingham Palace and reconstructed Brook House for Sir Ernest Cassel, has been responsible for the decorations, which are of the Louis XVI period. Parquet floors of the design at the Petit Trianon are laid in the salons, and the bronze balustrades and rails are in harmony with ornaments of the same period. No fewer than twenty-two bedrooms and bathrooms are provided for guests. The floors of the bathrooms are paved with India rubber tiles. There are electric passenger, luggage and food elevators. Aside from its present attractions Mr. Drexel will have it refitted with many devices to afford comfort and luxury to meet his own personal wants.

She—This dress doesn't become my complexion. I must change it.

He—More expense? I can't stand it; you'll ruin me.

She—You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion.

A Pioneer's Daughter

In the despatches from New York last Wednesday was told the story of the triumph at the Criterion Theatre of Miss Isadora Duncan. Since Maude Allan's hit in her Salome dance in London there hasn't been much said of Miss Duncan though to her belongs the credit of being the first to create an interest in the old Greek dances, of which the Salome dance is but a variation. Miss Duncan, by the way, is a California girl. She is the daughter of J. C. Duncan, a California pioneer who figured in a very sensational financial crash in the 'seventies. He was president of the Pioneer Dime Savings Bank, the wreck of which was a most disastrous affair. It was in his beautiful home that his daughter's artistic temperament was developed. The Duncan home was filled with works of art. Greek art was the banker's hobby. When Isadora Duncan made her big hit in Berlin some years ago a friend of the family told me that when she was at the age at which children delight in fairy stories her father regaled her with stories of life in Greece. And even in those days the girl evinced an aptitude for classic posing, spending much of her time imitating the postures of the statues in her father's house. She afterwards studied the terpsichorean art with the celebrated teacher

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Bust, North American Indian, 28 inches high; was $15.00. SPECIAL $10.00

Vienna Bust, "Dutch Peasant"; was $15.. SPECIAL $10.00

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Marie Bonfanti. Before going to Europe she was a parlor entertainer in New York. In Berlin, where she revived the Greek dances, she became a teacher of dancing and was a protegee of the German Empress.

Kuhne Beveridge Bobs Up

Another Californian has been figuring in the despatches. When Kuhne Beveridge became the wife of a Mr. Branson of Johannesburg some years ago it was predicted that she would abandon the limelight and retire to private life in South Africa, but that darling of the Sunday Supp. is once more furnishing copy for the press. Was there ever a more artful advertiser than Kuhne Beveridge? Before she was out of her teens the papers in this city were playing her up as a great sculptor. For whenever Kuhne goes a-sculpturing she makes it a point to be inspired only by persons in the public eye. The man of the hour is always the man for Kuhne. She has made the bust of nearly every world-wide celebrity from Cecil Rhodes to President Roosevelt. And when she wasn't getting fame from her art she was getting publicity in other ways. Once she got it by marrying Charles Coglan the actor. And now we learn from the despatches, as though it were a piece of news of tremendous significance in the art world, that Kuhne is to work on a draped Venus this winter; also that Kuhne has chosen her sister Ray Beveridge to pose for the draped Venus and that she intends to turn out a Venus that will look more like the goddess of love than anything in bronze or marble.

She (re-adjusting her dress)—Do you think, Doctor, that anyone will ever see the scar?

"That depends on you, my child."

The Rural District Teacher

Editor Town Talk: The new salary schedule of the school department has gone into effect, and some of the employees are discovering, much to their surprise and indignation, that "experience" is not to be gained outside of a city graded school. Time was when, under another dispensation every applicant was commanded to acquire the ungraded-district-school brand of experience forthwith and instanter before daring to approach the august body of assembled school directors, but that is both an old and another story. Those who have served an apprenticeship in ungraded district schools, where the classes range from kindergarten to college preparatory, and where the solitary preceptor must serve as class instructor, specialist in all the fads, and resident nurse, not to mention the janitorship, and to be principal and intermediary, as well as to supervise the board of trustees and see that such minor matters as taking the annual census, making the necessary reports to the county superintendent, arranging for the opening of the school term so that the sessions may fall between the legally appointed dates, and that the premises may be fit for habitation, a supply of water and fuel provided and at least a few of the most essential articles of equipment, such as seats, blackboards, chalk and ink, are on hand, are accustomed to say that teaching a city class bears the same relation to the multifarious duties of the ungraded school that sitting in the audience and looking on at the performance does to the feats of legerdemain of the juggling vaudeville performer. It is a fortunate "inexperienced" country teacher who has never learned to gauge time by a noon-mark or to teach geography without a map, or history without reference books as supplements. Has it ever occurred to my lords, the directors of educational affairs, that the enforced absence of the children of one household may throw an extra hour on hands to be utilized to the best advantage without preliminary planning, while the advent of one or two abcdarians in the middle of the term, or of children transferred from another county, whose schedule of work does not coincide, will call for readjustment of time which



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means that the "inexperienced" teacher, whose hours already range from nine till four, equivalent to six city days, every week in the term, must bring up the delinquents at recess time? Country teachers, who lack "experience" are expected to be on hand on winter mornings before the first of their charges arrive. They must often wade through a mile or more of mud and wet, in order to have the room warm for such as may put in an appearance, and it is they who are responsible for seeing that fires are out, doors and windows closed, public property secured, and dry fuel provided for next morning. There is no handy telephone, no janitor, no principal to assume the details of administration, and yet, the teacher may have spent five or ten years under just



J. M. Haley, Traffic Manager of the Lake Tahoe Railway & Traffic Company "got his"—a 30-pounder.

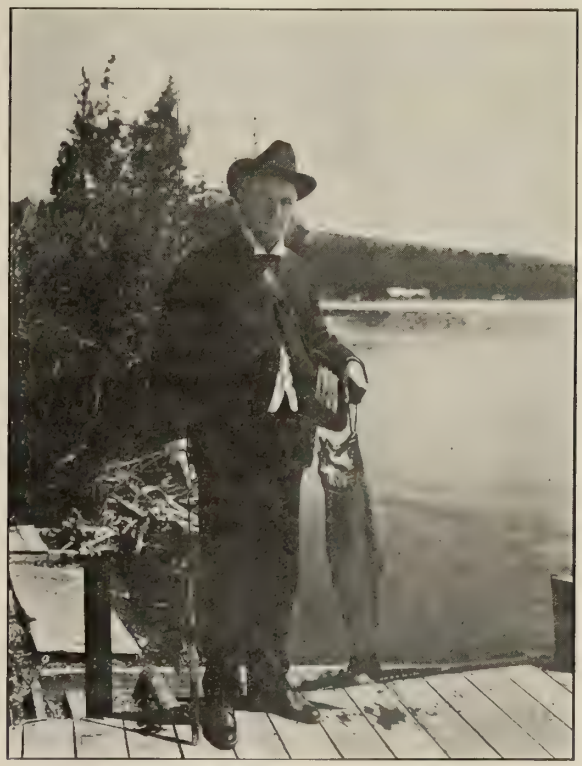
such conditions, and must have learned how to utilize every moment to the best advantage, and to keep nine or ten classes of all ages and both sexes, not to mention every degree of unwillingness, busy from morning till night on a course of study the counterpart of that provided for the city classes. It would be an amusing and instructive sight for any of the initiated to look on at the efforts of some male know-it-all, who has never been called upon in the whole of his life to do more than keep one foot from tripping up the other in a cut-and-dried formula, attempting, for just one six-hour day to keep up with the tasks which fall, as a matter of course, to an "inexperienced" teacher in an ungraded district school.

—An Ex-Pedagogue From the Rural Zone.



Mrs. Lowenberg's Book a Best Seller

In the eastern papers these days one comes across some very complimentary comments on Mrs. Lowenberg's novel "The Irresistible Current," but these are doubtless less gratifying to the author than the fact that so great



Judge Cooper's Prize Catch at Tahoe.

has been the demand for the book a second edition has been ordered. Mrs. Lowenberg has achieved a notable success. None more remarkable was ever achieved by a California writer. "The Irresistible Current" was put on the market one month ago. Before the expiration of the first month of its existence the publishers decided upon printing a second edition. Yet this is Mrs. Lowenberg's first novel. It is not selling on the reputation of a predecessor from the same pen. Nor has it been advertised through that most effective of all boom methods —condemnation. The book is happily free from sensationalism of all kinds. It is a novel with a very serious purpose. It contains a message, and as that message is of a religious nature, it is evident from the great demand for the book that readers of fiction have a taste for something more profitable than sensationalism. Mrs. Lowenberg tells an interesting story and vividly presents some unique characters and much diverting action. By the way, I hear that the novel, which abounds in sociological questions of rare intellectual interest is to be taken up for discussion by some of our local clubs.

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THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

There has been quite a reversal in opinion during the past week in Wall street securities brought about chiefly as the result of Thomas W. Lawson's "Monte Carlo" proposition. Mr. Lawson will only require one billion dollars to finance through a corporation whose privileges embrace everything except climbing a tree. It is really wonderful how Lawson reaches the public (who have a few dollars saved up). It makes good reading, but throws time away to review some of his past promotions. Most of them were handed to the public at the very highest price, soon declining to one-half their original cost, or going clear off the boards. Bay State Gas has been practically given to purchasers of a pound of tea until a few days ago; Boston shares (half) are selling at $1.50 per share, while the New York quotation is $3.00 for full shares. Many of the best stock exchange houses have refused to trade in Lawson's promotion securities. The general result to stock exchange securities has not been in favor of holders. Bankers do not view matters of this kind as affording them security. In consequence, the market, as a whole, suffered from five to seventeen dollars decline; the rapid advance in values during the past six weeks made Lawson's attack an easy one. American Smelters and Amalgamated Copper were the breast works charged upon. The selling out of weak holders' accounts in these stocks caused a panicky appearance at times which reflected its influence throughout the whole list of stocks and bonds. Added to this scare were rumors of a political character, also that railroads would not be able to carry out their plan to inaugurate a new system of rates upon an equalizing basis, which would procure for them a slight advance in revenue. There is no doubt about the upward trend having received a set-back. Investors are disposed to await a more definite period before taking on new commitments. Many of the railway shares are selling under a 5 per cent basis; this of itself had something to do with the halting of the advance. So many uncertainties present themselves during a presidential campaign that cautious investors keep close to shore. That a higher market will come later is voiced by the most conservative bankers. Railroad earnings are showing improvements, probably not as much as might be desired, yet the tide has turned in a marked degree, and a little time will adjust all matters of a monetary character.

The Wall Street Journal says: "Securities of Union Pacific have appreciated $75,000,000. Fourteen stocks held in the company's treasury have benefited to that extent by recovery. Increase in value of the 900,000 shares of Southern Pacific Common from low of 1907 to date sufficient to pay the Standard Oil—holdings of Baltimore & Ohio and Southern Preferred have each increased $6,000,000 in value. The upward movement of the market has worked a great change in the value of the stocks and bonds held in the treasury of the Union Pacific. Thus the appreciation in the total value of the 900,000 shares of Southern Pacific common alone from the low point last fall to the closing price last Tuesday means more than $29,000,000 to the controlling company, or enough to pay the Standard Oil fine. With the advance in the value ni the 342,000 shares of preferred the company's ownership of Southern Pacific stock is worth $35,000,000 more than it was during the panic period."

The improvement in crops during the past week has been very marked, prices have made quite a strong decline reflecting the improved conditions. Harvesting in the middle northwest is progressing rapidly under the most favorable conditions. The weather conditions throughout the cotton and corn belts could not be better; the greatest fear now is that an early frost may come to injure either of these crops. The corn and cotton crops are from two to three weks late this year, causing more or less apprehension even at this early date. Corn has been shipped into the United States recently from the Argentine for the first time, this in the face of the largest corn crop ever grown in the United State (3,000,000,000) three billion bushels, showing home requirements are exceeding our production. At the average increase of consumption of wheat seen during the past five years, within seven years America will not have a bushel of wheat to export. The consumption of oats is also growing at a rapid pace; all of these conditions reflect themselves in the way of railway transportation, in the way of live stock, hog products, flour, etc., meaning greater railroad earnings.

Local securities continue in good demand. Money appears more plentiful; good bonds meet ready sale. Commercial paper is also in better demand; wholesale houses report collections much improved, and country orders more in evidence.



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and its consequent depression, exhaustion, prostration,

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Heart Pangs Outside the Crocker Dance

There are a number of mothers limping around with a puncture in the family pride, because their darlings were not invited to Ethel Crocker's dance. Everyone, with any claim to social distinction, coveted invitations for their young hopefuls, but many that might have expected them searched in vain through the morning mail. Mrs. Crocker is in poor health and it was argued that her secretary must have managed the affair. But it was Miss Ethel herself who drew up the guest list and attended to every detail of the affair as her mother thought the experience would make her more self reliant. People supposed to be "close up" were besieged with requests to use their influence. A substantial matron who asked Miss Lily Lawlor to procure invitations for her son and daughter has told any number of people that "Miss Lawlor is just too mean!" And thus are friendships broken! Miss Guissie Foute, who is a very frequent visitor at the Crocker home, also was forced to refuse a dozen or more girls who asked her to use her influence in her tactful way. One clever and large hearted Miss who was invited did squeeze in two of her girl friends



Genthe, Photo. MRS. CLEMENT TOBIN

who might have expected to be asked. The girls live across the bay and she invited them to her home and then telephoned to Ethel Crocker that she had house guests and so couldn't come to the dance. On hearing who they were Miss Crocker, of course, said "bring them along."

Miss Crocker Went Fishing Instead

Miss Jennie Crocker constantly celebrates the Fourth of July with her disposition. Every day on the calendar is an Independence day with her. While she is very fond of her numerous relatives they rarely succeed in boring a hole through her determination to do things according to the dictates of her own sweet will. For example, Miss Crocker was not present at the dance given by Mrs. William Crocker for her daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Crocker. To be sure Ethel Mary is only in the near-debutante set, and Jennie Crocker has always shown a preference for girls half past her own age. However, it was expected that she would take a position somewhere down centre front, when the calcium was turned on at the dance. Instead she went choo-chooing in her private car for a week-end fishing trip on the McCloud river. The Alexander girls stayed behind for the dance although Miss Crocker had whipped their imagination with stories of the delights of the McCloud Country Club. She, herself, was just a bit disappointed in the trip as not a single rattlesnake glided across their path. Ever since Miss Crocker was in at the killing of a rattlesnake on the road to Tahoe last year she has been anxious to put another notch in her gun.

Cleverness of Mrs. Breckenridge

Addie Murphy Breckenridge is the true daughter of her father. No one ever catches her napping. She is a picturesque Sapphira and draws the long bow frequently but always with artistic effect. She adores her life in Paris and is not sorrowing about anyone. At the time of the marriage of Ernest Wiltsee and Miss Emily Taylor an invitation was sent by Miss Taylor to Mrs. Breckenridge. Later, Miss Taylor discovered that Mr. Wiltsee and Mrs. Breckenridge were not good friends. So Miss Taylor wrote to Miss Breckenridge saying that a wedding invitation had been mailed her by mistake. Would she please consider it cancelled? The invitations had of course been issued in the name of Miss Taylor's mother and to her Mrs. Breckenridge wrote: "I have just received a most extraordinary letter from your daughter, asking me to cancel some invitation. I have received no invitation which answers her description. To what invitation does she refer?"

No Longer Uses Piquant Slang

A former chum of Adelaide Murphy's, now Mrs. Breckenridge, tells me that while she was in Paris she saw very little of Mrs. Breckenridge as the latter now disdains anyone who is not stoopshouldered with ambition. Social ambition does not weigh on her scales and the only sort that is accepted as standard is that which makes for a public career in one of the arts. An inky forefinger points the way to her favor better than a highly polished hand. Her pet name for her father is still "Bunko Bill" but her vocabulary, once so choice with the latest and most piquant slang, no longer even sounds as familiar as colloquial English. She does not even sing or whistle, much less speak, anything but French.

Pioneering a New Fad

Mrs. Willard Drown is pioneering a new fad. Knitting has for some time been fashionable in smart society as a suitable mental exercise for a post graduate course on the veranda or in the garden. This exhilarating pastime has not been confined to private homes, but is found in every circular on hotel etiquette. It is eminently good form at Del Monte to click your crochet needles wherever a chair is handy, and if it were not for the fact that perpendicular amusements keep one trained down to sheath proportions, cards and knitting would divide the day. However, it has remained for Mrs. Drown to acclimate the fad to city life. A great deal of time is necessarily spent on the street cars and ferry boats in these days of suburban life, when most every body lives at least two games of bridge and a rubber from the shopping district. Mrs. Drown has discovered a way of putting in her time that even the Ladies Aid Society could not find objectionable. The other day she created a mild sensation on the Ross Valley train by taking out her knitting and industriously counting stitches all the way to Sausalito. The chug chug of the ferry boat did not interfere with her work, and when I caught a last glimpse

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of her on the San Mateo car she was still industriously twiddling her needless instead of twirling her thumbs like the rest of the passengers. Doubtless before this goes to publication Mr. Willard Drown will have appeared on 'Change in a brand new silk crochet tie, a sample of home industry practiced abroad. Since then, during the hours of the day when the cars are not very crowded I have seen several stunning looking girls busily crocheting between transfer points. And still the crabbed critics of wealthy women paste them over with such phrases as "slothful idleness!"

Has Shocked Society

Philadelphia society is very much shocked over the announcement that A. J. Drexel Biddle has announced his intention of going into systematic training preparatory to touring the country willing to meet any man of his weight in the roped arena. This announcement will be specially interesting here as a number of Californians



Hoyt, N. Y., Photo. MRS. LINDA BRYAN

Mrs. Bryan's engagement to Prentiss Cobb Hale has just been announced. The marriage will take place next month.

have married into that exclusive family. The Drexel and the Biddle clans are aghast at the idea of all this notoriety. Mrs. Tony Biddle, the wife, is in tears, while her pugilistically inclined husband cooly continues his preparations to win renown in the roped arena. He is said to yearn for newspaper fame and to stand at the head of the middleweight division with the championship belt in his hand. Relatives are pleading with him and hopes are high that the unpleasant matter will be quickly settled. The Californian relatives are holding aloof from the trouble.

Used the Wrong Dye

A middle aged cavalier, who divides his time between the Burlingame and the Bohemian clubs, has gone into temporary retirement, and his best friends have not been able to rout him out. Incidentally a young woman, the daughter of his closest friend, may be cheated out of an inheritance which every one has always taken it for granted the wealthy bachelor would leave her in the smooth course of human events. The story goes that when the young woman suggested to him that he try a certain hair tonic on his mustachios, she was innocent of intent to hold him up to ridicule. They have both recently been house guests at a country home near Napa, and as the gentleman spent most of the month in the open with the sun beating down upon him, the heat rays combined with a lifetime smoking habit, managed to make his iron gray mustache take on the tones of greengage plum. So a day or two before starting for the city he diligently applied the proffered tonic, and just before driving to the station applied a generous dose. The sun did the rest. A friend, whom he met at the ferry, jellied with laughter at the sight of him; the boys at the club doubled up when he asked them to "have one," and even the cashier in the bank where he sought to replenish his purse let a gingerly smile escape. The Chinese cook in his bachelor apartment forgot his bland and oriental code of manners and chuckled in pigeon English. Mystified he sought the mirror and found that his mustache had turned a passionate, regular Leslie Carter red. He refused to cut it, seeking retirement instead until the hair resumes its natural color.

The Bogie Man

At a recent luncheon given at a Bohemian resort in the outskirts of San Rafael an Eastern guest said: "Really the state of things here is awful. I'm told that if I'm seen talking to one woman it will be taken as disloyalty to another and all because of this graft prose-



Genthe, Photo. MISS MARGUERITE LE BRETON

cution. It is really dreadful." A woman of wit beckoning to a waiter, asked him for a blank card. When it was brought to her she wrote on it with a pencil, carefully concealing it the while, "Francis J. Heney" and had the waiter take the card to the Eastern guest who had opened the conversation. That lady adjusted her lorgnette, read the card and gasped as though she had been bitten by an asp. "Francis J. Heney!" she cried. "What on earth can he want with me? Tell him 'No, I certainly will not see him.'" The waiter retired and a profound silence hung over the table. There was another luncheon party of San Rafael ladies in the next booth and these were gaily chattering and laughing. The alarming card was sent in to one of the guests at that luncheon and instantly a frightful silence fell on the merry party.

"Reminds one of Napoleon's name in England at the

time of the Napoleaonic wars," said one of the women who is up in her history.

"Pooh, that's entirely too complimentary," said another.

"Oh, well, Napoleon met his Waterloo," returned the first.

Betrayed by a Postscript

Usually it is difficult to summarily dismiss a familiar name from one's vocabulary and glibly pronounce its successor. But in the case of Mrs. Linda Bryan, who will soon be Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, the feat will not be laborious, for this popular matron has always been called "Mrs. Linda," without any surname tagging after, by a wide circle of friends. The girls, who always crowd the perspective, wherever she is found, and the men who circle round, in fact, her entire set have known for some time that "Mrs. Linda" was secretly watching the light and shadow effects on an engagement ring, and was learning to drive the $10,000 machine which her fiance had presented to her. But neither the lady nor her cavalier would confirm the rumor until they were tripped up by the click click of the telegraph machine. Mrs. Bryan thought her secret would be safe in St. Louis, so in a confidential mood she added a postscript to a letter to a bachelor friend there. Forthwith, that delighted friend, not knowing that postscripts are always the important and secret reasons for writing a letter at all, telegraphed the news to friends in this city and Mrs. Bryan and Mr. Hale had to sit up and take notice that half a secret is none at all. Mrs. Bryan is the daughter of Mrs. William Walter Felton, whose husband is a wealthy resident of Mazatlan. Mrs. Bryan has frequently chaperoned parties on visits to Mexico, in fact in the set in which she moves she is the most popular chaperone and is always in demand. She is a director in a number of charitable organizations and after the fire took a zealous interest in the welfare of the firemen and their families. Her daughter, who has long been called "baby" Linda, has outgrown the sobriquet and will soon be of debutante age. Two boys complete this interesting family group to which Mr. Hale will be added possibly some time in September. Although a member of the firm of Hale Brothers he had made his residence in the East until after the big fire. To the delight of her wide and cosmopolitan circle of friends he will not take his bride East to live.

The Duncan-Girvin Engagement

Another recently announced engagement which occasioned no surprise among their friends was that of Miss Pauline Duncan, a niece of Mrs. Edward L. Griffiths of Ross Valley and Richard Girvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin of Menlo Park. Miss Duncan came out here from the East with her parents on a visit to Mrs. Duncan's mother, Mrs. Coppie, and made a host of friends. Mr. Duncan is a mining engineer in the East. I hear the wedding will not take place for some time. Mrs. Girvin was Miss Maggie Eyre, daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre.

Society Events at Del Monte

My Monterey correspondent writes that Del Monte is looking forward to a very lively period with the bench show on the 28th and 29th of this month, the golf tournament which will extend from August 31st until September 5th, and the tennis tournament commencing September 7th. Society women are particularly interested in the dog show which is expected to exceed in the number of entries and in the prominence of the exhibitors the one given last year. Among those who have entered their canine pets are Miss Jennie Crocker, one of whose Boston terriers won the challenge cup for the best dog in the show last year; Mrs. William C. Ralston, whose cocker spaniels are among the finest in the country; Mrs. Nat T. Messer, whose Airedale terriers were cup winners last year; Mrs. J. A. Wiborn, whose bull dog walked away with a cup at the same show; Mrs. Charles K. Harley, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. H. N. Cook, Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Ethel Dean and many others whose blooded pets are the pride of their mistresses' hearts.

Among the visitors at Del Monte is Mrs. William Howard, formerly of Menlo Park, but now of Boston. Later she will visit the city when she will be the object of much entertaining, as when here, she was one of the most prominent society women in California. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander and their three daughters, Miss Harriet, Miss Janetta and Miss Mary Alexander arrived



Arnold, Photo.

BOWLING ON THE GREEN

Society's new diversion under the oaks at Del Monte.

here on Saturday and will remain until after the dog show and the golf tournament. They will be joined this week by Miss Jennie Crocker and her brother, Templeton Crocker, who are coming for the same affairs.

Mrs. J. S. Oyster and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, were here for a few days having motored down from the city to spend a few days with Mrs. Oyster's mother, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs. The Oysters will return later for the golf tournament. Mr and Mrs. William B. Tubbs will also be here for that event.

Miss Jennie Flood is expected here on the 20th for an extended stay. Among those who motored here last week were Mrs. F. E. Moore and Miss Marguerite Moore, Miss Moore having driven her car herself all the way from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Columbus Waterhouse was here for a few days and was joined by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. S. W. Waterhouse, who motored down from San Jose for a few days visit.

Samuel G. Wilder, Miss Helen K. Wilder and Samuel G. Wilder, Jr. of Honolulu, spent several days here last week. Miss Wilder was written up in the San Francisco newspapers at one time as having been on the police force in Honolulu. It was learned later that she was acting as special officer for a humane society. She wore a policeman's star and was known as a fearless horseback rider.

Abducted by Her Parents

Miss Ethel B. Ludwig, who is now happily married to Professor Fred F. Fitzgerald of Stanford, has had a much happier experience in her alleged abduction than did Mlle. Bassot, the daughter of General Bassot, in Paris recently. Mlle. Bassot was leaving church Sunday morning when a man of herculean build seized her, forced her into an automobile conveniently posted near the church door and sprang in after her. The auto mobile started off and was flying along at top speed before the spectators could collect enough breath to scream. Was it an elopement or an abduction? That was the mystery. All Paris was thrilled at first and then was shocked to learn that Mlle. Bassot had been carried off by her mother, who disapproved of her determination to devote her life to charitable work, and that she had been confined in a private asylum in Geneva. Mlle. Bassot had anticipated her parents would make some attempt to frustrate her philanthropic projects and had given written instructions to a barrister to begin proceedings against them if she were to disappear. Maitre Clunet upon learning of the incident laid the case before the Public Prosecutor. The head of the private asylum where she had been taken read in the Paris papers an account of the abduction and realized that the medical certificate which had been given him declaring Mlle. Bassot of weak mind had been obtained by some intrigue, and promptly informed her she was free. The unfortunate girl returned to Paris and insisted on a prosecution against her parents.

Mary Anderson in Later Life

Mary Anderson entered on her fiftieth year on Tuesday, July 28, and the statement is borne out by documentary evidence of her birth at Sacramento in 1858. Twelve of those years—from her sixteenth to her twenty-eighth—were spent on the stage, and all London rushed to see the young actress, who, if she were not a heaven born genius, was delightful to look at. But the glamour of the footlights soon palled. Miss Anderson settled down to a calm life at old fashioned Broadway, a quaint sport in the heart of England, where there is an American colony to keep green the memory of Mme. de Navarro's native land.

In the Social Spotlight

The Perry Eyres are enjoying the south of France. Miss Cora Parker is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Tonn announce the engagement of their daughter Ruby to Mr. Louis Scheeline.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark is expected home in a fortnight, after a two months' visit in England and France.

Miss Genevieve Harvey spent the week end with the Peter Martins in Burlingame.

The Douglas Watsons are still enjoying Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller will give up their Ross home for the season and return to town in October.

From Paris comes the news that a little son has been born there to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Wiltsee. They left here about six months ago after a short visit.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott is in Zurich.

Since their recent marriage, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum have been occupying their home in Ross. They will spend the winter in the Drum home in Broadway.

HUMANITARIAN ANNOUNCEMENT

Mountain resorts are now robbed of terrors. "ANTI-OAK," the absolete chemical and physiological antidote to Poison Oak and Ivy has been discovered. Put a fifty-cent bottle in your kit and feel secure. Distributers: Oriental Incense and Perfume Company, 424 W. Seventh street, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Parson's Private School

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All grades; both sexes. Primary, grammar, business and high school course. Manual training. School opens August 10th.

Bert Cadwalader, Miss Linda Cadwalader and the George Cadwalader will occupy a home at Devisadero and Washington Streets together this winter. Later Mr. Bert Cadwalader and his sister, Miss Linda, will probably start for a long tour abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Stuart Murray and children are spending the month at their country home at Black Point, Marin County.

The John J. Barretts have moved to their new home on First Avenue, near the Presidio.

The Garrett McEnerneys are now in Germany. They will soon take a motor trip through France and Italy.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, with Colonel John C. Bellinger and Lieutenant Colonel George H. Tomey, left the other evening for Aliscadero. Colonel Maus is expected back in a few days at the Hotel St. Francis, where he has established his permanent headquarters.

Mrs. I. L. Requa, Miss Amy Long and Miss Sallie Long of Piedmont are guests at Aetna Springs.

The Hugo Mansfeldts have returned from their country home in Napa.

Isabel Irving is one of the latest distinguished stars to join the theatrical colony at the St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow and Dr. E. K. Hopkins of San Francisco are guests at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. W. C. Greene and Mrs. F. M. King of Cananea, Mexico, are at the St. Francis. Colonel Green, who has been in the Orient extending his vast mining interests, expects to join them very soon.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dingee have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson left this week on a brief visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Somers will spend September at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Charles Sutro spent this week visiting Miss Alice and Miss Ina Cowdy at their summer cottage in Carmel-by the Sea.

A number of delightful social affairs will punctuate the very entertaining program gotten up by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae for their annual meeting beginning the week of August 31st at the Fairmont Hotel. Among the events prominently carded are a luncheon at Mills College, Saturday, August 29th, at which Mrs. Susan Mills will act as hostess; a tea at a Chinese restaurant in town, Monday, August 31st, at 4 P. M., with Mrs. Frank P. Deering as hostess, and a trip around the bay the same day with Miss Ethel Moore as hostess.

The following guests are registered at the Carlton Hotel, Berkeley: Miss M. L. White and Miss M. F. Warner, en route to their home in Washington. D. C.; Mrs. Havens and family of Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. Calvin Thomas of New York; Mrs. K. Perrin of Stockton and Miss Anita Perrin, lately returned from an extended trip in the East; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Squires of Chicago; Captain Nance of the University of California; Mr. and Mrs. Mart. Ferry, a prominent mining man of Salt Lake City, accompanied by their twin sons. Lieutenant Barber of the Philippines gave a dinner recently to ten guests. There are several charming social parties programmed for this month. The Carlton Hotel is rapidly filling up for the winter with permanent guests.

Comte de Montcalm of Paris is at the Fairmont during his stay in San Francisco.

Letters announce that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Van Ness are enjoying the Sierra lakes.

Mrs. George C. Perkins, wife of Senator Perkins, returned on the last steamer from a trip through Hawaii.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer are back in town after summering at their country home at Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell have returned from Napa Soda Springs to their home in town.

J. M. Hale, one of the prominent merchants of Los Angeles, and a member of Hale Brothers, San Francisco, is registered at the Fairmont.

Miss Newell Drown is visiting Miss Elizabeth Livermore at her country home, Montesol, near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Wyck and Miss Van Wyck left Paris for Hamburg.

The coming convention of Collegiate Alumnae, which is to be held at the Fairmont, is causing a great deal of interest, and requests for reservations continue to pour into the management. This is one of the National conventions and it is the first time that it has been held on the Coast. An elaborate program of business and sight-seeing has been prepared for the visiting delegates and nothing will be left undone to give the visitors a good impression of San Francisco.

At Carlsbad recently were the Henry Foster Duttons, Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. William Irwin, Miss Helena Irwin and Mrs. Irwin's mother, Mrs. Richard Ivers, the Richard Hammonds and Mrs. Wellington Gregg and her two daughters.

Among the Army and Navy people now making their home at the Hotel Jefferson are General and Mrs. J. C. Muhlenberg, Major and Mrs. R. H. Rolfe and family, Colonel and Mrs. L. C. Allen and Levin C. Allen, Major George Williamson, wife and son, Mrs. H. E. Creary and Miss K. C. Creary and Admiral and Mrs. H. M. Manney.

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Fresh Crab — Sliced Tomato

Soup

Cream of Onion — Consomme

Entrees

Tenderloin of Sole, Tartar Sauce — Salmon Trout, Maitre d'Hotel
Pot Roast with Noodles — Sheep's Feet Spanish
Vienna Schnitzel, Tomato Sauce — Leg of Lamb with Spanish
Tagliarini and Cheese — Roast Beef, auJus

Dessert

Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
Swiss Cheese — Roquefort Cheese — Brie Cheese

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P. O. Box 190, PLACERVILLE, CAL.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and her daughter, Miss Frances, are at Mrs. Barron's beautiful country home in Mayfield for a week.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges has returned to town and has taken attractive apartments at the Charlemagne where she will entertain extensively this winter.

Mountford Wilson has returned from his summer camp near Tallac. Mrs. Wilson and the children will follow in a fortnight.

Mrs. Kitty Staples Yeamens was hostess on Tuesday last at a delightful tea given in honor of the charming daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Robinson. Miss Robinson has lately returned from Washington, D. C., while her sister, Mrs. Wheatley, wife of Captain Wheatley, U. S. A., Whipple Barracks, Arizona, is here on a visit to her parents. She will stay several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart will leave, Monday next, on a two months trip to New York and Washington. Mr. Stewart is called East on several very important law cases and while he is thus engaged his wife will visit several relatives and a number of old time friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley will soon leave Sausalito for an extended eastern trip. They will rent their beautiful home on the hill, as business will keep Mr. Findley away the greater part of the next year. Mrs. Findley is a sister of H. Clay Miller whose marriage to Miss Madeline Bohrmann will soon take place.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Campbell and her daughter, Miss Frances Reed, are at present visiting in Cambridge, Mass. They will return to their home in Sausalito the last of September.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kent of Kentfield, who recently returned from a visit East when they met President Roosevelt, are spending a few weeks at Tahoe. They came down from the lake for the Kentfield affair, last Saturday, and returned the following day.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Selby, formerly Miss May Reis, who have been residing in New York since their marriage a year ago, will come to California early in October on a visit to Mrs. Selby's sister, Mrs. Willian Huie.

Mrs. Cæsar Bertheau will give a large dance at the California Club on August 28th in honor of her daughter, Miss Helen, who will make here debut this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Dyck Johns will leave early in October for a visit of several months with relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. A. W. Blow and her attractive daughter, Miss Nina Blow, who have been visiting Captain and Mrs. Ray, U. S. A., at Mare Island since the death of Mr. Blow some months ago, will spend the coming winter in town. Mrs. Blow was Miss Georgie Richards, Mrs. Ray was Miss Sadie Richards. The late Mr. A. W. Blow belonged to a prominent Oakland family and was also connected by marriage with the Glascocks of Oakland.

Miss Ethel Lincoln has gone to the Yosemite, the guest for several weeks of Major and Mrs. Benson.

Mrs. Le Roy Nickel will leave shortly for New York where she will enter her daughter in school.

Miss Elizabeth Parran Simpson, daughter of Colonel W. A. Simpson, Adjunt General of the Department of California, after graduating from an eastern seminary, arrived in town this week.

Senator and Mrs. Newlands are domiciled at the Fairmont for a season.

Miss Molly Dutton has returned home from her trip abroad.

Mrs. James Hubert Mee, well known in San Rafael and San Francisco circles, is still at Tahoe Tavern. Mr. Mee left for the East a few days ago, after a two weeks' visit at the lake.

Annual Dog Show at Del Monte

Next week's Dog Show at Del Monte will furnish the "motif" for a number of delightful week end parties. Some large parties will motor down Thursday and Friday, while those less fortunate will make up the groups which take advantage of the special rates made by the railroad company for the occasion.

Everything indicates that this year's event will be a record breaker in both entry list and attendance. The entry list which has just closed shows as fine lot of canines of every sort, size, color and degree as one would want to see. The advance reservations now being made at the Hotel warrants the assumption that those who have entered their dogs will be there with all their friends to see them win. The trophies which are on exhibition at a well known jewelry store provide awards for many different classes. Expert Eastern judges have been brought here to decide on the merits of each class.

The show opens Friday, August 28th, and ends Saturday, August 29th. The prizes will be awarded in the parlors of the Hotel on Saturday night. The usual Saturday evening dance will follow.

Among the prominent lady dog fanciers who will exhibit their prize winners at Del Monte are Miss Jennie Crocker, Boston terriers; Miss Kempff, Miss Wolfen, Miss Ethel Tompkins and Mrs. W. C. Ralston, cocker spaniels; Miss Irving Ackerman, Miss Frances Reid, Mrs. Norman J. Stewart, Mrs. Charles Harley, toy Pomerians; Mrs. George Monteith and Mrs. George Flexnor, bull terriers; Mrs. H. N. Cook and Miss Helen Stewart, French bulldogs; Mrs. Phil M. Wand, Dachshundes; Mrs. N. B. Lister, collies; Mrs. Captain Saxe and Mrs. Porter Ashe, Great Danes; Mrs. G. F. Herr, Yorkshire terriers; Miss Margarite Barron, Pekinese spaniels; Mrs. C. J. Lindgren, Chihuahuas; Mrs. Nat T. Messer, Airedale terriers; Mrs. J. A. Wiborn and Mrs. J. P. Norman, bulldogs; Mrs. N. H. Neustadter, Miss Macfarlane and Miss Kathleen Finnigan, Bostons; Miss Ethel Dean, French poodels, and Mrs. Horton Phipps, Miss Louise Easton and Miss Bates, bull terriers.



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Stage

Hartman in "The Idol's Eye"

Ferris Hartman has mugged, joshed and jested through the light opera life of San Francisco for the past fifteen years in a way to win him the staunch admiration of a big wing of theatre patrons. Most of these admirers tried to squeeze into the packed Princess theatre last Monday evening to join in the ovation tendered the comedian on his home coming. They showered him with insistent applause, huge floral pieces, personal "jollies" and cheerfully demanded a speech at every curtain. The returned refugee, beaming with delight, hardly needed the provocation. He was bubling over, bulging with an accumulation of apt and timely jests and his speech-making was a rapid fire gun display of Hartman witticisms. He has written so many topical songs and pelted gags about the stage so often that he is a past-master in shooting timely jests straight to the funny bone of a Princess audience. It was the same Hartman—years have demonstrated that he cannot be anything else—the same romping, rollicking Hartman, a little mellowed perhaps. His voice still passes as a joke with him and leaves him dependable on his antics, the same easy going, free for all ways of raising a laugh, and judging from his reception, age does not wither nor custom stale them with the Hartman devotee. In one of his last curtain speeches, Monday evening, before he was carried off by a mob of enthusiastic friends to a hilarious congratulatory supper, he unconsciously gave the key-note to his method on the stage. "The difference between an audience here," he said, "and an audience anywhere else is this: Over in—well, where I've been—they sit back and dare you to make them laugh. Here in San Francisco the audience says, 'We're here for a good time. Turn loose.' I'm loose." And he was. He larded the libretto plentifully with timely hits all his own, he interpolated a string of topical verses and personal joshes that kept his friendly audience cackling with keen delight and he gamboled freely about the stage in hunts for the funny situation. Everything in the public eye became a target for his jests and sport. He took a shot at Heney by comparing the disconsolate "Idol" to the avid prosecutor, and the big audience laughed. His rousing reception put him in fine fettle and he ran the whole gamut of Hartmanisms in the raciest Hartman fashion. The management showed rare judgment in furnishing him "The Idol's Eye" for his reappearance as it affords the best scope to display his comicalities. The company became infected with the spirit of the occasion and the action went with a zip. The Hindoo story gave an attractive oriental setting with captivating costumes and color effects. Among other surprises in the cast was the grotesquely funny impersonation of the Highlander, Jamie McSnuffy, furnished by Walter Catlett. It was a conception of odds and ends adorned with shreds of apparel, animated with a pair of bedraggled legs and an occasional "Hoot mon!" His accent and appearance was a laugh. The vivacity and sparkle of Zoe Barnett, as the Nautch girl, was the gem relief work in the oriental picture. She and Sarah Edwards, as the Chief Priestess, carried the leading vocal numbers and rendered them excellently, the smooth contralto voice of Miss Edwards wining deserved encores. Arthur Cunningham was in his usual vigorous trim but the part of Don Pablo Tobasco proved narrow in vocal scope. Wallace Brownlow made the most of the music given him but, as in the case of Cunningham, he had scant opportunity. Evelyn Frances Kellogg looked her prettiest and sang sweetly. The chorus, the rich oriental settings and the glittering costumes were all that could be desired—and furnished Hartman one of the best backgrounds he ever enjoyed.

SAVE YOUR FACE.

New York Skin and Feature Institute, corner Ellis and Franklin streets, San Francisco. Surgeons and Dermatologists. Beauty book free.

Strong Bill in Vaudeville

The Big City Quartette easily took the lead in popularity at the Orpheum this week, more on account of the excellence of their voices than because of their selections, which were of the old time order. The singers however captivated the house with their fresh, wholesome ways and sang with as much relish and enjoyment as any four bright chaps just out of college to earn their own living. Their rendering of glee songs had a rare and finished spirit. The four Rianos' acrobats, proved almost as popular. Two of them, garbed as monkeys, intersprsed nonsense and monkeyshines with clever and astonishing acrobatic feats. The real monkeys on the programme known as Raffino's Simians proved less attractive. However they were just off a long journey and may have been nervous. They offer several clever stunts, notably a burlesque disrobing act on the trapeze and a flying trapeze jump, but animals, like humans, have to exhibit surpassing cleverness these days in order to attract the attention of the volatile public. Fay Carranza, in her second week, displayed more poise and spirit and naturally her fine voice was exercised to better advantage. With a little more experience assured success lies before her. Neither of the two sketches offered will ever attain any notable niche in vaudeville. "Mr. Stung's Mistake" lacks action, snap and the other requisites to make it a breezy go in vaudeville. The skit of "Fix in a Fix," is almost as light and depends entirely on the efforts of Charles H. Bradshaw to rouse the attention. As he is inebriated most of the time the contest is unequal. The rest of the bill, winding up with a thrilling, hair raising motor car race in the moving pictures, was excellent. The accidents to several cars were almost as exciting as the real thing.



THE BARRETT SISTERS

With the De Haven Sextette who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Return of "The Man of the Hour"

Mr. Cyrill Scott last seen in this city as the star of "The Prince Chap," comes back to San Francisco under special engagement to play the title role in "The Man of the Hour," and will make his first appearance in the role on Monday night at the Van Ness Theatre. This does not mean that this admirable actor is through with starring. On the contrary, he recently signed a five years' contract with Brady and Grismer, whereby he will soon go out again at the head of his own company. It has often been told how Broadhurst, in writing "The Man of the Hour," had young Scott in mind, but that the success of "The Prince Chap," which he produced in 1905, was so great that he decided to return "The Man of the Hour" to the author, who then turned it over to Brady and Grismer. At any rate, Scott ought to prove an ideal actor for the role of Mayor Bennett. That sterling California favorite, Miss Ethel Brandon, returns in the role which she acted last year—that of the Mayor's mother. Miss Ruby Bridges will again play the part of the Mayor's fiancee. Felix Haney returns in his amusing sketch of Jim Phelan, the get-even alderman, and Louis Hendricks will again be the capital actor of Big Dick Horrigan, the boss who brooks no opposition.

Popular Romance at the Alcazar

"Brother Officers" will be the Alcazar's offering Monday night, with White Whittlesey as the dominating figure, Lieutenant John Hinds. He made such a hit in this role at the old Alcazar that the play ran three weeks—and that, too, one year after it had been presented in one of the high-price local theatres by a New York company. Competent critics who witnessed both productions unhesitatingly gave the palm to the Alcazar and Mr. Whittlesey's work. The story treats of British army and social usage. Lieutenant Hinds, of humble birth and breeding,



BURT WESSNER
At the Alcazar Theatre.

is awarded the Victoria Cross and promoted from the ranks for his heroism in the field, and in his new environment he commits many breaches of gentility, but never violates the code of honesty and morality. His only sincere friend is Lieutenant Pleydell, a young fellow who gets into the clutches of an unscrupulous Australian millionaire, who was formerly a London criminal. Hinds recognizes the man in his true character, and threatens to expose him if he does not relinquish his grip on Pleydell and abandon his purpose of marrying an aristocratic girl, for whom, bye the bye, Hinds himself has a tender attachment. Having saved his friend, he is seriously thinking of declaring his love for the girl when he inadvertently overhears such a proposal discussed and unqualifiedly condemned by some of her relatives, so he buries his ambition and goes to India on active service.

As the hero from the ranks Mr. Whittlesey will unquestionably give the best characterization he thus far has presented his San Francisco admirers this summer. Whether as the blundering, bashful novice in society, hardly able to realize his social elevation, or the easy-going officer who has overcome the novelty of his social environment, he holds the interest of his audience. In the cast with him will be all the Alcazar favorites in well-fitting roles, and Stage Director Butler is seeing to it that the pictorial side of the play will be adequate.

To Produce "The Toy Maker"

Ferris Hartman has no reason to complain of his reception at the Princess Theatre. At every performance during the week the theatre has been packed and Mr. Hartman, in addition to receiving an ovation on his first entrance, has been honored with innumerable encores and curtain calls. It is a good thing that

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Beginning Next Monday Night

FERRIS HARTMAN

In a Superb Production of the Fascinating Musical Conceit,

THE TOY MAKER

Arthur Cunningham and all the Princess favorites in the cast.
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the Princess is a class A building or it never would have resisted the shock caused by the salvos of applause. Of Mr. Hartman it may be truly said that age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. His performance of Abel Conn, a magician in "The Idol's Eye" retains all its delightful, quaint humor and has if anything mellowed and improved with time. Sunday night "The Idol's Eye" will be given for the last time and next Monday night a magnificent production of the delightful musical conceit, "The Toy Maker," will be offered with Mr. Hartman in his famous role of Johanns Guggenheimer. The cast will include Arthur Cunningham, Wallace Brownlow, Walter Catlett, and all the Princess theatre favorites.

New Features at the Orpheum

The de Haven Sextette, a clever and interesting feature of which is Sydney C. Gibson, will be the headline attraction the week beginning this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum. They will appear in the terpsichorean operatta, "The Understudy," which is considered one of the best acts in vaudeville. The scene of the operetta represents a pretty garden where a fete is being held and Mr. Gibson, Miriam F. Carson, the Barrett Sisters, Florence Williams and Elsie Kreb introduce a variety of songs and dances and many changes of costume. The Four Baltus, Olympic Gymnasts, the recent sensation of Paris, London and New York, will be seen here for the first time. They are exceptional athletes whose grace, daring, finesse and skill entitle them to rank in a class by themselves. Eugene and Willie Howard, two phenomenally clever youngsters, will present their singing and dancing skit, "The Hebrew Messenger Boy and the Thespian." Dolesch and Zillbauer, the original Viennese street singers who were the first to depict the itinerant minstrel on the stage, will give us a taste of their quality. They have proved a great hit wherever they have appeared. Next week will be the last of the Big City Quartette, Charles H. Bradshaw & Co., Raffin's Simian Performers and the Four Rianos. A new series of Motion Pictures will terminate the performance.

Captivating Opera at theAmerican

"The Love Tales of Hoffmann," pronounced by critics to be the sweetest story ever set to music, will be the initial musical offering at the American theatre. This is the comic opera which created such a furore during the opera season in New York and which has just closed a most successful run at Idora Park. The music is characteristic of all that Offenbach has written. The opera opens with a prologue and Hoffmann, a young poet, is shown leading a drinking chorus in a tavern and in a spirit of fun he is persuaded to amuse his fellow revelers by telling about his three love affairs. The stories are enacted in three acts and the opera concludes with an epilogue showing the poet in an intoxicated condition. As he lies thus sleeping, the muse of poetry appears and bids him to devote himself henceforth to becoming a great poet. Edith Mason, the charming prima donna, Thomas H. Persse, the sweet-voiced tenor, Charles Swickard, the baritone, Ann Tasker, the soprano, Bernice Holmes, the contralto, and Joseph Fogarty are a few of the artists who will sing the prominent roles. Popular prices during the engagement of "The Love Tales of Hoffman." Saturday and Sunday matinees will be given.



SCENE FROM "THE MAN OF THE HOUR"
At the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday night.

Auto Notes

On pleasant days Mrs. G. M. Wilcox of Fair Oaks may be seen on the roads of San Mateo County skillfully guiding her natty Thomas-Detroit Touring Car. Mrs. Wilcox is very much at home at the wheel and is a very enthusiastic motorist.

The family of Dr. H. D. Lawhead spent a few days in this city while on the way to their home in Woodland, Yolo County. Their tour lasted several weeks during which they visited all the seaside resorts south of San Francisco in their two-cylinder Buick touring car. The son of the family was the driver of the car.

Speaking about the automobile exhibit at the Idora Carnival, Mr. Mathewson last evening stated that while it was far from being a national show at the same time it indicated the trend of tire choice by the automobile public, Diamond Tires having equipped thirteen out of the sixteen cars exhibited.



MOTOR CAR CROSSING A RAILROAD TRESTLE

Latest feat in local automobile circles: A thirty horsepower White Steam Car crossing one of the long trestles of the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway on its trip of six miles over the ties. W. J. Thomas, Superintendent of the railroad, is seated next to the driver and in the tonneau are San Francisco newspapermen. Mr. Thomas was amazed at the ease with which the big motor car traversed the route from Muir Tavern to West Point. The White car still holds the record for the Mt. Tamalpais climb.

J. B. Brokaw of Holly, arrived from Los Angeles in his '07 "D" Franklin. Mr. Brokaw spent four days on the road and reports an excellent trip with no troubles en route.

The Pioneer Company has already received deposits from a great number of parties for Chalmers Detroit Cars, among others W. R. Taylor of Florin, Nev., Edwin T. Huffman, and P. J. Garland of San Francisco, and C. Lehnhardt of Oakland, Cal.

The Consolidated Motor Car Co. reports the sale of both a Pope-Hartford Roadster and Touring Car to J. C. Kubach of Los Angeles, and also a Pope-Hartford Touring Car to Mr. Bert Dingley of Modesto.

S. S. Freeman of Alameda in his Model "D" Franklin Touring car reports marvelous success. He has driven 12,500 miles over the roughest country, without any expense whatsoever from a mechanical standpoint, and with the original set of tires furnished with the car.

A. Schwabacher spent his week-end vacation driving his Buick "White Streak" through Marin and Sonoma counties. He is acquiring quite a reputation as a speed burner as upon the return trip he made a remarkable drive from Petaluma to Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Herringer of Rio Vista, Solano County, are enjoying a camping expedition in the Truckee and Tahoe Lake regions. They travel in their two-cylinder Buick touring car in the tonneau of which is carried a complete equipment.

Cruise of the "White Squadron."

The "White Squadron," Northern Division, will make its first cruise on Sunday, August 30th.

This is not a naval bulletin, but an announcement that the owners of "White steamers" will hold an outing on that day, and take an inland cruise through the various scenic routes of Marin County. Only the first part of the cruise will be taken on the briny and that will be the ferry trip to Sausalito, where the squadron will rendezvous until the signal is given from the flagship to get up steam and get under way.

The first port to which the steamers will head is Mill Valley. From there the fleet will go over the ground swells to Redwood Canyon, where the fleet will anchor and take provisions aboard. The crews will be granted shore leave to visit the redwood forest, recently given to the government by William Kent, and the squadron will then set sail for Willow Camp, where preparations have been made for a public reception, and several contests of speed and manoeuvering will be engaged in by the various vessels of the fleet.

The return trip will be made along the Coast by way of Manzanita to Sausalito, where the cruise will end.

It is expected that over twenty steamers will take part in the "sail." W. J. Thomas of the Mount Tamalpais Railway, will act as pilot to the squadron.

SUMMER RESORT ARRIVALS

Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe: From San Francisco, Joseph Durney, Harold Durney, Raymond Durney, Mrs. W. E. Jermaine, H. B. Truitt, Miss Truitt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Batelle, Dr. W. R. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, W. J. de Martini and family, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walters, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walters, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Cerdell, I. W. Van Zandt, J. Del Valle, Miss V. Smead, Miss deVries, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Healy, Clarence Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Breck, S. N. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. M. Gibbs, Mrs. Geo. Hageman, Miss Cora Wycoff, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bacirne, James Seymour, J. S. Potter and family, Misses Steinbeck, Miss H. Camp, Mrs. R. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Eugenie O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Priber, Misses Priber, D. A. Bender, Miss E. M. Bender, Mrs. H. D. Loveland, J. S. Henton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund, D. C. Condit, R. E. Queen, Dr. and Mrs. A. Rosenthal, Mrs. Wm. H. King, Miss S. L. Leffler, J. Bermingham, Miss Annie Bareilles, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Louise Toone, Miss Maude Allen, Mr. and Mrs. A. Harmes.

Pacific Grove Hotel: From San Francisco, Emma Westphal, Mrs. Lutz, W. H. Arps, J. C. Evans, O. C. Coiner, Jas. F. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Carney, E. J. Field, E. J. Brown, A. J. Edwards, C. P. Waterhouse, J. S. Webster, Thos. Carrick, W. C. Finley, C. A. Pierce, Geo. W. Lillis, Ida Carrick, A. H. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reuhling, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Fish, Mrs. M. Eldridge, M. H. Avery, B. F. Richardson, C. A. Richardson, M. Griffin, R. J. Grier, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Grier, C. M. Fielding, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lincoln, Mrs. Watson.

From Oakland, F. S. Nutting, Wm. Harold Oliver, R. H. Denton, I. Todd, Mrs. J. H. Edson, Miss Ruth Edson, Chas. H. King, Jr.



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Race of Nations for Successful Airship

(Continued from Page 11.)

of an aeroplane. This was the first notable departure from the idea of a drifting gas bag, "a lighter than air" vessel. Other nations quickly seized the idea and followed it up with new and original models. Box shaped kites, cellular aerodromes, aeroplane freaked shaped things that would float in the air under certain conditions dotted the skies in Europe and America, and were claimed by their enthusiastic inventors to be the keys destined to unlock the secrets of aerial navigation. American inventors made rapid advances along the aeroplane line. For years the Wright brothers secretly experimented with a light broad surface body, similar to a sheet of card board, as it slips and slides through the air when dropped from a height. Bit by bit from this idea they evolved their present aeroplane, which is said to be the most successful invented to date along this line, just as Zeppelin's rigid balloon is conceded to be the best along the line of dirigible gas bags.

In appearance the Wright aeroplane really resembles nothing so much as a great box kite, consisting of two parallel planes forty feet long and six and a half feet wide, made of muslin on spruce frames. Between them and just under the upper plane is a motor which drives the propeller, which is in the rear, six feet behind the disks of the planes. There is included an arrangement by which the driver directs the machine's course by raising or lowering the edges of the planes and by shifting the direction of the propeller. There is also a rudder at the front which may be shifted to aid in steering. Below the framework and toward the front is a "skid" similar to runners on sleds. This is used for landing and differs in this particular from the French machines, which are equipped with wheels.

One of the hardest problems confronting the navigators while trying to sail these two-plane surfaces through the air was the apparently simple feat of changing the course in mid air without upsetting. The Wright brothers spent a long time over this problem. They claim they have solved it with a simple device. In the delicate manipulation of the rudders and wings lies the wonderful success of the Wright machine. Wilbur Wright is now near Paris showing the French inventors what his machine can do. He claims that in trials along the Atlantic seaboard he has flown more than three times the distance made by the best French machines. He believes that he has an aeroplane that will remain in the air as long as the fuel in the motor holds out.

Professor Bell, inventor of the telephone, declares that machines built along the lines of the aeroplanes secure their high speed at the expense of stability. He says it requires the greatest concentration and presence of mind as well as skill for its effective operation, and mistakes are likely to end in serious results, especially in the experimental stage when the operator is coping with wind gusts and the vagaries of the machine. Accordingly he has returned to the development of his idea of the cellular aerodrome. This consists of over 5000 silken cells in tetrahedral form. The cells have a six-inch base line and are framed in thin slits of wood. Instead of having two plane surfaces; as in the Wright machine, the aerodrome is virtually a bank of cells. When completed it is about forty feet long and eight feet deep. The operator sits in the center and has propelling machinery at hand, as in the cases of the Wright and the Herring machines.

Herring's machine will be one of the three to compete with the Wright machine in the United States government tests now being held at Fort Meyer. It is different in appearance from the Wright aeroplane, being more delicate and smaller. The efficiency of the surfaces, propellers and motors has been brought up to a point where a comparatively Lilliputian affair in the air will carry substantial burdens. Herring sees the day when aeroplanes will carry twenty passengers. He is the only man so far who has developed a fully practical automatic equalibrizing device. It is based upon a certain regularity in the seemingly wild and unruly wind disturbances. These have their origin in an eddying motion in the air, their impulses on the machine are always double and opposite in direction. Herring was the first to discover this eddying character, and he happened to strike, in practice, on a system of playing one impulse against the other, thus mutually neutralizing both. Herring certainly is among the leaders in getting the most power for the weight out of motor machines to be used in the air. Among military men his machine is looked upon with favor.

Zeppelin's airship attracted world wide attention this month by its remarkable flight in circling Lake Constance, and its untimely end by burning just when it seemed certain that its inventor would win the large reward offered by the German Emperor for a test flight. Fire and explosion are the great objections offered against these dirigible balloons. Zeppelin's airship and "Patrie," the most successful airship of the French government, were destroyed "accidentally" by fire. Zeppelin's balloon differs from all other dirigibles in that it is rigid, an idea of his own. It is cigar shaped and consists of a strong aluminum frame, over which is stretched a covering of silk, some 420 feet in length, with a diameter of about forty feet. Special compartments are built inside the frame for holding a series of linen bags, each containing hydrogen. About 400,000 feet of gas are used. The construction of an outer envelope provides a smooth surface and protects the gas bags from injury and from undesirable variations in the temperature. The cars are attached, in each of which is a motor of some twenty horse power, working propellers. Vertical and horizontal

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screws also work for movements in corresponding directions. A sliding weight is used to raise or lower the front of the balloon. The airship carried thirteen persons in its experimental flights, was completely under control and made fifty-five miles an hour, going with the wind. In this Zellepin dirigible many German publicists see the idea of an airship that will give that country the supremacy of the air, just as England now claims to possess the supremacy of the seas.

Already an Aero Navy League has been formed which has undertaken the organization of a fleet of dirigible balloons, armed and equipped like seagoing vessels. Germany has bought all rights to an aerial torpedo to be fired from ships, fortresses or dirigibles. Count Zeppelin has had a million dollars placed at his disposal for the purpose of building several airships along the lines of his recently destroyed rigid balloon.

Spurred by this activity in foreign war departments, the United States government has just set aside a million dollars to equip a new station for aeronautics near Omaha. Experiments are going on just now at Fort Meyers testing the respective merits of Baldwin's dirigible balloon and the aeroplanes of the Wrights and Herring.

The Street Singer

(Continued from Page 10.)

at the sight there was a roar of laughter from every floor. She wiped her face with the back of her sleeve, and then took up her harp and went away. We could see that her shoulders were shaking with sobs."

"'The cowards!' growled Pollnitz, ashamed of his cruelty. 'Come let us follow her.'

"We slipped on our wraps and hurried down the stairs. The old woman was walking slowly on before us, bent under the weight of her harp. Pollnitz went up to her, and hat in hand, spoke to her. 'Let us relieve you, madam, and permit me to go along with you.'"

"She looked at us with her dead eyes without saying a word. With the most natural air in the world, Franz took the harp on his shoulder. Finally we arrived at her lodging. I do not remember ever to have seen such a wretched place. Imagine, if you can, a bare garret containing the strangest selection of bottles, rags and old papers. Along the wall, near a filthy mattress, a row of empty bottles was set symmetrically. A rickety stove occupied the center of the room. It could not have had a fire in it for ages. The atrocious odor was almost too much for me, I had to make an effort to force myself into that den.

"'Wait for me here,' Pollnitz whispered in my ear, 'and let me have a couple of marks, for I haven't a penny left.'

"I handed him my purse. It was light enough. The old woman say my action, and it seemed to arouse her. 'Bring some brandy,' she said in her worn-out voice.

"I did not want Franz to think me a coward, so I remained alone with the old witch, but when my comrade had gone, I felt afraid. 'What do you do, little one,' she suddenly asked me.

"'I study singing,' I replied, speaking loudly to conceal my uneasiness.

"'A singer, eh?' she replied. 'It is a poor trade, a nasty trade.'

"She grinned and something rattled in the bottom of her throat. I closed my eyes. The night was growing darker about us. All this misery suffocated me as if it were a horrible vision of my future.

"Pollnitz returned at last. He brought beer, charcoal and bread, which he laid on the stove. There was no table. The old woman watched these preparations with indifference. Suddenly her eyes lit up when she saw Franz draw from his pocket a flask of brandy. Swiftly she seized it and held it to her lips. We watched her horrified. Color came into her cheeks, and she smacked her tongue.

"'Ha, that warms me." Then, in a voice suddenly changed, she said, as she pushed forward a poor chair: 'Sit down. My place isn't very elegant, for the times are hard; pray sit down.'

"Her tone and the gesture that accompanied it contrasted so singularly with her former words that Pollnitz and I looked at one another in astonishment. I sat down. The shadow of a thought passed over the pale face of the old beggar. 'Will you give me your hand?' she said to me. She took my cold hand in her chapped fingers. 'You have a line of luck well marked,' she said, after studying my palm for a moment. 'Work, work. I too have known hope and, later, great success. I have been happy and made much of, mademoiselle. And this is what I am now!'

"A great wave of compassion came over me.

"'Yes, in the beginning it all looks natural and easy. And then, one evening, the applause falls away and your voice dies in your throat. The next day you drink a glass or two of champagne to revive your courage. Then your memory goes. Why have you that pain in your head? Why do the violins seem to be whirling around with the lights? You feel the thrust of the dagger there'—she put her hand on her heart—'at the first sound of a hiss. It is the beginning of the end. Are you afraid when you are in a tunnel, little one, in a long black tunnel? Ha, here is the tavern, where it is warm; the odor of beer is heavy among fumes of pipes, and smoke that chokes you! And at last it is all over, all over! You go straight ahead like a brute beast, you are hungry, you are cold. The police are pitiless, and the grating of the key in the lock hurts your ears. And the river is so dirty. It is all over, it is all over! Ah, glory!'



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"I could not restrain my tears. Pollnitz was wiping his eyes furtively. The old woman lit a candle, and, fumbling among a mass of papers, she at last drew forth a faded photograph. She put it before us. It was an exquisite face, in spite of the old-fashioned costume of Selika.

"'That was me,' she murmured, and in the full light of the candle two tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Pollnitz and I regarded each other dejectedly. Suddenly a laugh broke the silence. The old woman had again set the brandy to her lips. Her face had once more taken on its bestial heaviness. The street singer had gone back again to oblivion, blessed oblivion. I emptied my purse on the table and Pollnitz and I fled."

The speaker was silent for a moment and then drew herself up slightly. "It was then that I formed the resolution never to touch a drop of wine. The specter of Defeat had risen at my side, it had held me by the hand. If it had not been for Pollnitz, I would have given it all up. Later, in those moments of dejection that make us ready for almost any cowardice, the image of that unhappy woman has risen before me, and I have once more braced myself against Fate."

"Did you ever see your protegee again?" asked the baron gently.

"I went back there a month later with Pollnitz. She was dead. It was then that we learned her name."

"Some unknown name, wasn't it?" asked Tiny Schoen, whose eyelids were growing heavy. "Some obscure chorus girl—"

"The street singer's name was Mathilde Wunder."

"Mathilde Wunder!" exclaimed Baron von Axius, in a choked voice. "Thilde! I can hear again the noises of that horrible night, the hisses in the theatre. Oh, what a horrible thing life is!"Yes," he resumed in an even tone, though he was very pale, "she had plenty of talent, but no sense of order. She had an agreeable voice—you remember her, don't you, Hamburg? But you could not have known her in her best days."

"Your story is stupid," said Tiny Schoen, yawning; "besides, what does it prove?"

"Nothing," replied the singer, with a sad smile.

Then Hamburg quoted in a low voice Heine's bitter words: "Be in no haste to condemn another, for who knows what end fortune has in store for you?"

PROHIBITION CLOSING HOTELS

The Hotel Virginia at Long Beach near Los Angeles was raided by the police, on a recent Saturday afternoon, for selling liquor, in contravention of the liquor law in that locality. The recent activity of the authorities in this and other similar cases has called forth a protest on the part of the hotel managers and some warm comments on the situation by the Los Angeles Graphic. The position of the hotel in the premises is stated by Manager H. W. Stanley in this manner: "We opened the bar for the convenience of our guests only. We had it located in an out-of-the-way-place, never advertised it, and allowed none but guests to visit it. As a result of the raid, the hotel and Long Beach as well, will lose the trade of some of the best people in the country. Two of the guests in the room when the officers entered went downstairs immediately, paid their bills and departed."

Says The Graphic: "The law, of course, is on the side of Chief Williams, who made the raid. But the incident shows what would happen in Los Angeles if the closed-town element, now so actively engaged in framing up a prohibition town, ever gets the upper hand here. Mr. D. M. Linnard, who conducts the chain of hotels of which the Virginia is one, is entitled to sympathy, even if the rabid prohibition element in Long Beach feels otherwise. The Casa Loma at Redlands, which he controls, is closed—we understand because the people of Redlands would not sanction a hotel permit such as the Glenwood has at Riverside. Now comes this blow at Long Beach. The Virginia is one of the finest hotels in the West; it caters only to the wealthy and well-to-do. A hostelry such as it is cannot do business on the coffee and doughnut plan. Its patrons come from a class that will get what they want—if not at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, then somewhere else. It may be that Long Beach will elect to raise the ban as Riverside has done, and thus enable Mr. Linnard to cater to a tourist travel worth while. If not, we can see the Virginia close its doors, and that at no distant day.

WENT AS FAR AS HE DARED

A couple of city men were playing golf when they saw an old gentleman looking at them wistfully. They asked him to join the game, which he did with alacrity. They asked him to speech and manner and played well. But once when he had made a foozle he ejaculated vehemently the word:

"Assouan!"

A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated:

"Assouan!"

The fourth time he said this one of his new made friends said:

"I do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "isn't that the biggest dam in the world?"

He was a Presbyterian clergyman.



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Letters

New Novel by Gilbert Parker

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Weavers" came just in the nick of time as a supplement to Lord Cromer's "Egypt." Though the author has expressly disclaimed having written a historical novel or drawn his characters from real personages, yet there are those who profess to recognize in the genial old statesman, Windlehurst, a resemblance to Lord Beaconsfield, while the two Randolph Churchills, father and son, are the prototypes of young Ellington, and the quaker youth, David, is General Gordon. So much for guess work. The author has admitted that the breezy American, Lacey, with his catchword, "Give my love to the girls," had his genesis in a traveler for a Chicago commercial house, who was just such another capable optimistic and seemingly inconsequent idler. The story shifts from England to Egypt and back again, and furnishes a wealth of incident and interwoven plot. David Claridge, a young Quaker youth, who went out to Egypt to take up the scattered threads of a dead uncle's business, in coming to the defense of a woman, a stranger, who, in her ignorance of Oriental ways, had committed an indiscretion. He took the life of a man, and though he was unsuspected he felt it incumbent on him, as a penance, to devote his life and exertions to the welfare of the country. The subtleties of the Oriental character are brought out in the conduct of the dead man's brother who has discovered the secret, and though he profited by the death and would have had no hesitation whatever about removing the man himself, characteristically saved up his revenge and bided his time. "The Weavers" cannot be disposed of in a paragraph, but Sir Gilbert Parker is too well known a writer to need introduction. Readers who have been inclined to regret his resolution to write no more of Canada and her affairs will have reason to rejoice that he has found so congenial a field elsewhere. Though Egypt is so far removed from American, "The Weavers" has made it very much alive, and it will be difficult to find any who, having begun the book, will lay it aside unfinished or who will not be inclined to look more deeply into the subject afterward. Published by Harper and Brothers.

Finds His Plots Around Him

F. Hopkinson Smith is somewhere credited with the saying that he does not have to invent plots and characters. He finds them ready made and to his hand and has but to relate the facts. One of his most popular novels is "Caleb West, Master Diver." Recently in "Everybodys," he related his connection and experiences with Captain Thomas A. Scott of New London, wherein will be found enough of the truth to explain what fiction there is in the romance. "Tom Grogan" is another novel which deals with the trials and triumphs of the civil engineer and constructor. Mr. Smith gives a graphic picture of "Tom," a capable and energetic Irishwoman who carried on her husband's business after his death. She is represented as in early middle age, but the author admits that he painted the woman he knew as she must have been at about that time. When Mr. Smith met her she was much older, and wind and weather and the strenuosities of her very complex occupation had left their mark.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15,983.

NANCY THERESA BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Plaintiff,

vs.

PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA send greeting to PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty towards plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE TUCKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said adminstratrix at the offices of her attorneys, Robinson & Getz, rooms 402-3-4 Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny street, San Francisco, California, with said offices the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Tucker, deceased.

EMILY JANE TUCKER,
Administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 1, 1908.

ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Administratrix, Oscar Luning Building, San Francisco, California.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA, Plaintiff,

vs.

LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR DECREE AUTHORIZING CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE AND ORDERING SERVICE OF NOTICE THEREOF.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 6228. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of H. M. Sanborn and E. M. Sanborn praying for a Decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to them certain real property belonging to said estate which said deceased had agreed to convey to them by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been filed in this Court, said real property being described as follows, to-wit: The real property known as the Dwight Way Nursery, consisting of Lots Numbers One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), Nine (9) and Ten (10), in Block Number One (1) of State University Homestead Association No. 3, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday the 21st day of September, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. in Department No. 10 of said Court at the court house of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, the administrator of the estate of William Hale, personally by delivering to him and leaving with him a certified copy of this Order at least ten days before such hearing.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this Order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published at said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated this 17th day of August, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 17, 1908. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN W. GWILT,
906 Broadway, Oakland, California,
Attorney for Petitioners.

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TOWN TALK

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, August 29, 1908. No. 835.



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SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

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A Beveridge Triumph

There is a child labor law in operation in Washington, D. C. It was enacted mainly at the instigation of Senator Beveridge, one of the most vehement and vociferous of the tried and true friends of the pee-pul, a statesman who is never so happy and felicitous as when vindicating his consuming affection for mankind and his sublime zeal for the interests of his country. In none of the many popular causes to which he has consecrated his high talents has he exhibited greater fervor than in that which is animated by a profound concern for the welfare of juvenile wage-earners. Senator Beveridge is above all things an ameliorator of conditions, and that is why he is one of the busiest men in American politics. A man of infinite sympathy, he goes about seeking those whose lot is susceptible of improvement, devising the while in his teeming brain ways and means of hastening the millenium piecemeal. It was in this altruistic spirit that he took up the question of child labor and solved it off-hand. The first fruit of his statute was tested by the family of Henry Talbot, aged fifty, a carpenter, employed by a railroad. He receives $2.70 a day for his services. He supports a family consisting of a wife, an aged mother, six children, two grandchildren and a widowed daughter-in-law. One of the children is an industrious boy named Theron, aged thirteen, who, during the summer has been working in a telephone booth and doing odd jobs which in the aggregate bring him between $3 and $5 a week. An ambitious boy, he expects to go to school next winter, and though giving most of his wages to his mother, he has been saving up to buy books. His work was light and wholesome, and it gave him pleasure because he knew it was enabling him to do some good in the world. When the child labor law went into effect this boy was the first to lose his job. For a time he was in distress. His ambitious hopes were crushed. But so absorbing were his aspirations that, ignoring the law, he went in search of work and obtained employment in an office building as an errand-boy. It is of such stuff that great men are fashioned. Some of the most brilliant names in American history are the names of men whose best qualities were developed in circumstances similar to those which we have pictured in our brief narrative of young Talbot's experience. But this brave, industrious lad is not to be permitted to school himself in adversity, to put his young faculties to the most congenial use and to avail himself of opportunities for bettering his condition and attaining the desirable goal. For insisting upon running errands he was arrested, and so was the janitor who gave him employment. Such was the triumph of the Beveridge law. Young Talbot may be too strong-minded to be turned from his career in this manner. But a great weight of discouragement has been put upon him. As for Beveridge, he will presumably take a fresh start and enact a few more panaceas into statutes. The ameliorator will not be denied.

A Typical Attorney-General

All those newspapers that are engaged in undermining public confidence in the courts have been exploiting the remarks of Attorney-General Hadley of Missouri in derogation of the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Standard Oil case. Of course Attorney-General Hadley's views on this subject are not of much consequence, for he is a lawyer of mediocre ability. This we do not infer from the mere circumstance of his being an attorney-general, though it is almost prima facie evidence, for men of great ability are seldom found in that job. The average attorney-general is nothing more than a political job-chaser who is more skilled in the art of cajoling the people than in the science of law. It is a good job for the young practitioner in quest of experience, but nowadays it has no charms for the lawyer of ability. That Attorney-General Hadley is a lawyer of no ability is evident from the fact that he advocates the enactment of a law "to the effect that no judgment in a criminal or civil case should be reversed unless the court could affirmatively say upon the entire record that the judgment was for the wrong party and that but for the error complained of a different judgment would have been rendered." These are the words of a lawyer with less than a spoonful of brains. Any lawyer of ordinary intelligence knows that it may be absolutely impossible for a court, after reading the record in a case, to say that but for an error complained of, a different judgment would have been rendered. The reason is obvious, we venture to assert, even to our own middle-aged and still rising City and County Attorney or even to our lightweight Attorney-General. Often the error complained of is a ruling by which evidence is excluded. How can any human being say what effect evidence will have upon a jury? The only way to ascertain is to permit the evidence to go to the jury. The function of the trial judge is to decide whether under the rules of evidence the testimony offered is admissible, and the function of the appellate court is to decide whether the trial judge complied with the rules of evidence. The absurdity of the change proposed by Attorney-General Hadley is exemplified in a case recently sent back to Judge Dunne for a new trial. It is the case of a man charged with murder. Judge Dunne refused to permit him to introduce testimony showing that physically he was much weaker than the man whom he had killed, yet at the time of the homicide the defendant was an emaciated invalid and his victim was a very powerful man. Moreover, at the time of the homicide the deceased was sitting astride the defendant's prostrate body and brutally beating him. It may be presumed that if the jury had been permitted to hear all the facts it would have rendered a verdict of acquittal. But nobody can say authoritatively what that particular jury would have done. Judge Dunne is doubtless of the opinion that he should not have been reversed in spite of his gross violation of an elementary rule of evidence designed to safeguard human liberty and human life. And as Judge Dunne's career on the bench is marked by a long series of reversals he probably feels as Attorney-General Hadley does about the advisability of indulging ignorant trial judges in the commission of error.

Government by the People

"If the direct primary is wrong," says Governor Folk of Missouri, "then government by the people is wrong." Governor Folk is in error. The direct primary is wrong when it is employed to render negligible the constitutional mode of electing United States Senators, but for many purposes it is all right. As for government by the people, there is no such thing in the literal sense of the term. The term is misleading. Its tendency is to give the people an erroneous and mischievous impression. In the hands of the demagogue it is a very dangerous

weapon. A government by the people in the sense in which the term is technically employed is a government in which the sovereignty resides in the people. A government by the people in the sense in which the demagogue employs the term is a simple democracy, a government of the majority conducted in such a way that the will of the majority may be rendered effective at any time. The founders of this Republic had no intention of establishing such a government. They knew it was neither feasible nor practicable. And they were pretty wise statesmen. Read today the works of Jefferson, Hamilton or John Adams and you will see that they made an exhaustive study of the science of government. Furthermore, you will see that what they intended this country should have was the representative form of government, the shadow rather than the substance of majority rule. Those learned statesmen were sensible of the inherent weakness of a scheme of government in which there are no checks on the passions of the people. They were not experimenting with new theories. With the British system as a model they established a Republic on principles that had been tested. As John Adams said when discussing the Constitution, "The nature of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, and the advantages and inconveniences of each were as well understood at the time of the neighing of the horse of Darius as they are at this hour." There were bryaniac demagogues in those days telling the people it was up to them to decide whether they should surrender to the aristocracy. And the Founders took up their pens and argued the impracticability of a government by the people in the demagogic sense. In pamphlets and newspaper articles they preached the importance of checks and balances of government, of raising the judiciary above the atmosphere of popular passion and of establishing an Upper House of Congress which would not be subject to the dictates of the mob. And yet in those days they had no prescience of twentieth century conditions. They had not the power of looking into the seeds of time. There had not been adumbrated for their guidance the march of socialism across the seas, nor the swarming to our shores of millions of illiterates from the slums of Europe. But they were familiar with the shortcomings of human nature. They knew that power unchecked in the hands of the majority must lead to injustice to the minority and to dissolution. Educating the people through the press in the hope of effecting popular appreciation of the Constitution and bringing about its adoption, they adduced innumerable historical examples to prove that the people, however enlightened, cannot be depended upon to govern themselves properly. The demagogues of the day asserted that only in pure democracies the people enjoy perfect liberty. The founders denied that there had ever been any pure democracies. "From the awful frightful pictures of a democratical city drawn by the masterly pencils of ancient philosophers," said Hamilton, "it is supposed that such governments existed, but there is no historical record of such a commonwealth in ancient or modern history." One of the dreamers of the day took occasion to remark that a society of gods would govern itself democratically, whereupon John Adams retorted that in so far as the classical deities are concerned, all the terrors of the nod and the thunderbolts of Jupiter with all his undisputed power were insufficient to hold them together. "This," said Adams, speaking of his own country, "is government by representation of the people in three branches, legislative, executive and judicial. If the people should ever aim at more they will defeat themselves." The Bryans and La Follettes of the country are now urging the people to aim at considerably more. They are urging the people to take the government into their own hands, to scorn the checks and balances which were designed by the Founders to protect the people against themselves.

The Irresistible Tide of Modernism

A writer in the New York Post discussing Modernism says that the Catholic Church must reckon "with the existing generation, and the generation behind that, and the next and the next to the end of time." The outlook for the Church, he thinks, is very gloomy. Beating back medernism, he says, is like "beating back the flooding tide." Furthermore, the laymen and clergy of the church, to keep abreast of the times, must attend the best universities, "and that implies a tincture of Modernism." The Church, this intellectual person tells us, "cannot subsist merely by an appeal to the unlettered masses." In short, if the Catholic Church holds out against Modernism it will go to the wall. There is no salvation for the church in old-fashioned religion. Modernism is the religion of culture, and it must prevail. The Post's intellectual editorial writer is probably a graduate of one of "the best universities," where he obtained a "tincture of modernism," and is therefore qualified to expound its verities. But it will probably surprise him to learn that there are other graduates of some of the best universities who are not convinced that Modernism has come to stay. Doubtless it will astonish him to learn that some of the most intellectual men of the Church of England, university graduates, are reactionaries in this matter, and that they are actually organizing a movement in the opposite direction, being enthusiastically in favor of getting behind St. Augustine, behind St. Paul, back to the simple Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth. They are concerned to maintain the substantial historicity of the Gospel outline. Now the Modernists don't care what becomes of the earthly and possibly mistaken teachings of Christ, nor with the evangelical narrative. According to the Modernists the Church is not bound by her past, nor is there any constant element in Christianity, beyond the influence of an idea. The most radical of them will have it that there is in the Church no authority invested with a supernatural stewardship of truth. Perhaps they are right, but will it strengthen the position of the Catholic Church to surrender its authority? A religion which makes no authoritative claim to human submission is no religion at all. And deference to authority is not in itself irrational. Ninety-nine hundredths of our conduct is in deference to authority. Granted that there is such a thing as revealed wisdom mediated to us through finite intelligence, is it so hard to believe that there may be somewhere on earth the voice of authority? We are not deciding these theological questions off-hand, but we are merely suggesting that perhaps the Pope and his

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cardinals, though they have not enjoyed the advantages of a course of intellectual training under a Wheeler at Berkeley or a Jordan at Palo Alto, are not such damphools as the erudite person who writes for the Post imagines. They have had some experience in theological and religious controversy. They are familiar with the history of all rationalistic revolts against religion, and they know, among other things, that each century is determined to construct its own philosophy as well as its own religion and theology; that every age attempts to formulate its convictions on the eternal problems of existence, and they know that were the Church disposed to trim its sail to every breeze that blows from the intellectual centers it would be soon swept out of existence.

A Censor Wanted

English critics seem to be seriously alarmed at the tendency of writers, and especially women, to produce books which deal with topics until comparatively recently not considered fit for public discussion. Granting the demands of "art" and the privileges of adult minds to be regaled with something more substantial than bread and butter, they yet consider the liberty now taken as skirting dangerously near to license, and suggest the advisability of making a voluntary halt before there arises a call for a public censor. The possibility of such an official being appointed is by no means unimaginable. Let a certain class of reformers take up the subject and clamor loudly enough, and the chances are that they will gain their point. England now is committed to an old age pension which, from the first, will require an expenditure of eleven and a half million pounds a year, and already there is a disposition to be dissatisfied because the age limit is placed at seventy years instead of sixty-five. The suffragettes are in a fair way to accomplish their purpose of securing "votes for women" because the average man feels ashamed of having the ladies make a public show of themselves. In our own land we have seen the abolition of the army canteen work havoc amongst the enlisted men, and the fanatics who are still celebrating that glorious victory recently came within an unpleasantly close margin of having the sailors deprived of their occasional cigarette. It seems now as if any coterie of old maids whose captious prudery reads into a harmless novel that which its author never suspected, can have the book removed from the shelves of a library supported by public taxation, and rarely does a month pass that some vice exterminator does not use his influence to have some art publication excluded from the mails or some book dealer arrested for keeping in stock a classic as old and as well recognized as literature itself. The disposition which once led to religious inquisitions and persecutions for heresy is by no means dead, but it is rather curious that it should be asserting itself at this particular time in England, where at this moment the people are preparing for the celebration of the tercentenary of the author of Areopagitica, the noblest piece of English prose, a plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing. The coincidence is especially curious inasmuch as Milton is the greatest Puritan in English literature. But nowadays, perhaps, the Puritans of England, like those of this country, are more familiar with the works of Hall Caine than with those of Milton. They revere the great poet for his piety, but few of them ever read his Paradise Lost. And fewer still are aware that he considered press censorship an abomination; that in discussing books he quoted Paul's "To the pure all things are pure," and added, "Knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently books if the will and the conscience be not defiled." Milton the Puritan is too much neglected. The study of him would serve to teach Puritans that Philisitnism is a crime, and that only the ignorant are intolerant of the joys of the living.

Prohibition and Blind Tigers

Reports from some of the States recently swept by the prohibition wave indicate that the inevitable reaction is already manifest. In Georgia there is profound disgust with the prohibition law; in Kentucky the complaint is

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heard that drunkenness has increased; in New Jersey the Sunday closing act is to be repealed. Everywhere that prohibition has been enacted it is seen that it does not prohibit; that it merely stops the sale of good liquor and greatly increases the consumption of forty-rod bugjuice. Wherever there is prohibition blind tigers are rampant, and there is nothing so conducive to delerium tremens as the alcoholic goods which are distributed through this beastly agency. In Georgia, which has been seriously embarrassed by the loss of the revenue formerly derived from the liquor trade, blind tigers are permitted to run at large, and semi-annually the dealers are led into the police courts, solemnly found guilty and fined exactly the amount of their licenses for the same period under the old dispensation. In New Jersey the Sunday closing law has been contemptuously violated and conditions exist that are a public scandal. In South Carolina prohibition has produced the same results that have been experienced in Georgia. But doubtless the Prohibitionists in these States are well satisfied with and proud of their achievement. They have at least made their influence felt, and to small minds this is a source of considerable gratification. It doesn't take much to please a mind of small dimensions. By a rattle a baby may be elevated to the seventh heaven of delight. But even a baby has a great capacity for mischief, and so have the Prohibitionists, as they have demonstrated by the abolition of the army canteen. The concrete evil that they do, however, is of little moment compared with the impetus which they give to the pestiferous principle that motives all the fanatical meddlesomeness by which individual liberty is being assailed in this country.

Perspective Impressions

Many are taught, but few are educated.

Some men have policies on which they found principles; others, principles on which they found policies.

The best way to secure revenge is not to make your enemy fail, but to succeed yourself.

One more affidavit has added bulk to the testimony, but circumstances often speak louder and more truthfully than words.

The Republican "machine" of California pratices at least one of the seven deadly virtues. It is very kind to its enemies.

"Wake up," says the Examiner to the Taylor Administration. Mere words do not suffice to cure a person of the sleeping sickness.

The Hon. Theodore Bell has lost his sinecure in the Eagles which paid him $8,000 a year. He now feels keener than ever the urgent necessity of getting a political job.

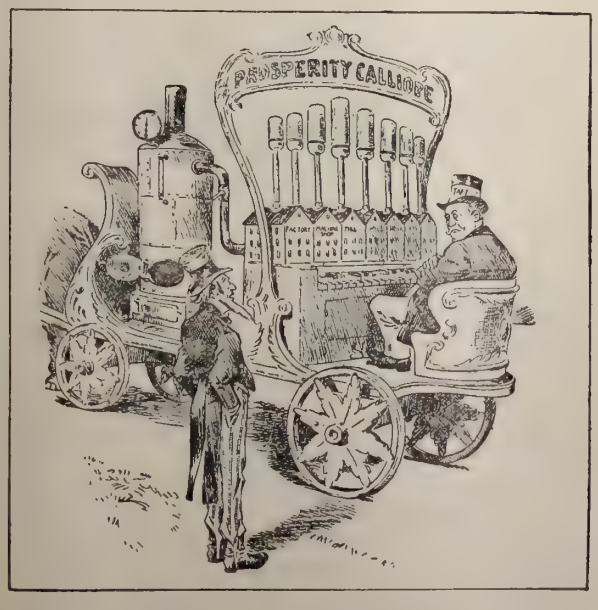
It has been suggested that Mr. Roosevelt should aviate to Africa. Probably for the reason that he would be able to supply the hot air from his own inexhaustible gas tank.

The most notable phenomenon incident to this campaign is the people's freedom from enthusiasm. This is probably because the people had so little to do with the selection of candidates.

The Methodists of Nebraska are organizing a movement against Taft because he is a Unitarian. The Unitarians of the whole country will probably vote against Bryan because he is a humbug.

Mr. W. R. Hearst is one of the greatest public benefactors of the day. He has exploded that terrifying bomb, the Hon. Samuel Gompers, which kept Teddy Roosevelt in mortal dread for four years, and he has demonstrated that it is absolutely harmless.

City and County Attorney Long says that his hands have been tied by an injunction. Fortunately no true friend of the pee-pul can be embarrassed by the enforced idleness of his hands. The civic patriot wins his most signal triumphs with his tongue.



"GIVE US A TUNE, MISTER."
—De Mar in the Philadelphia Record.



THE NEW ALLIANCE
George Gould says that he and his railroad systems are going in with Harriman.—Rouse in the Grand Rapids Evening Press.

The Man-to-Whom-One-Could-Not-Lie

By Edmond Haraucourt

Gregory was a young man of some twenty-one years of age, very loyal and somewhat sentimental, but idealistic and too much disposed to dreaming. Perhaps it was because of this that he became the hero of a very strange story. He met a fairy, a real fairy, one of those our grandmothers used to tell us about when we were children. He spoke to the fairy, delivered her from a great danger, and she granted him a wish. Believe it or not, just as you like; but here is the story:

Gregory was a landscape painter. He had very little talent, but was a hard worker. For two months he had been painting, and sometimes singing, in the exuberance of his happiness, in a little village in Brittany, not far from those forests which were formerly haunted by Merlin. He lived at an inn where he was treated with the greatest kindness, and he liked to talk to the simple people about him. In the evening, after supper, when all in the village had settled down into the silence of sleep, and all lights were out, he used to wander through the fields, and sometimes passed hours noting the colors of the sunset and the tones of the moonlight, enjoying the quietude and peacefulness, regretting at times that he would soon be compelled to return to the city, which he did not like, and take up again that life of lies, the outcome of our present civilization.

He felt this more keenly than ever the evening of the day before he was to leave, and, more melancholy than usual, he wandered about the fields in the moonlight and cursed the century in which he was born. Suddenly his attention was aroused by an extraordinary song. He could not tell whether it came from nearby or from far away, nor could he tell whether the notes were gay or mournful. Listening more attentively, it seemed to him to be a dance, lively but mocking; now and then he seemed to hear a cry of pain. Very much puzzled, he walked in the direction from which the sound came, and had hardly gone thirty steps when he came upon the singers. He remained motionless with surprise and thought that he was dreaming. He beheld a crowd of little beings, elves or gnomes, not taller than a shoe, who were dancing around in a circle holding each others' hands and singing as loudly as their tiny voices would permit. In the center of this circle there was a very pretty lady all dressed in white who seemed to be a prisoner, and was stopping her ears with her hands, acting as if frightened almost to death. When she saw Gregory she held out her hands toward him pleadingly. He rushed toward her, broke through the circle, and the frightened dwarfs fled on every side.

"They would have killed me, without your help," said the fairy. "I am grateful. Choose what you wish as your reward."

"Nothing, madame; I am only too happy to have been able to—"

"Kindly spare me this society romancing. I am a real fairy, and surely you want something. Speak and your wish shall be granted."

Certain people have a horror of being fooled, and still more of letting other people see that they are fooled. Hence Gregory, although he was not a very brilliant man, replied in a joking tone: "Madame Fairy, I would like to have this quality, that no one could ever tell me any lie."

"That is a very imprudent wish, young man," the fairy said, "and I would advise you not to make it. Still, I will grant it if you ask for it three times. Think it over." The fairy vanished again and Gregory, left alone, thought: "This is certainly a real fairy, and I will not have lost my time here if I can go back to town with the unique privilege of being 'the man-to-whom-one-cannot-lie.' What a splendid thing it will be to know the truth, the real truth."

A quarter of an hour later the fairy returned, and he repeated his wish. She shook her head. "Think it over, I warn you," she said. "I will not grant your wish until you have asked me the third time."

Perhaps the fairy, not being a human being, was not aware of the fact that the harder a thing is to get the more one wants it, so when she reappeared the third time, Gregory was firmer than ever.

"Your wish shall be granted," she declared. "You shall be the-man-to-whom-one-cannot-lie. Farewell. You will never see me again."

She disappeared and Gregory walked about the field for a long time, but did not see her again. He went back to his room in the inn, slept until morning, and then awoke. "What a strange dream I had last night! What could I have eaten to give me such a nightmare?" he said to himself, and then he began packing up. He nailed his pictures in a box, strapped his trunk and valise, and went down to the dining-room to take his last breakfast there. The daughter of the proprietor, Zelie, who, if not very beautiful, had certainly won his regard by her attentions and her efforts to please him, came in as usual and placed the coffee, milk, bread and butter before him. Then she said to him quietly: "Put that in your stomach, you hog, and I hope it will give you the colic."

Gregory thought to himself: "Zelie seems to be getting humorous this morning."

When he had finished his breakfast the porter, Louis, came to get his baggage; the painter wishing to help him carry the trunk downstairs, Louis dropped it suddenly on the owner's feet, grumbling in an apalogetic tone: "Take that, and limp! I did it purposely, you dirty plutocrat!"

Gregory thought again: "Louis is drunk this morning."

He went to the office to pay his bill to the proprietor, who for the past two months had treated him with the utmost courtesy. "It is about time you paid up," said the inn-keeper. "When I saw them taking away those damned trunks of yours I fancied that my rascal was going to skip without paying his bill."

"What cause had you to think anything like that?"

"Bosh, as if you wouldn't do it if you had a chance! All city people are scoundrels, but thank heaven we are rid of you now. Get out of here quick and come back next year and bring us some more of your money, which is the only thing we care about."

Gregory got into the carriage. At the door the inn-keeper, his wife and Zelie waved their hands and handkerchiefs to him, guying him extravagantly.

"What is the matter with all these people today? They have certainly gone mad," thought Gregory.

At the station he begged the railway porter to handle his box of pictures with the greatest care, and the fellow answered: "You bet your life I will! I'll put it under a dozen trunks that I happen to have in there, and smash it flat."

Gregory got into the car. In the compartment there were four passengers who were dozing in the four corners. One of them said to him in a very polite tone: "Could you not have found another compartment? Perhaps you thought we wanted your company?" Then turning to the others, he remarked: "Is he not the homeliest man you ever saw? He certainly looks like a calf."

When he arrived in Paris, he said to the uniformed customs officer who came to meet him: "In that trunk and that valise I have only my clothing, and here are the keys; in that box there are some paintings I have been making in the country."

"Open the box, you dauber, and let us see them."

"You mean to say that I must open that box which has already been half demolished?"

(Continued on Page 33.)

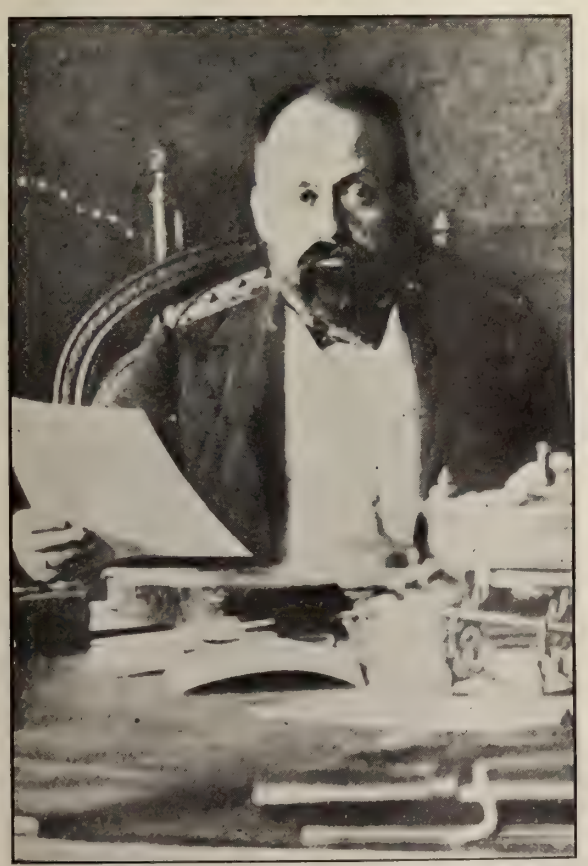
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Castro and the Melodrama in Venezuela

By Donald Stern

For ten years past Venezuela has been in the limelight of the world on account of the dominating figure of one man, Cipriano Castro, President of the country by right of arms, a half-breed Indian, a cowboy cattle raiser, a renegado with a price set upon his head, yet a character so strong, so shrewd that he is able to defy the powerful influences of the asphalt and other trusts, and the countless plots of embryo revolutionists constantly striving to remove him and capture control of one of the very richest countries in South America. Behind the Monroe doctrine he snaps his fingers at the navies of the world.

To understand this melodrama of which Castro is the central figure one must know something of the country over which he holds despotic rule, a country containing 600,000 square miles of some of the richest land on earth, a land as large in extent as Germany, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland and Ireland and drained by more than a thousand rivers. On account of its climbing altitude the land raises the produce of the



PRESIDENT CASTRO OF VENEZUELA.

By his friends Castro is hailed as the liberator of his country, by his opponents he is regarded as an insufferable tyrant.

tropics and the north and south temperate zones. It possesses millions of acres of rich, ungrazed, pasture lands, unexplored forests filled with the most valuable hard woods, and mines of all kinds of precious minerals of which immense asphalt deposits are by no means the least valuable. Its people are for the most part of mixed Spanish, Indian and negro blood; mulattos, mestizos and whites mix freely at all social functions, except in the most exclusive society. The natives lack the northern adventurous spirit; they are content with the living that comes with little effort. Is it to be wondered that a land so rich, so abundant in natural resources should constantly tempt the strenuous commercial adventurers of the day? The Venezuelans possess one exceedingly strong trait; they are past masters in intrigue and diplomacy and the exemplary of the nation is Cipriano Castro. He is called everything from the liberator of his country to an unconscionable tyrant. Around him are transpiring adventures as wild and romantic as any that happened in the days of the conquistadores or when the freebooters and swashbucklers ravaged the Spanish Main. The only difference is the actions are up-to-date and are clothed in the habiliments and laws of this commercial age.

The story of the asphalt trust alone forms a wilder melodrama than anything conceived by Richard Harding Davis and the other romancrs who have ventured into the South American field in search of material. It deals with a penniless American biscuit salesman who obtained a grant as large as the state of New York and containing some of the richest land in the world. Another chapter tells how a South American beauty, with the prestige of millions looted from Venezuela, went to Paris married a great title and queened it in society. And all the while that same country was being swept from end to end with revolutions and yielding up thousands of lives in bloodshed. It has been the land of fratricidal war. Seventy-nine revolutions occurred there in seventy years.

San Franciscans are particularly interested in this asphalt story because a number of them made fortunes very early in the game and before the tide turned in the affairs of this great commercial organization. The romance of the asphalt millions began back in the days of President Guzman Blanco. In 1882 there dropped into Caracas a hustling undersized biscuit drummer named Hamilton. Biscuits became a side issue with Hamilton as soon as his shrewd Yankee eye sized up the exceptional opportunities for capturing colossal grants in Caracas. Hamilton was the Columbus of promoters in a country of immense possibilities. Blanco belonged to that class of South American presidents who used their office to lard their own private coffers. His game was to make money while the sun shone. Accordingly he sold every government grant, license and privilege as soon as born and shipped the proceeds out of the country, mostly to France, where they remained on deposit against the day when he should be forced to flee abroad. Blanco had a daughter and a niece, both very beautiful. They had been educated in Paris and both looked forward to some day adorning society there. It so happened that the Duke de Morny had paid them marked attention and honors were even which would win him and grace the French capital. The drama had progressed this far when Hamilton happened into Caracas. In the interim of the first days of biscuit selling he made the acquaintance of the President's daughter and niece and also of the fact that he might make a handsome fortune if he could acquire the concessions of the natural products in the state of Bermudez. He broached his proposition to Blanco. The President was willing enough to sell them provided he could get the cash. He told Hamilton frankly that only the amount stipulated would bind the bargain. In this predicament there entered Blanco's daughter, the pride of his heart. She had heard of Hamilton's dilemma and she determined to take advantage of it to marry off her pretty cousin to the American and thereby make sure of the Duke de Morny and a life in Paris for herself. She succeeded in both her plans. Very adroitly she prevailed on Hamilton to press his suit, promising him the Bermudez concession as a wedding present. Very quickly he led his bride to the altar. With the concession in his pocket Hamilton had no difficulty in raising money with which to develop the Bermudez resources. He went to New York and interested several millionaires, among them W. H. Thomas. The Bermudez Company was formed and passed by degrees into the present General Asphalt Company with all its troubles, grievances and grubbers who became millionaires and millionaires who became grubbers.

Hamilton was the first man to break into the millions that developed with the asphalt game and his fate has overtaken many of those who followed him in pursuing the millions. Money deluged those who first promoted

(Continued on Page 33.)

The Spectator

Mrs. Oelrichs' Wealth

It is said that every time the report comes from New York that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is thinking of taking a trip to this city her friends become apprehensive. Some of them were discussing the latest report a few days ago when a wag remarked, "A few more trips and a few more real estate deals and Tessie will find herself in a tent in the park." But Mrs. Oelrichs isn't such a bad business woman as she is reported to be. The only time she proved a really "good thing" was when she sold the Lick House property, and that was at a time when she was bubbling over with disgust and wanted to sever all connections with her old home. As for the tent in the park, before reaching that humble position in life Mrs. Oelrichs will have to lose many more millions than she is credited with having. She can lose all that she inherited from her father and still be a very rich woman. Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt inherited from their mother nearly fifteen million dollars, and nearly all that money was invested in gilt-edged securities which greatly enhanced in value after the distribution of the estate. Mrs. Oelrichs has kept a tight hold on her securities. A great deal of Senator Fair's wealth also consisted of securities, and these, too, have enhanced in value. In a few instances the enhancement was tremendous. Among the securities was some stock in an Ohio railroad that was appraised at $3,500. During the consolidation era when Mr. Morgan and other Wall Street magnates were getting control of the railroads of the country the Ohio stock belonging to the Fair estate was sold for nearly $400,000.

Anxiety Over the Coadjutorship

A clergyman who was recently in Rome has written to a friend in this city informing him that the apparent hesitation of the Vatican in the matter of the Coadjutorship of this diocese is due in a great measure to the intercession in behalf of Archbishop Riordan of certain distinguished American prelates who lately have had audience with the Pope. The writer says that the "turning down" of the Rev. Dr. Hanna had virtually been decided upon when a strong influence was brought to bear and representations made which gave the Vatican pause. The outcome is watched with keen interest by the Catholic hierachy not only in this country but in Rome, and the friends of Archbishop Riordan are deeply concerned as they feel it will be very humiliating to him to be told that his judgment in so important a matter has been at fault. But his friends hope that in the event of his choice for Coadjutor being repudiated it will be made to appear that the action of the Vatican is entirely due to the modernistic sentiments of the candidate. Meanwhile anxiety at the Cathedral is at fever heat.

A Brief Criticism

James M. Kerr, who recently thrust himself into the limelight with his annotations to the codes of California, in which, gratuitously, he overrules the Supreme Court, is not unknown to the local bar. He is the author of "Kerr on Fraud and Mistake." A leader of the bar was asked one day what he thought of this work. "The title," he said, "is all right!"

Hearst Lost and Found

Last week there were loud calls for William R. Hearst but no response. The distinguished founder of a personally conducted party was absolutely lost in the wilds of California. In vain he was sought over the longest leased wire and also over short wires unleased. The telephone was futile. Hide nor hair of him could be found. As though the jungle had swallowed him the evanishment of him was complete. Marius in his flight from Rome was not more inaccessible, and Hugh McIsaacs, Pacific Coast manager of the infant political prodigy was in distress, for Hugh had promised the people of Oakland a Hearst keynote speech, and Mr. Isaacs is not a promise breaker. But no man can schedule the Hon. William R. Hearst with impunity. Mr. Hearst is a man of impulses that are not easily harnessed. On Monday afternoon I walked into the Fairmont Hotel and lo! the lost was found, and without the aid of a decoy letter or any of the subterfuges of the gumshoe artist. There in the lobby was the man who seems destined to win the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen by saving them from the incorrigible incubus of Nebraska. It was a rather interesting spectacle that he presented. He was in the midst of a group of women and children, and it was evident they were all enjoying his company. Nobody talked politics. Mr. Hearst held a delightful informal reception, and had a fine time with the little ones.

Hearst's Letter

At the close of the reception Mr. Hearst went to his office and dashed off a little masterpiece of literature; an uproariously comic epistle to the maxpoppers of the Iroquois Club, informing them that he is no longer a Democrat and why. For extra dry, exquisite humor there are few things in the literature of American politics that are equal to this gem of the epistolary art, this good natured but mordant, flippant yet blasting, excoriation of the degenerate and abandoned party of Jackson and Jefferson. While the humor of it is best appreciated by those who are sensible of the solemn seriousness with which the pompous and tumid prophets of Democracy in the Iroquois Club take themselves, the subtle artistry of it appeals to all lovers of amiable satire. When Max Popper read the letter he gravely announced that the club would hold a meeting and formally read Hearst out of the party. This sentiment met with the warm approval of E. P. E. Troy, who said he was in favor of teaching Mr. Hearst a lesson and letting the world know that the Iroquois Club cannot be trifled with. During the day several taxeaters came in from the City Hall to express their indignation. And all the while Mr. Hearst was speeding overland all unconscious of the rod that was in pickle for him in San Francisco.

Small Elsie—Grandma, is your teeth good?
Grandma—No, dear; I haven't any.
Small Elsie—Then I'll let you hold my candy till I come back.

Harvey's Brilliant Financiering

The arrest of John J. Lynch for embezzling bonds of the Ocean Shore Railroad Company is of interest, indicating as it does the admirable perservance of Mr. J. Downey Harvey in financing his great enterprise and also

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the difficulties that he is encountering. When a man who is building a railroad which has terminal facilities in the heart of a great city has to borrow small sums of money from stock brokers, putting up forty thousand dollars worth of securities to get ten thousand in cash, the inference is warranted that such grass as is accessible to him is somewhat short. But reports from the fog zone inform us that men are laying rails, that others are grading and others are filling, and consequently it must be assumed that the treasury is in a flourishing condition. Mr. Harvey's experiment in railroad building is consuming a tremendous amount of energy, and everybody feels that the project, when consummated, will reflect great credit on the smart little man in whose teeming brain the brilliant idea of connecting Santa Cruz and San Francisco by a scenic railway was conceived. The financiering of this road is a greater feat than the acquisition of the terminal facilities and that was a coup that stands unparalleled in the recent history of San Francisco. J. Downey Harvey is the only man that outmanuevered Ruef during the Schmitz administration. He demonstrated that a social pull is sometimes more potent and effective that a sack. To be sure he put himself under obligations to Schmitz but to some temperaments obligations are as light as air and as easily dissipated as smoke.

Discouraged But Not Dismayed

That the financial problem is a serious one to Harvey is nothing more than should have been expected. Financial problems are common place affairs in these leaden days of industrial depression. Just before the fire there were no obstacles or difficulties to dismay the bustling projector of the Ocean Shore railroad. There was a plenitude of the medium of exchange in sight and within reach, and Harvey was looming up like a new, though abbreviated, Huntington when along came the fire and immediately thereafter the railroad project seemed to have passed into the domain of harrowing dreams. For a while nobody thought it a sufficiently plausible object to engage even the attention of a rainbow chaser., nevertheless Mr. Harvey did not lose heart. The fact is he couldn't afford to lose heart. A lot of his money had gone into the railroad, and as Harvey is no multi-millionaire, to him the scenic railway was more than a flyer in high finance. The Martin millions are not behind Downey. Altogether the members of his family have vindicated their confidence in his genius to the extent of $100,000. There is no more easy money coming to Downey from rich relatives by the legacy route, so the fire was a pretty severe blow to J. Downey. Much of the financial backing which he had reason to include among his assets in the halcyon ante-conflagration days, after the calamity in imponderable vapors faded from his view. I have been told he expected about $1,000,000 from the First National Bank. which expectation was justified by his friend S. G. Murphy only to be disappointed by that gentleman's successor. And after the fire there was less enthusiasm than formerly among the stockholders of the company. One of the most prominent of them, Walter Dean, sold out his stock and the defection of so wealthy a man was in itself. to say the least, most discouraging. But by this time Harvey was inured to affliction. Unlike Job he didn't sit around and lament. He had bonds to sell, and terminal facilities that attest his great hypnotic power, and he went bravely to work. And now the road is gradually stretching its weary, tortuous length along the frowning fronts of the fog-swept cliffs that echo old Ocean's melancholy roar, and the twentieth century Huntington in the marts of Mammon is blithely financiering. But the sceptics are still scoffing. Now that they see that genius cannot be denied they are asking, "What is he going to do with the road when it is built? Run it, of course; run it to Santa Cruz and back again.

"Are your five daughters all married off, Mr. Brown?"
"No, five sons-in-law have married on."

Boke Making a Touch

The Citizens League of Justice is not dead as some persons imagine. It is merely suffering from inanition, but the golden alimentary substance which the doctor ordered is being vehemently appealed for by the nurses, and the nurses have not lost hope. Prominent among these nurses is Boke of Berkeley. Boke is a lawyer,, but he doesn't work at his trade. He is a tutor in the university, and in his off hours makes a noise like a reformer. Boke is a man of prodigious industry. Stupendous tasks have no terror for Boke. When he isn't teaching the young idea how to shoot he is overruling supreme courts, or laying the foundation of an institution for the dissemination of patriotism. Boke is tireless. At present he is organizing a movement for the correction of public sentiment in the matter of the graft prosecution. A good, easy man, he is unaware that all moral movements have their oscillations and reach their culminating point as a pendulum moves to the end of its arc and then swings back again. Full of enthusiasm for his idea he is making a touch. Through letters addressed to putative patriots he is soliciting the sinews of war. Hearken to Boke: "The League plans a campaign to last for the war—during the life of the graft cases. It is a campaign for a great cause. It will maintain a center of information at 241-2 Pacific Building, issue material for the press, get out reports, publish a weekly paper (when the funds reach the mark), send speakers through the city, organize clubs of justice, plan a campaign through these clubs, and hold mass meetings. It will get a corps of volunteer citizens formed to attend the trials and give an honest citizenship color to the court room. It has started an organization which will include all the clergy of the city, who will cooperate in the work. It has other plans which will be known later. It will get results. It will stand on the platform of honesty and principle. It will endeavor to line up the city on this platform."

Color and Atmosphere

What immortal and dauntless courage breathes in the foregoing procession of Bokian sentences; what sublime patriotism, what glorious faith! Great is the League of Justice and magnificent is its prophet! A fine idea this is of organizing a corps of volunteer citizens "to give an honest citizenship color to the court room." The color scheme for a court room is something new and doubtless is will prove an excellent aid to justice, but it may not suffice. I would suggest a few properties by way of atmosphere. A rope in the hand of each member of the corps and a few miniature coffins scattered about would impress the jury far more than such applause as the honest claqueurs might be disposed to give the vociferous Heney in his characteristic moments. As for the mass meetings that are to be held I fear it will be pretty hard to find speakers with power of attraction. I don't believe

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you could round up a corporal's guard to walk across a street to hear Langdon bloviate, and as for Heney, the pride of the peons, he has become absolutely stale and unprofitable. It is easy to summon spirits from the vasty deep—but will they come?

As to the Clergy

Schoolmaster Boke tells us the "organization will include all the clergy of the city, who will co-operate in the work." This is somewhat vague. Surely Boke does not mean that all the clergy in the city will co-operate in the work. For, as a matter of fact, a very small percentage of the clergy will be found in the League of Justice. There will doubtless be found in the League all the sensational preachers who preach for publication whenever a subject of discourse is suggested by the editor of a yellow journal. But it is incredible that any of the genuine churchmen of the city, any of the clergy of true religious feeling will become identified with a movement that has for its purpose the hounding of men accused of crime and that frankly demands such justice as may be compounded of passion and intimidation. The fact is that in clerical circles there is already a great deal of skepticism with respect to this movement, behind which are men who have traduced the ministers of a religion, and who have done a great deal toward stimulating racial and religious prejudices.

Marion—I showed papa those verses you wrote me, and he seemed pleased.
Harry—He did?
Marion—Yes. He said he was so glad to see you were not a poet.

Stung in the Hornet Mine

The recent sale of the Hornet mine in Humboldt county, Nev., recalls the excitement created by the sudden, extraordinary richness displayed in that property years ago and the amazement which followed when the truth leaked out. Charges of "salting," mine robbing, fraud, swindling, with a dash of pistol fusilades were tossed recklessly about over the Sage Brush state but the man who got away with something like $300,000 in the excitement was never caught, though several of the most able sleuths on the Coast took after him. They rounded him up at last but he outwitted them by an ingenious trick. In the early days of the Comstock lode when Mackay and Fair were just beginning to get within reaching distance of the bonanza millions, two mill hands near Carson began to tap an amalgam tank that was harboring the cream of some very rich Mexican ore then being milled. This Comstock amalgam was peculiar and almost any tyro could have picked it our from any lot of amalgams at a glance. In course of time the two mill hands had accumulated over $200,000 worth of the stuff and they began to worry over the problem of disposing of it at a profit. A man named Raines lived in Virginia City at that time, an ingenious metallurgist and a thorough mill man. Aside from these attainments he was one of the keenest rascals in the State. The problem was put up to Raines and knowing the two other scamps were in a hole he agreed to get them out for the lion's share of the swag.

Mad Quest For Hornet Stock

Raines knew every mine in the State, its condition and the condition of every mill. In Humboldt county there was a played out shaft called the Hornet mine. Its stock would have been worthless had it not covered an old five stamp mill nearby. This mill gave it a value of two cents a share. Raines bought up enough of this stock to get control of the mine and mill. Then another idea entered his scheming head and he bought up all the shares he could find. He put several shifts of miners to work and opened up the mine quietly and very confidently. While the miners were digging out any old kind of ore Raines made several trips to Carson in a specially rigged light wagon and brought the stolen amalgam to a cache near the Hornet mine. Then he started the mill on the Hornet ore and very adroitly fed the amalgam into the run. When those listless millmen saw the rich returns pour out they fairly gasped and messages were dispatched secretly all over the State to put up all the Hornet stock in sight and never mind the price. The demand for the stock kept increasing as people saw the remarkable returns being turned out by the mill. Raines, of course, took care to peddle out all his Hornet stock while the excitement was highest. He gave his partners their share of the amalgam proceeds and came down to San Francisco with his share of the clean-up—profits that netted him over $300,000.

His Trick on the Detectives

The genius of Raines might have placed him in time among the "Uncrowned Kings of the Commonwealth," afterwards collected by Historian Bancroft had he been inclined to go into real estate with his loot and grow up quietly with the budding millionaire, but swindling games proved too fascinating for Raines no matter how high his bank account. In this city Raines was hunted up by a perplexed promotor who had a hole in the ground which he wanted to sell for several hundred thousand dollars. For one-half the proceeds Raines showed him how the trick could be turned. In the wind up the promotor fell into the net of the Chief of Police and to save himself he tried to throw the blame on Raines. As usual, Raines, by the advice of his attorney, had kept well within the law. Unlucky for him Lees in following back over the old trail had run across his connection with the Hornet mine and the stolen amalgam. There were certain things in that transaction that Raines couldn't explain satisfactorily to the law and between suns he slipped into the southland. When the California and the Nevada detectives struck his trail again he was in Arizona. They raced after him with requisition papers. Raines liked the country and he didn't want to be chased out of it by a lot of trouble making detectives, so the time they consumed in reaching him he employed in winning the good graces of the United States Marshal of the district. When the detectives came in sight he had his friend, the marshal, arrest him on the trumped up charge of selling whiskey to the Indians. The detectives could look at him but they couldn't touch him as he was in the custody of the United States Government and there he conveniently remained till the case against the promotor and himself was settled by the courts. All the while, of course, he was living at the best hotel in the town, "out on bail."

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Where Ignorance Is Not Bliss to Taxpayers

Is there anybody in the District Attorney's office with the ability to draw up a document in strict accordance with the form prescribed by law? This is no idle question propounded in a spirit of raillery, no flippant interrogatory pregnant with invidious innuendo, but a serious, straightforward query inspired by no other motive than that of ascertaining whether the intellect of an important municipal department is reeling hopelessly in Egyptian darkness or merely hibernating in penumbra. The answer to this question is of some consequence to the taxpayers of San Francisco. They are spending a great deal of money on the District Attorney's office; more each month than ever was spent in any two months in the history of the city prior to the advent of Mr. Langdon. They are not only paying Mr. Langdon for merely looking nearly as wise as an owl, but they are conserving his muscular force with an automobile which takes him to church on Sunday mornings and whither he listeth thereafter. Surely to expect this pampered darling of the populace to employ competent men in his office is not too much. Unfit himself to try a case, he ought to give the people, if not a Marathon, at least a little run for their money by selecting for his asssistants men who are able to draw an indictment. These remarks are all apropos of the Creely contempt case.

A Typical Conspiracy

The Creely case is now in the Court of Appeal. It was postponed the other day because nobody appeared for the District Attorney to argue for the confirmation of the order of the Superior Court committing Creely for contempt. Thereupon the Bulletin took the matter up for editorial discussion, and quoted one of Mr. Langdon's assistants, a Mr. Harrison, to the effect that was no occasion for his presence, since the only question is the sufficiency of the commitment, and that is a matter spread upon the record which the Court can very easily decide without argument. "Doubtless Mr. Harrison believes," says the Bulletin, "that the proceeding on Creely's part was commenced only for the purpose of delay and that the Court ought to act upon it, one way or the other without ceremony or further postponements." All of which the Bulletin knows is absolutely untrue. In this matter the Bulletin is aiding and abetting one of the contemptible little conspiracies that have been peculiar to the moral agents whose plans for self-aggrandizement masked behind a civic purity movement have miscarried largely as a result of their proneness to sinister expedients. The Bulletin knows that in drawing up the commitment in the Creely case the half-baked lawyers of the District Attorney's office were guilty as usual of egregious blunders. Even these half-baked lawyers now believe that the commitment is fatally defective. Their attention has been called to the matter and they have discussed it as freely as Hiram Johnson discussed and admitted the fatal blunders in the Schmitz case before they were passed upon by the Supreme Court. Whether the blunders in the Creely case are fatal I do not know, but I do know and so does the Bulletin know that the impression prevails in Langdon's office that they are fatal. If Mr. Harrison doesn't know it is because nobody thought it worth while to inform him. It is a matter of common notoriety, however, that Langdon was unrepresented in the Court of Appeal because of the blunders in the commitment and because it was conceived to be a smart trick to affect an attitude of indifference and thus convey the impression that the points involved were of no consequence. This attitude was in furtherance of a malevolent design to supply a pretext for the villification of the Court of Appeal. But even though the purpose had not been disclosed by the gossips of the District Attorney's office, it would have been perceived, for the prosecution should always be represented on appeal, and it is never so eager to be represented as when it has a good case. When a lawyer abandons his case it is not because he knows he has no chance of losing.

"Daubs is mad as hops about his picture that was on exhibition."

"Wasn't it noticed?"

"Yes; took a prize."

"What's he mad about, then?"

"Well, it was a picture of cows, and it was awarded the prize for the best picture of sheep."

The Honduras Exile

Not until some of his creditors are paid in full will Bob Mitchell be permitted to return to San Francisco. Among some of them there is no lack of Christian charity. They know he has suffered and paid the penalty of his transgressions, and they have no desire to prolong his misery. But there are a few of Mitchell's creditors who demand their pound of flesh, and the exiled defaulter is unable to reimburse them. Not, therefore, unless his friends come to his rescue can Mitchell come back without fear of prosecution. But Mitchell has friends and I hope to see them come to his aid. For Bob Mitchell, pining in exile in Honduras, eagerly watching for encouraging letters from home, indulging the inspiriting hope that he may be forgiven, is to me a most pathetic and piteous figure. Until the crash came in Mitchell's financial affairs there was probably not a man in San Francisco who could truthfully say that the broker had ever done him an injury. Bob Mitchell has good stuff in him. Before becoming a broker he practiced law in this city for many years, and in all his relations with the members of his profession, with his clients and his acquaintances he proved himself a man of the highest integrity. His intimates knew him to be a man of big heart and warm sympathies. When he failed in business the greatest loss was his own. He embarked in the brokerage business with a fortune of over $100,000, most

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of which came to him from the Fair case. When he started for Honduras he was almost penniless. What little money he now has he made in Honduras, for he has been successful there in the real estate business, and I am told that he has many friends especially among the highest government officials. The report that he has sought a compromise with his creditors on account of the extradition treaty is without foundation. The Honduras government will never permit his extradition.

She—I wouldn't marry the best man living.
He—Don't be alarmed, he isn't going to propose. My interest in you is merely platonic.

Will Become a Professional Actor

Emory Pottle, who achieved considerable newspaper fame through his magazine stories designed to teach his ex-wife, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, what ideal love and wifely devotion should be, has quit the magazine field for the nonce and will essay a flight into the realm of pure acting. He has just been selected by his brother novelist, Booth Tarkington, to originate the leading role in the latter's new play "Foreign Exchange," to be produced in New York in December. Mr. Pottle made a record of three stories in the August magazines but this is his first attempt for a record on the professional stage. He has made his bow in amateur theatricals in a number of well-known New York homes whose rich owners incline to that form of amusement. For some time past he has candidly said that he would drop writing if he could be assured of a good part on the stage. His friend Booth Tarkington sympathized with his ambition and hunted the opportunity for him in this last production. The new play deals with the question of international marriage and the author's attempt to prove that the American girl cannot be happy with the foreign husband she has paid for. The scenes are laid in Paris. The part assumed by Mr. Pottle demands a blond hero six feet tall.

Aired Their Troubles in the Magazines

The Tompkins family of San Leandro was widely known in California long before Juliet Wilbor Tompkins determined to go East and enter the literary field on her merits. She was one of the first California society girls to win distinction there and thereby paved the way for several others. She had written many clever magazine stories and was one of the editors of Munsey's when she met and married Emory B. Pottle, at that time of the "Criterion." The marriage of the young editor was made much of by "Us," a bright Miss Bohemian clique in New York, to which Miss Tompkin's sister, Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, Gelett Burgess and a number of other Californians belonged. Cupid lived with them awhile then he slipped away and they parted. For a time they attempted to give their explanations of the dissension through the stories they published in the magazines and the reading public was considerably amused by this original method of airing family feelings. Finally came the day when new plots covered the old wounds and the case was buried in the back numbers of the magazines.

California Writers in New York

Gossip regarding the California newspaper colony settled in New York reports them all in a flourishing conditions. The Wallace Irwins have just returned from a summer vacation on the continent, have a handsome flat, and are doing a deal of entertaining in the swagger Bohemian circles. Bailey Millard is conducting a school for journalists with incidental successful flights into the magazines on his short stories. Harry Chambers is still doing editorial work but his wife, (Mary Davidson in the days of her art work here on the Examiner) has relinquished the success and remuneration she enjoyed on the Sunday World by illustrating her clever interviews with prominent people and is now devoting herself entirely to painting. She has a beautiful studio, which is on the regular calling route of the best known people in the Manhattan art colony. "Bob" MacKaye has quit Success magazine for a handsome offer to take charge of the Delineator. Charley Michelson has been promoted to a fancy editorial position on the Hearst editorial staff. Bob Davis is enjoying himself among the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence and acquiring more steam to force good things into the Frank A. Munsey publications, part of which he is managing.

Teacher—"If you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result?"
Scholar—"They'll think they can lick me!"

Selected the Cook Himself

In the Bohemian Club they are telling a good story about one of the married members. His wife lost her ideal cook through marriage last spring and for some time past she has been having a vexatious time seeking vainly for a substitute. She tried out several applicants during the past month and finally became reduced to that condition of frazzled nervousness which affects the ordinary husband's comfort. He realized that it was up to him to do something in order to escape a trying period of household unrest. Clapping on his hat one day he announced in an authoritative way that he was going to settle the cook question at once and by himself. At the agency he passed in review a number of prospective pot boilers who were gently herded his way by a demure manager. One objected because his servants' quarters did not contain a library; another because she expected all her evenings out. Finally becoming somewhat nettled he turned to the manager and said, "This is too slow a method of finding a cook. The face is everything. I pride myself a great deal on being able to read the character from the face. The applicants that I examined all lack the facial qualities that denote obliging and courteous cooks." Then his eyes roved enquiringly about the

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room till they rested on a middle aged, quietly attired woman, seated near the private office door. "Now, there is a woman," he said, brightening, and indicating the sitter. "That woman I am confident will fill the bill. Her face indicates it. Send her up to the house. I won't haggle about the wages." The countenance of the manager beamed. "Yes," she smiled," that lady is certainly a good housekeeper, but she is waiting for a cook herself; that is Mrs.—" and she mentioned the name of one of the best known chatelaines of Ross. The clubman fled but the story pursued him, and nobody enjoyed it more than the Lady of Ross.

An Indictment Against Fashionable Society

Joseph Medill Patterson's book, "A Little Brother of the Rich," will doubtless have a large sale. It is sensational to a degree, and should appeal to such appetites as were gratified by "Three Weeks." Mr. Patterson presents a picture of New York society and incidentally of the stage which is a little too nasty and revolting for description. But, of course, the author represents that to be universal which is confined to the narrow circle in which he moves. According to Mr. Patterson every fashionable woman drinks to excess, is untrue to her marriage vows, is animated by absolutely no thought of anything except vulgar display, the gratification of animal passion and insatiate greed for money, and cares nothing for the means by which money is obtained. This is the indictment of a man who is not over-scrupulous in his assertions. It will probably be less painful to the people about whom he has written than the members of his own family. For Patterson is related to a dozen of the richest and most prominent families in the United States. If there are no decent persons in fashionable society then Patterson should be ashamed of his own relatives.

Miss Gaysett—Oh, mamma! what a nice, sensible, decent-looking young fellow that is over there!

Mother—Hush, child! It must be a waiter.

"Wet Winter," Say the Beavers

Ed Berg, who has just returned with several companions from a long auto hunting trip through Trinity county, says that the hunters, trappers and cattlemen in that section all report a severe winter coming. They base their forecast on the housekeeping actions of the animals and wild fowl. Bears, beavers, ants and squirrels are all hustling in a way to show that they want to get out of the wet. Beavers, ants and squirrels are laying up provisions in high places and are garnering extra quantities. Sierra lumbermen say that "big winter" signs are observable in the mosses and other barometric vegetations. Hunters of wild fowl in Northern California have made a like prognostication for several months past. Singularly, too, many old residents along the base of Mt. Tamalpais, in Mill Valley and Larkspur, are beginning to talk of a particularly stormy winter because they have not experienced such a cold, damp summer in many years past.

Figuring on the Campaign

Ballot wizards are figuring that at the election this Fall some 14,000,000 votes will be cast for Bryan and Taft alone. Ordinary pencilers however are not figuring that many conscientious voters are feeling very bitter on the way both conventions were dominated by one man power and will refrain from voting. Shrewd managers on both sides are reported cognizant of this feeling and are planning to exercise all their arts to attract this "silent" vote. Manager Hitchcock, of the Republican machine, has the greater resources and has developed an elaborate system for this purpose. Tradition will be knocked in the head in handling the campaign, just as it was in handling the conventions. Money is ostensibly tabu because public sentiment is strongly against big campaign contributions just now but money will be used and used plentifully for the simple reason that the campaign managers must have it to spend, just as the ordinary business man must use it to attain his ends. A prominent member of the Republican State Central Committee declares that $2,000,000 can be put into national campaign oratory alone and hardly make a showing. Then the clerk hire at headquarters eats up money by the bucketful. At the Republican National Headquarters last year postage alone cost $150,000 and postage was only a drop in the clerical expense. The daily average was 5,000 letters a day to be answered.

Cost of Educating Voters

Campaigns of recent years have progressed away from the lines followed by the managers of twenty years ago. There is very much less of the whoop-la, red fire and torchlight parade business. The last very great street parades ended the campaign twelve years ago. Uniform marching clubs are now relegated to jay towns. Efforts are now concentrated on the straight hard work of educating the voters and trying to make the individual ballot caster see the issues of the campaign in the desired light. Only two practical ways have so far been developed to do this: campaign oratory and literature, in the form of documents, pamphlets and working the proper articles through the daily press. Bureaus handle both classes of work with the executive committee directing all the moves. The best speakers this year will be held down to $150 a week and their expenses. The others will get much less. By far the largest number will speak for their expenses alone, trusting to receiving some party office as a reward. Even with such small sums expended for individual speakers the aggregate is enormous and the amount will quickly run into several million dollars, no matter how tightly handled.

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Not Such a Singular Honor

Judge Maurice T. Dooling of Hollister, the Bulletin tells us, "has just received a singular honor." He has been nominated by the Republicans as well as by the Democrats of his home county for Superior Judge. This is not so remarkable an honor as the Bulletin would have us believe. There are not many lawyers in San Benito County. It is one of the sparsely settled counties of the State, and in that county there is no competition for the honor which was bestowed on Judge Dooling. When a similar honor is bestowed on a man in a town of the size of Stockton or even in a town of the size of San Rafael, the recipient has reason to be proud. The practice of removing judges from the field of partisan politics is one that has found favor in some of the large cities of America, and this year the judges in several towns in this State have been nominated by the two leading parties. Across the bay in Marin County Judge Thomas J. Lennon, one of the ablest young jurists in the State, has been endorsed by both parties, and in that county there is some competition. But it is not a singular honor in Judge Lennon's case because Judge Lennon has no past to be overlooked. It is inconceivable that Judge Lennon would preside at the trial of the Bulletin's editor after learning that it was a purely theatrical affair instituted for the benefit of the defendant.

Twain's Idea of Prohibition

"Crossing the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said Mrs. Francis Williams, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous. 'I am a friend of temperance and want it to succeed,' he said, 'but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now, what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?'"

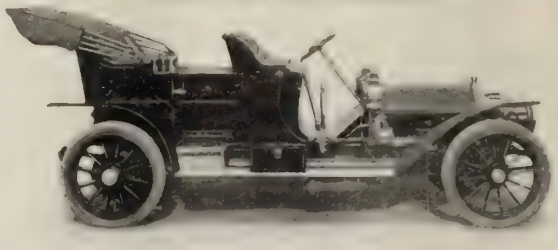
Deacon White—Our new pastor must be a vegetarian.
Deacon Brown—Why do you think so?
Deacon White—There doesn't seem to be any meat in his sermons.

Is After a Peerage

Through his open candidacy for a seat in the British House of Commons Waldorf Astor is recognized by London and New York society as being well along the way to become a member of the House of Lords. His generation of the Astor family seemingly has planted its fortune in English soil to remain. His younger brother, John Jacob Astor, is a lieutenant of the First Life Guards, and as such is a member of the royal household, often commanding the cavalry escort of the monarch on state occasions. Waldorf Astor, himself, enjoys to a very marked degree, the favor of King Edward, as well as the warm friendship of the reigning family. There has scarcely been a week-end party during the past season when British royalty has not been included in the house parties of Waldorf Astor and his wife at their place on the Thames, at Cliveden, where a few Sundays ago they received a long visit from King Edward. With all this prestige and royal backing the former American's progress towards the House of Lords will be comparatively rapid. While Waldorf Astor was still a youngster his father unconsciously helped him towards this goal of his ambition, for although born in New York he needs no naturalization papers to take his seat in either of the two houses of Great Britain's Parliament. For the fact that his father, at one time United States Envoy to Rome, secured English letters of naturalization while his two boys were under age converted them, ipso facto, into Britons. Of course from an American point of view, on attaining their majority they could have recovered their

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United States citizenship by electing to belong to the land of their birth, rather than to the land of their adoption. Neither of them, however, saw fit to take this step, as both have always inclined to British life and citizenship.

Title Suggested

New York society is just now speculating on what title Waldorf Astor will assume when elevated to the peerage. As he lives at the historic seat of Cliveden many incline to think he may assume that title. There is already a Viscount Clifden and a Lord Clifton and such a choice on his part might lead to confusion. London society thinks he will do well to follow the example set by Lord Curzon, Lord Sanderson, Lord Bellew and Lord Welseley and merely prefix the title to his own patronimic and thus become "Lord Astor." Albert Kirby Fairfax, born in Virginia as an American citizen of American parents, and raised in Wall street business life is another American who is also making an effort to enter the House of Lords. Albert Fairfax, however, inherits his title to the Scotch baronet of Fairfax. His title is beyond dispute so he is certain to secure the enjoyment of his titular rights and privileges in the near future. Several generations of Virginia Fairfaxes declined the title, prefering to be known as plain American citizens. Albert Kirby, through his Wall street experiences, evidently realized the "Lordship" possessed some commercial value so he has gone after it. It was one of these Virginia Fairfaxes, by the way, who came to California years ago in quest of a fortune and located near San Rafael on the spot now named after his home Fairfax.

Very Young Wife (crying bitterly): "Oh! George, dear, it is such a disappointment. I made a lovely angel cake this morning and the puppy has eaten it."

Young Husband (affectionately): "Never mind, darling! I'll buy you a new dog tomorrow."

Canned Goods for Our Cousins

Californians have an idea, sort of general, and rarely specific that this is a great fruit State, but it sometimes takes concrete figures to open our eyes to what this really means. Such figures are often found in reports of ships' cargoes, as was the case last week when the Celtic Monarch sailed out of San Francisco for Liverpool with two thousand five hundred tons of California canned fruit as cargo. This of itself is rather startling, but it is but a part of the shipment that is being made to England by one firm alone. Following the Celtic Monarch will be four other large sailing vessels, each bound for England with the same amount of canned California fruit, making a total of twelve thousand five hundred tons or some twenty-five million pounds, all going to feed the people of England.

Orchards Where Once Was Trackless Wastes

There is no longer any such thing as a California desert. What reecntly formed a part of what was supposed to be unreclaimable land is now furnishing the finest agricultural products raised anywhere. The California Promotion Committee has been waging a strong fight for new settlers and one of its strongest arguments has been the great fertility of all California soil. In the desert land as it was formerly called, what looked like sand has been developed into a fine white ash, carrying all the life giving properties essential to plant growth. It is on what was once supposed to be desert that now great quantities of fruit is grown, and the new land under irrigation is proving a boon to the thousands of home seekers who are desirous of getting quick returns when they settle.

Encouraging to Automobilists

From its Eastern Bureau in New York The California Promotion Committee receives word that automobilists are taking much interest in California roads, and map companies are now securing data to be incorporated in their forthcoming road maps, showing California routes. The interest aroused by the Committee among Eastern automobilists is bearing good fruit. F. H. Elliott secretary of the Automobile Club of America, intends coming to California at an early date to talk up an organization of all the automobilists in the State. He is now referring all inquiries regarding California tours to the Committee, which has offered to supply maps and general information to all who desire to make a trip to California.

When the news reached the jungle that Teddy
By the fourth of next March would be ready
The rhinoceros said,
As he shook his doomed head,
"I feel like a hat-rack already."

New Home of the Union League Club

The new building now being completed by Mrs. Annie M. Regan at Powell and O'Farrel streets for the new home of the Union League Club is very distinctive in character. Architect L. B. Dutton has spared no pains to make the fine brick and terra cotta structure one of the handsomest in the city. It is in a class by itself for the large building will not be a bee hive of miscellaneous business and professional life but will contain only the Union League Club on the three upper floors and fourteen of the finest stores of their kind in the city on the ground floor. Their location is unsurpassed as the building is located in the very heart of the new theater, hotel and shopping district. This new building serves to emphasize the epoch making change that O'Farrel and lower Powell streets are to be in the new center of the smart shops. The upper three floors were designed expressly for the home quarters of the Union League Club. The first floor is devoted to the private offices of the club managers and to a spacious grill and billiard room, Dutch cafe, handsome library, card rooms, service and other rooms. On the second floor are a superb dining room, the breakfast room, three private dining rooms, kitchens, refrigerators, etc., besides a number of very choice bed rooms facing O'Farrell street. The upper floor is given over entirely to sleeping apartments, each with its private bath. No pains and expense have been spared to make the quarters the most convenient and the handsomest for club purposes on the coast.


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THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

The past week has shown no marked changes in Wall Street share values, the exception being Southern Pacific common, which sold at 100-⅝, the highest price ever attained. There has been good and constant buying of this stock ever since the price passed 75. It has become one of the favorite trading stocks; eastern investors and speculators are giving the merits of Southern Pacific more than passing consideration. The continuance of a six per cent dividend through the past depression has gained many friends for it. Stock Exchange operators are showing more and more confidence in the Harriman securities. Harriman is the opposite of Jay Gould. Harriman builds up instead of tearing down. Every property which has come under his control has advanced in efficiency, as well as having been given the best of management. The advance in Southern Pacific common stock has caused many rumors to be set afloat, among them the possibility of an increased dividend, which at this time does not seem reasonable. It is more reasonable to think that investors are learning more of the possibilities of the future of this property and that the six per cent dividend is rather attractive in these days of cheap money. If Southern Pacific can pay such a handsome dividend under present conditions, what will it be able to do in five or ten years, when the Coast receives its due proportion of population? Every day its local field is growing and at no distant date the Southern Pacific will be the "Penna" of the Pacific Coast. Its earning capacity will never grow less, but greater, and this is why Easterners are investing in Southern Pacific securities, and putting them in their strong boxes. Union Pacific and Atchison were rather active during the week, but fluctuated within a narrow range—around 158 there seemed to be plenty of stock for sale while at 156 there were resting orders to buy. On Saturday an element of uncertainty made its appearance in the Market, the cause of which has not been revealed as yet. The trading during the two hours on that day has seldom been equaled, blocks of stock from 5,000 to 10,000 shares were common transactions, small lots of 100 and 500 shares were frowned upon. American Smelters was the pivot upon which the market swung, for this reason many thought Lawson was working overtime. Another rumor was to the effect that the Rock Island crowd were attempting to carry out a new campaign of their own liking. Many other causes were assigned for the peculiar action of values, but nothing definite has as yet been forthcoming as the true cause. The action of New York Central also contributed largely to the unsettling of price conditions—the price declined quickly to par when buyers appeared causing a rally to 105, declining gradually to 103. Sharp declines as well as shap rallies will be characteristic of the Market for the coming month or six weeks, due to the political outlook. These conditions should cease early in October, when the assurance of one or the other presidential candidates of election will be pretty well foreseen. If Taft, it will mean a continuance of the upward trend of values, which will no doubt give us the highest prices ever seen, for many of the leading stocks. Prospective earnings will receive proper attention, based upon crop conditions, and prices for all food products—a brighter prospect has never before been known.

The local stock and bond market is again assuming a broader and more active condition. The lowering of money rates recently caused more attention to be directed toward stock and bond securities. The Pacific Gas & Electric 5 per cent bonds are gaining much favor of late as well as the preferred stock of the company. Something favorable to holders of the preferred stock is looked for in the very near future; the present price around 50@55 appeals to investors, as the good demand for the stock shows recently. The bonds are considered very cheap at present prices 77@80. United Railways common and preferred stock and bonds are in good demand both in the eastern and local markets.

For a month past, much eastern money has been seeking Power Investments on the Coast. It is quite likely a large amount of eastern money will find employment in this way on the Pacific Coast in the near future. It is believed many eastern mortgage companies will seek loans in the downtown district as soon as the buildings are occupied and can show their earning power, this will release many bank loans and allow other unbuilt districts a chance. Conditions are growing better every day.

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES



A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Romance in Her Marriage After All

Everyone had always expected that when Grace Llewellan Jones and her temperament ran into a romance it would not be spelled just like the rest of the world's So there was a tinge of disappointment when she became Mrs. Gibson at a big church wedding with all the details cut off the same bolt of white satin that other brides use. But whist! while I tell you something. There was a flavor of romance about it, after all, which the general public did not detect. In fact when all the details are known it is just possible that Cupid may be arrested for scorching. Miss Jones and Mr. Gibson were acquainted just two weeks, when their engagement was made known to a few intimate friends in New York and the young lady and her mother hurried out here to make arrangements for the wedding in their old home. They did not meet in Europe as has been generally believed but at a studio tea in New York. Gelett Burgess, who was supposed to be madly searching for the prototype of Lady Fessenden, the heroine of one of his best stories, in order that he might burn incense at her altar, had landed plump at the feet of Miss Jones instead. So



MISS BETTY ANGUS

Whose marriage to St. George Holden will take place September 2nd. From an oil painting by Ernest Cox.

when Mr. Gibson appeared at the studio he had to ask Burgess to move along. Of course Gelett does not take up much room, but still he looked like a crowd to the New York lawyer. The author sulked some about it and for two weeks showed up at teas in a lugubrious mood and absolutely refused to make conversation. As Miss Jones and Mr. Gibson went around with the same set it was a delicious performance for the onlookers. Miss Jones had come home from Germany with letters to the Frohmans and Daniel Frohman had applauded her work—dramatic recitations set to music, so that Mr. Gibson not only had to discourage other admirers but had to delicately amputate the appealing idea of recitals under Frohman's directions. A lawyer who could win a case like that in two weeks must know a thing or two not down in Blackstone. At last report Gelett Burgess had bobbed up cheerfully, and is once more trying to put salt on the tail of an ideal.

Fritzi Scheff Still Laughs

Apropos of the modern interpretation of the social status of artists, who have bent, if not broken, some of the pet conventions and commandments, it is interesting to learn that Fritzi Scheff, the fascinating, plans to marry again. Her choice, John Fox, Jr., is a man of some literary achievement, and altogether out of joint with the husband Mrs. Grundy would have selected for the irristible. Fritzi. The knowing ones have played the combination Scheff-Von Bardelben-Gould but "nothing like that on my calling cards," says Fritzi now. However even Mr. Fox may find that there are as many slips in life as in La Fontaine's fables, for up at the Bohemian club is a telegram sent in response to a congratulatory message wired by one of the members. It reads, "A thousand thanks but I am still Fritzi Scheff."

Campaigning in Lovely Gowns

The California suffragists are not taking their cue from the London suffragettes. Instead of throwing brickbats and stones at the Republican convention in Oakland on Thursday the local Susan B. Anthonys threw smiling glances and flaunted the freshest frocks. In fact the word was quietly passed round before hand by Mrs. Horace Coffin that every woman Jill present must look her prettiest so as to convince the convention that all women desiring suffrage are not frumps and dowds. Dozens of women bought new gowns and worked out exquisite color schemes so as to convince those men that lovely woman is not a rarity in the suffrage ranks. The women were determined to go their smiling way, no matter how disagreeable the chairman might be, and though they are all very much in earnest as far as suffrage is concerned, they behaved as though they had put on their best bib and tucker and were attending a reception. Mrs. Coffin, whose idea it was to rebuke old fashioned notions of suffragists by a sartorial fitness that would impress even a color-blind politician, looked especially charming.

Her Latest Bon Mot

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is in Paris just now trying to amuse herself. At a garden party there last week she became responsible for the following bon mot which was thought good enough to be mailed to intimate members of her set in New York. In referring to one of her friends she said: "She reminds me of the leaning tower of Pisa, because she's always leaning but never falls."

The Page-Nightingale Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale announce the engagement of their grand daughter Ellen Burwell Page to Dr. James Fowler Pressley. This engagement is the outcome of a long and devoted friendship of the Doctor for the pretty brunette. Miss Page is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Page. Mrs. Page was Florence Nightingale. Many Californians will remember the hospitable old home of the Nightingales at Turk and Taylor streets. Later a beautiful home was built by Mr. John Nightingale at Haight and Buchanan where several of his children and grand children live to-day. Hamilton Page, the father of the prospective bride, belonged to the well known Page family of Virginia. Miss Page is a very lovable and attractive young girl with a genial and sunny disposition. She possesses a rich soprano voice and sings beautifully. Her mother

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died when she was about fifteen years of age; her father passed away after the fire. Miss Page has always made her home with her grandparents. Dr. Pressley is the son of Mrs. James Pressley and brother of Mrs. Thomas Duncan, whose home is in Santa Rosa. He is a rising young physician and has a host of friends. The wedding will take place in the near future. The engagement ring is designed with three large pearls encircled by diamonds.

Ringing the Wedding Bells

The wedding of Miss Betty Angus and St. George Holden will take place on Wednesday evening, September 2nd, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Angus. A reception to intimate friends will follow the ceremony. The bride will be attended by her sister Miss Mary Angus, as maid of honor, and by the Misses Marian Wright and Lillian Holden as bridesmaids. Hillyer Deuprey



MISS ENID LAWSON.

Whose engagement to John Edward Hall of Berkeley was recently announced. Miss Lawton is the daughter of Mrs. C. L. Weidler of Riverside.

will be the best man. After a wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Holden will reside with the parents of the bride until their home in Filbert street is completed. Mr. Angus' gift to his daughter was the lot upon which the groom is building a pretty home. Mr. Holden is a member of the firm of Deuprey & Holden.

Engagement Announced

At a small tea last Wednesday at her Sausalito residence, Mrs. John E. Shoobert announced the betrothal of her daughter Miss Lilian Shoobert to Thomas Van Ness, Jr. Sausalito society had been expecting this bit of news for some time and consequently was more delighted than surprised. Once before Young Van Ness was an official suitor but Cupid tripped up before the altar was reached and the engagement was never consummated. Both families are prominent in society. Miss Shoobert's father, the late John E. Shoobert, was a partner of Truxtun Beale. There are four Shoobert sisters, Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir of Victoria, B. C., Mrs. Frederick Bancroft of Baltimore, Miss Frances Shoobert and Miss Lilian Shoobert. The Van Ness family is one of the most prominent in the early history of the state. The city's leading avenue was named after the pioneer member. Mr. Van Ness is a brother of Mrs. William Denman and Mrs. John Taylor. The wedding will probably take place during the winter.

Related to the Kirkhams

An engagement that will be of much interest to Californians on account of the prominence of the bride's family is that of Miss Lelia Safford, daughter of Mrs. May Kirkham Safford, of Springfield, Mass., to John Stevens, also of Springfield. The father of the prospective bride, the late J. D. Safford, was a banker of Springfield. Mrs. Safford will be remembered as the interesting and attractive May Kirkham, daughter of the late General R. W. Kirkham, one time quartermaster here, whose beautiful home in Oakland was the center of gaiety and exclusiveness in early days. Kirkham street, Oakland, was named after him. Other relatives of prominence here are Mrs. P. L. Wheeler, who was Mrs. Kirkham Wright of this city. The groom is very wealthy and is head of the largest twine manufacturing establishment in the world situated at Ludlow, Mass.

The Theobald-Otis Wedding

The wedding of Miss Evaline Theobald, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Theobald, to Edwin Mastie Otis, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Otis of Alameda, will take place on Wednesday evening, September 2nd at the residence of the bride's parents in Sacramento street. Only relatives and intimate friends will witness the ceremony, after which a reception will follow. Mr.



MRS. G. R. HANFORD

Mrs. Hanford is a member of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, and a leading competitor for the Del Monte Golf Cup this season.

George Theobald, father of the prospective bride, is a native of London. He belongs to an old and aristocratic family. His father the late George I. Theobald was head of the well known shipping firm of G. I. Theobald & Co. During his life time he was a prominent member of the Union Club. The Theobald home was in California, where much entertaining took place, especially to visiting Englishmen of note. Many will remember the large and brilliant wedding of Miss Lizzie Theobald when she became the bride of Henry Harris Carlton, whose father was of the firm of Carlton & Coleman. All prominent early day people. Mr. George Theobald has been associated with the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co. many years. A brother Mr. John Theobald is the manager of the Canton Insurance Co. He

married the youngest daughter of the late Judge Rising. Mrs. George Theobald was Miss Hattie Yoell, daughter of the late J. A. Yoell, the well known lawyer, by his first wife, who was Miss Evaline Prothero, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Welch Prothero, an aristocratic old Southern family. They came to California with one of the first ox-teams and settled in San Jose. Robert A. Theobald, U. S. N., Midshipman on the Wisconsin, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Theobald. A younger daughter noted for her beauty completes this interesting family. Equally prominent is the groom's family. Mr. Otis, Sr., is the well known lawyer. Mrs. Otis was Miss Mastic, after whose father Mastic street, Alameda, was named. After the wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Mastic Otis will live in Alameda, where the groom has built and furnished a handsome home for his bride.

A Joke on American Heiresses

The particular joke in New York society, this week, is a story from Vienna setting forth in solemn detail the plans of King Peter of Servia to replenish his royal exchequer from the purses of a couple of American millionaires by marrying his sons to their daughters. It is assumed quite as a matter of course that any American millionaire with a marriageable daughter will jump at the chance to bestow a princely dowry in exchange for a princely coronet in the family, and there remains the chance— in this case remote—that the coronet may be exchanged for a crown. The Vienna joker soberly sets forth that the Czar is taking a keen interest in the plan and has provided King Peter with a high Russian officer who will go to America and search out likely heiresses. This officer, Tschere Spiridonovic, has just been especially promoted and decorated to make a greater impression on American society. It is further stated that Mr. Knowles, the American Minister at the Servian court, has been instructed to make a report upon the character of the young princesses.

Showered With Gifts

It is well that Mrs. Linda Bryan has a spacious home otherwise it would be impossible to store the numerous engagement presents pouring in upon her. Cut flowers arrive daily in profusion: each and every friend seems to have remembered this interesting matron. As the time is very short between now and the wedding it will be impossible for Mrs. Bryan to accept all the entertainments her various friends are planning for her. Tuesday Miss Georgia Hammon gave a luncheon and on Wednesday Mrs. Charles Fee entertained in her honor. Many more entertainments are cheduled.

Summer Visitors at Del Monte

My Monterey correspondent writes that by the register at Del Monte this week are names of some of the oldest families in California. There are Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston for instance. Mr. Ralston's father having been one of the first to make a fortune in the mines that brought thousands of pioneers to California. Early residents remember the lavish entertainments that banker



TROPHIES FOR GOLF TOURNAMENT ON DEL MONTE LINKS.
August 31—September 5.

Ralston gave at his country home at Belmont. Then there is Mrs. Alexander, whose father, Colonel Charles Crocker was a well-known figure in San Francisco in early days and was one of the most frequent visitors to Del Monte when the hotel first opened a couple of decades or more ago. Mrs. Alexander is here with Mr. Alexander and their three daughters. Miss Jennie Crocker and her brother, Charles Templeton Crocker, grandchildren of Colonel Crocker are here. They have with them as their guest, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe. Miss Crocker has her riding horse here which she rides in white linen knickerbockers and high boots, over which, of course she wears a long coat. She has also a beautiful span of horses with a tiny tiger—he really is no bigger than a minute—on the back seat and a run-about which she drives herself. Other old Californians are Mrs. M. C. Low, whose husband was one of the early Governors. With Mrs. Low is her daughter, Miss Flora Low; both make their permanent home at Del Monte. Miss Jennie Flood, whose father, James C. Flood, was associated



THE PRIZE CUPS AND TROPHIES AT THE DEL MONTE DOG SHOW, WHICH TAKES PLACE AUGUST 28th and 29th

with O'Brien, William Sharon and others in the early Comstock mining, is also here. Among Oakland society people who will attend the tournaments here are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wingate, accompanied by Mrs. Orestes Pierce; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene B. Braden and Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, who motored down for a few days last week. Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are among those who are spending a fortnight at Del Monte.

To Inaugurate New Social Club

The house warming of the New Club House of the Marin County Club will probably be the social event of the season on the north side of the bay. On Saturday, September 12th, the new Club House will be inaugurated with a large dance. The members from San Rafael and Ross Valley are making preparations to entertain the far away guests at week end house parties, that they may avail of their invitations. The membership of the Club is principally made up of families of San Rafael and Ross Valley. Geo. M. Pinckard, of San Rafael, is president; Al Lilly is vice president, and R. J. Davis, secretary.

Many Guests at Pacific Grove

From Pacific Grove I hear that August has proven a record breaker for summer visitors. With the Red Men's convention last week, and the State Prohibition convention this week, the capacity of the pretty little seaside resort has been taxed to the limit. A number of pleasant little affairs have taken place during the week, none of which was more enjoyable than the thimble bee, given by Mrs. Josephine Hearst, in honor of Mrs. W. W. Stewart, the retiring president of the Mayflower society, who is soon to make her home in Sunnyvale. Mrs. Trask and her daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Stella Trask were recent visitors in the Grove. Miss Stella is an artist of considerable talent. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gerrick are occupying their cottage in the Grove where they will remain for a month. F. O. Paulin and family, of Los Angeles, were among the arrivals at the hotel last week, as were E. L. Sisson and family, of Red Bluff, and Colonel Preble, of Governor Gillett's staff, who spends a great deal of his time there. Other guests at the hotel are Miss Kate Duggan, who with her niece, Miss Stephens, of Sacramento, returned to the hotel after a brief absence in Mendocino county; Dr. L. M. Leiserving of Placerville, Mrs. W. L. McLean, Mrs. W. A. Curtis and F. W. Whitmore of Sacramento, Matthew S. Platz, of Bakersfield and J. Rupert Foster of Marysville.

Social Lines on the Del Monte Links

The next stunt on the social calendar is the athletic meet at Del Monte, and society is discussing some way of arranging the golf games without stepping on any one's foot. Last year the players drew for their partners, and the snob withdrew from the mob and refused to play. There are a number of good golf players not received in Burlingame, and when a young Blingum matron found that she was to play with a stunning young woman, who had recently acquired a very wealthy husband, via the divorce court, she laid down her golf stick and retired from the green. Fortunately Miss Florence Ives, whose kindness of heart measures larger than the cardiac enlargement of most society women, happened to be next on the list and she stepped into the breach.

Women whose scutcheons had never been scratched on the court calendar, but who just did not happen to belong to the right little, tight little confines of the smartest set, were snubbed by their partners who happened to wear the Blingum label. The petticoat golfers are apt to get a pain in their dispositions anyway, and when given a chance to relieve the smart by taking it out on lesser social lights the air is apt to bring with regrets and recriminations. So it is to be hoped that the women golfists will settle upon some way of moving the white dove of peace to the Del Monte links next week.

Has the Secret of Youth

The most amazing part of Maud Allen's career, to those who knew her out here as Maud Durrant, is the extreme youthfulness credited to her by the press and the people who crowd nightly to see her gyrate in her gauzy and jeweled state of undress. She is written down in the birthday book of artists as a girl still in her teens. Critics are unanimous in their statements that her extreme youth gives her an advantage over Isadora Duncan and other dancers of the "classic" school. As a matter of comparison with dozens of schoolmates, who went from their a' b' c's through compound fractions with Maud Durrant, the hands of the clock are approaching near half past thirty. A young matron, who confesses to thirty-five, told me the other day that giving the dancer generous benefit of the doubt that she was younger than most of the girls in her class, she would yet be thirty and then some. She saw her in London and does not wonder at the general mistake, for Maud is little and slim with the tender adolescent curves of a girl not yet entered upon womanhood. Even her face has the soft curves that life and experience usually dent and mar with telltale little lines. Twice she saw her driving with Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the Prime Minister, which goes to prove that the English aristocracy has not inherited the kid gloves with which the late Queen Victoria handled guest lists.

REMOVAL NOTICE. On or about September 15, 1906, the

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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Wm. H. Howard and maid and Mr. J. K. Howard of Boston arrived at the Peninsula on Monday for a few weeks stay.

Mrs. M. A. Hirschman and maid have returned to the Peninsula after a two weeks' trip in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Watkins are at the Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett have taken the Casey house in San Rafael for the winter. They were hosts at a dinner party during the week.

Mrs. W. P. Morgan has returned to her home in this city. Miss Ella Morgan spent the week end at the Hotel Rafael returning to Del Monte last Monday, where she will spend several weeks.

Mr. nnd Mrs. Walter Remington Quick left on Monday, Aug. 30th, for the East. They will be gone about a month. Mrs. Quick is the interesting niece of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mrs. J. Maxwell Reilley, wife of the Pastor of St. Paul's church, is lying very ill in the hospital. At last accounts she was improving.

Mr. F. W. Lefavor, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lefavor are at Aetna Springs.

Miss Maud O'Connor is the guest of Mrs. Isaac Requa at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. Charles McKinstry, who has been spending several months with her father at his home on Long Island, has returned with Major McKinstry from Del Monte and will spend the winter at the St. Francis.

Arthur F. Francis, Secretary of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, which meets in this city, October 6th to 10th, is a guest at the St. Francis.

Mrs. W. T. Swinburne, who has been at the St. Francis for the past week, left Monday on the Manchuria for Honolulu, where she will rejoin the Admiral, who sailed with the fleet. Mrs. Emil Bruguiere, who was to have sailed with her, changed her mind at the last minute and will remain at Del Monte with her mother, Mrs. A. M. Shortridge.

Francis B. Loomis, who was Assistant Secretary of State during Hayes administration, is at the Hotel St. Francis on his way to Tokio as a United States Commissioner to the Japanese World's Fair.

Among the San Franciscans registered at Aetna Springs this week are: Wm. H. Hill, Carmen C. Hanna, Richard Bradley, H. Witzemann, Miss Witzemann, Willis W. Brown, F. T. Martens, Miss Maud O'Connor. From Oakland: Frank Loughrey and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gassaway.

Joseph D. Redding has left for New York where he will spend several weeks.

The C. O. G. Millers will remain in Ross till October. Mrs. Miller, Sr., will take the Bandmann house there for the next two months.

Mrs. Jennie Whittier Bothin has taken apartments at the St. Xavier for the winter.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall will leave for the East in a fortnight to place her son Mayo, Jr., in college, near Philadelphia.

The Edward Schmiedells, who have been passing the summer at Tahoe, will return about September 1st to their home in Ross. The Selfridges' who have been occupying the Schmiedell home will return to the city about that time.

Miss Natalie Hunt will leave for the East, September 1st on a visit lasting several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt are still touring the continent. Mrs. Miller and her daughter, who accompanied Mrs. Russell Wilson and Mrs. Pratt abroad, are in London where Miss Miller was taken dangerously ill requiring the services of a trained nurse.

Mrs. Robert Foute has been lying seriously ill at her apartments in the St. Xavier and it will be some time before she is able to leave her rooms. Miss Gussie has had to forego her visit to the different week end parties and has proved a devoted nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will remain some time in New York before returning home, after their trip abroad.

Mrs. William H. Beatty will leave next week on a several months trip to her old home in South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins have returned to town from their summer outing at Boca.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Winship and Miss Patricia Cosgrave will leave in a fortnight for Macon, Ga., where they will spend the winter.

Dr. McEnery, Miss McEnery and Miss Isabel McLaughlin are now in England where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Mildred D. Gear and George S. McKenzie were married this week in Napa. The bride is a daughter of B. F. Durfree, the lumber merchant of this city, and the widow of Judge George Gear of Honolulu. Mr. McKenzie has large business interests in Oakland and their home will be made there.

The regular financial letter issued by the American National Bnk under the date of August 25th is packed with timely and comprehensive information on the local, national and world's financial condition. Nothing better of its kind is issued on the Coast.

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Mrs. Lawrence Poole has returned from Tahoe and will leave this week for the Hotel Rafael where she will remain some time. Later in the season Mrs. Poole will leave for an Eastern trip in company with Mrs. John Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Scott, accompanied by Miss Margaret Newhall, are motoring through Nevada. They are having an enjoyable tour and will be gone some ten days or more.

Mrs. P. Wooster who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Dore in San Mateo left this week for her home in Yonkers, N. Y. Her daughter Miss Ora Dore is in Europe with her aunt Mrs. August Spreckles. She bears a striking resemblance to her cousin Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Among the young bachelors making their home at the Hotel Jefferson are Messrs. C. H. House, W. H. Scott, H. Handlon, Thos. Finnigan, Jos. D. Miner, Chas. P. Gale, L. B. Hesse, Wm. McKay, E. V. Daily and A. F. Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson have left Europe for home and will probably arrive here in a few weeks.

The John Tonningsens are in Scotland and plan to go to Italy for the winter.

Mr. Frank A. Metcalf of Wallace, Idaho, and family are at the Fairmont. The Metcalfs are making a leisurely trip through the State.

Mrs. William Thomas is planning to leave for a trip East in the early part of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown are the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., at their Menlo Park home.

Baron Louis Von Horst has arrived from Coburg Germany, and is visiting his many friends in town. He will return to Europe in about a month.

Mrs. Henry Butters and her daughter, Miss Marie and Miss Margaret, have returned from Aetna Springs and are at their Piedmont home.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are home from their extended motor trip through the most picturesque parts of the great Northwest.

Miss Gertrude Joliff is at Del Monte, the guest of Miss Jennie Crocker.

J. E. Abbott and Mrs. Abbott, who were recently married in Washington, D. C., are at the Fairmont. Mr. Abbott is stationed at Fort Mason with the signal corps.

Mrs. Mary Runyon, who has just returned from a trip abroad, has taken a house in Santa Cruz for the season.

Mrs. Latham McMullin, who is summering in San Rafael, entertained Mrs. Fred McNear during the past week.

Mrs. Sebree, wife of Admiral Sebree, who is in command of the second division of the Pacific fleet which sailed on Monday last, is a guest of the Fairmont. After a short trip to the South, Mrs. Sebree will come north again with a view of residing here all the winter, or until the return of the cruisers.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman have returned from their summer trips and are at their winter home in Ross.

Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner are spending a month in the Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick have returned from abroad and are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss Eleanor Martin has returned home after a very enjoyable visit at the Walter Martin's beautiful home in Burlingame.

The George H. Lents have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker in San Mateo.

James S. McCandless and family, of Honolulu, are at the Fairmont. Mrs. McCandless and two daughters have been visiting friends in the state.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin at the San Mateo home.

Miss Dolly McGavin is visiting friends in Napa County.

Miss Camillo Martin and her sister, Miss Mary Hyde, will leave for Europe some time in September. They will spend several months in sight seeing on the continent.

Eastern Tennis Champions Coming

Word has just been received that there will be a strong contingent from the East to play in the Pacific Coast Championship Tennis Tournament which is to be held at Del Monte September 7th to September 19th. Among those who have already made entry are Nathan W. Niles, champion tennis player of Harvard; Wallace F. Johnson, Interscholastic Tennis Champion of the Eastern States; Irving C. Wright, brother and strong opponent of Beals Wright, the champion. These men will match their skill for the first time on the Pacific Coast against such men as Maurice McLaughlin, Melvin Long, George Jones, Carl Gardner and Simpson Sinsabaugh. May Sutton, the California tennis wonder, with her sisters Miss Florence Sutton and Mrs. B. O. Bruce, will also be on the courts. From the present indications the coming tournament will bring out a strong array of tennis experts.

Golf Tournament Now the Theme

Local players are much interested in the tournament which begins on Monday, August 31, on the Del Monte grounds. The cups and trophies are presented by the Hotel Del Monte. A committee chosen from the players will assign the handicaps and decide any points which may arise. Five of the leading golf and country clubs of the Pacific Coast will be represented by gentlemen who have kindly consented to act. These men are all familiar with the form of the players and their decision will be final. Entires for any of the events may be made up to six o'clock of the day preceding the play.



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Stage

Good Opera at the American

A number of old time Tivoli favorites headed by Edith Mason and Tom Perrse are back in San Francisco, at the American theater, singing the "Love Tales of Hoffman," this week, and they are furnishing a class of opera that smacks of the rare good music we enjoyed before the fire. The Idora Park Company could hardly have made a better selection than this melodious piece to re-introduce themselves to the favor of the public. The principals have thoroughly familiarized themselves with the several roles and exercise fine judgment in keeping their vocal flights well within the scope of their own powers; the excellent chorus is splendidly drilled and handled, and Paul Steindorf leads the well balanced orchestra in his old time masterful fashion, bringing out all the shading of the graceful music. Under his judicious leadership the action went with a delightful swing and rythm. His excellent work was fully appreciated as was testified by the generous applause that greeted him every time he climbed into the chair to wave his baton. In this charming opera Offenbach for the moment has laid aside his impish bacchic pipes and familiar ways and has written some of his most feeling and most pathetic scores. The contribution offers his admirers a new vision of the breadth, precision and gracefulness of this erratic genius. Despite the clever handling of the music, the well defined climaxes of the book at each curtain impresses the casual observer that he is viewing four one-act operettas. Each is a gem in its way and in each the composer has placed melodies that afford flights and sweep to rare voices. Several of these numbers rank among the best loved melodies of the composer. They are happily rendered by the present company. In some respects the cast is unusually flexible in voices and in acting and readily adapts itself to the many roles of the book and the ranges in music. Edith Mason in the parts of the trick doll, the Italian coquette and the dying consumptive singer surprised her friends by her clever impersonations and her improvement. Her rendering of the famous barcarole in the second act roused persistent encores and won her new admirers. Thomas Persse carried the somewhat trying vocal role of Hoffman, the poet, with his old time forceful spirit. The smooth contralto voice of Bernice Holmes was as admirable as ever and Charles Swickard and Joseph Fogarty acted and sang at their best and that best was rewarded with numerous warm recalls.

Of its musical kind the production is by far the best that has been heard in town in a long while.

Plots for New Plays

The new plays for the coming season are already being discussed along the New York rialto. Among them are two that will be prominently billed. Edmund Day's "The Widow's Mite" is a story of Wall street. The widow is the relict of one of four village boys who fare forth to make their fortunes in the metropolis. One marries the village belle and wins his fortune, plunges, is betrayed, and loses all. His failure costs him his life. The three survivors keep the fact of his lost fortune from the widow. They raise an allowance for her which they call "the widow's mite." She is the silent partner in all of their enterprises. Each is eager to marry her. They enter into a scheme to buy up a little jerk-water railroad which will give them a connection between two trunk lines and an outlet to the sea. The widow with her mite buys the line, and because of a fancied wrong almost breaks her friends by refusing to sell them the road. The atmosphere is cleared in a big scene in a Wall street office while a panic rages on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

Booth Tarkington's offering will be "The Man From Home." It has already scored a great success in Chicago. The plot deals with two wealthy young Hoosiers from Indiana, a brother and sister, who decide to live in Europe. In Italy they are taken up by members of the intriguing impecunious nobility. The girl by artful blandishments is inveigled into paying $750,000 for permission to marry into a "noble" family. Her guardian in Indiana, "The Man From Home," hears of the plot, hurries to Italy and in a clever way quickly unmasks the conspirators and marries the girl himself.

"The Man of the Hour" at the Van Ness

"The Man of the Hour" which is playing a return engagement at the Van Ness Theater to crowded houses is a lesson in practical politics. It visualizes conditions which have made the local governments of American cities a reproach to the nation and a laughing stock to foreign students of municipal affairs. It is, perhaps, overdrawn in detail, but the facts are there and the facts are ugly things. There is little theorizing in the play. It has to do with actual conditions, forcibly presented. It is a pitiful, a shameful story. If Mr. Broadhurst has exaggerated his characters—and Horrigan is exaggerated—he has done so to draw with surer lines the picture he would present. His is not a painting that requires careful hanging and special lighting



RUBY BRIDGES.

Now appearing in "The Man of the Hour" at the Van Ness Theater.

for its appreciation. It stands out from the canvas boldly, frankly, obtrusively. There is no getting away from it. To make his play practical for stage use, Mr. Broadhurst has cleverly interwoven an interesting love story with the practical politics of his plot; and he has consequently exaggerated some one or two of his characters. Such a man as Horrigan never could have risen to be boss of a city. He might have dominated a slum ward, but beyond that he could not go. As he himself says, he knows nothing of diplomacy. He is a political bully, his one weapon the big stick. He is a boss without craft. Such men do not attain to the power he is depicted as swaying. More natural is Alderman Phelan, honest for the once, because anxious to pay off a grudge against the boss; an Irish politician, boasting that he knows the first name of every voter in his ward, including the "Dagoes and Polacks." The company presenting "The Man of the Hour" is a strong one and the several roles in the main are excellently handled. Louis Hendricks as the boss plays the part as the author designed it to be played. It is, in truth, a caricature rather than a character, but Hendricks is not responsible for that.



JOHN B. MAHER
at the Alcazar

Cyril Scott, as the Mayor, is convincing and he is not "stagy" for which we would forgive him much were he in need of such dispensation. Neil Moran, likewise gives a good portrait of the "man higher up," and Felix Haney is admirable as Alderman Phelan. Ruby Bridges plays the role of the young woman with whom the mayor is in love. The next Van Ness attraction will be the notable musical comedy hit, "The Girl Question."

Ready for the Warfield Engagement

It is the desire of both David Belasco and the Alcazar management to make David Warfield's coming season in his native town a memorable instance of absolutely fair treatment of all who are so eagerly waiting to see him in "The Music Master." In pursuance of that desire it has been decided to reserve no seats until the advance sale opens at the Alcazar box office at 9 o'clock, next Thursday morning. Those persons nearest the head of the line will be likely to go away best served. The engagement of Mr. Warfield commences on Monday evening, September 7th, and will continue five weeks, during which period he will be seen in his two greatest successes, "The Music Master" and "A Grand Army Man." The fame of this play has preceded it, of course, and all the theaters in San Francisco could not hold the people who have applied for seats at the opening performance at the Alcazar. Mr. Warfield will be supported by the players who last appeared with him in New York.

White Whittlesey to Close His Season

White Whittlesey's very successful season at the Alcazar closes with next week, and as on appropriate final offering he has chosen R. V. Esmond's idyllic comedy, "One Summer's Day," in which he scored one of the big successes of his last San Francisco engagement. It was originally produced in England with pronounced success, and the impression it made in this country when presented by John Drew was even more emphatic. A more perfect vehicle for exploiting Mr. Whittlesey's most engaging method could not have been selected. All the action of the piece takes place, as the title implies, on one summer's day in rural England. It begins with a picnic, evolves in its course a matrimonial engagement, its subsequent rupture, and closes with a second betrothal under the light of a glorious moon. The story shows how British gentliity is brought in contact with a band of gypsies through the marriage of one of the sons of a noble family to a beautiful Romany girl. He dies, and his brother takes upon himself the obligation of bringing up as his own son, the boy born of the mesalliance. By doing so he jeopardizes himself in the esteem of the girl he loves, and not until the child is accidentally killed and its parentage disclosed is the uncle relieved from the complications in which his good nature had involved him. As the uncle, Mr. Whittlesey is neither a swashbuckler nor a Romeo, but a philosophic quizzical old bachelor, with more heart and tenderness than he cares to show. The

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role calls for a great deal of fine, sympathetic delineation, and Mr. Whittlesey identifies himself exactly with it. Miss Barriscale will have a pleasing part as the heroine, and all the Alcazar favorites are cast to their own and the public's advantage. Opportunities for elaborate and artistic scenic embellishment are abundant, and the Alcazar's management can be depended upon to carry out the spirit of the author's inteniton to depict the lazy delight of a summer's day in an English coutryside.

Capital Vaudeville at the Orpheum

The Orpheum programme for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will be headed by Edna Phillips, an exceedingly attractive and gifted high commedienne, who has been identified successfully with several great New York successes. Miss Phillips will appear in an amusing little skit by Una Clayton, entitled "Lost-A Kiss in Central Park." It deals withe th complications arising from mistaken identity between a beautiful and cultured girls and her frivolous French maid in which a lost kiss and the loss of part of the maid's wearing apparel are confused. Miss Phillips will have the assistance of Katherine Kinsella, Hale Norcross, Fenton Ford and B. Giovanni Piazzo. The Three Grassys, fresh from European triumphs, will introduce what they term an illusionary musical novelty, a combination of mystery and melody, the latter being accomplished on three extraordinary instruments of their own contrivance. The Wilson Brothers, Frank and Joe, will submit their new German comedietta, "A Padded Cell," for the approval of the audience. In it they assassinate the English language and also introduce new parodies and warble coon songs and yodle. Carter and Bluford will contribute what they call "the act beautiful." It consists of character singing and dancing the effect of which is heightened by beautiful and appropriate scenery and costumes. Miss Bluford, who is nothing if not versatile, will appear as a Spanish Senorita, a Creole and an Indian Squaw, and Carter, who is a capital singing and dancing comedian, will impart a humorous touch to the sketch. Next week will be the last of the Four Baltus; Howard and Howard, Dolesch and Zillbauer and the De Haven Sextette, with Sydney C. Gibson. New Orpheum Motion Pictures will be an interesting finish to the performance.

Continued Success of "The Toy Maker."

Ferris Hartman continues to pack the Princess Theater at every performance. This week he is repeating one of his greatest triumphs, Johann Guggenheimer in "The Toy Maker," and in consequence of his great popularity in it the management has decided to continue this delightful musical play all next week. Zoe Barnett, Arthur Cunningham and Sarah Edwards particularly distinguish themselves. Monday evening, September 7th Mr. Hartman will appear in "The Wizard of the Nile," which will be given a superb production. The splendid cast will include Sybil Page, the favorite prima donna.

"Love Tales of Hoffman" a Success

The critics of New York made on mistake when they pronounced "The Love Tales of Hoffman" to be Offenbach's greatest effort and that it was the most melodious and sweetest light-opera that had been produced in many years. The opera, which was produced for the first time in this city at the American theater last Sunday night, has scored a distinct triumph and will undoubtedly play to crowded houses for several weeks. Many local favorites are in the cast and the old days at the Tivoli are recalled in listening to the captivating voices

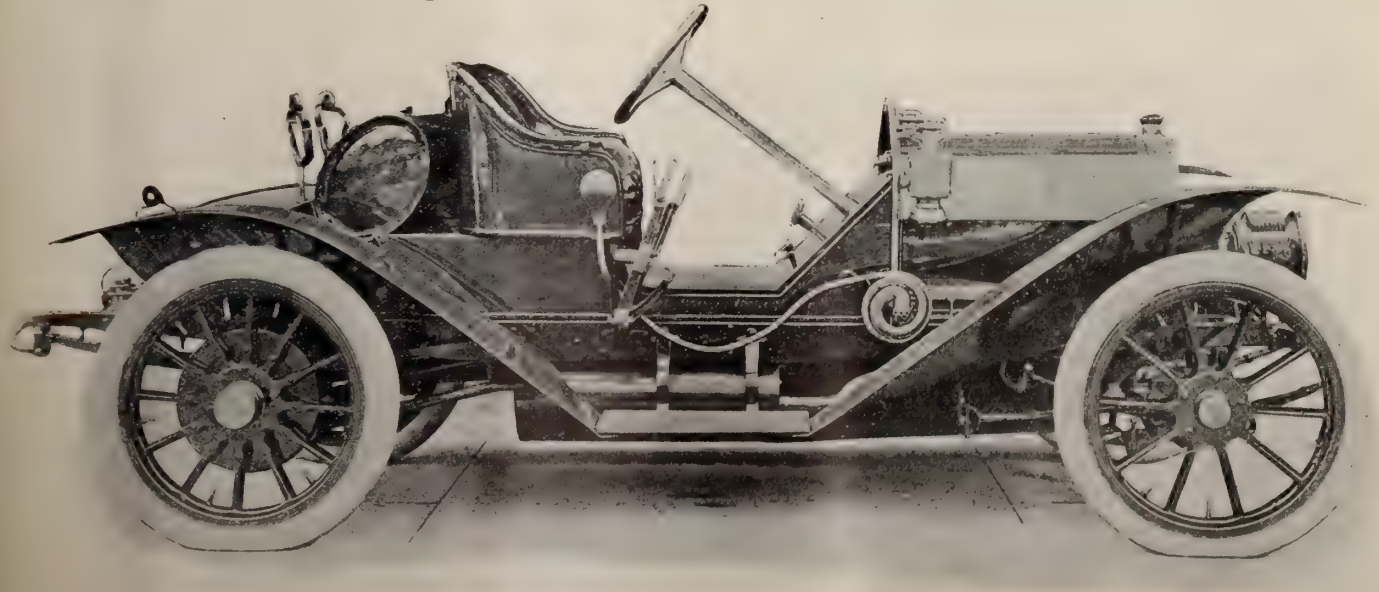


MISS EDNA PHILLIPS

The talented Eastern commedienne who will appear Next Week in "LOST—A KISS IN CENTAL PARK" at the Orpheum.

of Edith Mason, Bernice Holmes, Thomas H. Persse and the rest of the popular singers who compose the well-balanced company. Then there is sterling Paul Steindorff, the most popular wielder of the baton that ever lead an orchestra in this city. The two greatly talked of numbers—the barcarole and the intermezzo—have created a furore in musical circles. No fault whatever can be found with the production. It is sumptuously mounted while the costumes are fresh and Mr. Swickard deserves much credit for the able manner in which the production is staged. The Venetian scene in the second act is particularly noteworthy from a scenic standpoint; some of the most delightful music of the entire opera is crowded into this act.

There will be the usual Saturday and Sunday matinees during the engagement of "The Love Tales of Hoffman," at which special popular prices will be charged.



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Odd Things in the World

Tribute Levied by the Black Hand

Alfred Henry Lewis, in an article on the Black Hand in the August issue of the Broadway Magazine, says there are 30,000 members of the Black Hand society in New York, in an Italian population of about 600,000. That means one blackmailer, kidnapper, bomb thrower and assassin in every twenty Italians. The amount of blackmail annually extorted by the Black Hand is estimated to be $6,000,000.

Parrots as Advertisers

A new advertising school has been started in the Grand Montrogue district of Paris, with the object of making parrots of commercial value. The manager of the school says that a clever parrot may be very useful as an advertiser and he is at present teaching a number of them to cry aloud the excellence of various products. These birds will later on be hung in cages in prominent position on the boulevards. The birds are being taught by a phonograph in dark rooms.

To Satisfy Communists

At a beautiful little village known as Crocknacrieve, in the County of Fermanagh, Ireland, a temporary colony of about 1,000 inhabitants has been established, and they are practicing a phase of socialism which is thorough enough in character to satisfy the most advanced communists. The colony is composed of men and women of various nationalities. The Irish predominate. There are representatives of France, Germany, Spain, the United States, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and Canada. These men and women are identified with a religious movement started four or five years ago in Enniskillen and are known throughout the North of Irland as Cooneyites, this name having been fastened on them as a result of the association with the movement of Edward Cooney, a large farmer residing in County Fermanagh. The Cooneyites insist on a literal interpretation of the Scriptures in so far as they refer to the care of the poor and the virtue of poverty. They live in camps. Men do the cooking, while the women look after the other domestic duties. Immersion is a requirement for membership.

Antidote for Souvenir Hunters

The "souvenir hunting" season has begun in London and several hotel managers are trying a novel antidote. They are providing cheap souvenirs for their American visitors to carry away, in the hope that they will overlook such things as silver spoons and lace fringed napkins. At luncheon little silver ice spoons with "London" printed on them will be forthcoming for each woman visitor. At dinner paper fans and at tea paper napkins with views of London engraved on them will be supplied to guests. Men will have match cases with white leather also marked "London." At one hotel the manager intends to have booklets instead of the ordinary menu card, and after ordering the guest may keep the book, which will be provided with a pencil so that the members of a party may sign their names.

The Limit in Insurance

That you can insure against anything from the election of Bryan to the birth of twins is a commonplace, yet a traveler in Lausanne discovered something new in insurance the other day. He complained to the landlord of his hotel that he had been troubled by bugs in his bed. To which his host replied: "You astonish me greatly, sir, and yet I am insured."

"Insured against what?" asked the guest.

"Against bugs and insects." And the landlord explained that there is in Switzerland a company which insures against all risks and perils arising from these troublesome insects. It engages to free a house from them, and if it fails to keep it free it pays for each bed where they are found, just as a fire insurance company pays for a bed that has been burned.

The Latest Typewriter Girl

Some profane business men will be pleased to learn that, according to the New York Tribune, a typewriter girl "that runs by electricity instead of chewing gum" has been invented by a Cleveland man. The machine, it is explained, will operate an ordinary typewriter, just as swiftly and more accurately than a girl, by means of perforated slips, somewhat similar to the manner in which a mechanical piano player works. While it is not indicated how the slips are perforated the advent of the electric typewriter is certain to be hailed with joy by many people.

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Auto Notes

H. C. Warwick, the well known contractor of this city, has just returned from a most unusual and interesting trip that covered some parts of California where an automobile had never been seen, and was therefore an object of great wonder to the inhabitants. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and Walter Haas accompanied Mr. Warwick in his Thomas-Detroit and all have many interesting stories to tell of their tour. The party visited Georgetown, Two Channel Mine, Tiptop Hill Mine, Georgie Slide and Kentucky Flat in the Sierras.

In the recent Demountable Rim Contest, under the auspices of the Chicago Motor Club, the Diamond, Fisk, Continental and Nadall rims were entered. The test was very thorough, and under the direct supervision of the Technical Committee of the Chicago Club. The rims were tested for staying qualities on the road as well as for speed in climbing. The Diamond Demountable rim won on both points. Four tires were changed with the Diamond rim, the total time charged being five minutes, thirty-six and two-fifths seconds.

With a pair of antlers fastened on the automobile for lamp brackets and dusty after a long day's run Dr. McClenihan passed through San Francisco yesterday on his way home to Belmont. He has been on an extended hunting trip in his White steam car. The medico and party of huntsmen which include E. F. Schalbert of Los Angeles and E. Bergh of Belmont, left on the twentieth of July. They camped out during the journey of 900 miles. Most of the touring was done through Trinity County where automobiles are seldom seen. The White was driven over the Salt Creek grade, 18 miles long. Dr. McClenihan says that no motor car has ever before performed this feat. On one trip the motorist was obliged to ford a creek nineteen times, yet desipte all the hardships encountered the machine did not falter once. The doctor succeeded in shooting two deer and another member of the party got a third.

Word received yesterday by the Pioneer Automobile Company to the effect that the Thomas car, driven by George Salzman, the head of the Savannah race meet, captured the honors in the Perry Hill climb held under the auspices of the Chicago Motor Club at Algonquin, August 14th. The time for the quarter mile of eight per cent grade was 252-5 seconds. This performance was followed later in Class F, when the Thomas reached the Peak in 253-5 seconds, tieing the best time made on the climb. Good work was also done by the Chalmers-Detroit, making the fastest time for cars in its class. The speed with which the little Chalmers-Detroit took the grade was a surprise to the spectators.

The record of the White Steam car over the railroad ties of the Mt. Tamalpais Railway from West Point to the tavern at the summit is 8 minutes and 26 seconds. The time still stands, though a motorcycle record of 8 minutes and 34 seconds, established last week, is said to have been "faster time than made by any automobile previously."

On account of the general discussion and comment on the famous Chalmers-Detroit "30," which is on exhibition at the salesroom of the Pioneer Automobile Company, E. P. Hart, expert machinist of the company decided to put the car to a severe test and yesterday invited Andrews, Woodard and Keenan, three of the best known automobile experts in the city, to be present at the examination. The car was put through all kinds of work, both on the road and in hill climbing, and at the finish the bunch of flaw-pickers had nothing but praise to say for the little machine.

J. W. Drew and wife of Boston, who are touring on the Coast in a Thomas Flyer, have arrived at Bodie, Cal., after a strenuous trip from Thorne, Nevada. Drew says that there is not a car built that would have made the tour under the same conditions. Drew is a mining man and is combining business with pleasure on the tour.

H. V. Watt of Honolulu is visiting in San Francisco for a few days and has been "seeing the sights" from the tonneau of a big White Steamer. Mr. Watt is one of the ardent motorists of the islands. He owns a White and says that just before his departure the odometer showed a mileage of thirty thousand, five hundred. "And I have driven every bit of that distance myself," remarked the visitor.

Summer Resort Arrivals

Byron Hot Springs: From San Francisco, Rev. W. J. Butler, Rev. James J. Gannon, Rev. F. McQuaid, Rev. J. F. Nugent, Rev. L. P. Moran, Mr. W. H. Scott, Thos. Finnigan, A. L. Meyerstein, C. A. Wall, Jos. K. Carey, E. N. Wall, E. C. Denigan. From Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Scott and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. George Smith, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Beretta. From Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shannon. From Martinez, Sheriff R. R. Veale. From Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, W. S. Coleman, H. R. Simpkins. From Eureka, Mrs. S. Maddox.

The Tavern, Mt. Tamalpais: From San Francisco, F. Winslow, Christina Judah, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Barker, Dorothy E. Chapman, Chas. E. Dobie, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Dobie, Harry G. Clark, Burton G. Clark, Geo. A. McGowan. From Oakland, Bert Nunan, Mrs. A. Shumer, Daniel W. Hobson, Frank R. DeVere, Mrs. O. L. Green. From Berkeley, Thomas Rieger and family, P. Rieger, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Finneburgh. From Mill Valley, B. Grethel, Mrs. B. Grethel, Mr. and Mrs. Earnest H. Atkins, Mrs. J. G. Davis. From Alameda, Blanche Tisdale, Edwin P. James. From Honolulu, Agnes E. Judd.

Tahoe Tavern: From San Francisco, Miss Jessie Greenwood, Miss Edna Greenwood, W. W. Venner, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Stone, Mrs. H. W. Hyman, Paul Ruben, Melville Marx, L. Frankel, Mrs. G. R. Lindsay and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Harms, J. C. Everding, Miss H. A. Carlson, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibblee, John C. Kittle, Miss Pearl Hyman, Mrs. J. R. Teasdale, A. J. Carmany,, Miss Ida M. Carmany, George E. Bennett, Wm. H. Abbott, Walter Lowry, H. G. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hasster, Mrs. E. Woodrupp, Mrs. E. H. Merrill, Miss F. A. Worden, Mrs. A. M. Newhall, Mrs. Wm. Verner, W. E. Welbourne, H. F. Hooper, Miss Elizabeth MacDonald, F. J. McClelland, H. N. Cookson, O. W. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Warren, Miss Emma McNamara, Mrs. R. L. H. Yehl, Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wheeler, G. S. Badger, Thos. Pennington and family, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Miller, Miss Barbara Miller, Mrs A. H. Miller, J. W. Gamble, Mrs. Jones Coffin, Miss Coffin, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Miss Wright, Rudolph Spreckels, Sam Caville, Mrs. G. Mott, Miss Harron, Miss Dillman, F. W. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Wood, B. Wood, J. K. Wood.

Castle Crags Farm: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chanslor, Mr. M. J. Chanslor, E. P. Cooper, Miss Alice Schroth, Mrs. H. H. Young, Miss Sophie Schaefer, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Whiteod, Miss Annie M. Comery, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutro, Miss Adelaide Sutro and maid, A. Clarke, S. H. Rich, Eugene J. Rich, W. P. Currier, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Captain E. C. Long, U. S. A. From Oakland, Miss Agnes Vance, Mr. J. V. Baumgartner, Miss G. H. Carlton, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Railton, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scotchler and Miss S. B. Manchester.

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Murine Eye Remedy Soothes
And Affords Reliable Relief.



THE ELECTRIC ILLUMINATIONS OF THE CASINO AND BATH HOUSE IN SANTA CRUZ.

Castro and the Melodrama in Venezuela

(Continued from Page 11.)

the stock. Hamilton was sent back to Venezuela as the manager of the company. He spent his profits like water. They disappeared recklessly in yachts, splendid entertainments and in riotous living. Notwithstanding his great income in a short time he was in debt and his partners soon had him on the hip, out of a job, out of the trust, overboard. He wandered about South America for awhile trying to break into other good ventures and finally disappeared. His wife went to New York and kept a boarding house; then she too disappeared. An assassin's bomb missed its mark but frightened President Blanco out of Venezuela. Some $25,000,000 in gold had preceded him so he was prepared in a measure for the flight. With his daughter he went to New York. There they were met by the Duke de Morny and the arrangements for the wedding were completed. The Duke receiving $4,000,000 as a settlement and the sensational suicide of his mistress appeared in the morning papers alongside the details of his magnificent wedding. The $4,000,000 dowry lasted him just two years. He promptly demanded more but Blanco became alarmed at his extravagance and thereafter drew tight the purse strings. When he died, a little later, the de Mornys succeeded to the large portion of his vast fortune.

Meanwhile the General Asphalt Company was accumulating various vital troubles. The catastrophe culminated in the Matos rebellion. For a time it looked very much as though Matos would defeat his brother-in-law, Castro. The latter appeared to be driven into the last ditch, but Castro is a remarkable man to wriggle out of apparent defeat. At the time it was known that the Matos insurgents were receiving very substantial aid from some very rich and very powerful source. After Castro won the day he set about rooting out the sources that had contributed aid to his enemies and among others he came across the trail of the General Asphalt Company. At once he forfeited the concessions granted that corporation in Venezuela. A little later he preferred charges in Washington and asked that the case be heard before an American commission. During the hearing, General Green, president of the asphalt company, admitted on the witness stand that he had outfitted the steamer Ben Rye with a fighting crew and munitions of war for the benefit of Matos. The trust's explanation was that they were caught between two fires; that if they had not yielded to Matos' demands and put this armed vessel at his disposal he would have destroyed all their valuable property, worth many millions of dollars, which was at the district captured by him; Castro at the time being unable to afford them any protection.

It was upon information adduced before the commission in New York that Castro brought suit against the General Asphalt Company in the Venezuelan courts and obtained a judgment of $5,000,000 damages. In view of the lives that were lost and the property destroyed in the rebellion Castro insists that this fine is not excessive. On this same judgment Castro has seized the company's property and is working it himself. Under his management the price of asphalt has fallen one-half, as he does not have to pay the high interest charges on the company's stocks and bonds. He says the company can have its property back on the day it pays the fine.

Castro is forceful, aggressive, stubborn, quick to anger and of unquestioned courage. While serving as a member of the Venezuelan legislature, in 1897, he was of great assistance to Andrade in securing the presidency. Like the other leaders, who had worked for Andrade, he expected some reward of office for his services. He was ignored. Castro gave notice that he would return with an army and become the next president, and he did, in 1899. As president his rule is considered supreme, after the manner of all Venezuelan presidents. The Matos revolution was the last one he grappled with and he made such thorough work of the insurgents that there have been very little signs since of trouble in that direction.

President Diaz of Mexico is Castro's ideal. His slogan is South America for the South Americans. He ranks high with the people of the South American governments and his policies are followed with intense interest. Like the Sultan he is shifty, resourceful, determined and does not know what the word defeat means, for no matter how desperate his straits he fights till time, chance, or his own energies find him a way to escape. He was sick and supposed to be on his death bed when General Paredo landed with his revolutionists but Castro, between fever gasps, followed up his enemies persistently and crushed them even though some of his orders were "overlooked" by several of his time serving followers, who dreaded, lest his death might throw the government into the hands of Paredo. That he is a keen diplomat and well able to take care of himself with the world powers was evidenced by his move in the Bermudez Asphalt case when he cancelled the concessions of that company, and followed it up by the famous "revolutionary suit." This last move was an afterthought but an embarrassingly clever one as it made his position so strong on the records. Castro is ambitious to keep the development of the natural resources of the country in the hands of the natives. His method may suggest the ancient days of the Spanish Main but the land he rules and the people he dominates are in the melodramatic period. In justification of his course and in explanation of the opposition he is meeting in some lines, Castro points to the antagonism that Diaz had to face and overcome before he won his present position.

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Man-to-Whom-One-Could-Not-Lie

(Continued from Page 10.)

"Yep, and do it quick, little boy."

"I assure you that it contains nothing but my sketches."

The official condescended to lean over toward the painter and murmur in his ear: "I believe you, and will not lie to you. I have the authority, however, and I propose to use it. When I give an order I don't want any back talk. That is one of the few consolations I have on this earth; that I am able to make it hot for the people who pass through. I get a certain amount of satisfaction, and I need it all the more whenever I have had a quarrel with my wife. People who have any education understand these things without being told. Come, open that box, Cully, get a move on."

Gregory opened his box, nailed it up again and then called a cab. The coachman said to him, smiling pleasantly: "You got it in the neck, didn't you? I'm glad of it."

Arrived at his studio, he took his sketches out and hung them on the wall. They looked very well to him and he wished others to admire them, so he called in his neighbor, who was a painter like himself, and moreover a good judge of art.

"Bravo! Good!" exclaimed his confrere. "That is just what I expected of you. Your work is simply vile. You haven't the slightest talent, you poor devil, and now you have proved it beyond the shadow of a doubt."

Gregory was deeply hurt, but his friend slapped him on the shoulder and said: "You understand, my dear fellow, I do not want to lie to you. You might be a success at making shoes, but never as a painter."

When he was alone Gregory thought: "Perhaps it is true. Great heaven! Am I really the man-to-whom-one-cannot-lie? Let me hope that at least this time he has lied."

As there seemed to be no pleasure left for him in life he determined to make himself useful, and went to call on the deputy from his province, who received during the morning, as usual, and who had always been very kind to him. The statesman received him with open arms.

"Sit down, my dear boy," he cried, "for I can't kick you out without having a quarrel with your father, who has some influence in our district. Take this chair, which, by the way, is all that you will get. What have you come to beg for now? Do you think that I am going to use my influence with the government, to get it to buy one of your pot-boilers? I'm going to promise you that I will do it and also promise myself that I will do nothing of the kind. All my constituents bother me to death, and you bore me more than anyone else. Now get out, and for heaven's sake, never come back!"

The deputy rose, shook him warmly by the hand, and pushed him gently toward the door.

Gregory, somewhat disconcerted, went to a restaurant, where he ordered a sumptuous lunch; but he had no appetite. While he was seated at table a rich banker at whose house he had often dined and where he had always thought himself welcome, came and sat down at the same table.

"How are you, my dear fellow? You are a good deal of an ass, but I am going to lunch with you simply because there doesn't happen to be anyone else here. I'm simply furious. I put up a job on a friend of mine by the name of Erman, by which I expected to make him lose a couple of millions; he would have been ruined and would have blown his brains out. But the old pirate smelled a rat and I slipped up."

"But are you not an honest man?"

"I would be more honest if I had more money. How the devil do you think I made my money?" He hesitated a moment and then continued: "By the way, I don't know why I am telling you all this."

"Because I am the man-to-whom-one-cannot-lie."

"I don't know anything about that, but I shall never forgive you for listening to what I have just told you. Never tell anyone a word I have said, and I beg of you—and what is more, I advise you—for your own sake, never put your feet in my house again."

Gregory went out, wondering if there was not someone he knew who still possessed a little purity and honesty. Suddenly he bethought himself of a cousin, some two years younger, a very modest, chaste and timid little girl, and also very pretty. He went to her house and found her in tears.

"What are you crying for, my dear cousin?"

"I am crying because vacation is at an end and I have to go back to school."

"The city will soon tire you."

"No, that is not it, but I have a beau here; we used to take walks in the park, at sunset, and even by moonlight. I thought he would have a little more courage and say something or do something, but just as he was coming to the point I have to go back to school. It seems to me that I am good looking enough to turn the heads of young men—don't you think so? Now I have to wait a whole year before getting another chance!"

"But what is this you are telling me, my quiet, modest little cousin?"

"The truth, and I don't know what makes me tell it, anyway."

"Because I am the man-to-whom-one-cannot-lie."

Gregory returned to his rooms. He avoided meeting the janitor, for he did not wish to be cursed, and went to bed without supper. The following day he was equally unfortunate, and the same things happened to him every day thereafter. Everybody confessed to him their vices or reproached him with his own. Now that he knew what other people really were, he found himself incapable of friendship or affection, of confidence or of pity; now that he knew himself he had neither courage nor hope. He had lost his youth, for after all real youth and the joys of youth are due to our ignorance of the world as it is. In three months he was an old man.

One day, filled with rage, he jumped on a train and returned to Brittany. The winter was there now and the wind blew through the bare branches with a chilling and desolate sound.

"Oh, fairy, bad fairy! I am old and I have never lived! I delivered you from the gnomes and you gave me back to them to be devoured. You have returned evil for good!"

"Good!" answered the echo.

For he was "the-man-to-whom-one-cannot-lie."



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Letters

A Tale of Mystery

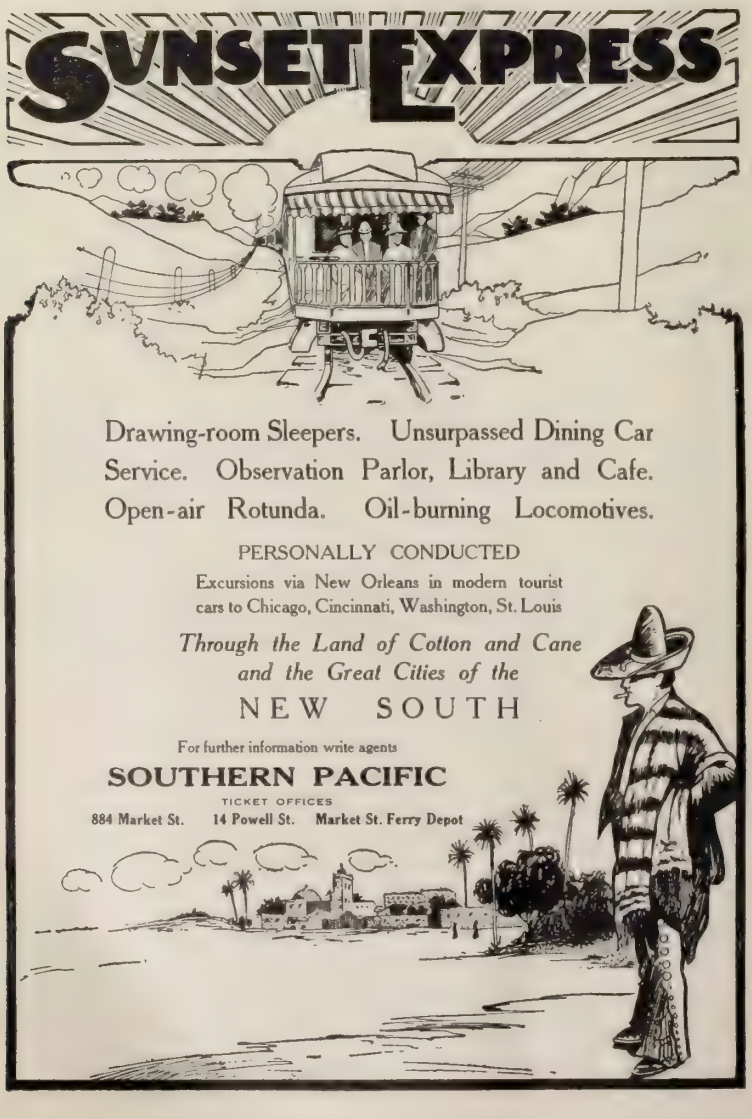
Harold Morton Kramer shows a decided advance in each successive romance which he puts forth. His third novel, "Castle of Dawn," has not only much more flesh and blood, but a good, bony skeleton on which to support them. A special writer for one of the Chicago newspapers was dispatched to Texas to gather inside information concerning some land frauds. On his way to the railroad station he stopped to say farewell to a lawyer friend who, unknown to him, was concerned in secret service investigations dealing with a Central American revolution which was planned and which, there was reason to believe, was incubating conveniently near some southern port of the United States. At the same time, the only daughter and heiress of a Chicago millionaire, who was setting out on a visit to friends, and who had never in her life traveled unattended by a retinue, determined for once, to prove that she could care for herself for a few brief miles. The newspaper man was followed from his friend's office by a spy of the conspirators who assumed that he was a detective on their trial. The girl, after the manner of inexperienced travelers, needed some slight assistance which the newspaper man rendered to her, and in consequence the spy assumed they were in collusion. A railroad accident which happened at a convenient point threw both into the arms of the conspirators and they were bundled off, willy-nilly, into the wilds of the Ozark mountains where they were made members of a mysterious household. While treated with paternal kindness and not forcibly restrained, it soon became evident that there was no possibility of escape for, should they stray from sight, a signal would be immediately sounded giving warning throughout the whole vicinity that the internal revenue officers were on a raiding expedition, and the local moonlighters would have made short work of their lives. The prisoners, unaware of the reason for their captivity, made the most of their situation. Meanwhile the Chicago journal is in search of its lost reporter and the millionaire parent is raising all but the dead in frantic efforts to recover his kidnapped heiress. Of course everything came out right in the end, even the chance to dig up the inside facts of the land frauds, and it goes without saying that the only nephew of a rich but eccentric uncle and the only spoiled daughter of a Chicago millionaire were not imprisoned together for weeks, under such thrilling conditions, without falling properly in love. The mystery is carefully concealed, so that the interest is retained to the end and there is enough in it to make a fairly good melodrama. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

From "Together," by Robert Herrick

The fine arts are duly recognized in American cities; but the commercial class, as has always been its wont, places them in a category between millinery and theology.

A man who amounts to anything is always a specialist, and he doesn't care for feminine amateurishness. An acquaintance with Dante and the housing of the poor doesn't broaden the breakfast table, not a little bit.

In some ways men read men more rapidly than women can. They look for fewer details, with an eye to the essential stuff of character.



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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15,983.

NANCY THERESA BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Plaintiff,

vs.

PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA send greeting to PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty towards plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE TUCKER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said adminstratrix at the offices of her attorneys, Robinson & Getz, rooms 402-3-4 Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny street, San Francisco, California, with said offices the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Tucker, deceased.

EMILY JANE TUCKER,
Administratrix of the estate of George Tucker, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 1, 1908.

ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Administratrix, Oscar Luning Building, San Francisco, California.

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Philadelphia	108 50
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA, Plaintiff,

vs.

LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR DECREE AUTHORIZING CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE AND ORDERING SERVICE OF NOTICE THEREOF.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 6228. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of H. M. Sanborn and E. M. Sanborn praying for a Decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to them certain real property belonging to said estate which said deceased had agreed to convey to them by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been filed in this Court, said real property being described as follows, to-wit: The real property known as the Dwight Way Nursery, consisting of Lots Numbers One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), Nine (9) and Ten (10), in Block Number One (1) of State University Homestead Association No. 3, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday the 21st day of September, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. in Department No. 10 of said Court at the court house of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, the administrator of the estate of William Hale, personally by delivering to him and leaving with him a certified copy of this Order at least ten days before such hearing.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this Order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published at said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated this 17th day of August, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 17, 1908. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN W. GWILT,
906 Broadway, Oakland, California,
Attorney for Petitioners.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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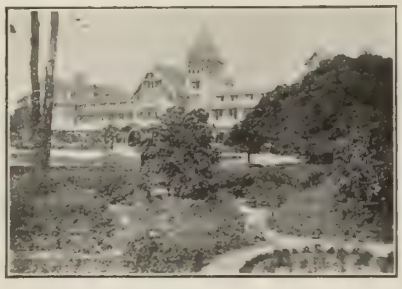
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SCENES AT THE GOLF TOURNAMENT WHICH WAS HELD AT DEL MONTE THIS WEEK, SHOWING PROMINENT SOCIETY FOLKS IN ATTENDANCE.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, September 5, 1908. No. 836.

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Perkins' Latest Triumph

To no man, perhaps, was the recent primary election more gratifying than it was to United States Senator George C. Perkins. Selected by the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League as one of the chief objects of their hostility they promoted his interests far more than was possible for his most intimate friends. By making him the storm centre of the campaign they evoked for him that which he could not otherwise have obtained—an expression of public confidence and esteem. If the Lincoln-Roosevelt League had not precipitated a contest with the avowed purpose of unseating Senator Perkins, and the regulars had won the conventional pallid and bloodless victory, we should not have known whether the Republicans of California really desired the re-election of Senator Perkins. But as the Leaguers exhorted the people to vote the anti-machine ticket for the purpose of defeating George C. Perkins, and as the people refused to do anything of the kind, compulsory becomes the inference that Perkins was what the people wanted, and so the Republicans in convention assembled endorsed Perkins for the job. In the circumstances the suspicion is not entirely unwarranted that the Lincoln-Roosevelt propaganda was nothing more than a Perkins movement in disguise. Indeed, there are some sagacious politicians who are of the opinion that it wouldn't have made much difference either to Perkins or the octopus how the election went. At any rate Senator Perkins didn't seem to worry much over the result. But Senator Perkins is one of those fortunate individuals who become known to posterity as men of destiny. His political career from a period antedating his term in the gubernatorial office comprises a long series of conquests achieved with hardly any more effort than was put forth in the primary election. And in that campaign he hardly made a ripple on the surface of things. Nowhere did he take the trouble to address his constituents. He did not even resent the attacks of his enemies. The Hon. F. J. Heney fulminating his loudest censures against Senator Perkins, with his usual felicity evolving certified facts from transparent fabrication, he was permitted to bloviate his way along without protest, and the result vindicated the wisdom of ignoring him.

The Artful Candidate

Commenting on Mr. Bryan's affirmative answer to his own question, "Shall the people rule?" Harper's Weekly says the same answer would doubtless be made by Mr. Taft "if that gentleman should consider it necessary to indulge in demagogic utterance." Evidently that gentleman does consider it necessary to indulge in demagogic utterance. Mr. Taft is an accomplished politician and he does not scorn the arts of his sponsor and preceptor. To be sure he is not so transparent in his demagoguery as Bryan. Unlike the Peerless One, who is utterly without scruple in his cajoleries, Mr. Taft is more inclined to dissipate than to indulge the wildest of the mob's delusions, but he is not above making concessions to some of the ill-founded prejudices of the populace. Even Harper's Weekly does not certify to his absolute artlessness. On the contrary, according to that influential journal, Mr. Taft does not dare to antagonize the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt. "He wants to get as far away as possible from the suspicion that he, too, may become a mere disturber of peace and upsetter of prosperity," and being certain "of getting the conservative vote in any case he does not hesitate to reassure the radicals." In other and less elegant language Mr. Taft is playing both ends against the middle. But we do not have to take the word of Harper's Weekly with reference to the demagogic motives of the Republican standard bearer. We can consult Mr. Taft himself and obtain verification on the point under discussion. In his notification speech Mr. Taft, in his discussion of the injunction topic, said: "The number of instances in which restraining orders without notice in industrial disputes have been issued by Federal Courts is small"; also, "The small number of cases complained of shows the careful manner in which most Federal judges have exercised the jurisdiction, but the belief that such cases are numerous has been so widespread that more definite specification in procedure to prevent recurrence of them is justified." From this we learn that Mr. Taft, the lawyer and statesman, thinks it advisable to advocate restrictive legislation because of a widespread and unfounded impression. Not an arrant demagogue himself, he is, however, quite willing that color should be given to the mischievous blatancies of the most tempestuous blatherskites of the tribe.

To Get Rid of the Philippines

Some of the newspapers of London and Paris are now discussing the probability of an alliance between this country and Germany, a counterpart of that which Great Britain has contracted with Japan. The motive for such a combination is not to be easily divined. The policies of this country and Germany in the Far East are as far apart as the poles, but it is of interest to note that the discussion has brought about the disclosure at Washington of a change of sentiment in regard to the Philippines. It was suggested that Germany might assist us in holding our Far Eastern possessions. But it appears that we do not want any assistance in holding the Philippines. On the contrary, it is said that the sooner we get rid of them the better. This is Mr. Roosevelt's sentiment and it is concurred in by many of the leading statesmen in Washington. Moreover, they believe that the coveted object can be attained within twenty years. How to get rid of them is a problem quite as perplexing as that which puzzled the man with the white elephant on his hands. It would be easy to dispose of them by putting them up at auction; and doubtless we could thus get more than our money back, but we are under certain moral obligations which we have not the courage to repudiate.

Neurotic Berkeley

From the Oakland Tribune we learn that some of the sincere and honorable reformers in the Lincoln-Roosevelt League of Alameda county are very much disgusted with the deceptions practiced by their associates from Berkeley. And we also learn that the Berkeley reformers are no longer in good standing in their own home. Repudiation is for them, even in Berkeley, for the college town is not entirely hysterical and irresponsible. It appears that the popular impression regarding neurotic Berkeley is somewhat erroneous. It numbers among its citizens many men of normal temperament who are not to be deceived by pedantic pretension and schoolmastery flubdub. Berkeley is not dominated by a combination of self-sufficiency and culturine. There is much sanity in the college town despite the enervating influence of the University under its present management. But the reformers are so demonstrative and noisy that they spread misapprehension respecting the character of the community. There is hope for Berkeley. There would be still greater hope were the politicians of the regular organization men with courage enough to abate the fountain of cant and hypocrisy that poisons the atmosphere of the university town.

Two Dramas

Socrates, unless an imperfect memory do him an injustice, was the inventor of conversational traps. Wishing to converse on some abstruse point of metaphysics, he would begin by obtaining the admission that two and two make four. Once granted that he would lead the unwary one into his trap. The only chance for the intended victim was to shun the trap by denying that, except in a very limited sense indeed, two and two do anything of the kind. The Bulletin's method is much simpler than the Socratic. The Bulletin begins its argument by assuming that you have kindly placed yourself within the trap. There is much to be said in favor of this method of dialectic. How nicely it works out was exemplified by our chaste contemporary in its recent editorial on "The Man of the Hour," designed to persuade us that the success of that play proves that public sentiment is still behind the graft prosecution. If it be true, says the Bulletin, with exquisite and positively withering sarcasm, that public sentiment in San Francisco is hostile to the prosecution, "why would it not pay the managers of the Van Ness to reverse 'The Man of the Hour,' and have the young Mayor sign the franchise and take the money or the Governorship as his reward?" The answer from which there is no escape is that the public are hostile to the higher-ups. The logic is flawless. Now let us see how the proposition was established. It was assumed that the guileless readers of the Bulletin admit that the graft prosecution drama and the stage drama are identical in motive, in problem and in plot. Of course there has been no such admission. The two dramas are as dissimilar as the Bulletin and an unboughten and incorruptible daily journal. In the stage drama the conflict is between an honest official and the rascals who would corrupt him. Virtue triumphs in strict accordance with the logical development of character and incident, and the spectator rejoices in the discomfiture of villainy. Far more complicated and involved is the plot of the graft drama. The main conflict in this drama doesn't involve graft at all. Graft figures only in the prologue, and then merely as the pretext for what follows. In the prologue we are made acquainted with the motive. The technique is somewhat after the style of Ibsen. Our first impression is that certain characters are heroic, civic patriots, intent on punishing a gang of infamous rascals, and they rouse our sympathy and admiration. But a little later we discover them to be canting hypocrites, vindictive rogues, masking selfish, sinister motives behind the most praiseworthy professions. As the plot unfolds we find these protagonists resorting to crimes more infamous than those which at first, apparently, had animated what we had conceived to be a laudable enterprise. Presently we see that the whole scheme of the drama is to make hypocrisy as repellant as possible and to impress the spectator with the danger of putting the machinery of justice into the hands of private individuals for the punishment of persons accused of crime. The conflict is not between a higher-up and an honest official, but between a gang of conspirators and the people of a State. The principle at issue is one that goes to the very root of the most important of all our institutions—the one through which justice is administered. We submit that briefly we have given an accurate, impartial analysis of the graft drama, and that from this analysis it is evident there is no analogy between the play at the Van Ness and the more stirring combination of dramatic incidents which we have had on our nerves for nearly two years. Obviously one may be perfectly consistent in applauding "The Man of the Hour" and hissing "The Great Conspiracy."

Judge Dunne's Happy Position

Of the men nominated for the Bench by the Independence League Judge Frank H. Dunne received the lowest vote. But in this circumstance there is not the slightest significance. There was keen competition for the nominations, each candidate's friends worked with energy and zeal, and neither merit nor consideration of the probable strength of the candidates before the people affected the deliberations of the Convention. Judge Dunne's candidacy was not weakened in the slightest degree by the circumstance of his being under a cloud in consequence of the petition for his punishment for contempt of court now pending in the Supreme Court. The fact is that apparently nobody is taking that petition seriously. And yet there is no division of sentiment among intelligent persons with reference to the gravity of the offense with which Judge Dunne is charged, or in respect of the action that should be taken by the Supreme Court in the event of his guilt being established to the satisfaction of that tribunal. Everybody of intelligence and sound understanding is sensible of the duty of the courts to command as well as to deserve the respect and confidence of the people. This is the paramount duty of the courts, since without the respect and confidence of the people our system of jurisprudence would be futile. Now it is con-



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ceded that there can be nothing urged in extenuation of such an offense as is charged against Judge Dunne. Peevish and querulous lawyers have been disbarred for uttering imputations against the Bench that cannot be adjudged more than trivial in comparison with those said to have been flung by Judge Dunne at the Court of Appeal. Are judges less amenable than lawyers to the ethics of the legal profession and to the rules prescribed for safeguarding the courts against ill repute? We have never been advised that judges are privileged to bring scandal on the judiciary by playing the part of the bird that fouls his own nest. But there is no need of speculation in this matter. Of the michievous impropriety of such conduct as has been attributed to Judge Dunne there is not the slightest doubt. And yet, as we have said, apparently nobody is taking seriously the petition for his punishment for contempt. Judge Dunne has been nominated by the Independence League and he will be nominated by the Democratic party. Nevertheless, it is possible for the Supreme Court to disbar him and render it impossible for him to sit on the bench. Moreover, there is not the slightest doubt that the extreme penalty fits the crime with which he is charged. And still, apparently, nobody is taking seriously the petition presented to the Supreme Court. It is interesting and instructive to inquire into this strange anomaly. The inquiry leads to no tedious ramifications. The attitude of the politicians toward Judge Dunne is inspired with the very same idea that is responsible for the prevailing opinion of the unimportance of the petition in the Supreme Court. According to this idea if Judge Dunne were treated as he deserves to be public opinion would ornament his brow with the crown of martyrdom. Many learned members of the bar, as well as the politicians, are of the opinion that condemnation of Judge Dunne, however just, however high the authority from which it may proceed, will prove michievous. At the same time nobody is able to conceive anything that can be said in his defense. Not even by way of plea in mitigation has anybody ascribed Judge Dunne's gratuitous and brutal slander against the Court of Appeal to impulsive indiscretion. Those who object to his punishment admit that his monumental ignorance unfits him for the bench, but they are convinced that to defeat him the politicians must nominate him, and they hope the Supreme Court will refrain from upholding one of the sacred principles uopn which our system of justice rests. We fully understand the reluctance of these prudent and learned members of the legal profession. It is based on the assumption in which was grounded a very old religious distinction between the esoteric and the exoteric, the assumption that the truth is the privilege of the few and edification the only claim and right of the many; that sound doctrine is for the clergy and safe doctrine for the laity. How fortunate for Judge Dunne that it is deemed advisable to apply this distinction in his case! And how humiliating the reflection on public opinion which it involves! But we are candid enough to say that it does not meet with our approval. We would much prefer to see Judge Dunne receive the crown of martyrdom at the hands of the people, to see the people in their purblind ignorance rebuke those who do their duty, rather than see a rogue in soiled ermine go unwhipt of justice. This we say in no spirit of vindictiveness. No misfortune that may attend Judge Dunne can afford us the slightest gratification. It would not displease us were his removal from the bench to prove advantageous to him by opening to him some channel of fortune through which he might achieve the highest possible earthly success. But it would displease us most poignantly to witness an exhibition in the Supreme Court of such moral cowardice as that which is advocated by certain learned members of the legal profession. Even if we were to construe public opinion as they do, to the discredit of the intelligence of the community, we should not deem it expedient to ignore Judge Dunne's scurrilous abuse of the Court of Appeal. Nor do we believe the Supreme Court will do so. We have faith in the judgment, the intelligence and the honesty of that tribunal. We do not believe it will ignore the petition in the Dunne case. We believe that even a tribunal

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of less intelligence than that which distinguishes our Supreme Court, were it inclined in similar circumstances to overlook such misconduct as has been charged against Judge Dunne, would be recalled to its senses by the insulting attitude of the District Attorney's office toward the Court of Appeal in the Creely case. Here we see exemplified the evil of indulging pettifoggers of the bar in the notion that courts may with impunity be treated with disdain. Indubitably the notion prevails in the District Attorney's office that the courts have been so bitterly assailed by the incendiaries of journalism that they have become too timid to perform their sworn duties. This is the situation that has been brought about in the interest of reform and good government.

A Bit of Clerical Humor

A Maori bishop attending a religious conference in the East says that if we had a law compelling all divorced persons to have a certain design tattoed on their chin the divorce evil would soon be checked. The good bishop evidently does not apprehend the extent of the evil. The law which he suggests would only serve to make tattooed chins fashionable. But perhaps the good bishop is only joking. For even bishops can afford to joke about the divorce evil, which is one of the funniest of the many curious consequences of the beneficent innovations made upon religion by learned theologians. The divorce evil is coevil with the birth of religious freedom, its development has kept pace with the multiplication of the jarring sects, and it has developed into a social monster which is not to be destroyed by legislation. To attempt to regulate it by making it disreputable is absurd. As the principle of it is recognized by the Christian religions, why should those who avail themselves of that principle be stigmatized? According to the religious view there is nothing disgraceful in an honest divorce obtained for just cause any more than there is in the amputation of a limb after an accident. Obviously, in the circumstances it would be most unjust to put the brand of infamy on everybody who has been divorced. It is wrong to punish anybody for doing that which is legitimate.

Perspective Impressions

Feigned virtue is soon unmasked.

Interest chooses the husband; inclination the affinity.

When a man's only salvation is a woman the chances are he isn't worth saving.

It can be readily understood why formal notification was necessary in the case of Mr. Hisgen.

President Roosevelt has been asked to check the "Salome craze." Perhaps he will order the rewriting of the New Testament.

Bryan's windmill was hit by lightning the other day. That's probably about as near as it will ever get to the owner of the windmill.

It is said that Taft, Sherman, Bryan and Kern are the most affable men in American politics. In business if not in politics Hisgen is one of most unctuous.

Before President Roosevelt starts for Africa the gentlemen of the Ananias Club ought to get together and unanimously elect him a member.

It is said that one of Bryan's emissaries is coming to San Francisco to employ the Hon. Francis J. Heney to speak for Talft in doubtful States.

Minister Wu is to be recalled because he talks too much. The Chinese Government will not take into consideration the fact that loquacity is infectious in the neighborhood of the White House.

It is said that in the early part of his career Russell Sage paid out one million dollars for worthless securities. Which shows that education in the School of Experience comes high.

"There are those," said one of the speakers at the Citizens' League of Justice meeting, "who propose that we take matters in our own hands and administer justice according to our own lights and our own means." Well, isn't that just what they've been doing?



THEY'RE OFF!
—Macauley in New York World.



"THEIR MASTERS' VOICE."
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.

Sankey as a Singing Revivalist

By Harvey Sterne

Ira D. Sankey, the great singing evangelist, lived so quietly during the past few years that very few people knew he was alive and the announcement of his death came as a general surprise. His name will always be coupled with that of Dwight L. Moody, the unordained preacher, whose work was crowned with so many signs of success. A generation ago these men were the heart and soul of the greatest religious revivals in the land. Moody was the preacher and Sankey led the singing and the fervor they aroused was extraordinary. For a quarter of a century they were the dominant figures in religious revivals all over the United States, England and Scotland. Hosts of converts were made by them. Mr. Moody was once asked if he had ever kept any records of them. "Records," he exclaimed, "why they are kept in Heaven." Their lives were brimful of wide and profound experiences of keen human interest. Nothing illustrates the sincere and direct character of the two men so much as the story of their meeting and the partnership in saving souls which followed. Both of them always regarded the meeting as Providential. When he was thirty years old Mr. Sankey went from his Pennsylvania home to Indianapolis as a delegate to an international Young Men's Christian Association convention. At that time Mr. Moody had begun his evangelical work and was to address a morning meeting of the session. Mr. Sankey had arrived late and was sitting near the door. He was asked by a minister who knew of his singing to start something when the prayer was ended. After the service Moody sought out the singer. Here is Mr. Sankey's story of what followed: "Moody's first words to me were, 'Where are you from? What is your business? Are you married?' I told him that I lived in Pennsylvania, that I was married and had two children and was in the government employ. 'You will have to give that up,' he said abruptly. 'What for,' I said amazed. 'To come to Chicago and help me with my work,' was the answer. 'But I can't leave my business in that way,' I answered. 'You must,' he retorted. 'I have been looking for you for eight years.' The two men prayed over the matter and afterwards corresponded for six months. Then Mr. Sankey went to Chicago to visit Mr. Moody for a week. Within a few days he resigned his government position and cast his life's work with Mr. Moody.

Mr. Sankey had a rich, deep baritone voice, and had a power of expressing feelings that deeply moved those who heard him. No one could hear him sing "O, Where Is My Wandering Boy, To-Night?" without having the emotions profoundly stirred. It was always an open question whether his singing or Mr. Moody's straightforward talking had the greater effect on the audiences. One of Mr. Sankey's greatest successes was the hymn, "The Ninety and Nine." He made it famous. Its origin was curious. In 1874, while traveling from Glasgow to Edinburgh he bought a penny weekly paper on the train in the hopes of finding some news about America. Before throwing down the paper some verses in the corner of a page caught his eye. They were signed by Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane. He read them to Mr. Moody and said they would make a beautiful hymn if properly set to music. Mr. Moody was very much preoccupied at the time with some correspondence and paid very little attention to what was said. Mr. Sankey sat silent for a time: then he cut the poem out of the paper and slipped it into his vest pocket. The next day at the meeting in Edinburgh Dr. Bonar spoke on the subject of "The Good Shepherd." At the end of the sermon Mr. Moody turned to Mr. Sankey and asked him if he had an appropriate hymn to close the service. "I seemed to hear a voice say, 'Sing the hymn you found on the train,'" said Mr. Sankey afterwards. "But I thought it was impossible to do so as no music had ever been written to the words. But again the impression to sing the words swept over me more strongly than ever, so almost mechanically I drew the slip from my pocket and placed it on the organ in front of me. As I did so I lifted my heart in prayer, asking God to help me to sing so that the people might hear and understand. Laying my hands on the organ I struck the key of A flat, and began to sing. Note by note the tune was given and it has not been changed from that day to this. As the song ceased a great sigh seemed to go up from the meeting and I knew that song had reached the hearts of the Scotch audience. Mr. Moody was greatly moved. Leaving the pulpit he came down to where I was seated. Leaning over the organ he looked at the newspaper clipping and with tears in his eyes said, 'Sankey, where did you get that hymn? I never heard the like of it in my life.' I was also moved to tears and replied, 'Mr. Moody, that's the hymn I read to you yesterday when you were so busy.' Mr. Moody raised his hand and pronounced the benediction." Thus "The Ninety and Nine" was born.

Though Mr. Sankey's singing was a great feature of the gatherings there were occasions in the old Covenanter' corners of Scotland when even he himself was dubious about the character of its reception. He used to play his own accompanyment on a little cabinet organ which was taken wherever he went. Some of these old Scotch congregations had never sung anything but the Psalms of David and the little organ was regarded by them as "a Kist of Whustles." At one of these meetings while Mr. Sankey was singing a solo the shrill voice of a woman rang out in wild tones, "Let me out! Let me out! What would John Knox think of the like o' ye?" But the 'whustles' and Sankey's moving hymns won by degrees.

A prominent Brooklyn divine once made the following estimate of Mr. Sankey's gifts: "If ever a man was raised and endowed for a special work by our Divine Master, that man was Ira D. Sankey. His work was of a twofold character. Before his day psalms and hymns and spiritual songs had always been an important part of the services of religious worship throughout Christendom. But he introduced a peculiar style of popular hymns which were calculated to awaken the hardened and to guide inquiring souls. In the next place he sang these powerful revival hymns himself, and became as effective a preacher of the gospel of salvation by song as his associate, D. L. Moody, was by sermon."

Both revivalists were quick at repartee and loved an occasional jest. Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by several prominent members of the House of Lords dropped into a London meeting one day. At the conclusion of the regular address Mr. Moody met them. In the course of the conversation Mr. Gladstone glanced at Mr. Moody's superb physique and said, "You have a fine body for your profession." "Yes," replied Mr. Moody quickly, "if I only had your head on it." At one of the inquiry meetings Mr. Sankey asked a handsome looking stranger as he was leaving the meeting if he was a Christian. "No," he replied," I am a Missourian." On an occasion when the train was on the way to Chicago it stopped at a small town where quite a large crowd was assembled at the station. Mr. Moody silently regarded the people through the window for a minute, then he asked a gaunt looking countryman in the foreground the cause of the assemblage. "Oh, nothing much," was the reply, "the folks have just come down to take a look at the cars." "Then you didn't hear that General Grant was on the train?" asked Moody quizzically. "Oh, is he?" said the man, brightening, and becoming very much interested. "No," said Mr. Moody, with a broad smile. Quite nonplused, the man walked down the platform and was lost in the crowd for awhile. Presently he returned and said, "Hello, mister, we had a great time in town last night." "How was that?" inquired Mr. Moody, brightening up in his turn. "There was a woman here and they wouldn't bury her." "Wouldn't bury her?" repeated Mr. Moody, "and why not?" "Because she wasn't dead." The man grinned and the crowd roared. Mr. Moody settled back in his seat. "Sankey," he said, "we'd better pull down the window."

A Case Without Precedent

By Federico de Roberto

As the carriages drew up before the entrance of the house in course of construction, and disgorged the seconds, with their bundle of swords wrapped up in an old piece of faded green cloth that once had covered a gaming table, the company gathered in the Terminal Cafe directly opposite, across the square, became excited.

"There they are! There they are, over there!"

"Have they all come?" asked Monterani.

"All but the marquis. Seethere, isn't that Dr. Salandri?"

All eyes were riveted in that direction, even the waiter, with his napkin over his arm, stood craning his neck in the doorway.

"What is the duel about?" inquired Corsi, the lawyer. "Can anyone tell me that?"

"No mystery about that. Luzzi made himself too agreeable to the marquise."

"And her husband could hit on nothing more original than to send him a challenge?"

"By the way," interrupted Monterani, turning to Baldassare Gargano, who had not yet opened his lips, "were you not asked by the marquis to serve as second?"

"Yes, but I could not accept."

"If the question is not indiscreet, what was your reason?"

"I made a vow, the last time that I was involved in an affair of honor, never again to serve as second for anyone."

"Why so? What had happened to you?"

"It was a scene that I shall not forget to the last day of my life."

"Was one of the principals killed?"

"On the contrary, the duel never took place."

"Well, then, why——?"

"Tell about it! Go ahead, tell about it!" they all insisted with one voice.

"First of all," began Baldassare Gargano, "you must know the reason for the challenge. It was in Rome, one night, at the Sport Club, where I had dropped in quite casually for want of something better to do. I had glanced through the daily papers, chatted for a while with a few acquaintances, and passed on into the billiard room, when I noticed, leaning against one side of the doorway and almost hidden by the portiere, Count Von Bauern—the son, you know, of the Saxon minister.

"Ordinarily a meeting with him would not have stirred me one way or another; but the count had lately suffered a great bereavement, the death of his young wife, whom he had fairly worshipped during life, and still mourned inconsolably. The sad event, which came as a shock to all those who had known the countess, was not so very recent; it dated back perhaps five or six months. Nevertheless, this was the first time that the heartbroken husband had reappeared in public. This fact in itself gives you some idea of the intensity of his grief, the ravages of which I discovered, as soon as I saw the count, in his bowed form and his haggard features. The mourning of his outer garments was a true reflection of the mourning of his soul—of how many widowers do you suppose one may say as much? The fact is that the Countess Von Bauern, this gentle lady so early snatched away, united in herself all the qualities likely to render a man happy, if happiness is to be found at all in the present world. Beauty, grace, culture, nobility of birth and character, perfect dignity—all these she had. And I doubt whether a new Pygmalion, moulding to suit himself the partner with whom he would share his life, could make one any nearer to perfection.

"Nothing can avert fate. That evening the indisposition of Mme. Nevosky had necessitated the postponement of the opera and the foul weather out of doors offered a difficult problem to a good many men, how they were to pass the evening. Little by little a noisy crowd had gathered at the club, with Rodolfo Vialli at their head, a rattle-brained fellow, of lighter weight than the ashes on the end of his cigarette. They were gossiping at first, commenting on the illness of the songstress, making some sort of a wager; and then all at once Vialli, choosing for his opponent a certain Ansaldi, whose one idea in life was music, dragged him off by the arm to the billiard room. Curiosity drove me in the same direction. The game began in the midst of a steady influx of new arrivals.

"If you should ask me," resumed the narrator, "how the talk glided little by little from a question of art into out-and-out slander, I couldn't satisfy your curiosity. You know how it happens. One word draws out another. The starting point is plain enough, but no one can foresee the end. They were speaking of a recent scandal affecting a family moving in the highest circles; one of the usual domestic dramas, the husband suddenly having his eyes opened, the wife deserting the conjugal roof, in order to follow her lover. It was Vialli who exclaimed, in reference to the lover: 'Poor Geppino, what a load to be saddled with! Such affairs seem at first like paradise, just as it seemed like paradise to Sapho's lover to carry her up stairs in his arms. But on reaching the top, he was ready to die from weariness.' I have forgotten who rejoined: 'If you create a situation like that, you must face the consequences.' 'I am not denying it,' Vialli replied slowly, while he considered whether his better shot was to aim for the white ball or the red: 'I am not denying it, but doing one's duty is not always a joyous matter.' Then, missing his carom: 'To the devil with duty. The really lucky man is the one who knows how to break off in season.' Ansaldi also missed his shot. 'Now for my revenge,' said Vialli; then, irritated by a second failure, he exclaimed: 'For a man to get his freedom as Augusto Stecchi did, from Von Bauern's wife, is a piece of luck that does not happen every day.'

"My friends, I do not know how to tell you all that I felt at that moment. What was it Vialli meant to say? Von Bauern's wife? Or had I misunderstood? He had barely uttered that name, when my eyes automatically sought the portiere behind which I had earlier seen the count. He was still there, quite hidden except for his eyes; but those eyes gleamed as though they were made of phosphorus. Were the others aware, as I was, of his presence?

"There are moments when a tragic fatality seems to weigh us down; moments when we perceive clearly all that is happening around us, and yet feel, as in a nightmare, the absolute impossibility of raising a finger to stay the course of events. At present I can say all this; but at the time I could not even think the smallest part of it. 'Augusto Stecchi,' Vialli continued, throwing down his cue, 'was a very lucky man to be set free from her—'

"Ah, what a scene, what a horrible scene! He had not finished speaking, when the floor rang under a tread that made everyone in that small gathering turn around, and Count Von Bauern, like a fantastic sceptre, advanced upon Vialli. Not one of us moved. I, for my part, fairly held my breath. When the count had come close to the billiardist, he said in a voice like strident ice—if you will let the phrase pass—that rings in my ears even yet: 'You are a liar and a coward!' Like the recoiling of a spring Vialli turned on him with raised cue, but the count, in a flash, had snatched it from his hold, hurling the man

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Spectator

The Shocking of Simpkins

Some men are never so startled as when accosted by a newspaper reporter and told that they are to be interviewed. For every man who is not a nonentity has done something which would not look nice to him in print, and no man can be quite sure that what he has done has not leaked out. Harry Simpkins is no exception. Now Mr. Simpkins, as everybody knows, recently figured in a rough-house farce with Harry Scott in the Burlingame Club. The Examiner desiring the details of the affair, sent Sidney Robertson out to get Mr. Simpkins' version. Mr. Robertson is a somewhat impetuous reporter, who doesn't think any more of an interview than Mr. Hearst does of the Iroquois Club. He breaks the news of his professional purpose as unconcernedly as he would ask for a match. "I've come to get that story," was the abrupt announcement which he made to Harry Simpkins and Harry behaved like a man who'd been hit with a bungstarter. "My God!" he exclaimed, "you're not going to publish that story, are you?"

"Sure!" said Robertson. "I've brought an artist along to sketch you."

"Great Scott!" Simpkins ejaculated, as he mopped the beads from his brow.

"I'll interview him after I'm through with you," said Robertson. "I hear it was a pretty hot fight."

"Oh," said Simpkins, a light breaking on his mental faculties, and his emotions quickly subsiding, "that's the story you want."

"Yes," said Robertson, "the story about the fight."

"Sit right down and I'll tell you all about it," said Simpkins, and now Robertson is curious to know what the other story is.

Why Did Metcalf Sequester Himself?

Rumors are abroad that there is not the best of feeling between Secretary of the Navy Victor H. Metcalf, and his former colleague, William H. Taft. It is said that Taft likes Metcalf personally, but does not have a high opinion of his political sagacity; that Metcalf, on his part, has an idea that the President has exalted Taft beyond the merits of that stout gentleman. However, it was a matter of general remark during the Republican State Convention at Oakland that Metcalf did not put in an appearance at any time during the proceedings. He was not only in Oakland, but spent the larger portion of his time in the Athenian Club, which is not more than a block away from the Liberty Theatre in which the convention was being held. It was remarked that Metcalf could have done a very handsome thing for his former colleague, and at the same time have advertised himself extensively by making a short address to the convention, urging the Republicans to get together and roll up a big majority for Taft and Sherman. The convention would have been glad to hear from him and had he made a speech of the character suggested it would have been sent broadcast over the country, and it would have served as notice that the Secretary of the Navy was still politically alive and doing something for Republican success in November. But Metcalf lost the golden opportunity and was not heard from while the convention was in session. Was his failure to appear due to the lack of harmony between him and the Republican candidate for President?

The Magic of Wealth

"Of course," says the Examiner, "it's funny to find a man pretending to be invited everywhere when he is seldom invited anywhere." This observation was made apropos of Joe Redding's story of a puerile deception in which the Hon. James D. Phelan was recently caught. It is a very amusing story and it will probably haunt Mr. Phelan in all the years of his erring pilgrimage through life. But in spite of its serviceableness as an index to the character of our distinguished young millionaire it will not impair his standing in society. For the present, it is true, Mr. Phelan is persona non grata in circles where once he was welcome. True, he is not circulating so freely and joyously as was his wont. Seldom nowadays is he titillated by the noisy praise of giddy throngs. Opportunities for public speechmaking at banquets and routs in his beloved home have become few and far between. But the pariahood of Mr. Phelan will not be of long duration. As the immortal bard tells us "If money go before all ways do lie open." Mr. Phelan has an abundance of the stuff "which buys admittance and makes Diana's rangers false themselves." Several years ago Prince Poniatowski solemnly asserted that to no gentleman's home could Mr. Phelan obtain admission. That was the sincere utterance of a man who had learned that Mr. Phelan was slyer than Ulysses, that he was as expert in changing his shape as Neptune's herdsman, as facile as a chameleon in varying his complexion and not inferior to Machiavel in the art of dissimulatoion. But Prince Poniatowski's conception of the exclusiveness of a gentleman's house was absurdly inaccurate. Since the utterance of Prince Poniatowski's oracular dictum Mr. Phelan has dined in all sorts of houses. A man with Phelan's money can live down anything. With the Examiner publishing every day a picture of Mr. Phelan haunted by a balloon which was said to symbolize the part he played in a Paris episode, he had himself accepted as a reformer in San Francisco and invited to churches and to women's clubs to preach morality and civic virtue.

In "The Gay White Way"

When Camille D'Arville, who is known in Oakland as Mrs. Crellin, after a few years of matrimonial bliss wandered back to the stage, it was said that while the footlights' glare had not lost its charm for her, it no longer held her in thrall; that she had divorced herself from her art, but intended to keep on speaking terms therewith. But now it appears that Mrs. Crellin is as ardently devoted to the stage as ever, and that the alienation of her affections by Cupid was but a temporary affair, for Camille D'Arville's talents are as available for theatrical purposes as ever. The latest report in reference to her doings is that she has been engaged to play in "The Gay White Way," with Jefferson De Angelis and Emma Carus.

The Mystification of Muir

John Muir is not a near-psychic nor an investigator of occult forces, but he recently told a friend that he was keen for an explanation of a curious experience that he had in the Yosemite Valley. Ever since he went to col-

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lege, he said, there had existed a very strong tie of friendship between himself and the professor who instructed him in botany. One day last year while climbing up to his cabin in the mountains he heard a voice calling him. His name distinctly floated up through the forest. He recognized the voice as that of his old friend, the professor, and he answered, but he heard nothing more. Then it occurred to him that what he thought was a call was an hallucination, but so strange was the effect upon him that he retraced his footsteps. Down he went into the valley and to the hotel, where he examined the register and found the name of his friend. When they met Muir told the story of his experience and attributed the mystic occurrence to telepathy, saying "I suppose you were thinking of me and wanted to see me." But the professor added to the mystery by saying, "Why, I had no thought of meeting you. I thought you were still in China."

Muir Played Hookey

John Muir has won great distinction as a mountain climber, but one of the achievements of his career which he recalls with great gusto has never been recorded. Once upon a time Muir climbed beyond the reach of E. H. Harriman and it is that performance to which I refer. It was one of the incidents of the trip to Alaska when Muir and several other scientists were the guests of the railroad magnate. Harriman's chaplain was a member of the party and religious services were held regularly. Mr. Harriman expected his guests to attend the services, and they did, but one day Mr. Muir, who is an individualist in religious matters, preferring to pay his respects to his Creator in his own way, mutinied. At the sound of the chapel bell the mountaineer surreptitiously withdrew and climbed to the top of the smoker. There he remained throughout the services, enjoying the scenery and doubtless experiencing all the religious rapture that scenery inspires in those whose appreciation of the beautiful is more than skin deep.

"You officeholders," sneered the man who was vainly trying to be one, "don't die very often do you?"
"No," replied the man who was one, as he smiled benignly; "only once."

"Take That!" Say the Suffragists

The Equal Suffrage Association has come right out in meeting and rebuked the Republican party of this State for refusing to consider woman's right to vote. If they had been members of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League they could not have been handed a jucier specimen of the citrus belt. And now some of the grave and dignified members of the suffrage association are wondering whether it would not have been better to have used some other procedure with the Republican convention. The ladies marshaled themselves in their fluffiest bib and tucker with the intent of giving optical proof that suffrage does not spell either lack of beauty or of style. The Republicans were so impressed that they trotted out a special set of pink tea manners and never forgot to pass the sugar with the tongs. Many of the suffragists now feel that they were not taken seriously enough, and they wonder whether the latest in millinery may not have undermined their chances. Chairman Dozier, who before the end of the convention had learned to roll a pretty pill and sugar coat it as brightly as an Italian chocolate is tinseled, is very much aggrieved because the suffragists made a motion to censure him. As he was the man who made the motion for a vote of thanks to be tendered to the ladies for their presence at the convention he feels that he might have expected better treatment. The suffragists refused to swallow the vote of thanks in lieu of the suffrage plank which they so ardently desired and now they have gone still further and condemned Dozier and his fellow Republicans as "unfair and dishonest men."

Golfer—Will you come round again tomorrow?
Second Enthusiast—Dunno. I'd arranged to get married tomorrow. Perhaps I can postpone it.

Hawaii's Great Harvest Event

My Honolulu correspondent writes that one of the largest social affairs undertaken in Hawaii for years, was recently given by the Baldwins of Maui in connection with the Harvest Home Festival at the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company's plantation. This festival is an annual affair and is held August 12th, which is shortly after the completion of the plantation's cane harvest. This year it netted something over $4,000,000. It is also the anniversary of the transfer of the sovereignty of these islands to the United States. The festival includes a great luau, dancing, and a tennis tournament. It is the star affair of its kind on Maui , and is attended by everybody on the Island.

The Baldwins as Hosts

This year the tennis tournament was made an inter-island affair, an inter-island polo tournament was added, and guests were invited from all the other islands. Inviting guests from the other islands to such an affair means providing for them for there are no hotels or anything of that sort. The Baldwins got up the affair, issued the invitations and provided for the guests. It was an immense house party, something over sixty guests being provided for. Automobiles met them at the steamer landings, and whisked them over good roads to the quarters that had been provided for them. There are a number of Baldwins, and Baldwin connections, and friends and acquaintances were distributed among them and thus cared for. The entertainment lasted three days and included a trip to the crater of Haleakala and luaus at the Raymond and the Cornwell ranches, with horses and automobiles and carriages to take the guests everywhere.

"I had to sell my auto, but I haven't missed it yet."
"How's that?"
"Oh, I can get most of the sensations by cleaning rugs."

Light Shed by the Collegiate Alumnae

The Collegiate Alumnae convention held this week in San Francisco has impressed me with the fact that but few of our society women are college graduates. On the eastern collegiate scroll are inscribed any number of gilded names, but as yet there has been no forward movement here in the matter of sending girls with latent social possibilities to college. A finishing school with its finicky instruction in the social amenities of life, and its half-baked mental offering is considered good enough for a girl born with a hard hammered silver spoon. Whatever else the fashionable private schools do for girls, it is noteworthy that they do not teach them the rudiments of grammar and spelling. The other day I read twenty

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or thirty notes of congratulation sent to a young society girl who has recently announced her engagement. The antics of the adjectives, the quarrels between the pronouns and their antecedents would have discredited a child in the public grammar school. Several of the notes were pertly witty, many were positively clever in spots, but not one was correctly or happily phrased throughout. No doubt the cost of educating these young women would endow a school, and yet they have not had the educational advantage of the average American girl.

Local College Women in Society

It is rather difficult to accept any theory on the mental indifference of the social elect unless it be that higher mathematics often curdle a peaches and cream complexion, and in computing matroimonial chances a complexion frequently makes the account show an encouraging balance. Or it may be that the objection is rooted in the fact that if a girl delays her formal introduction to society until she has acquired a college degree she is handicapped by several years seniority over the other girls in her set. In the East girls are not "coming out" as young as they do out here, and so the eastern college girl is not so apt to be handicapped. To be sure Miss Ethel Roosevelt will make her debut at seventeen but that is because she wants to go down in history as a White House debuntante. On the other hand, Miss Helen Taft, who is entered at Wellesley College, does not intend to give up her college education for a social career at the White House. Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and perhaps at a wide margin, half a dozen other young women in the Greenway set have college degrees. In the large eastern cities the percentage of society women who have had a college education is much larger.

Frowned Upon by Army Officers

The local army posts are very much exercised over the shooting of William E. Annis by Captain Haines. Many of the officers believe that the trial of the case will only contribute another of those wretched scandals that have shocked conservative army circles of late. Though Captain Haines fired the shots, his brother, Thornton Jenkins Haines, who kept Annis' friends at bay till the murder was accomplished, has become the central figure in the tragedy. Thornton Jenkins is said to possess a great influence over his brother and to have instigated him to commit the crime. The police investigation places him in an Iago light and credits him with writing the letters charging Annis with invading the sanctuary of the Haines home and misleading the wife while the husband was absent in the Philippines.

A Cause Celebre

Each brother has killed his man. Turbulent blood runs in the Haines family and fighting blood, too. It is a heritage from both the maternal and paternal sides, but till Thornton Haines killed his chum, Ned Hannagan, in 1891, the fighting proclivities of the Haines' never brought anything but honor to the family. The killing of Hannagan has been productive of much discussion in the criminal history of the East and has always been a cause celebre. Young Haines and Hannagan were inseparable friends up to the time of the shooting. They associated with young army and navy officers at Hampton Roads and were supposed to be in the midst of the gay life there. Their chief recreation was boating and sailing: they were on a sailing trip when the tragedy occurred. Nobody knew what the quarrel was about, if there was one. The prosecuting attorney tried hard to find a reason for the shooting by canvassing among their women acquaintances, but he found nothing. He was forced to the explanation that Haines killed his friend out of pure bad temper. He discovered that all his life Haines had been violent tempered, dictatorial, vindictive and vengeful. The prosecuting attorney frankly told the jury that there was no motive for the crime: that it was the work of a man so egotistical that he would kill if his whims were not respected. For many years after his discharge, Thornton Haines was tabooed by the Baltimore clubs, though his father and brothers were always welcome.

He—"Don't worry about the boxes."
She—"But if they don't come I'll have nothing to wear tonight."
He—"Well, that's nothing—your loss will be our gain."

The Last Whack of Fate

He was a lanky, middle aged, roughly clad Italian and he walked into a precinct registration bureau in the Latin Quarter the other day, with the air of a man indifferent to the next move of implacable Fate. He wanted to register in order to vote at the Presidential election next November, and the first order shot at him by the deputy was to produce his naturalization papers. "Pape!" he repeated blankly. "Ah, I losa da fire." "No papers, no vote," was the laconic answer. "Sapristi!" he ejaculated, bristling, "I losa de pape: I losa de job: I losa da wife an' da frien'. Now I losa da vote. Per Paccho! I no losa no more. I go backa da Italia: I grinda da org." And he did. And his compatriots said the next day that he had left the city.

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Curious Praise for a Vocalist

Mr. Thomas Nunan of the Examiner has discovered a vocal artist of rare ability, a Miss Anita Parker of Mill Valley, who has studied music in Boston, the city of culture. He isn't sure that she is as great as she seems, but in support of his wavering judgment he quotes an impresario from Los Angeles, a Mr. Bechymer, who says: "She looks like Ellen Beach Yaw, she stands like Yaw, she acts like Yaw and she sings better than Yaw." This to Mr. Nunan is praise of the very highest order. He assures us that in the present state of his judgment he would hardly go so far. Which causes me to wonder whether Nunan ever heard Yaw sing or whether he has formed a conception of that singer's ability on the strength of what the Philistines have said of her. Ellen Beach Yaw is regarded as a great singer in Boston and Los Angeles, but in none of the other great cities of the earth. She is a freak vocalist and squeezes out a high note, thin and colorless, and of no value for musical purposes. It may be intended for praise to compare the singing of a budding young soprano to the singing of Ellen Beach Yaw, but it is something quite different. It is like comparing a young contralto to a veteran female baritone. There are many contraltos who can make a noise like a baritone, as there are are also many sopranos who can make a noise like Ellen Beach Yaw, but they prefer not to.

She—Doesn't coffee ever make you nervous?

He—Not unless I've got a lot of money in it on a falling market. Then the weaker it is the more nervous it makes me.

Stevens Is Now a Star

There are two devils plaving on Broadway, and one of them is from California. The California devil is Edwin Stevens, who has been exalted to stardom. This in itself is an event of some importance, and one that provokes to speculation respecting the reasons why this talented and versatile actor was compelled for many years to languish in comparative obscurity while men of far lesser ability—in some instances, mere novices—were raised to the first rank in the army of Thespis. But perhaps more interesting than speculation is the story of the be-deviling of Broadway and of the introduction of Stevens as a star. Nothing has created more interest in the theatrical world of late than the simultaneous production of two adaptations of a Hungarian play called "The Devil." One adaptation was made for Harrison Grey Fiske, and the other was made for Henry W. Savage. Each manager claims the exclusive American rights, and Fiske undertook to get a copyright on the strength of the first presentation of the play. He engaged George Arliss to play the devil and after organizing a company held surreptitious rehearsals in a small town near New York. Savage didn't get wind of Fiske's strategic purpose until the eleventh hour, and then he communicated with Edwin Stevens, who was on Nantucket Island, by wireless. Mr. Stevens chartered a steamboat which took him to Wood Hole, where he caught an express train to New York. Arriving in the city, he was met by an automobile which conveyed him straight to the Garden Theatre, where all night rehearsals had been in progress. Mr. Savage kept the company hard at work until daylight. There was a short interval for breakfast, then the company went back to work and plugged away until 7 o'clock. A little after 8 o'clock the theatre was packed to the doors, and the performance began. At the same hour the performance of the Fiske company was begun at the Belasco Theatre.

The Devil's Epigrams

Both adaptations of the play are essentially the same as to the general theme. The play is realistic symbolism. The devil in both plays puts aside his tail, horns and cloven hoofs, dons a smartly tailored frock coat, sticks a monocle in his eye, walks abroad among men, a human prototype of all the worst that lies in man, the epitome of everything evil and ugly and damnable that from childhood we have been taught to abhor and hate. The devil is an epigrammatic fellow. Here are some of his cynical sentiments:

A real wife is always the other man's wife.

A life that has not been squandered has not been lived.

Forgive me, Madame, for opening my eyes at a moment when, for propriety's sake, I should have at least kept one eye shut.

I once had a similar encounter at a dentist's—and the lady, to prove that my insinuations were false, did not hesitate to sacrifice a perfectly good tooth.

Only two people in the world may open the door of a bachelor's apartment to a young lady—the man servant—or a clergyman with a marriage certificate.

My name? To let you into a little secret, I am a citizen of the world. I'm a philanthropist traveling incog—a multimillionaire whose consuming ambition is to do good and die poor. It keeps me awake at nights, and I often fall asleep in the daytime from sheer exhaustion. Charity with me is a passion and it taxes my ingenuity. Sometimes I put up the price of coal; with the profits I found infirmaries for the freezing poor. I have been known to cut the wages of my employes for the pure pleasure of establishing soup kitchens. I am an author, too. "Experimental Matrimony," "The Protective Tariff as a Means of Grace," "Salvation Through Success"—ah! I see you recognize the titles.

A woman's "What time is it?" in these circumstances means always a husband. The wife's instinct aprises her of her husband's return exactly ten minutes before his coming. It is a highly moral instinct, since it lessens the number of divorces.

The candle burns, flickers, goes out. But at least it has burned. What men call a code of ethics was devised by the strong in order that they might rule the weak. The strong, the successful, take good care not to live up to it themselves.

I tell you life is a treasure only when you spend it freely.

Consider how stupid it would be if every one told the truth. Why, there'd be no conversation.

She does not love her husband. Her husband, therefore, is either a very common fellow or a genius. The unloved husband is always one or the other.

Passing of Another Old Tivoli Favorite

Gracie Plaisted, whom Ferris Hartman pronounced the greatest soubrette he ever saw, passed away last week in Alameda. In the early nineties she was the bright par-

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ticular star of the Tivoli, by right of talent. She was a native daughter, born in Suisun, graduated from Mills College, and made her theatrical debut under Barrett and McCullough at the old Bush Street Theatre, in 1878. She showed unusual talent from the start and took a leading place with such promising players in the production as Alice Harrison, Charlie Bishop and Tom Keene. The play was "A Trip to the Moon," and Keene played the comedy part of the Microscope. So great was Gracie Plaisted's success that Kiralfy took her East in the same production, which he put on the road. When she returned here it was as the prima donna of the Emily Melville Opera Company. She was the Prince, and Helen Dingeon, who died recently, was the Princess in "Methusalem." Gracie Plaisted possessed a rich and very sweet soprano voice and her natural vivacity, tireless energy, rare good humor and clever acting made her a general favorite. She was very small, weighing less than a hundred pounds, very slender and very dainty and possessed the art in a high degree of winning friends by her personal charm of manner. Emily Melville considered her invaluable in light opera and gave her special inducements to join her company on an Australian tour. So successful was the venture in the Antipodes that the company remained there eight years. Later the success was duplicated in China and Japan.

In Theatricals to the End

On her return here she joined the Tivoli company and remained with them five years. Then she went into the dramatic stock under Jack Stevens at the old Dewey Theatre, in Oakland. In 1900, she started out on the road again in musical comedies under the management of Charles Blaney. At the time of the big fire she was living with her husband in the Galindo Hotel in Oakland, where she gathered and cared for all the theatrical refugees she could find. A few months ago she took up theatrical work again with the Blunkall company at the Lyric Theatre in Portland. A growing heart trouble obliged her to close her engagement and she returned to her home in Alameda where the malady in a short time carried her away. She was married three times. Her first husband was Albert Lancaster, whose family was wealthy and resided in Vallejo. Mrs. A. M. Funke of Alameda is a daughter of that marriage. She married George Bartlett at the time she was playing at the Dewey Theatre and her husband and her daughter were among the many mourners at her at her funeral.

"What a stately creature that tall blonde is! She always makes me think of her as the ox-eyed Juno."

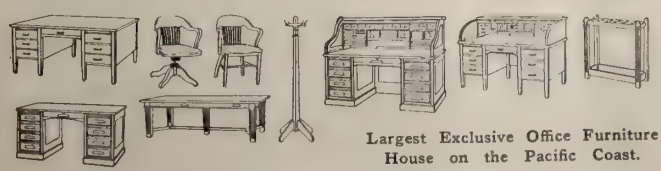
"Per-oxide, you mean."

The Prophet from Berkeley

Now comes Professor Boke, saner, sounder, farther sighted, deeper fathoming than the rest of us, and with the characteristic cocksureness of the schoolmaster, laying down as irrefragable the proposition that "Honest men cannot differ upon principles of right, of truth, of justice." Not strictly by syllogistic procedure, but loosely and not in the most coherent fashion Professor Boke, starting with this proposition as one of his premises comes to the conclusion, vaguely hinted, that none but dishonest men dissent from his views with reference to the Graft Prosecution. Professor Boke is a very unreasonable as well as a superficial philosopher. Cardinal Newman has said that a well educated man is too wise to be dogmatical or fanatic. Obviously, Professor Boke is not too wise. He may be conscious of the weakness of human reason, but not of his own, and therefore, I am perhaps justified in saying of him as Socrates said of Antisthenes, "I see your vanity through your threadbare cloak." Professor Boke is so superficial a philosopher that he does not perceive that while the principles on which men reason in morals are always the same the conclusions which they draw are very different. It has never occurred to him that there must have been some reason for the conflicting schools of philosophy that raged in controversy from the days of Protagoras to the days of Hobbes, and from the days of Hobbes to the days of Benjamin Ide Wheeler. He has come from Berkeley to preach morality to the people of San Francisco, and dogmatically he informs us that unless our perception of the truth be identical with his the presumption must be that we are crooks. There are two ways of being deceived—by false judgment and self-blindness. Boke has embraced both. Boke is a man of infallible perceptions. He knows when the Supreme Court is wrong and he knows the answer to the question which jesting Pilate put to Christ just before taking his departure.

The Paramount Issue

Professor Boke is unquestionably an honest man, and doubtless he is sincere in his belief in himself as a gnostic as well as in his position on the graft prosecution. But his attitude in this matter is precisely the same as the attitude of narrow-minded bigots in all ages of the world. It is inspired with the spirit that ordered heretics to be burnt at the stake. A heretic is nothing more than a man with an opinion which differs from yours. The man who doesn't agree with Boke is, in Boke's opinion, a heretic, but instead of ordering him to be burnt at the stake Boke points the finger of scorn at him and asks the community to consume him with contempt. Boke takes it for granted that he has overwhelmed the dissenters with an unanswerable argument. "San Francisco," he says, "must see but one course and refuse to turn from the one issue." As Boke sees but one issue he thinks it dishonest for anybody to see two. He knows, as we all know, that there has been graft in our city government, and he maintains that the only issue is between the grafters and the people. Of course there is another issue and a very important one. Boke, without realizing it, is for justice in the same sense in which the French revolutionists were for religion when they exalted a harlot upon an altar. Like Atticus, that pliant slave of every tyrant who could kiss the hand of Antony imbrued as it was in the blood of Caesar, Boke clasps to his breast the men who set Gallagher free, who brought scandal upon the courts, who debauched judicial officers and made a farce of the administration of justioce. In Boke's opinion it is a vicious heresy to hold that the punishment of grafters is of far less importance than the



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repudiation of men who have corrupted the courts and who are committing new iniquities to make effective their crimes against decency and justice. He cannot see that it is better for the administration of justice to be in clean hands than for a grafter to be sent to jail; more essential to civic well-being for public opinion to resent the prostitution of justice than to insist on the punishment of a bribe-giver. Boke is somewhat confused in his ideals.

The Ruef Case

Professor Boke, it is fair to assume, is not insensible of the iniquities of the Graft Prosecution. He advises us not to permit our prejudices against the Prosecution to blind us to the issue. He does not say that our prejudices are unreasonable. Boke himself is blind to the fact that the issue is in the hands of the men who brought scandal on the administration of justice; that these men are still intent on getting convictions by hook or crook; still hoping that the Court of Appeal and Supreme Court may be intimidated into approving their criminal methods. He points to the Ruef case and justly asserts that any reasonable man must acknowledge that there is evidence of Ruef's guilt. Why, we all know that Ruef is guilty. But most of us are of the opinion that he was promised immunity. We regard the promise made to Ruef as one of the crimes committed by the Prosecution, and we regard the breaking of that promise as the most infamous of all the crimes charged against the Prosecution. Our conception of the hideousness of those crimes springs from the conviction that all the complications in which Ruef has figured were the result of a design to procure perjured testimony. Ruef says that if permitted to cross-examine the judges who sanctioned the immunity contract he can prove that he is the victim of treachery. The judges have evaded the ordeal and one of them has decided that he can give Ruef an impartial trial. Boke approves all this. Boke wants justice vindicated, and he is willing to have it vindicated by the men who have polluted the temple of justice.

In Retrospective Vein

Who's this that preacheth on old Crothers' page,
Exhorting us once more to fret and rage?
Why Boke it is, that endless, babbling bore,
Exuding virtue from his every pore.
This fatuous dupe of a curious mind,
Clamors for justice while to justice blind.
Prophet of evil he sees naught but ill
In every cause that Spreckels cannot kill.
Adjuring us to save the city's name,
On none but boodlers does he cast his blame.
Bred to the bar, and for its toils decreed,
He's versed in law, and for the courts would bleed;
Declares for justice he will always stand—
The kind that he and Heney can command.
To please him we must agitate and strive
Once more the reign of terror to revive;
Encourage rogues who oft have boasted zeal
For God and men and for the city's weal;
And who with Malice, Hatred, Spleen conspired,
The rabble roused and all their passions fired;
Self-styled defenders of the people's cause,
Who prostituted the most sacred laws.
Provoking public rage for private ends,
They slandered courts and made of grafters friends;
With purchased pens they spread foul lies abroad,
And boldly sought to purify by fraud.
Ah, those were times when Heaven grieved to see,
A Ruef embraced and Gallagher set free;
A pliant jurist holding court at night
To darken deed he dared not flood with light;
One who on perjured witness cast no frown,
Nor entered protest as the lie went down.
Thus justice sat absolving fatal crimes,
To purify men's morals and the times.
In vain did honest citizens condemn
The shrieking infamies they could not stem.
'Twas thus when rancor and revenge were sent
A tortured, shattered city to torment.
Ye gods! what havoc here did men create—
The servile instruments of savage hate!
What crimes were here committed and condoned
When Spreckels ruled and Justice was dethroned!
When subtle pretense by appearance charmed,
And sober sense was thoroughly disarmed!
When deftly masks were worn to screen
The ruthless purposes of festering spleen!
Who but a Boke can on these things reflect,
And recommend the doers to respect?
Who but a Berkeley Shadwell make pretense,
That deviates so far from common sense?
Quite logical that Boke should come with zeal
To open wounds we long have hoped to heal.
All conscious he of noble worth and aims,
With civic virtue all his being flames.
But quite unmoved the mob observes his pose,
And as he talks the people softly doze.

Fred—"My dear Dora, let this thought console you for your lover's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way."

Bereaved One—"They haven't all gone, have they?"

When the Father Departs

Evil days are drawing nigh. Times that shall try men's souls are close at hand. The nation will soon feel the uplift of a hand that has lain heavy upon it lo, these many years; not so many either when we come to think that the strenuous white father at Washington has only served two terms—or is it but a term and a half? However, when Roosevelt is no more, and when Taft is in the sad-

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dle, things will surely go askew for lack of a firm hand to set them right. Taft is not the man to succeed Roosevelt —presuming for the sake of this essay in the comparative anatomy of statesmen, that William Jennings Bryan is not destined to be the successor. Taft is, by nature, an easy going, affable, suave, amiable, courteous, civil, urbane, neighborly, conciliatory, obliging, mild-mannered gentleman. There is nothing fatherly about Taft, nothing dictatorial, nothing austere, nothing offensive or defensive. Taft has never expressed the slightest apprehension that the race would commit suicide; he has never accused anyone of faking nature; he calls no man liar or mollycoddle; the glad grasp of his fat hand is for all men; his smile is all pervading; his merry widower sombrero is all shadowing; his girth of paunch is all embracing of the good things he eats and drinks. Taft is not a statesman in the sense that his omniscient predecessor is a statesman—he is only a good fellow, a happy-go-lucky lawyer whose adaptability has made him the legatee of a lot of "policies" that he will never be able to underwrite or redeem. Like the phonograph he reproduces; and like the little dog in front of the horn he knows his master's voice. But when he is President of this great nation other voices will dictate from the new discs enunciating later "policies" formulated by masters quite different from the one that is now making a record for the gramaphone of history. It has been said that Taft is "a man's man"; as President he would be a man of many men, a redundant echo of many voices, an epitome of many "policies." Under the rule of Taft we shall be like children out of school and away from the stern authority of a relentless teacher whose ruthless laws were enforced by terror of the castigatory birch. Anarchy, hilarious and joyful anarchy, is sure to ensue upon the inauguration of Taft. I fear that we have committeed a very grave error in not making the stern father of the nation dictator in perpetuity. I see much calamity ahead whatever may be the result of the people's verdict in November—whether Taft jollies us from his proud perch under the great white dome or whether Bryan worries us from his cage in the capital. I fear that we shall long regret the day that we let King Stork go and accepted King Gog or King Demagogue.

"Do you want employment?"

"Lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you means well, but you can't make work sound any more invitin' by usin' words of three syllables."

Says American Girls are Greedy

Miss May Sutton has frequently said that the Englishwoman averages better tennis than the American. Miss Sutton knows enough about the game to win the world's championship so it would be difficult to discredit her. Why should the American girl, collectively, play a lower grade tennis than the English composite? The triumphant Rah, Rah, Rah's of the Americans at the Olympic games gave the English a pain in their tympanums. But when it comes to tennis Miss Sutton does not average the American girl in the same rank as her English sister and all because she is "too greedy!" By "greedy," Miss Sutton does not mean that the American variety is the more intemperate in the matter of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Miss Sutton believes that the American girl is too greedy for pleasure to put up as good a game of tennis as the average English girl. An American girl, who is going to play a match game at some pleasure resort, cannot forego the gayeties arranged in honor of the event. She will dance as long as the music keeps up, eat a midnight supper and then try to win out a tennis match on just a sample of sleep. The English girls are not so greedy for their pleasures, says Miss Sutton. They forego the most enticing gayeties to keep in good form for the game. They make pleasure a business and it is not good business to try to play tennis, all fagged out from social enterprises.

Miss Sutton's Pet Idea

A study of Miss Sutton's methods during the present tournament at Del Monte would convince any American girl that to play top-notch tennis one must exercise a good deal of restraint in the line of pleasure. The Sutton girls all keep in "good form." They are English enough to make pleasure a business and never let anything interfere with their sleep or diet when a game is on. May Sutton, particularly keeps in training as zealously as any professional athlete.

When they've perfected the aerial cars,
And take flying trips up to Mars,
We ask in amaze
What will then be the craze?
"Will it be hunting 'angels' for 'stars?'"

Saving a Bumper Fruit Crop

The California Fruit companies have been so hampered by lack of hands to gather the heavy fruit crop in some of the counties of Northern California that they have petitioned several school boards to extend the summer vacation in order that the pupils may help out in the work. The situation is almost unprecedented though seven years ago several of the districts were caught in a somewhat similar fix and solved the problem in the same way. In Chico the school boards have given the delighted children an extended two weeks' vacation so that they may help their parents and the packers to gather the heavy crop. The gates are not only open to the primary and grammar school children but to the pupils in the High and Normal schools so that it is evident that the need of extra hands is extremely pressing. The northern fruit crop is a bumper in many lines this year and its proper harvesting means many millions of dollars to the State.

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Her Experience in Psychic Phenomena

Carrie Roma, well known here in the famous days of the Tivoli, has been studying psychic phenomena of late, so she says. Carrie is her own best press-agent and she writes as though she had once been a queen of opera, singing in the leading opera houses of the world. She writes: "I had just finished an arduous three-year operatic contract in Europe, and being very tired and in need of rest, I took some professional friends and went to the south of France on a vacation. All through May I had a feeling that something was wrong at home in California and, as my mother had not been well for several years, I was quite depressed. I'd awaken at night to find myself crying. To divert my mind I decided to write some new songs. Never having written any religious songs up to that time, just as a novelty, I set 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' and 'Abide With Me' to music. One night we were all in the drawing room, overlooking the sea, and I was playing over the new songs for my guests. Suddenly I heard Mme. Augarde say: 'Regardez, c'est la mort, Roma!' ('Look, it is death, Roma!') A big white, beautiful moth, with black markings on its head resembling a skull and crossbones, had flown into the room, alighting directly on the piano at which I was sitting. 'Someone belonging to one of us had just died,' she continued, and all of us being professionals, and more or less superstitious, felt that some misfortune had occurred.

Awaiting an Explanation

"During the next few days, still feeling that dreadful 'something' I could not explain, I wrote 'Resignation' somehow. In the beautiful sentiment of the lyrics I seemed to feel a bit of comfort, and eventually the blue spell passed away. This was in July, and in returning home to London to unpack the costume trunks for our opening on 'Lucia' night, my manager said, 'Roma, here's a letter from your people which I did not send to you, knowing you'd have so short a vacation and wouldn't want to be bothered answering letters.' On opening the letter there was a clipping announcing the death of my mother in California. Comparing the dates with my own diary I found that when she lay semi-conscious calling for me, I was crying unconsciously in my sleep; the day she died I was writing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and the day she was buried I was writing a new version of 'Abide with Me,' the very hymn that was being sung at her burial service. On the day when they were burying her cremated ashes I, unconscious of that event, was writing 'Resignation.' Who can explain these things?"

Tetrazzini's Success in London

Tetrazzini's success in London this season demonstrated that the public there prefers the singers to the operas. Certain it is that Tetrazzini reintroduced to London several operas which have not been included in the list of productions for the last few years, because the British public did not want them and would not go to hear them. Yet these operas were her special successes, and in them she drew crowded houses to the very end of the season. Then came the return of Melba, who for many years has been the idol of the British public. Every one waited to see what would happen. Would Melba find her place usurped and the public following another star? Not at all. What happened was just this. The British public divided its affections carefully between its favorites. If the line waited at the balcony doors on a Tetrazzini opera night from nine in the morning till half past seven in the evening, it did the same for Melba, and both were greeted with the same outbursts of applause. Even the press never indulged in comparisons, and if the newspapers extolled Tetrazzini in one paragraph, in the next they said that never had Melba been in better voice since the days when she first gladdened Covent Garden twenty years and more ago. Mlle. Destine was another triumphant member of the opera company, and there are many critics who name her as the greatest artist that the season gave London. It was for her that "Aida" was given so often, as London revelled in her wonderful impersonation of the Egyptian slave. Of the tenors Bonci led as a favorite, though Giovanni Zenatello was a close second. The number of English and American singers was greater



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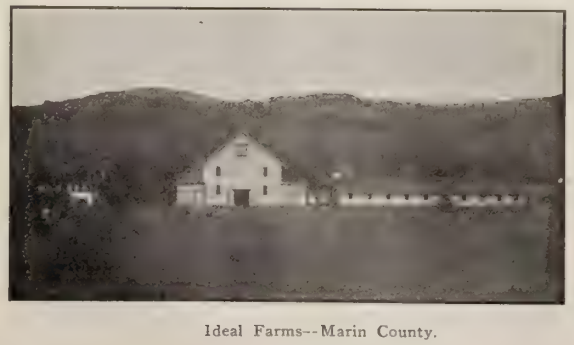
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than ever before, and though very few of them sang more than twice, their appearances were made with success.

"Hot and cold water, eh?" enthused the new arrival in the dressing-room.
"Nope," was the answer, "two kinds of cold."

The Love Tale of a Handsome Tenor

Since Caruso's wife deserted him the stories of their domestic relationship have been coming to hand piecemeal till they form the following very romantic tale: the woman whose shortcomings Caruso affects to deplore is not his wife, but a beautiful singer who, years ago, under the handsome young tenor's blandishments, left her husband. Caruso, it is said, bought for her a beautiful villa near Florence, and life there was a summer song. Then came the discords. A year ago the husband threatened court reprisals. Caruso and his inamorata at once planned to take out American citizenship in New York in order to enable the latter to get a decree of divorce and marry the tenor. Again Fate forced them to change their plans and she left for London. When the last opera season was finished in New York Caruso followed her to London. While awaiting him, however, she had fallen in love with the chauffeur. Still when Caruso appeared on the scene she quietly joined him as if no other love had intervened.

Surprising Denouement

At that time the famous tenor was negotiating for the purchase of a magnificent residence near Nice. His engagements to sing at private concerts, however, detained him longer than had been expected, so that the impatient lady of reckless hearts had her whim granted and was sent on alone to her original Florentine villa. The chauffeur was there and very shortly afterwards, and before Caruso got wind of what was going on, she fled with him to Nice, taking with her, it is said, jewels valued at $160,000. Caruso at once started in pursuit. The tenor recovered his two sons, but that was all; the woman remained with the chauffeur. The latest story from Nice contains a rather startling denouement. It is to the effect that the chauffeur is no other than the woman's husband in disguise; that he sought employment in order to obtain the opportunities to influence his wife to return to him and that she became so captivated with his ingenious trick in love's recovery that she not only kept his secret, but finally yielded to his pleadings.

The language of Verdi is now being taught in the public schools. Professor L. D. Ventura is the teacher. He has established an evening class in the Washington School on Union Street near Franklin. Sessions are held from 7 to 9:15 each day.

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The new and luxurious Granada Hotel will be thrown open to the public in a few days. It rises on the site of the old establishment more magnificent than ever, an incomparable ornament to the hotel life of San Francisco. No pains or expense have been spared to make it an ideal hostelry: its construction, equipment, furnishings, conveniences and service are unsurpassed. The building is absolutely fireproof throughout, with steel frame and reinforced concrete. Everyone of the 232 rooms is an outside room and just one-half of these are equipped with baths. The hotel will be under the management of E. S. de Wolfe, former proprietor of the Hotel Pleasanton, and it goes without saying that he will eclipse the splendid reputation he made in that select establishment. It will be conducted on the American plan with special attention to making the cuisine the best on the Coast. The finest furnishings, tableware and ornaments are now being installed, all in harmonious keeping with the beautiful hardwoods and the marbles with which the interior is finished.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

More new high stock price records are in evidence, Southern Pacific 108¼. The Harriman stocks occupy the center of the stage. The volume of trading in Southern Pacific and Union Pacific shares has furnished the Stock Exchange with one-third of its entire business. It is quite a marked change to general conditions to have Southern Pacific Common a market leader, which it has been for the past two weeks, with Union Pacific taking second place and the rest of the market dragging along in its wake. Wall Street is much at sea regarding the unusual strength shown in Southern Pacific. The advance in Union Pacific can be easily accounted for; the advance in Harriman securities since last December amounts to over one hundred million dollars; the greater part of this fabulous amount may be accredited to Union Pacific. It is quite evident a distribution plan of some kind is not far distant. It is claimed on good authority that the Union Pacific Company's income from investment holdings will pay all fixed charges and also 7 per cent on the common stock; this being the case the road has only to earn 3 per cent to pay its present dividend of 10 per cent; the surplus over and above 3 per cent will provide a grand surplus fund which sooner or later must reach stockholders. The surplus funds of railways are not idle by any means; these funds are employed in the call money market affording a handsome return for their use. It is said the Harriman properties loan more money on call than any system of railways in this country. Everything considered the Union Pacific basket is a most fortunate one. Well informed sources predict 125 for Southern Pacific Common and 200 for Union Pacific Common before January 1st. Atchison Common and preferred have been given more than usual interest of late. 91 for the common is not high for a 5 per cent stock. The reduction of its dividend from 6 per cent to 5 per cent a short time ago seems to have been a wise move. The property requires considerable expenditure in the way of betterments, which are now receiving every attention. The physical condition of the Atchison is being greatly improved; this means a reduction in operating expenses, which will later be transferred to an increased dividend and in the end will prove beneficial to stockholders. The Hill stocks appear dormant. Very little is heard of Hill or Morgan of late. It may be possible that these giants of the financial world understand each other better than the public have surmised. It would not be surprising that later on when Harriman advances his securities to prices where he is satisfied, a general bull movement will take place in the Morgan-Hill groups. In this way bankers would not be crowded for funds and the advance would require no large amount to finance. The public are not helping the upward trend of values to any great extent. While they are trading rather freely they grab quick profits and are keeping close to shore feeling that a good reaction must come before election. The fact that everybody is looking for a reaction is a pretty fair sign that it will not come. The last depression came fully one year before it was looked for, and the present advance gives every indication of continuing for a long time to come; small reactions will be seen, but it is very doubtful if more than a five point recession will be seen.

The only crop at present causing any apprehension is corn. Reports from officials of the Wabash Railway say the crop will not be over two-thirds of that of last year along their lines. The high price prevailing for corn would give color to a short crop prospect. Wheat, oats, and many other crops are harvested and are bountiful notwithstanding cereal prices promise to be high this crop year. Foreign countries are: United Kingdom—Rains have fallen during the week which has interrupted the harvesting of wheat. France—The weather is very favorable for harvesting and merchants are more hopeful. Owing to the favorable weather attending harvest there is a tendency to raise estimates regarding the yield. Germany—The weather continues favorable and prospects for a good crop are maintained. Offerings of new wheat are increasing. Hungary—There are liberal offerings of new wheat which are being well absorbed. Roumania—The weather continues favorable. Russia—In the southwest there are very poor prospects of furnishing any wheat for export while in the southeast the outlook for export is more hopeful but still uncertain. In the Caucasus district the outlook for the crop is rather poor, barley fair, corn and oats good. Spain—There are some complaints being heard regarding a short crop.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Have Exchanged Peace Tokens

Mr. Simpkins and Mr. Scott, whose fistic eloquence at a Burlingame club dinner has been banged about in the press, celebrated their love feast in a jewelry shop, where each purchased for the other a handsome token of an affection that could not be shivered into bits by a lumbering old chair or the flash of a knife. That their friendship did not run amuck is not so surprising to those who know the position Harry Simpkins occupies in the home of Henry T. Scott. He is like an elder brother to the Scott boys, and brotherly love can stand indignities that less fraternal affection would resent. Through his intimacy with the Scotts and the Walter Martins he has often been elected as an escort for Miss Jennie Crocker and those who compute matrimonial chances by straws have wondered whether Mr. Simpkins was a suitor in disguise. But I am told that Miss Crocker also regards him as a brother of the family, and so, occasionally, shows him special favor—as when she invited him to be a member of the little party that she took to Mexico last year in her private car.



Scharz, Photo, Oakland. MISS ALICE SMYTHE.

Miss Smythe is the youngest daughter of Mrs. M. E. Smythe of San Lorenzo. She will be married to Mr. Edwin Smith in her mother's beautiful home September 9th.

Injured Cupid's Chances

However, in spite of the billing and cooing of the facetious combatants there appears to be a serious side to the affair. It is whispered that young Scott had been paying attention to a charming young woman, who is a particular protege of his mother's. All the family were keeping their fingers crossed for luck, for it has happened in the past that Harry's flights of fancy have not always been steered according to maternal ideas of dirigible balloons with Cupid at the engine. But this time everything was rippling along as smooth as a summer sky, when Harry was impelled to pull a chair out from under Simpkins, polish up the floor with him in an effort to earn the title of "the great beeg Sylvestre," and incidentally shock the young lady who is something of a stickler for the proprieties. It would appear that somebody besides Simpkins went keplunk! in that notorious chair pulling match!

New Plans of the de Youngs

Miss Helen de Young has joined the Wellington Gregg party and with her fiance, Mr. George Cameron, and the Greggs, is making an automobile tour of the chateau country. The latest letters from Miss de Young refute the possibility of a marriage abroad and present plans focus on a big house wedding in November. The wedding gowns of both Helen and Constance de Young have already been delivered by the Paris house to whom the order was given.

Break in the Family

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has been entertaining a houseful of children this summer, with the list headed by her two grandchildren, her grand nieces and nephews and the children of several friends. She is very fond of children and loves to play the piano for their after-dinner frolic, though she does not profess to be a musician. Mrs. Leonard (Agnes Lane) and her handsome little son, who have been with "Aunt Phoebe" all summer, have taken apartments at the St. Xavier for the winter. Mrs. Hearst bitterly opposed the marriage of her niece to the dashing young New Yorker, and unfortunately the marriage fulfilled her uneasy expectations. While there has not been a divorce the separation is said to be final and the sympathies of the husband's family are all with the charming young wife.

Fragment of conversation overheard in the lobby of Del Monte last Saturday evening:

Mr. Willis Polk—"I don't have to be polite to you, do I, Mrs. Alexander?"

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander—"Oh, no, Mr. Polk, just be natural."

Trying to Patch Up Peace

A persistent rumor has been scurrying through the highways and byways and dodging under the legs of sociable tea tables to the effect that the papers in the Gaston Ashe divorce case may be withdrawn and a reconciliation follow. But the various members of the Ashe clan assert that there is absolutely no foundation in this rumor, as a legal separation is inevitable. Miss Elizabeth Ashe, who is the head of the Telegraph Hill neighborhood club, and in her settlement work has often been called upon to patch up peace in a family jarred by something besides Gray Bros. blasting, used her specialized knowledge in her brother's family, but it was the old story of the prophet abroad. No amount of family persuasion and interference has availed.

Madame Bolado a Famous Hostess

I am told that Tres Pinos, the family holding of the Bolado family, to which Mrs. Ashe belongs, may be put on the market. Much of the early day history of California

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is rooted on this large Spanish grant. During the lifetime of Madame Bolado it was a gathering place for all the distinguished people who came to California. Mrs. Gaston Ashe's mother was one of the remarkable women who earned a reputation for the girl of the Golden West. She was beautiful in a petite, delicate way and possessed besides a charm of mind that even in her invalid days toward the close of her life drew to her men and women of broad culture. She came as near to being the inspiration of a salon as any woman in California, all the distinguished foreigners seeking out her drawing room. She was married to Senor Bolado at the precocious age of sixteen or thereabouts, and I have often heard a Frenchman who managed the largest dry goods store in the city at the time, tell how when her trousseau was purchased he



Bushnell, Photo. MISS ELLEN PAGE

Whose engagement to Dr. J. Pressley has just been announced.

imagined that it was simply an outfit for a girl who was to be sent abroad to school. Her tiny stature made her seem even younger than she was, and as it was a very handsome order, when the trousseau was sent home to the rancho the manager enclosed with his compliments the handsomest French doll in the place!

New Rumors of Orville Pratt's Wanderings

The marriage of Miss Emily Wilson and Orville Pratt has not yet ceased to rattle the teacups. A girl who has just returned from the East insists that Mr. Pratt is not in Europe with his bride but is cooling his peripatetic heels on the Atlantic seaboard awaiting the arrival of his bride, who is in Europe with her mother. Mr. Pratt's whereabouts has kept public interest two-stepping ever since the papers tripped upon the ends of the knot so quietly and securely tied in Martinez. It was reported that he had gone East with his wife and mother-in-law on the heels of a confession of marriage and this was believed until Town Talk informed its readers that instead he was stalking the wooded slopes of Kings River Canyon with the Sierra Club. When the young man learned that his secret had had the lid wrenched off he started East, apparently determined to catch up with his bride before the honeymoon had passed the first quarter.

Early Return of the Pratts

The bavardes of the press have polished their prettiest adjectives to trim the account of the lively time this bride and groom are having motoring on the continent. And now comes a young lady who could identify pictures of Orville Pratt showing him from his choo-choo days to the hour he eloped with Miss Wilson, and she declares that she distinctly saw Mr. Pratt in New York after the date he was said to have sailed for Europe. Moreover she insists that he is still in the East, though her friends have not yet discovered her authority for such belief. It is definitely announced by the family that the young couple will return to San Francisco at the end of this month and then their curious friends will have an opportunity to prick them with interrogation and exclamation points. While it is entirely probable that Mr. Pratt was seen in New York after the sailing date credited to him, it sounds highly incredible that the young couple are still on opposite sides of the pond. The only plausible explanation would be that the young man was afraid of being scorched with a mother-in-law's righteous indignation, but even that theory looks thin and vapory to those who know Mrs. Russell Wilson and her disposition, which has a preservaline in it that keeps it sweet in any climate and under any conditions.

Aftermath of a Game of Bridge Whist

Every now and then a near-scandal peeps out from behind our fashionable bridge tables, but as yet very little explosive material has been found by the reformers compared to the highly inflammable information given out every now and then by some disgruntled player at a New York bridge fest. However, just now there is a story going the local rounds which shows the stakes played for at after-luncheon bridge are sometimes dangerously out of joint with the income of the loser. The husband of the unlucky player is spreading the story in his wrath at the high stakes indulged in by women and there are very few corners in society where the story has not trickled. The wife confessed to her husband that at a little bridge game after luncheon she lost $150 to the hostess. The hostess, in spite of this unearned increment, stood a loser in the final reckoning and she asked her debtor to pay her the $150 at once so that she could liquidate her own debts. Not having the money the guest had to confess to her husband, who sent a check to the hostess for $152.50. A query from the hostess regarding the extra $2.50 brought the reply from the caustic gentleman that the $2.50 was to pay for his wife's luncheon, and he hoped the business she was conducting would continue to thrive!

Marked by Simplicity and Sentiment

The wedding of Miss Madeline Bohrmann and Henry Clay Miller in St. John's Church, Rose Valley, last Saturday, was maked by quiet simplicity and beauty. An ideal summer day gave a picture to the surroundings which the many friends present will long cherish. Tender sentiment and kindly consideration touched everything connected with the wedding. After the ceremony the radiant bride, seated in her carriage beside the church door, shook hands and spoke with all the guests as they passed out. Among the many delightful and delighted ornaments of the charming occasion was little Miss Enid Foster, quite suffused in happiness as she drove back and

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forth in her little cart, the dignified pony a mass of fluttering white satin ribbon, while the pretty frocked little guests in the seats chattered the joy of the day with their beaming diminutive hostess.

Surprised the Groom

The decorations of the beautiful C. J. Foster home for the reception were delicately artistic. Yellow was the predominating note in the spacious living room where the bride and groom received their guests. The two dining rooms were in pink, the bride's table being in maiden hair, white tulle and manila lilies. Mr. A. A. Watkins proved a very genial toastmaster and kept the merriment spinning. Felicitous toasts were responded to by Mr. Frank Johnson, Mr. L. Beedy, Mr. Esberg and others. A pretty and very timely gift was presented by Rev. Mr. Carroll to the bride, in the shape of a handsome book in which all the guests inscribed their names. Miss Edna Davis was favored by fortune and caught the bride's bouquet amidst the laughter of the merry throng. More than the usual amusement was created when the bride and groom were showered with rice and beans, wittily suggestive of Mr. Miller's extensive dealings in that staple.

The Little Ring Bearer Ready

The arrangements are completed for the wedding of Miss Irene Van Arnsdale and Lieutenant Kurtz, U. S. N. The ceremony will take place September 16th at the residence of the bride's parents in this city, and will be witnessed by the relatives and intimate friends only. The maid of honor will be Miss Hazel Rix, who will wear a handsome empire gown of white chiffon. Miss Florence Booth and Miss Helen Sullivan, the bridesmaids, will be dressed in rare creations of delicate pink chiffon. A brother officer will attend the groom. The trousseau of the bride is said to be of extreme elegance. Mr. Van Arnsdale is the lumber king of Mendocino county; Miss Van Arnsdale is an only child. Lieutenant Kurtz is at present stationed at Yuerba Buena Island.

Invitations Out for the Wedding

Mr. Nathaniel Jones Brittan has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Natalie Theodora, to Ernest Williams Hewson. The ceremony will be performed on September 12th at nine o'clock, in the Peninsular Hotel, San Mateo. The couple will leave for China to be gone one year or more. Miss Brittan is the twin sister of Miss Belle Brittan, and sister of Mrs. Kendall, formerly Carmelita Brittan, whose marriage took place last year. The late Mrs. Bullock, of Redwood City, was the mother of these interesting girls. Mrs. Bullock was Miss Isabel Fallon, the beautiful daughter of the late Thomas Fallon of San Jose. She was married to the father of these charming girls when in her early teens. The match proved unhappy; there was a divorce and subsequently she married the district attorney of Redwood City, a marriage which proved ideal. Mrs. Bullock lived less than a year after her second marriage.

New Feature for the Wedding

The wedding of Miss Alice Smythe, the youngest daughter of Mrs. M. E. Smythe, of San Lorenzo, and Edwin Smith, of Oakland, will take place at the beautiful old home of the bride's mother in San Lorenzo, September 9th. It will be a large and elaborate affair. A feature of the wedding will be the leading of the bridal procession by the members of a sewing club to which Miss Smythe belongs. The following named ladies will join the procession and will sing the wedding song from "Lohengrin": Mrs. H. J. Lackey, Mrs. Harry Anderson, Miss Eda Curtts, Miss Abba Sanborn, Mrs. John L. Reed, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. William MacDonald, Mrs. Beach Dean, Miss Katherine Gray and Miss Agnes Thompson. The beautiful gowns of these ten lovely singers are of light blue rainbow shades. Miss Elsie Smythe will attend her sister as maid of honor. A little nephew, Harry Smythe, Jr., will be the ring bearer. The groom is a member of the firm of Leet & Co., of Oakland. Dr. F. H. Frenzel, of Berkeley, will attend the groom as best man. Rev. Alexander Allen of St. Paul's Church, Oakland, will perform the ceremony. Upon the return of the bride and groom they will reside on Grand avenue, Oakland, in the beautiful home the groom has just built.

Ready for the Big Tennis Tournament

The benches about the fine bitumen tennis courts of the Hotel Del Monte will be crowded with sightseers this coming two weeks. For there the match play for the tennis championship of the Pacific Coast will be held. Maurice McLaughlin, who now holds the title, will be called upon to defend the same from the winner of the men's singles. In like manner Miss Florence Sutton, the present woman champion of the Pacific Coast, must meet those who win in the women's singles. Mr. McLaughlin and George Jones will play the winners of the men's doubles for the title they now hold, as will Mrs. B. O. Bruce and Miss Florence Sutton, who won the women's doubles against all comers in 1907. Robert Strachan, the boy wonder who made such an excellent showing at Santa Barbara earlier in the season, will also be ready to meet all comers in his junior class. Against these present champions will come some of the best players in the country. May Sutton, the former champion, has de-



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cided to attempt to wrest the honors from her sister. Nathan W. Niles, the tennis champion of Harvard; Wallace F. Johnson, interscholastic champion of the Eastern States; Irving C. Wright, brother of Beals Wright, the present world's champion, will all be there. As all of these and the local players are so well known an exciting contest is promised. The trophies are more numerous and attractive than have hitherto been offered. From present indications this will be the biggest and best tennis meeting that has been held this season.

Enjoying Monterey Bay

My Pacific Grove correspondent writes that among interesting people who have been spending the summer here are, Professor P. E. Davidson of Stanford University and his sisters, Miss Davidson and Mrs. E. A. Weiley of Los Angeles. Professor Loeb of Berkeley and Professor Kuntz of Berlin are registered at the Hotel. Professor Kuntz is a former instructor of Professor Loeb. Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLellan of Mill Valley are enjoying a week's stay in Pacific Grove. Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse of New York have taken a cottage in the Grove pending the building of a home in the San Joaquin Valley. Mr. Morse has charge of John Hays Hammond's interests in Visalia and expects to spend several years on the Coast. Mrs. Morse is a great friend of Miss Jennie Crocker and spends much of her time with her at Del Monte. J. L. Gillis, State Librarian, Mrs. Gillis and the Misses Gillis have been spending the summer at the Hotel. Others here are, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crane, who motored from Turlock during the week; Mrs. C. T. Hastings and Miss Hastings of San Francisco; Mrs. C. B. Shaver and Miss Shaver of Fresno, who are here for an indefinite stay and have with them Miss Clark of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Byers of Kansas City and Mr. and Mrs R. V. Hall of Hanford.

Quietly Married

Mrs. Emily Eaton was quietly married to Dr. Harry S. Moore, this week. Mrs. Eaton was the widow of Lloyd Eaton, who died several years ago in Nome, Alaska, leaving a daughter now about ten years old. Dr. Moore is the last of a group of well known bachelors of a few years ago who kept attractive social quarters in Pacific Street.

Camping in the Back Yard

The Will Tevises, the Mountford Wilsons, the Henry T. Scotts, and other jolly families of out-door lovers in their set, are having a lively summer time on the picturesque shores of Lake Tahoe. The walls of the Will Tevis cottage are fairly bulging with the house guests he has managed to cram within its doors. The Mountford Wilsons are enthusiastic campers but they insist on getting all the fresh air that is coming to them on a summer outing, so they pre-empted quarters in the Tevis back-yard and raised their own tents, Arab like, in the free Sierra breezes. The Henry T. Scotts are bunking with them as their guests. Henry T. Scott acquired the bunking habit when he was building men-of-war for Uncle Sam, but he is only exercising it now on summer holidays, or when he is trying to bunko Mountford Wilson out of doing his share of the camp work. Aside from the growls of the three blooded watch dogs there is little kicking going on in the camp, considering Mountford Wilson is bossing it and Will Tevis is exercising his proprietary rights over his own back yard. Peace perches there beside the slumbering watch dogs for the jolly and artful campers spend the most of their time on inviting mountain walks or visiting friends in more convenient camps where the cuisine seems to work easier.

Out Door Sports at Del Monte

From Monterey I learn that the outdoor show of the Del Monte Kennel Club had two days marked by ideal mid-summer weather. Friday and Saturday of last week brought blue skies and gentle breezes and the spectators, in their dainty lingerie frocks and bright hued parasols made a very pretty picture as they sat under the green trees around the judges platforms while the dogs of every variety of hair were made to trot around at their very best. Mrs. Charles B. Alexander was an interested onlooker, especially while her niece, Miss Jennie Crocker led out her famous Boston terriers which she did as she does everything elsewithout a trace of self-consciousness. Mrs. Alexander wore a handsome white lace gown with a picture hat and looked the typical New York woman. Mrs. William H. Crocker was also among the spectators becomingly attired in black and white. The youngest Crocker girl is going to be a beauty if she fulfills the promise of her childhood. She is eleven, a decided brunette with the lustrous black eyes and brilliant coloring that distinguished her mother when she was young. Mrs. Nat T. Messer was the object of many admiring eyes as

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she watched the judging from an elevated position. She wore white with a very fetching Charlotte Corday hat shading her pretty brown eyes. She had with her Miss Marjorie Shepard, one of the most attractive of next winter's debutantes and for whom much popularity is prophesied, and Miss Elsa Draper, both of whose canine pets were cup winners. Miss Gertrude Jolliffe in all white and a huge hat and Mrs. Charles B. Wingate, Mrs. Orestes Pierce and Mrs. Wickham Havens were also among the interested spectators. Now that the dog show is a thing of the past, everyone's interest is centered in the golf tournament, in which many of the best players of the State will compete. There are dozens of stunningly handsome cups and trophies on exhibition at the hotel for the handicap match play, for the runners-up, mixed foursomes and the consolation handicaps for both men and women. Among those who have arrived at the Hotel for the golf tournament are, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Mumford ,Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Stafford, Colin Stewart, S. G Dunham of Pasadena, R. Y. Hayne of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley of Cincinnati, P. W. Seeley and Miss Jane Seeley of Menlo Park, J. A. Lindsay of Victoria, B. C., Miss Chesebrough, H. B. Wrenn of Chicago, and Rev. David M. Crabtree, who has come up from Southern California to take part in the play. Mr. Crabtree is very liberal in his views. He is not adverse to smoking nor does he disapprove of bridge as was attested last week when he substituted for his wife at a ladies card party given in Pacific Grove. Although he was the only gentleman present he seemed to enjoy the experience.

In the Social Spotlight

Miss Gussie Foute is the guest of Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at Stag's Leap for the next ten days. During her stay Mrs. Chase will entertain several young gentlemen, among them Mr. Gring and Mr. Clifford.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Dollie Bainbridge Tarpey and J. Pauling Edwards at the Fairmont Hotel on the evening of Wednesday, September 9th, at 9 o'clock.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Ellen Page and Dr. J. Pressley, whose engagement has just been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, Miss Harriet, Miss Janetta and Miss Mary, will leave next Tuesday morning for their New York home.

Mrs. Marguerite Hanford will be the hostess at a large dinner at the Fairmont next week in honor of Mrs. Linda Bryan and Mr. P. C. Hale.

Miss Lillie Lawlor left this week en route to London, where she will visit Miss Foulkes at her charming home, Abbey Lodge. Later she will go to Paris and return to her New York apartments in November.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Weir, who have been spending the summer at their beautiful country home in Fair Oaks, will return to town for the winter November 1st and reside at the residence of William F. Whittier, Sr.

Mrs. Camillo Martin, Miss Mamie Hyde and Mrs. A. Garceau will spend the winter in Egypt.

Miss Margaret Newhall has joined her mother at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Miss Florence Dunham is at Inverness, the guest of Mrs. Simmons.

The art colony, which has long been waiting for the completion of Charles Rollo Peter's Nocturne, will have an opportunity to admire it this week. It is expected that by next Friday the canvas will be in the panel over the big fireplace in the St. Francis lobby. In such a position it will, in a measure, represent California art to foreign and eastern travellers, so local connoisseurs are taking an unusual amount of interest in its appearance.

Frank S. Hall and H. R. Putnam, of the Muraine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, are spending the season visiting the prominent scenic places along the Pacific Coast. Last Friday they left for Del Monte to enjoy the notable "season of outdoor sports" under the famous Monterey oaks. From Del Monte the travelers will go to Los Angeles, where they will visit the most attractive of the southern resorts. This is Mr. Hall's third trip "seeing California," and he declares that each visit only fires his appetite to view more of the picturesque beauties of the State.

The Latin Quarter is again the scene of the old-time gayeties of care free bohemia. Many of the sculptors, artists and designers are foregathering at the old Latin Hall as in the blithesome days before the fire.

Madam Olga will hold her regular fall opening, September 4th, 5th and 6th, at 1703 California street, when she will display her latest and smartest millinery creations in exclusive models direct from Paris.

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Soup

Cream of Onion — Consomme

Entrees

Tenderloin of Sole, Tartar Sauce — Salmon Trout, Maitre d'Hotel
Pot Roast with Noodles — Sheep's Feet Spanish
Vienna Schnitzel, Tomato Sauce — Leg of Lamb with Spanish
Tagliarini and Cheese — Roast Beef, auJus

Dessert

Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
Swiss Cheese — Roquefort Cheese — Brie Cheese

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NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

Mrs. Drury Malone and Miss Ethel Malone, who have been spending the past two years abroad, will sail for home October 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden will not return to town from Santa Barbara before the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury have gone on an extended automobile hunting and fishing trip through the McCloud river country.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin are at Shasta for the month of September.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has taken apartments at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Maurer are back in their Berkeley home after an extended trip through the picturesque corners of old Mexico.

Mrs. Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, plan to spend the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Martin will leave for a trip abroad early in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Pond and Miss McNeil have taken apartments at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hoffman of Oakland are visiting the Waterhouses in Bolinas.

Miss Lola Harris left for New York on Saturday last to join her sister, Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop. Later Miss Harris will go abroad for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. O. A. Hale and Miss Clarisse Hale will leave early in the fall on a tour abroad of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell will leave in the fall on an Eastern trip of some months.

Mrs. Du Bois and her daughters, the Misses Du Bois, have taken apartments at the Hillcrest.

Mrs. Harold Cloke, who came to California on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley, will leave September 7th to join her husband, Capt. Cloke, U. S. A., just ordered to Fort Williams, Me. Mrs. George Gardiner, formerly Edith Findley, who came to California with her sister, Mrs. Cloke, will leave the same day for her home in Boston. Mr. Gardiner has formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Findley. The Frank Findleys will leave for Boston about the same time and take up their residence there. They have rented their home in Sausalito for a term of years.

Among th recent arrivals at the Hotel Jefferson are: H. R. O'Bryan, Monterey; Mr. and Mrs. Melville Dozier, Chico; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Miller, Marysville; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Montgomery, Los Angeles; Mrs. F. S. Rice and Miss Rice, Bakersfield; C. G. Elliott and wife, Stockton; C. S. Wright, Mrs. S. E. Halsted, Mrs. A. H. Lackland, R. S. Parker, Miss G. K. Brown, Miss Florence Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Keen, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Steror, J. F. Elliott and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mill and Miss Marie Scott, Sacramento.

The pretty country home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud of Rutherford, Napa county, has been turned over to Judge and Mrs. Oliver P. Evans. Mr. and Mrs. Maud have taken possession of their house at Monterey and will remain there during the golf and tennis tournament at Del Monte.

Mrs. William P. Miller and her daughter, Miss Elna Miller, have returned to California, after a four months' tour of Old Mexico, where Mr. Miller is now located in business. After a short stay in Los Angeles visiting Miss Miller's cousins, the J. R. Millers, they will return to their home here.

The Fairmont Hotel for the past week has been the scene of the notable gatherings of the National Convention of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae which met for the first time in the West. The Association is composed of the graduates of the various womens' colleges and among the delegates present were women from nearly every college in the land. At the reception Monday night more than eight hundred guests were present and listened with interest to the speeches by Miss Helen Wooster Peckham of San Jose, President of the local organization; Mrs. Cheney, First Vice President of the National Association; Mayor Taylor of San Francisco and Miss Laura Drake Gill of Washington, D. C., the President of the Alumnae. Teas, auto rides and other social entertainments sprinkled the meetings during the rest of the week.

The Del Monte Golf Tournament

With a record-breaking start of over a half hundred entries the Del Monte Golf Tournament began last Monday. As the entry list for each day's play does not close until 6 P. M. of the preceding day this banner count will be probably more than doubled before the week's play is over. The principal feature of the tournament was the Del Monte Handicap Cup, which is open for play by any amateur in either the men's or women's classes. Consolation prizes and trophies were also offered for those who qualified but did not reach the finals in the cup play. At the time this paper goes to press no records are obtainable but it is safe to predict that with the array of expert players on the course many new scores have been made and not a few records broken during the week.

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Stage

Excellent Novelties at the Orpheum

The bill at the Orpheum this week is one of the old-time favorite kind, plentifully besprinkled with high-class turns, which leads from something good to something better. It tickles the fancy of the discriminating patrons, for none of them, be he ever so jaded, slips away before the drop of the final curtain. There is a nice balancing of all those happy acts in "street musicians," "mystics," "playlets," "character singing," "renowned gymnasts," "comedy divertisements," "sextet successes" and other acts, dubbed into publicity by the hustling press agent, to pad a half dozen ordinary vaudeville shows. The sketch this week is furnished by Edna Phillips, a newcomer on the circuit, but a capable young actress who will make her mark in this line, if conscientious work, energy and a quick sense of the physical presentation of the lines count for anything. The acting of her playlet, "Lost—A Kiss in Central Park," hinges on the two ideas that "her Jack" stole a kiss from her in the park on the same evening that her lively maid slipped away to the French ball and lost one of her mistress' diamond garters. In a merry mood Henrietta, in order to show Jack that she is not so angry over the stolen kiss as she pretended to be, advertises in a morning paper for the "lost" kiss and signs "Honey." The greatly distressed maid advertises for the garter in the same column and signs the same name. That kisses and garters do not always sail the amorous seas of life amicably together is quickly developed in the action. There is a lunatic asylum near by the "honey" domicile, one of the inmates gets mixed up with the garter and the kiss, and thereafter it appears very much as if Jack and the rest of the characters were in a "dippy house." The wild confusion that follows appals even the lunatic. Of course the kiss and garter eventually reach their rightful owner. The action is wildly hilarious and "by those who like this sort of thing this sort of thing is liked." The Wilson Brothers yodel, sing and "josh" their way into the approval of the audience. They concoct a German dialect of their own manufacture and the brand produces spontaneous laughter. The Grassys are new faces in local vaudeville and won a place for themselves with their clever and surprising novelties in mimicry, balancing and eccentric music making. Very finished and skillful accordeon playing is contributed by Dolesch and Zillbauer, Viennese street musicians. Carter and Bluford furnish some ingenious character songs decorated with their own appropriate stage settings. Good as their stunts are they are not the best to be had of these artists, as the act does not furnish opportunities for their unusual singing and dancing talents. In the gymnast line the Four Baltus surpass anything ever seen here. The strong man of the quartet is a modern Hercules, a marvel in the way he picks up his fellows and holds aloft their stiffened forms by the exercise of sheer muscle. Those clever youngsters Eugene and Willie Howard exude so much fun and wit as "The Hebrew Messenger Boy and the Thespian" that the management has kept them going churning out new laughs. The lads are versatile, sophisticated, make their fine points with good judgment and sing with a youthful vim and spirit to rouse the enthusiasm of the old stagers in the house. Classy and distinctly by themselves are the De Haven Sextet in their dancing operetta, "The Understudy." It is a finished act of excellent singing and dancing that might have been lifted from the latest Broadway success and transferred to the Orpheum. The stage set is a picture, the girls are pretty, chic, handsomely costumed and sing and dance with a dash and go that is inspiriting. Sydney Gibson, the sole man in the group, contributes several new songs in a cleverly entertaining way.

RAYMOND STOCK.

——"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes."
Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes.

New Theatre Opens Here

The new Valencia Theatre, on Valencia street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, will be formally opened Saturday night, September 12th, with a high-class stock company headed by Robert Warwick and Miss Willette Kershaw. The opening production will be "The Great Ruby," a play originally presented with great success in London, by Cecil Raleigh. There will be a company of thirty-five associate players, and the claim is made that the Valencia stock company will soon be recognized as the strongest and best stock company ever seen in San Francisco. Mr. Warwick is well known as a leading man who has been identified with the successes of many stars. while Miss Kershaw is an extremely beautiful young woman, who is credited with scoring many successes in the East. Sedley Brown will be the stage director of the new house. The Valencia Theatre is said to be one of the most beautiful playhouses in the West. It is strictly fireproof, handsomely decorated, and has a seating capacity of 1,700. The dressing rooms are marvels of comfort for the players, with hot and cold water in each room. Brussells carpets on the floors, and all the modern improvements. Many surprises are promised for the opening night, which is expected to prove something of a stellar event in the theatrical history of San Francisco.

Success of "The Man of the Hour"

"The Man of the Hour" continues to draw large audiences at the Van Ness Theater, where it will remain the attraction for a third and last week, commencing with the special holiday matinee on Labor Day, Monday, September 7th. This matinee will



CYRIL SCOTT
Now appearing in "The Man of the Hour" at the Van Ness Theatre.

be given at special prices. "The Man of the Hour" has attained one of the greatest successes of any modern American production. It is a powerful play, each one of the four acts being crowded with interesting moments. The story of "push" politics is interspersed with a pretty love interest and the comedy, furnished in the main by the character of Alderman Phelan, is also well placed. Cyril Scott and the other members of the cast are all capable people. The Broadhurst drama will be seen for the last time on Sunday night, September 13th.

The next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre will be the musical play, "The Girl Question." It comes here after a run of over three hundred consecutive performances in Chicago. A splendid cast of musical comedy people, headed by Paul Nicholson, will appear, surrounded by a chorus which entitles it to be called the girliest of girl shows. Seats for "The Girl Question" will be on sale Thursday.

The Warfield Season at the Alcazar

When he makes his first entrance in "The Music Master" at the Alcazar next Monday evening David Warfield will face an audience of his townsfolk for the first time since he closed his memorable engagement in "The Auctioneer" eight years ago at the old Columbia Theatre. That was such a wonderful attraction that the playhouse could not accommodate one-half the number of people who sought admission during its two weeks stay, and the situation promises to be the same at the Alcazar next week. In the history of San Francisco theatricals there has never been so great an advance demand for tickets as that which has assailed the Alcazar box office since Mr. Warfield's coming season was first announced. Perhaps no figure in native drama has left such an impressively beautiful memory in the American mind as Warfield's superbly artistic and marvelously human creation. Herr von Barwig, the music master, a character symbolizing the kind of love that knits humanity, makes religions and brings its own reward of happiness. It is a character into which the dramatist, the philosopher, the poet and the actor have breathed life. It is a character and interpretation that teach the philosophy and beauty of love as sincerely as, and much more poignantly than the greatest essays of the world's great teachers. Warfield reaches the mind by way of the heart, opening up the fundamental well-springs of our emotions and lodging finally in the goal of our reason. According to the long-established Belasco custom, Mr. Warfield will bring with him the splendid supporting company that assisted in his New York success. David Belasco never lowers the artistic standard of his companies when he sends them "on the road." Usually they are the same actors who created their respective roles, but if occasionally circumstances do not permit of this, in every case the substitute is as good as, or better than, the originator. Mr. Warfield has in support some of the original members of "The Auctioneer" company, and, in almost every instance, those who will appear in "The Music Master" at the Alcazar are of the personnel that acted in the New York premiere five years ago. "The Music Master" is announced to run two weeks and will be followed by Mr. Warfield's latest success, "A Grand Army Man."

Another Success at the Princess

Ferris Hartman will conclude his successful run in "The Toy Maker" this Sunday night. At a special matinee next Monday, Labor Day, the delightful musical eccentricity, "The Wizard of the Nile" will be superbly presented with magnificent and picturesque oriental scenery and costumes and a splendid cast, the chief feature of which will be Mr. Hartman in his inimitable role of Kibosh, a Persian magician making a professional tour of Egypt. It was in this role that Mr. Hartman achieved one of the most brilliant successes of his career at the Tivoli. One of the chief attractions of "The Wizard of the Nile" will be the first appearance at this theatre of the gifted young prima donna, Miss Sybil Page, who as the Princess Cleopatra will be afforded abundant opportunity to distinguish herself. Zoe Barnett is happily cast as Abydos, the magician's apprentice, and Sarah Edwards will have great lyric and dramatic opportunity as Simoona. Arthur Cunningham will be Cheops, the royal weather bureau, and Wallace Brownlow, Ptarmigan. The other characters will be cast very strongly.

High-Class Vaudeville at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week, like good wine needs no bush, for it contains some of the very best acts in vaudeville. The Trapnell family of acrobats, who will make their first appearance in this city, are something out of the ordinary. The troupe consists of three women, a man and a youth. All their evolutions are performed with great agility and grace. They were a great sensation in Europe and in the East. The great charm of the performance of the Trapnell Family is its complete novelty. Amelia Summerville, who will make her first appearance at the Orpheum, is one of the cleverest and most popular musical comedy actresses in this country and her vaudeville debut is sure to be an event of more than ordinary interest. She will present a clever musical monologue, entitled, "Mrs. Get-Rich-Quick's Supper Party," in which she introduces impersonations of Harry Lauder, May Irwin, Eva Tanguay, Donald Brian and other stage celebrities. She will also sing "Take Me to the Ball Game," "It Looks Like a Black Night Tonight," "That Wasn't All" and other clever and amusing ditties. The three

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Holiday Matinee Monday (Labor Day) Special Prices

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

A story of Present-Day conditions by George Broadhurst.
Matinee Saturday.
September 14, the Musical Hit, "The Girl Question."

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DAVID WARFIELD and his New York Company in

THE MUSIC MASTER

A Comedy-Drama by Charles Klein. Four seasons in New York.
Prices: Evenings and Matinees, 50c to $2.00.
Matinee Saturdays. Special Admission Day Matinee Wednesday.
To be followed by Mr. Warfield's artistic triumph "A GRAND ARMY MAN," a new American play by David Belasco, Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, after one season in New York.

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Beginning Labor Day Matinee, Monday next

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AMELIA SUMMERVILLE

Who will make her first appearance at the Orpheum the week of September 7th, in the bright musical monologue, "Mrs. Get-Rich-Quick's Supper Party."

Moshers, expert cyclists and exponents of fun and skill on the wheel, will be a feature of the program. Two of the Moshers are wonderfully skilled cyclists and the third is a quaint and diverting comedian. They were a great hit at the New York Theatre Roof Garden. Fred Warren and Al Blanchard, minstrel and musical comedy stars, will contribute to the enjoyment of the performance. Next week will be the last of the Grassys, the Wilson Brothers and Carter and Bluford. Edna Phillips, who has scored a great hit in the bright little skit, "Lost—A Kiss in Central Park," will also close her engagement with this performance. A new series of motion pictures will be presented.

"Bohemian Girl" at the American

The Persse-Mason Opera Company, which has been singing Offenbach's melodious opera, "The Love Tales of Hoffmann," at the American Theater for the past two weeks, will sing Balfe's beautiful ballad opera, "The Bohemian Girl," for one week, commencing with the Sunday matinee, September 6th. No more popular opera than "The Bohemian Girl" has ever been written, and the Irish composer's great work will be revived on a most sumptuous scale by the management of the American Theater. The production will be produced under the stage direction of Mr. Charles Swickard, while the melodious music will be rendered by an augmented orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Paul Steindorff. Such numbers as "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "The Heart Bowed Down," "The Fair Land of Poland," "Then You'll Remember Me," will live as long as music itself. Edith Mason will be heard in the role of Arline, a part in which she has appeared with much success in all sections of the country. The remainder of the cast will include Thomas H. Persse, who will appear as Thaddius. Devilshoof will be in the hands of the clever comedian, Robert Lett. Charles Swickard will sing his old role of Count Arnheim. The other characters will be portrayed by Bernice Holmes, Joseph Fogarty, H. Emerson Nixon, and Mabel Goger. In addition to the regular Saturday and Sunday matinees, there will be special afternoon performances given on next Monday, (Labor Day) and Wednesday, (Admission Day).

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LARGEST AND FINEST IN THE WORLD.

Joint Concert Announced

Manager Will Greenbaum announces a joint concert by Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine, the well-known soprano, who has been living in New York for the past few years, and Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto, another Californian who has won an enviable place in the musical field of the East. Both of these artists are here visiting their families for the summer vacation and our local impressario immediately took advantage of the fact to arrange a concert in which both will appear as soloist and also sing some very beautiful duets. The affair will be given Thursday evening, October 22nd, at Christian Science Hall. The prices will be popular, viz., $1.00 and 75 cents. Seats may be reserved by mail by addressing Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

The Lloyd Scott Travel Talks

The series of illustrated "Travel-Talks" by Lloyd Scott will open Monday night, October 5th, at Christian Science Hall. The subjects will be "Egypt," "Japan," "India," "Russia" and "Ireland." The entire course will also be given at Maple Hall, Oakland, under the local direction of Mrs. Zoe Green Radcliffe.

Stage Limelight

Mme. Blanche Arral, a member of the Opera Comique of Paris, has just completed a tour of the French provinces in Java, etc. On the road home she gave concerts in Australia, meeting with a sensational success and is at present resting in Honolulu.



DAVID WARFIELD

To appear in "The Music Master" at the Alcazar, commencing Monday evening, September 7th.

She will visit this city on her way to Vancouver, but it is doubtful if any public appearances will be made, as her specialty is work with big orchestras, and San Francisco is deficient in this regard.

Louis James has secured the entire Richard Mansfield production of "Peer Gynt" and will bring it here some weeks hence. James should find the leading role in this play eminently fitted to his best style of stage work. The production is said to be the most elaborate ever brought out by Mansfield and will be seen here in its entirety.

"Paid in Full" will be seen at the Van Ness Theater before the close of the year. It is still running to immense audiences in New York and Chicago. The other play by the author of "Paid in Full" is called "The Wolf" and is also booked for this season.

Among the early bookings for the Van Ness Theatre will be found "The Girl Question," "The Time, the Place and the Girl," Dustin Farnum; Louis James in "Peer Gynt," "Paid in Full," "The Wolf," "The Merry Widow."

Odd Things in the World

The Apaches of Big Cities

The Apache of Paris has his prototype in the London Hooligan, but the latter substitutes for the loaded firearms of the Frenchman a heavily weighted stick and a belt with a metal clasp. The assault on Sir W. S. Gilbert as he was coming home from the opera the other night has called attention to this particular type of scoundrel. Fortunately Sir William was able to frighten his assailants, but there are many who are less fortunate. So frequent have street attacks become that specially trained detectives from Scotland Yard have been assigned to these cases. It is, of course, impossible to give the number of hooligans in London, but it is estimated that there are several thousands and they are increasing daily. Detachments of this formidable army infest every district. The typical London hooligan is a short, slim youth with the alert daring look of a ferret. About his throat is invariably wound a muffler of varied hues and a cap is well pulled down over his eyes. The Silver Hatchet Gang is the title of the group which hails from Hoxton. At Islington they call themselves the Knuckledusters, at Lambeth the Girdle Gang. Then there are the Bethnal Green Boys, the Boys of Bow, the Deptford Terrors, the Hackney Bruisers, the Bermondsey Tips and the Old Ford Boys.

"Mystic Millinery" the Latest

"Mystic Millinery" is the product of a London concern which proposes to fit out its customers to suit their horoscopes instead of merely following Paris fashions. Two examples shown of mystic millinery are the Saturn Venus hat, a pretty mass of white lace and muslin trimmed with wheat ears and cornflowers, with blue tulle around the crown, and the Venus Mercury hat, carried out in pearl gray muslin trimmed with pink and blue Chinese asters with silver green foliage. The astrological experts allow the wearer of the latter to choose gray, pale blue or pale pink strings—as the stars, apparently, are not so particular about the shade of the strings.

Consoled Widows and Widowers

A curious, and we fear impertinent, Parisian statistician has been looking into the vital statistics with a view to finding out the period of time which elapses before Parisian widows and widowers remarry. He finds that out of every hundred widowers, seventy-three are remarried within the first year after the death of wife number one. Fifteen more wait until just after the end of the first year. After the lapse of six weeks more ten others get married. Only two are not to be consoled and continue in their status of widowers till the end of their lives. The gentler sex, it appears, is more constant to the memory of the dead—partly because a law forbids their remarriage until three-quarters of a year has elapsed. As soon as this prohibition ceases twenty-five per cent marry again. Fifty per cent are not in so great a hurry and wait from a year to two years after the loss of the first husband before they take a second. Eight out of every hundred wait as long as five years. As for the others who never remarry, the ungallant statistician says that most of them remain widows because their age makes it necessary.

How He Squeezed the Bank

The Bank of France is obliged by French law to replace a damaged bank note by a new one so long as the number on the old note is legible. The Matin vouches for the truth of the following story: Some years ago a clerk inherited $4,000, which he changed into twenty bank notes of $200 each. Next day he went back to the bank and handed in these notes, dirty and damaged, and obtained new notes. This he did every day except Sunday for three weeks. The matter was then reported to the governor, who sent for the clerk and inquired as to the reason for his extraordinary procedure.

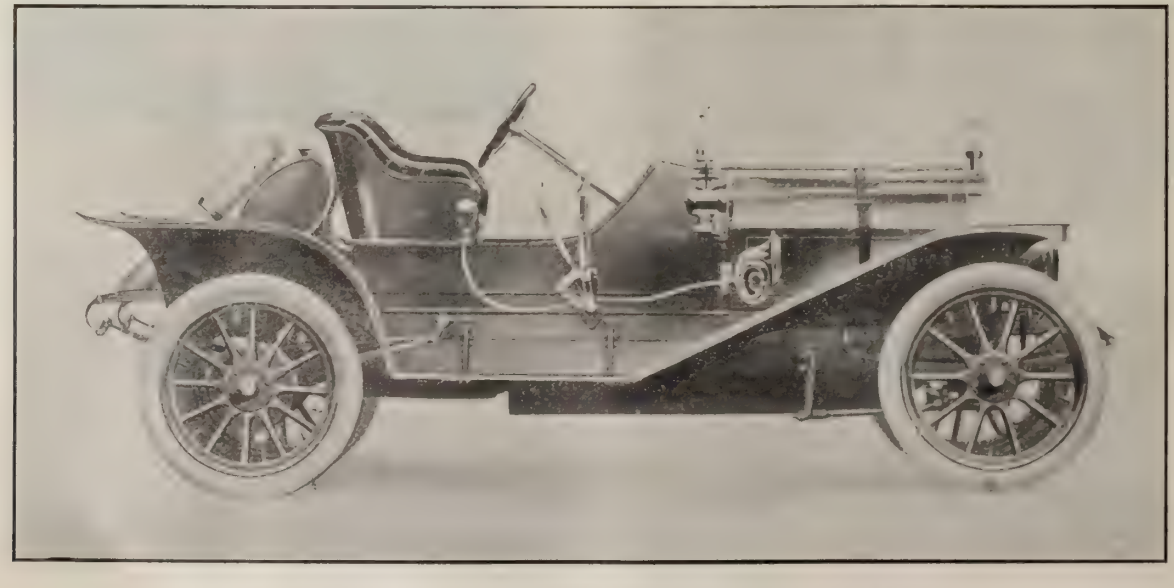
"That is my business," was the reply. "The law gives me a perfect right to exchange dirty bank notes for clean notes half a dozen times a day if I choose."

"But," said the governor, "every new bank note we give you costs us about 15 cents. You are costing us $3.00 a day."

"Exactly," replied the clerk. "I have a proposition to make to you. I will promise to cease dirtying bank notes if you will agree to pay me $2.50 per day." The bank agreed to do so and the man has been living on the proceeds ever since.

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Auto Notes

Word was received yesterday by the Pioneer Automobile Company to the effect that the demonstrating car of the new six cylinder Thomas and the new Model F. Thomas will leave the factory next week. This six cylinder is the first of the low priced Thomas cars of this type to be brought to the coast.

One of the most complete lines of motor cars to be turned out by one factory will be that of the Thomas factory next season. The Thomas' styles will run from the 6-cylinder 70 horsepower down to the 4 cylinder 16 horsepower Town cars. The 4-cylinder sixty horsepower Flyer and the new 6-cylinder 40 horse power cars will also be made in Limousine and touring car, flyabout and tourabout bodies. The first of these cars will be shipped next week.

Governor Gillett is the guest of J. M. Carson of Eureka on a fishing trip. They motored to Soule's bungalow on the Eel river in the Carson White steamer and are enjoying a number of trips about Humboldt and Mendocino counties.

J. M. McGee, a prominent attorney of Oroville, has been in town several days journeying about in his new straight-line big White steamer.

Calvin C. Eib, Vice-President of the Pioneer Automobile Company, returned yesterday from an extended trip in th southern part of the State. Mr. Eib reports the trade outlook in the interior part of the State as being promising, especially in Fresno and vicinity. "There are more large cars around Fresno than there are in Los Angeles," he said, in discussing his trip. "While the demand for small cars, such as the Chalmers-Detroit is very great, the large Thomas Flyer and touring cars of 40 h. p. are also finding plenty of buyers. I look for a good season in the interior of the State." Mr. Eib closed several contracts for the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chadbourne are touring in the southern part of the State in their big White steam car.

C. A. Long, traffic manager of the Overland Stage Company, operating an automobile stage line between Sherwood, Mendocino County, and Eureka, Humboldt County, has just made arrangements with E. P. Brinegar, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, for a shipment of Thomas Flyers, which he will put on the daily run of one hundred and five miles. In replacing the machines which he has been using for the past few months with Thomas cars, Long says that he simply wants to try one of the most powerful made cars on the market. "The cars are called upon to make the one hundred and five mile trip over the mountains daily," said Mr. Long, "and it will take the best kind of material in the automobile to stand the test. I expect to have the Thomas cars at work next week."

R. A. Smythe, the agent of White steam cars at Eureka, was in San Francisco a few days this week. He reports the outlook for the new season favorable. Smythe says the Whites he sold during the past season in that territory are all giving the best of satisfaction.

Jack Heyfer, driving a White steamer, reeled off sixty-four miles an hour over a section of the Los Angeles-Pasadena boulevard near Bairdstown one day this week. The first performance was for the purpose of testing the qualities of petrolithic pavement in resisting the suction of rubber tires. A photograph was taken of the machine in full swing, which will be sent to Walter Page, director of the good roads office of the United States. Mr. Page will be asked to include it with a number which he is going to present at the international good roads conference in Paris.

Here is an account of fast driving of early day stage coaches that will delight later day automobilists. It is taken from the Annual Register for 1816:

A new coach was started in the spring to run to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles, in six hours. ** * * This, however, became alarming, particularly in the populous neighborhood of Newington, through which it passed, and the parish officers there caused information to be laid against the drivers for driving furiously on the public road so as to endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects.

The result of this is to be read in Hansard's "Parliamentary Reports," June 10, 1816.

The Attorney-General moved for leave to bring in a bill, the object of which was the protection of the lives and limbs of his Majsty's subjects, by correcting the enormous abuses of stage coach drivers. Within these few days it would be hardly credible what a number of applications he had received on this subject. Some accounts were enough to freeze one with horror. A gentleman of veracity had informed him that on Tuesday, May 21, at half past 5, the Trafalgar and Regulator coaches set off from Manchester and got to Liverpool twenty minutes after 8, doing this journey in two hours and fifty minutes, at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

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A Case Without Precedent

(Continued from Page 10.)

backward with a blow on the chest, and broke the strong rod across his knee as though it had been a straw.

"Blind with rage, Vialli was on the point of flinging himself upon the other; but it had gone too far. The dread that had held us spellbound, passed away. A dozen, a score of men, sprang between them, I among the rest; and finding myself beside the count, I drew him away, into another room.

"He had shown admirable courage and self-control. Even now, not a tremor betrayed the frightful emotion that he must have passed through. Everyone agreed in condemning Vialli. To caluminate a lady, against whom no one had ever heard a word uttered; to defame the memory of a dead woman without the least possible excuse, and in such a place, before so many people, was too great a folly, almost a crime. 'I know that I was in the wrong,' he himself exclaimed, in the adjoining room, 'but I do not propose to accept insults tamely.' The result was that, being unable to induce any of those present to serve him as seconds, he was forced to seek them from outside.

"The count, for his part, begged with a calm courtesy to give him my services for the occasion, referring me to the Baron Narconi as his other witness. 'Accept any conditions,' he said; 'my only wish is to have an early meeting. Not later than tomorrow, if possible,' and with these words he left me. And so it was arranged for eight o'clock the next morning.

"That same evening I left a note with the count's doorkeeper, and in the morning at seven, I called at his home, accompanied by the Baron Narconi. We were shown into his study, while a servant went to announce us. We waited and we waited; no one came. A clock in the neighborhood struck the first quarter after seven; and still no one came. It is hard to give you an idea of the embarrassment in which this extraordinary state of things placed us.

"We were finally driven to do something definite; I reached for the button of the electric bell and rang it. The same servant reappeared. 'Did you tell the count that we were here?' 'Yes, sir, .' 'Then speak to him again, and say that there is no time to lose.'

"A few minutes later the door opened and the count appeared. He came forward slowly; and in a ceremonious tone, as though speaking to strangers, asked us: 'In what way can I serve you, gentlemen?' I will not waste time trying to give you an idea of our stupefaction, for it already verged upon contempt. 'Pardon me,' I said,' 'but I wrote you last night that the meeting was arranged for this morning, at eight.' 'Ah!' he rejoined, and he seemed to descend from the clouds. He still wore the clothes of the night before, the same rumpled shirt; it was evident that he had kept them on all night. 'Everything is ready,' the baron told him, 'and it is now half past seven.' The count passed his hand across his brow: 'Well, do we need to go?' Imagine our sensations!

"In the carriage no one spoke a word. The count gazed out at the flitting panorama, but his right arm was trembling where it lay, thrust into the breast of his coat. I began to feel a lively anxiety. What had gone before made me fear that worse was yet to come, after we should reach the dueling grounds. My principal was afraid to fight; that was the conviction that had been borne in upon me, in spite of the dramatic scene we had witnessed the night before.

"We reached our goal. It was a princely villa, within the court of which, sheltered from prying eyes, the encounter was to take place. The encounter! But Count Von Bauern seemed to be in a mood for anything else on earth sooner than fighting. He was gazing off into the distance, holding his head between his hands, plucking the leaves from the shrubs—and shivering.

"Notwithstanding the time we had lost, we were the first on the grounds. We heard a carriage drive up; our doctor had come. A few minutes later the others all arrived. After greeting them I turned to look for the count. He had disappeared! He had passed beyond the limits of the court, and was leaning against the iron railing, down in one corner of the garden. I went up to him and led him back, saying with an emphasis that seemed to me only too well justified: 'I hope, count, that you are not going to lose your presence of mind.' The others also came forward. Then, as Count Von Bauern's glance fell upon Vialli, he burst into a peal of laughter——.

"To convey the impression which that peal of laughter made among us all is impossible; an unforseen clap of thunder from a clear sky could have produced nothing like it. But a ray like a lightning flash suddenly illumined my mind, and I sprang forward toward the count. Our doctor had, however, forstalled me. Stopping me with a gesture, and pointing to the count's disordered features, his twitching eyelids, his lips mumbling meaningless words, he said decisively: 'This duel is impossible. The gentleman is not in possession of his mental faculties!' And suddenly, as if in confirmation of this opinion, the count violently tore away his clothes, fumbling with one hand in his breast. He was quite mad——"

"Ah, from fear?" interrupted the lawyer.

"No," answered Baldassare Gargano.

"From what, then?"

"You want to know why the Count Von Bauern had gone mad? Because the assertion Vialli had made in the billiard room was true; because Augusto Stecchi had really been the lover of the countess——"

"What!" exclaimed everyone.

"It seems impossible, doesn't it? Yet such was the case. Returning home that evening, with the terrible words still ringing

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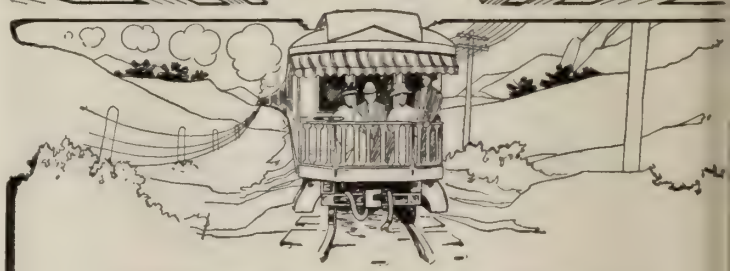
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in his ears, how must the count have felt? What gnawing suspicion had made its way into his brain? Through what insensible degrees, or by what rapid transition, did the indignation roused by the vile calumny give place to torturing doubt? What proofs, what clues, what memories rose up in his mind and took definite form? No one can ever tell. We may know only the facts; and the known facts are these: that, for the first time since the death of his wife, the count that evening entered the room formerly occupied by the dead woman, the room which had been reverently kept in precisely the same state in which she had left it. No one followed him into that room; but when we called the next morning, the servant found his master there. In that room, hidden in a tiny closet, the key to which was usually kept in the countess's work-basket, the count found the letters Augusto had written to his wife. Hundreds of letters, palpable proofs—the most eloquent, most irrefutable of proofs!—of all that Vialli had asserted. Their relations, interrupted by death, had lasted more than two years; and no one, or almost no one, had suspected it. And the widower had dedicated himself, body and soul, to the memory of that idolized wife!

"It must have been a frightful disillusion, a crushing blow. His love for the countess had been his whole life. When the living woman had been taken from him, there still remained in his heart the immaterial figure, the pure ideal; and in this worship which survived the tomb, the man still found a reason, a single reason, for living. Then came the horrible catastrophe, the profanation of a memory, the death of a faith! What more is there to say? I have given you only the results, the overthrow of his reason, following upon long hours of mental anguish, and hastened by the sight of the man who first revealed the hideous truth.

"After the doctor rendered his decision, Mendoza, his principal, exclaimed, gazing helplessly around: 'This is a case without a precedent!' I shall never forget the air of wonder, bewilderment, curiosity, indignation, incredulity that spread over his face, in the presence of that mad laughter and the physician's verdict. 'A case without a precedent!' A faith destroyed, a shattered intellect, a terrible drama played to the end in a human soul, were all reduced, in the opinion of that gentleman, to a case without precedent in the jurisprudence of chivalry."

SUMMER RESORT NOTES

The Tavern, Tamalpais: From San Francisco, Mrs. Louis Straus, Miss Emma Strauss, Miss Jessie Hannay, Miss Clara J. Nelson, Mrs. C. Dreyfuss, Mrs. N. Sutherland, Miss M. Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Brown, G. D. Smith and son, Mrs. Rose Oppenheimer, Mrs. S. B. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Doe, W. H. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Faget, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lindsey, John H. Marks, Henry B. Frank, Miss L. Brady, Miss Selma Asher, Carl Jolls, Mrs. G. W. Jolls, Mr. and Mrs. A. Petzold, Adel Petzold. From Berkeley: Mrs. W. S. Perry, Mrs. H. J. Randall, Geo. L. Bell, Mrs. N. Bell, Calvin M. Reed, E. H. Lowrey, Mrs. Harriet Lowrey, Mrs. M. B. Bennett, E. H. Main and Edith M. Dietz.

Byron Hot Springs: From San Francisco, J. W. Hamm, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gregory, Miss Mabel Gregory and S. H. Woodruff. From Oakland: Rev. J. A. Butler, Henry Abrahamson and Mrs. A. F. Folger. From Stockton: Miss H. S. Littlehale, Chas. E. Littlehale and Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Six.

L. H. Johnson, of the National Auto Company, Los Angeles, reports a case of long tire service that is worthy of mention. On May 14th, 1907, he received a 35 horsepower Triumph Roadster, fitted with 36x3½ inch Diamond tires to front and 36x4 inch Bailey tread Diamonds to rear. On August 9th, 1908, the car had been run 9,880 miles without a tire having been touched except for occasional inflation. On that date a rear casing blew out and was replaced with a new one. On August 24th, with an odometer record of 10,534 miles, a front tube went down over night and it was necessary from lack of time to run several miles on the flat tire, thus ruining both casing and tube. At this writing there are two of the original tires on the car, both in good condition and apparently good for several hundreds of miles additional service. The car has been run through sand, rocky washes and has received more than the average amount of hard usage.

Oliver Hirst, probably one of the best known rent drivers in the state, has just returned from a trip through Nevada in a Thomas Flyer touring car. Hirst reports the roads in the sagebrush country in fair shape, although his car bears evidence of the sand and dust on the trip.

THE COST OF PERFECT SERVICE

Napoleon never breakfasted at the same hour. Now he would breakfast at 7, now at 11, now at 10. Yet, whenever he rang for his breakfast a young broiled chicken was always brought immediately to him, cooked to perfection, just off the grill.

One morning Napoleon sent for his cook and said, with a pleased laugh:

"How do you manage it that, no matter when I breakfast, my chicken is always ready, done to a turn?"

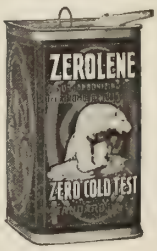
"Sire," said the cook, "every ten minutes I put a fresh chicken on to broil. Thus one is always perfectly done for you when you ring."



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Letters

A Novel Worth Reading

Professor Robert Herrick does not write a novel every week in the year, but when he does it is safe to predict that readers of others than the sensational sex will sit up and take notice. It is five years since the appearance of "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," and now we have "Together," which deals with married life as it is lived amongst the plutocracy and those aspiring to a position in the favored lists. The theme of the societl woman in what she designates "home" has been worn somewhat threadbare of late, the extravagance, the mad seeking after excitement, and the sordid end of it all, but Professor Herrick has given us a view from a different angle. It is not all bridge and cigarettes, and dinners. Neither is it all flration and divorce. Indeed divorce is hardly mentioned at all and the women are on the whole, distinctly superior in manners and morals to those who are usually put forward as the exponents of "Society." Mr. Herrick has undertaking to show, and has shown into what modern marriage has deteriorated in a society in which the man is simply the ample provided and the woman the eager disburser of the spoils of business. That it is an essentially true picture no one need attempt to deny, for it is only necessary to open our eyes and look about us and note the tendency of even moderate prosperity to confirm it. The canvas on which the picture is painted is a large one and the scene shifts from East to West, bringing in some thirty or forty characters, first and last. The central point is a certain group of young girls all educated at the same fashionable school, all in approximately the same financial circumstances and social rank, and all in time married, and the plan of the panorama is the depicting of what each has made of her marriage. These are not what is unusally denominated the smart set, with its monkey dinners and bizarre entertainments, but rather, the set up whom it is supposed that the regeneration of society must rest. They arc of those who have been educated away from the old idea that a woman should be absorbed in her husband and children, and who are alive to the privileges of "culture," and individuality. The main trouble with them is that despite their convictions to the contrary, not on of them is an individual in the larger sense of the word. They are essentially mob-minded, and their sole conception of following the dictates of their finer sensibilities consists in doing precisely what all the rest do, only a little more of it. There is a vague and hazy notion floating about in their heads that a man needs to be spurred on to his best efforts by the demands made of him on behalf of his family, so while the husbands toil at "business," which charming women are not supposed to understand, the wives virtually live apart from them, flitting from hotel to resort, from country house to city mansion, and from New York to Europe, taking all and giving nothing. They are nervous wrecks, eaten up by their selfish ekotisms. They are neither mothers, housekeepers nor mates in any sense of the word, but useless and extravagant parasites, not even ornamental, since they are eternally undergoing expensive treatments for their imaginary or self-induced woes. Mr. Herrick simply paints the picture as he sees it. He offers no solution to the problem, unless it be the suppression of the ego. Unfortunately, the whole trend of modern education is in the direction of the cultivation of egotism. The children in the public schools, from the kindergarten up are encouraged to the belief that they are each and all to become leaders, and that duty must ever give way to inclination. Eclectic courses of study, school strikes and other demonstrations of insubordination are permitted if not directly encouraged, and the consequence is peevishness, fretful, restlessness and dissatisfaction with everything that interferes with personal ease. "Together" has become a lost motive. "The old order changes, giving place"—not to new, but to disruption. The cumulaties effects of years cannot be set aside in a day. In a society where the men do all of the work and he woman all of the play, it is inevitable that the two must drift apart. We may agree or disagree with Professor Herrick's arraignment, but one cannot ignore it. Published by Macmillan.

BACK EAST CHEAP

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

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NOTICE OF SALE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR TH.. CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 1,491. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
ELIZABETH McMAHON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Walfred H. McMahon, as the Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth McMahon, deceased, will, under and as directed by an order of the above entitled Superior Court duly made, given and entered on the 20th day of August, 1908, in the matter of the estate of Elizabeth McMahon, deceased, sell at private sale for cash, ten (10) per cent thereof to be paid at the time of sale and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of the sale the following described real estate, the property of the estate of Elizabeth McMahon, deceased, to-wit: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pacific street distant thereon eighty-five (85) feet easterly from the easterly line of Taylor street; thence running easterly and along said southerly line of Pacific street twenty (20) feet; thence running at a right angle southerly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence running at a right angle westerly twenty (20) feet and thence running at a right angle northerly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches to said southerly line of Pacific street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Block No. 186.

Such sale will be made on Saturday, the 12th day of September, 1908, and bids upon said above described property will be received by me at Room 802, Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Third street and Market street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 26th, 1908.

WALFRED H. McMAHON,
Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth McMahon, Decaeesd.

EERT SCHLESINGER
Attorney for Administrator,
Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco.

HENRY P. TRICOU

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PAPER

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MEN

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15,983.

NANCY THERESA BERGEMAN-HAVERLY,
Plaintiff,

vs.

PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA send greeting to PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty towards plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,

vs.

ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and at the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,

vs.

LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR DECREE AUTHORIZING CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE AND ORDERING SERVICE OF NOTICE THEREOF.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 6228. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of H. M. Sanborn and E. M. Sanborn praying for a Decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to them certain real property belonging to said estate which said deceased had agreed to convey to them by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been filed in this Court, said real property being described as follows, to-wit: The real property known as the Dwight Way Nursery, consisting of Lots Numbers One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), Nine (9) and Ten (10), in Block Number One (1) of State University Homestead Association No. 3, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday the 21st day of September, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. in Department No. 10 of said Court at the court house of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, the administrator of the estate of William Hale, personally by delivering to him and leaving with him a certified copy of this Order at least ten days before such hearing.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this Order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published at said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated this 17th day of August, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 17, 1908. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN W. GWILT,
906 Broadway, Oakland, California,
Attorney for Petitioners.

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Deposits June 30, 1908.....$34,474,554.23
Total Assets $37,055,263.31

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The Del Monte roads are prepared expressly to offer every delight to motorists and the drives leading from the hotel are the most beautiful in the State. The model concrete-floored electric-lighted garage affords every convenience for motorists.

Vol. XVII, No. 837. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908. PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, September 12, 1908. No. 837.

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet .....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

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Rockefeller's Buried Ancestors

Speaking of the recently discovered "family tree" of John D. Rockefeller, what does it signify that the richest man in the world "can trace his lineage" back to a nobility composed largely of Rockefellers? Those noble ancestors are all quite dead, and many of them have been long forgotten. What vanity is this that induces one of an opulent posterity to dig them up and hang them on a "family tree?" Would it not have been sufficient to know that none of the ancient Rockefellers had been hanged on a gallows-tree? Alas for the instability of human desire—though we have all we need and all that is good for us, we never cease to crave for that which we have not. Rockefeller was bald and he yearned for hair; Rockefeller was only a father and he rejoiced with exceeding great joy when he was proclaimed a grandfather; Rockefeller was poor of stomach and he would then have given many millions to eat the things that are eaten by hired men and penniless tramps on the highway; Rockefeller is rich beyond the dreams of all human avarice, yet he is still possessing himself of worldly gear; Rockefeller was lacking an ancestry and he would have one whatever the cost—a noble ancestry upon which he could look back with pride from his lonely pinnacle of wealth heaped on wealth. But what does it profit Rockefeller to know that his most distant progenitors were belted knights and earls of high degree? What will it profit the dead folk of the noble house of Rockefeller? Will Rockefeller weep over the graves of his ancestors as Mark Twain wept over the grave of his most distant relation, Adam Twain? Will Rockefeller erect costly monuments to the memory of his unmonumented dead, as Carnegie erects libraries to perpetuate his own memory? We fail to discern the slightest value of this posthumous Rockefeller nobility. They cannot confer upon their rich relation any of their titles, and he cannot enrich them by giving them any of his money. But stay; there is a way out of this dark backward and abysm of Rockefeller aristocracy. Happy thought! Let us all set the lineage tracers at work on our several pedigrees with instructions to show if possible that somewhere in the misty past our family trees were branched upon the Rockefeller tree. It is certain that the last will and testament of John D. Rockefeller will contain generous bequests to all his relatives, however distant. Let us make haste while the sun shines on John. Let us search our family records in hope of finding ourselves collateral to Rockefeller. If necessary let us organize ourselves into a Rockefeller legacy trust of limited liability and unlimited possibilities. Thus will the newly discovered Rockefeller ancestry be made to assume beneficial tangibility and proper substance instead of wasting itself in crumbling urns and moss-grown tombs.

The Salome Dance

Not until the East is surfeited, or until some new appeal to the carnal appetite is invented, will the Salome dancers leg it across the Continent to San Francisco. Meanwhile we must possess our soul in patience. Perhaps the Merry Widow waltz will serve as a tidbit to titillate the palate for the feast; for this waltz, it is said, though tame and sedate in comparison with the antics of the Salome dance, is nevertheless wine to the emotions. From the newspaper descriptions of the Salome dance it is evident that for refined sensuosity it quite approximates the fantastic piece de resistance of the memorable Midway, and it is probably little more than an elaborate variation of the muscle dance which was introduced to this country by Belle Baya. As danced by Maud Allen in London the Salome dance is designed to illustrate the principal scene of the play written by Oscar Wilde which Richard Strauss converted into an opera. This is somewhat different from the dance of the Seven Veils in the opera, which was done by Olive Fremstad in New York, provoking the protest of John Pierpont Morgan's daughter, who objected principally to the lascivious manner in which the actress handled the head of St. John. At present Alice Hoffman, a chorus girl, who started her stage career at the Tivoli, is imitating Maud Allen in the East and introducing a few variations of her own. But none of the Salome dancers pretend to be giving anything that resembles the dance of the Biblical story. The nature of that dance we can but vaguely conjecture from what is known of the diversions of an epoch that was strangely fecund in curious things. Nor can we in our conjecturing imagine any kind of posturing more lewd in its suggestion than that whereby the modern Salome dancers are said to appeal to the imagination. But in this highly refined period of the world's history it is not easy to shock an audience by means of a dance. We applauded the muscle dance, we are tolerant of the most vulgar posturing of female contortionists and the provinces are now eager for the Salome dance, which is supposed to be akin to a performance that roused the jaded passions of the men of that monstrous and unnatural period when the Pantheon was a lupanar and a Ministry of Pleasure designed peculiar pastimes for the Caesars; when, according to Quintillan, the mouth did not dare describe what the eyes beheld. If the Salome dance is anything like the dance that was danced to the clashing of cymbals and the notes of lutes in the days of gigantic opulence and titanic sin, it must be very alluring and yet it can hardly be less decent than certain performances that have hitherto found favor. A faint conception of the genuine Salome dance may be formed with the assistance of Gustave Flaubert, who made an exhaustive study of the Caesarian epoch and who gives us an elaborate description in his "Herodias" of what he conceived the Salome dance to be. Flaubert tells us that Salome danced like the priestesses of the Indies, like the Nubian girls of the Cataracts and like the Bacchantes of Lydia. She threw herself in all directions like a flower tossed in a storm. Jewels flashed and leaped in her ears. "By stretching her legs apart," says Flaubert, "without bending her knees, she stooped so low that her chin touched the floor." And according to Flaubert the effect on the Roman soldiers, experts in debauchery, was worth describing, for he describes it. And he goes on: "Then she danced about Antipas's table in a frenzy of excitement,

like a witch's rhombus. Antipas called to her to come, She danced on; the dulcimers sang out as if they would burst. She threw herself on her hands, heels in the air, and thus circled the platform like a huge scarab, then stopped abruptly. Her neck and her vertebrae were at right angles. The colored skirts that enveloped her legs, falling over her shoulders like a rainbow, framed her face a cubit from the floor." It was while in this position that Salome, according to Flaubert, called for the head of Iokanann on a charger. Have we not seen worse antics on the contemparary stage?

Langdon and the Bank Cases

If a rank outsider be not barred from offering a suggestion to the august and terribly in earnest body of citizens known as the League of Justice, we herewith tender one with profound respect and assurance of esteem. It is this,—that steps be taken to prevent wholesale miscarriage of justice in the cases of the men charged with having looted the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. We realize that this is a task to try men's powers of endurance, and that might incidentally test the quality of friendship that exists between the civic patriots in the League and the tried and true political servants in the District Attorney's office, but it has our warm recommendation nevertheless. It is manifest that guilty men are getting through the meshes of the law with scandalous ease. It is evident that there is something rotten in or about our criminal courts. Where is the seat of decay? It is hardly reasonable to attribute the suspected miscarriage of justice to the monumental stupidity of District Attorney Langdon. That official is not brother to the ass in all things. In the course of his checkered political career he has exhibited the salient quality of the fox and some of the characteristics of the ant. It would be interesting to know what feelings and motives disposed him to grant J. Dalzell Brown leniency to a degree that practically amounted to immunity. Inquiry designed to elicit information with reference to the animating principle of Langdon's attitude toward Brown might produce some very good results. There ought to be some way of finding out why Brown was treated with exceptional leniency. The explanation that Brown deceived Langdon; that he promised but failed to give information which would lead to the recovery of valuable securities and facilitate the conviction of his associates, is hardly plausible. Langdon always attaches a string to his immunity contracts. There was something suspiciously facile and irregular in the handling of the Brown case. The case was rushed through with surprising celerity and Brown's word was accepted as though it were as binding as a government bond. Why was the bank looter treated with such amiable consideration? Brown, it appears, had been in the confidence and even in the affections of the cabal that directs the affairs of the District Attorney's office. It is said that he supplied this cabal with money belonging to the defrauded depositors. When arrested he employed one of the attorneys for the cabal, a man familiar with the mysterious ramifications of procedure that have been approved by Langdon. And Brown was treated like a man with friends at Court, but always ostensibly for the reason that he had volunteered to render the robbed depositors as well as the Prosecution valuable assistance. What his services to the depositors are worth the Receiver of the looted bank has told. What his services to the prosecution are worth may be judged from the acquittal of James Treadwell. As a matter of fact Brown in the role of a prosecution pet is an exhibit of great value to the defense in the bank cases. The testimony that he gives for the prosecution is of no value because the jurors understand that he is paying the price of leniency. Yet the jury in the Treadwell case has been ridiculed by the Bulletin for not finding the defendant guilty. The Bulletin being the organ of the cabal deems it advisable to mislead public opinion so that blame shall not be visited on those responsible for the maladministration of justice. And this is one of the consequences of the devious ways pursued by our District Attorney. He makes a pet of one man accused of crime and anathema of another, and it often happens that his discrimination being unwise and unjust proves advantageous to the one reserved for prosectuion. In other words, Mr. Langdon baffles justice; and to save him from being justly discredited in the eyes of the people, his sponsors and mentors inveigh against the courts, hold juries up to execration and by cunning misrepresentation seek to persuade the people that corruption is rampant and revolutionary measures are required to set the joints of the crippled times. If the League of Justice is what it purports to be; if its members are desirous of improving the administration of justice, the delinquencies of the District Attorney's office will immediately be investigated.

Ethics of the Legal Profession

In the new code of ethics of the American Bar Association the conduct of those lawyers who furnish or inspire newspaper comments concerning the cases in which they are engaged and discuss for publication the positions assumed by the respective parties and the manner in which the litigation is to be managed is condemned as a defiance of the best traditions of the legal profession and is denounced as intolerable. The chief objection to such conduct is that it tends to disqualify men for jury service. In criminal trials it is desirable to secure jurors who have not formed an opinion in reference to the guilt or innocence of the defendant. When the new code of ethics was under discussion it was said that it is the duty of every one concerned in the prosecution or defense of any case of exceptional public interest to abstain from saying anything which will tend to create a strong impression one way or the other in regard to the merits of the case in the minds of the community. This view of the matter unquestionably will be endorsed by all learned and reputable members of the legal profession. We have no hesitation in hazarding the assertion that learned and reputable members of the profession of law have never held any other view of the matter. And in this connection we will hazard the opinion that the kind of conduct which has been condemned by the American Bar Association is far

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more tolerable than the employment in a State university in the capacity of nurse to budding Blackstones and Kents of a lawyer who is ignorant of the ethics of his profession.

Consider the Pedagogue

At the State University across the bay there is employed a gentleman by the name of Boke. He is said to be a lawyer. He has concerned himself in the prosecution of men accused of crime. He has associated himself with a cabal instituted for the express purpose of procuring the conviction of men under indictment and he is now seeking to employ public sentiment as a first aid to justice. To that end he is trying to influence public sentiment, and he is using as the medium of his messages to the rabble a buccaneerish newspaper which is notoriously engaged in undermining public confidence in the courts, and which had the audacity not long ago to urge by innuendo the desirability of lynching the judges of the Court of Appeal. This instructor of youth has endorsed the conduct of a prosecuting attorney whose conception of the ethics of his profession justifies him in exhorting the populace to make manifest its indignation against men awaiting trial. With our emotions under perfect control we point to Boke, the man at whose feet the youth of the State seek edification, and we suggest that he be pondered. In Berkeley, where inferior eyes borrow their behavior from the great, is Boke the contemner of professional ethics teaching by example? This question we ask in all seriousness. There is nothing so important in this world as right thinking, and we believe that the Regents of the State University have no higher duty to perform than to see that the students thereof are not being trained to think in the Boke fashion. When a Berkeley professor was recently charged with drunkenness many good people were shocked. Great would be their indignation if they learned that the practice of any form of immorality was tolerated in the faculty, and yet, perhaps, it has not occurred to them that obliquity of moral perception in one number of the Berkeley faculty might result in far greater demoralization than the habitual transgression of the Decalogue by the whole faculty.

Where Are the Blowholes?

It is not necessary to accept Upton Sinclair as an authority on any subject before we condescend to weigh his testimony in any special case that he may present for our consideration. Mr. Sinclair has brought serious charges against the steel trust and the officials of the departments and bureaus of the national government vested with the responsibility of making our warships battle proof. It is possible that Mr. Sinclair is all wrong; it is also possible that Mr. Sinclair may be right. As the case now stands it is a question of veracity between the accused and the accuser. The indictment has been filed and Mr. Sinclair declares that he is ready to furnish the proof of his allegations. That is all that we can require of Mr. Sinclair at this time. When he has presented his evidence in full we shall expect the men whom he accuses to bring counter proofs showing that the plaintiff has no case against them, or we shall expect them to either plead guilty or offer mitigating circumstances in extenuation of their fault, neglect or crime. Mr. Sinclair has created a sensation among the overlords of commerce before this. He once worried the beef barons and compelled them to observe the common decencies of their trade. The charge that he exaggerated the conditions prevailing in the slaughter houses and packing houses of Chicago was but a weak answer to his general indictment that the product of these great food plants was unclean and in many instances unfit for human consumption. And while it may be urged that if he was guilty of exaggeration in his story of "The Jungle," it is safe to assume that he has exaggerated the facts in his story of the steel trust and its relations with the construction bureau of the navy department, still, if he proves that the material furnished by the trust was not up to standard or in accordance with the specifications, he has proved all that is necessary, and his "exaggerations," his rhetoric and his flamboyant comment will in nowise militate against the general validity

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of his accusation. But Mr. Sinclair must prove his charges. He has, in effect, not only accused the trust of the grossest of criminal frauds, but he has brought the officials of the navy department to bar upon an accusation that almost savors of high treason. If it is true that these officials accepted the armor plate made by the trust knowing it to be defective and unfit for the purpose for which it was intended, they are guilty of something worse than the crime charged against Dreyfuss. It is more heinous to send a battleship into action vulnerable to the assault of the enemy than it is to betray the secrets of that battleship's construction; it is more dastardly than to sell to a foreign foe the plans of a nation's fortifications. The American people will not believe that our ships of war are unfit for the service for which they were built until Mr. Sinclair presents proofs that cannot be denied. The American people will not condemn the officials responsible for the fighting quality of these ships until they have been convicted. But in the meantime the case is open and it is the duty of the proper authorties to order a strict and searching investigation. This the American people will demand. And those accused owe it to themselves, if innocent, to force such investigation. Charges of this character, from whatever source, are too serious to be passed over perfunctorily. Our navy is our out-bulwark against foes that would not hesitate to attack us if they were convinced that what Mr. Sinclair charges is true. And if what Mr. Sinclair has said is true the sooner we know it the sooner will we repair the defects that he has pointed out. There is not much time to be lost in attempting to save somebody from the wrath of an indignant nation. As long as there is doubt there is danger. We believe that if our navy is what we have been assured the menace of war from any quarter is a negligible quantity; but if it is not in condition to encounter any other navy on earth we may be prepared to meet trouble as soon as the fact is known to the nations whose interest it is to make war upon us.

Perspective Impressions

Whom the mob cannonades today it canonizes tomorrow.

Bryan says he was sold out in former years by traitors. Every Democrat who can't tolerate Bryan is a traitor.

In all probability Mr. Taft appreciates the self-effacement of the one big man in the Cabinet—Elihu Root.

No man deserves a good reputation who makes the acquistion of it paramount in all his actions.

President Roosevelt's vacation will come to an end on or about the 22nd. Nevertheless we are not inconsolable. There is another and longer vacation coming.

The Socialists of Glasgow started a revolution last Sunday, but were suppressed by the police. They do not know what they expected to accomplish, but they were just as enthusiastic as if they did.

Mr. Taft says he is a great lover of humor but hasn't much of it. Let us hope that he has enough to enable him to keep out of Mr. Roosevelt's footsteps.

The reaction against muckraking is finding expression in ovations to Harriman, who, judging from the enthusiasm that he has been stirring up on his tour of California and Oregon is more of a popular idol than any of the Presidential candidates.

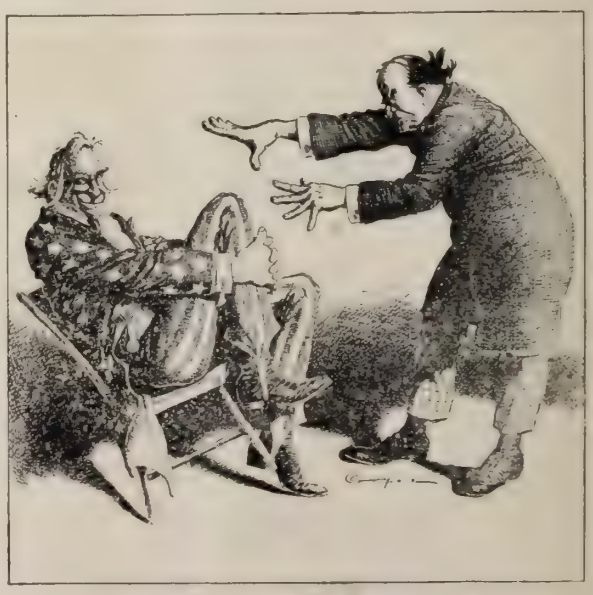
Mr. Hisgen promises to send all the trust magnates to jail as soon as he is elected. This is going some. A candidate who will not scruple at uttering such twaddle is doubtless prepared to promise anything that promises a vote.

Gavin McNab is of the opinion that Bell caused the Democratic State Convention to be held at Stockton because having spent most of his life in the shadow of the Napa Insane Asylum he deemed it imprudent to have any great change of atmosphere.



The Photographer—"How do you expect me to take a moving picture of that?"

—De Mar in the Philadelphia Record.



A DIFFICULT SUBJECT FOR THE HYPNOTIST.

—Cory in Harper's Weekly.

The Preservation of the Big Trees

By Henry Ransome

The escape of the Calaveras grove of Big Trees from the recent forest fires, with the partial loss only of that historical tree, the Mother of the Forest, was a piece of rare good fortune for picturesque California. The destruction of the grove would have been an irredeemable loss to the natural wonders of the world. The most painstaking efforts on the part of the government have failed to yield any very satisfactory results in the reproduction of those wonderful trees. Nature has guarded them from slaughter by placing them in high mountain environments where difficult accessibility protected them from the early commercial vandals till their unique attractions earned them public guardianship. Had lumbermen been able to market them at a profit they would have been sacrificed long since.

The discovery of the Calaveras grove, the first Big Trees revealed to the world, was like most discoveries, a great surprise. In the spring of 1852 A. T. Dowd, a hunter, was employed by the Union Water Company of Murphy's Camp, Calaveras county, to supply the workmen engaged on the canal with fresh meat. Dowd accordingly spent most of his time wandering about the country shooting bears, deers and other big game. One day he encountered a bear and while pursuing the animal he came across an immense tree. Lost in wonder at sight of the forest giant he forgot all about the bear. On his return to camp he told the ditch diggers of the immense tree he had seen. They laughed at him and joshed him about the "big tree yarn." He offered to lead them to it, but they refused to be "tricked." The following Sunday morning Dowd left the camp on a hunting excursion as usual. In a little while he came rushing back in great excitement. "Boys," he cried, "I've just killed the biggest grizzly I ever saw in my life. Come along and help get him into camp." It being Sunday, and a day off, they rounded up several horses and followed him. The hunter led them over several ridges, along canyons and through wild thickets and pine groves until as last they all stood before the mammoth tree he had described. Then he said: "Boys, that's the big grizzly I meant. What do you think of him?" For several hours the men discussed the new wonders. That day they found one specimen 302 feet high and 30 feet in diameter. One of the men conceived the idea of stripping off the bark of this giant and taking it East for exhibition purposes. So the tree was girdled of its bark, eighteen inches thick, to a height of thirty feet, and of course died. Eventually this bark was exhibited in England and was burned in the great Crystal Palace fire. The sight of it aroused the East and Europe to the new wonder of nature discovered in California and soon the endless lines of visitors from all the quarters of the globe set in towards the Big Tree grove.

As soon as possible the California Academy of Sciences obtained illustrative specimens of the cones and foliage and sent them to Professor Gray of Cambridge and to Dr. John Torrey of Columbia, but they were lost on the way. Famous European botanists came to California to examine the new discoveries. Dr. Lindsay of England was the first to scientifically describe the trees, December 24th, 1853, and thinking it was a new genus he named it Wellingtonia gigantea, after the Duke of Wellington, then recently deceased. Subsequently a closer analysis proved them to belong to a genus already classified and named by the famous botanist Endlicher, and known as the redwood sequoia sempervirens (the Taxodium sempervirens of Lambert). The generic similarity between the Big Tree and the redwood determines them to belong to the same genus, sequoia, the flowers and cones of each being alike except in size. There is, however, one striking difference between them; the sequoia grows from seeds; the sempervirens, or redwoods, from seeds and suckers, and mainly from the latter in native forests. Notwithstanding the striking resemblance between the two species of this genus the redwood has never been found growing in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

The sequoia was named after Sequoyah, the noted Cherokee Indian chief who lived in northern Alabama and who became famous as the inventor of an alphabet of eighty-six characters, each representing a syllable, for the purpose of supplying his tribe with a written language. Sequoyah died in 1843 at the age of seventy-three years. His intellectual and inventive phenomena exalted him as far above his own people as the lofty redwoods of the Coast Range towers above other forest trees; and this coincidence suggested to Endlicher the propriety of honorably perpetuating the name of the great chief.

The Big Trees of California do not grow in one continuous belt, like the pines and firs, for instance; but in groups, some of which, as the South Grove and the Tuolumne, are forty miles apart. Generally they rise from sheltered hollows, below the tops of ridges. There are ten of these groups, and commencing in the north, with the trees first discovered, the Calaveras grove, they run as follows: The Calaveras, South Grove, Tuolumne, Merced, Mariposa, Fresno, Dinky, King's River, New King's River and Kaweah, or Tule group. The latter being scattered over low ridges and valleys, only separated by deep canyons, for over sixty miles, and having a breadth of five miles, with a vertical range of two thousand five hundred feet, perhaps might freely be called a belt. It is estimated there are 60,000 trees in this strip, averaging about twenty to the acre. The altitude of this group, like the upper timber line of the Sierras, is more or less climatic and is regulated somewhat by latitude; for while the Calaveras group are less than five thousand feet above sea level, the Grizzly Giant in the Mariposa grove, by no means the highest in location, is nearly six thousand, and those of the Tule grove over eight thousand.

Their age is a problem. It is generally conceded by botanists that the concentric rings mark their annual growth. The distance between the rings is sometimes very marked; while some do not show more than six or eight to the inch, others will give forty. The concentric rings in the stump of one of the original Big Trees in the Calaveras grove prove its annual growth to have been more than double that of others in the same group; therefore, while intimating that it was cut down in its youth, perhaps a thousand years before it had attained its full development, it is suggestive of the possibility of many eminent scientists having been misled in the approximate age of these vegetable giants. J. M. Hutchings, the well-known Yosemite Valley pioneer, had a piece of wood taken from a decumbent tree in the Mariposa grove that averaged thirty-four rings to the inch. After examining many specimens he came to the conclusion that twenty-four rings to the inch was a fair average. Suppose the diameter of the tree was twenty-five feet, measuring from the heart to the outer edge of the sap, a distance of twelve feet six inches, would give the astonishing age of 3,600 years; and if thirty feet in diameter, as many are, the age would be 4,320 years. Before the glacial period the sequoia flourished in the temperate zones of Europe, Asia and America. Geologists say that when the ice receded just two species, the redwood and the Big Tree, survived and both grew in California alone. "Barring accidents," says John Muir, "the Big Trees seem to be immortal, being exempt from all the diseases that afflict and kill other trees. No tree has ever been found that died a

(Continued on Page 33.)

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WEDDING INVITATIONS
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The Lavender Wedlock

By Otto Julius Bierbaum

She was small and slender, with light blue eyes—the color one sometimes sees in the skies at the close of a spring day, a color that typifies much longing. And she had a gentle voice like that of a schoolgirl who quivers in fear before her teacher. Her light hair was parted in the middle and drawn smoothly over her temples. Regular were her features, clear cut and Teutonic; and her expression was spiritual in a way that is difficult to describe. It was a face that was lacking in force, but one does not take note of this shortcoming in such angel faces.

Her most wonderful trait was the way she had of opening her eyes—it bespoke a prayer to Heaven punctuated with a thousand sighs of humility. Her grandfather had summed up her character with accurate aptness. "Dear, little, stupid violet," was the term by which he addressed her until he fifteenth year; then he called her "Mlle. Violette," and finally "Mme. La Violette" when she had been married—for she herself would never have dared to marry the "young master," whom she adored, whom others admired and to whom the whole world was listening attentively.

She scarcely realized how it had all come about. Like a message of grace from Heaven it had come over her when one evening he asked her to be his wife. For answer she had cried and run out of the room into the kitchen, and there had embraced the corpulent maid, sobbing for happiness.

He had demanded her hand, and her father had found no objections, for his daughter adored this great artist who appeared as her suitor.

There was scarcely need to wait for her consent. Long before she knew him personally she had raved about him and had played all his compositions to the exclusion of all other composers. She had gazed long at his picture which appeared on the title-page, the portrait of a man from the southlands, with crisp black curls falling over his forehead, sharply curved nose, full lips and dark, glowing eyes.

Now she had become his wife; but she could scarcely accustom herself to this new station. Even on the wedding day she glanced up at him reverently, her eyes filled with the devotion of a nun.

"How wags the world with Mme. La Violette?" asked her grandfather at the wedding dinner, catching her alone for an instant.

"Oh, grandfather!" And again she wept scalding tears.

"But Violet! My dear, little, stupid violet, be sensible! You know now you are Mme. La Violette and you must realize your position. Take yourself in hand and be brave! What is the matter? You love him,-do you not?"

"Oh, tremendously!"

"Very well, then; cheer up, my violet. Don't be tearful, but take some part in the conversation. You must not spend all your time simply gazing at him. Don't shrink so, but blossom on his breast."

And then the big, dark, commanding man with the eyes of genius interrupted them.

"The little violet is still timid," pleaded her grandfather. And the genius nodded dreamily.

But in her heart echoed her grandfather's words: "Blossom on his breast!"

That she would do, embracing him tenderly like ivy clinging to the statute of a god.

At first this adoration delighted him. With silent steps his love paced the house, strewing flowers about the sacrificial altar of her god. His fount of musical creation was loosed. Every chord was rewarded with a grateful glance, every ebullition of sentiment with tender surrender. It was a journey among fragrant jasmine boughs, a clear sky overhead and balmy moss underfoot.

And he created a symphony," Violets."

From out a swaying cloud of soft tenderness he threw his harmonies to the world. And her heart was full of bliss and adoration. Her glance was directed above and she hoped to spend her whole life in an attitude of supplication.

When the symphony was completed his friends heard the work. "Far too tender, dear friend. Where is your rousing swing. What has become of your palette of tonal colors that so stirred the heart? You are degenerating into saccharine prettiness."

Everywhere the judgment was the same: "Where is the old strength? Passion is your forte. You are not composing for sentimental singing societies, so take yourself in hand, else you will turn Philistine."

And in truth this tender and perfumed music did not come from his real musical self. It was only the expression of an idyllic episode; the old spirit of daring was not in it. Then his soul began once more to be stirred by echoes of his former boldness. He banished the growing lassitude and roused himself to pursue the wild, tempestuous fantasies.

But always at his back was the rustling sound of someone hovering near.

"Rose, I beg of you, leave off your languishing ways. Don't steal about so—and this eternal gazing of yours makes me very nervous."

"Robert!"

"Please understand me; I cannot bear this everlasting tenderness. We will simply expire of love and ennui."

She started, lashed by the brutality of his words, and for the first time a look of pain appeared in her eyes.

"Do you never glow with passion. This continued melting is unbearable!"

He stormed himself out at the piano while she sat silently in a corner, listening. Then he slammed down the lid of the instrument and left the room without an adieu.

Fear clamored at her heart. The mighty chords she had heard tore her soul. But everything else disappeared when she recalled the genius of this great man.

"Blossom on his breast! Can I do more?"

He returned late, looking disheveled.

"Robert!"

"Leave me alone!"

That night she did not sleep, torn by the tortures of despair. But the next day she began again her silent adoration. The more he reveled in the innermost passion which he voiced in rushing harmonies the more she realized his greatness, his artistic manhood, and all the more she clung to him in silent, patient adoration.

He strayed farther and farther from her, until finally the thought of her was a sickening incense about him.

Several times he tried in vain to awaken her. Then he forbade her to enter his room while he played and composed. And when he grew tired of working he sought relief and relaxation—no one knew where.

She sensed the fact that his love was passing, but she was so blinded by adoration that she could not find a way to win him back. She had been created only to bloom silently at his breast, like ivy about the statue of a god. And he—he craved a woman instead of a flower.

"Is Mme. La Violette very happy?" asked her grandfather.

"Happy? Oh, tremendously so, grandfather!"

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The Spectator

Brown's Significant Curiosity

The supposition is, I am told, that J. Dalzell Brown is "broke." Whose supposition it is I don't know; nor how much fact there is to give it body. But whatever its source or its substance, it has proved to J. Dalzell Brown a very convenient supposition, for it was accepted by District Attorney Langdon and made to serve as an extenuating circumstance when the bank manager was proposed as a witness for the State. As he is "broke," some one said, it may be assumed that he did not participate in the wrecking of the bank for his own aggrandizement. But is Brown a pauper? Over in San Quentin the notion prevails that he has a large bundle of valuable securities sequestered somewhere and inaccessible to moths, creditors and rust. At San Quentin there are men versed in the ways of striped sinners, skilled in the interpretation of the moods and predilections that are engendered behind bars, and they tell me that Brown behaves very much like a man who has something better to look forward to than the carving out of a new career. They consider it luminously significant that he has a consuming passion for the quotations of the stock and bond market, and that every day he is like an opium fiend deprived of his dope until he gets hold of a daily paper containing the prices of securities. I suggested that perhaps the old habit could not be shaken off even in jail and that the banker's curiosity respecting the financial situation remained unabated even without the stimulus of personal interest. But this hypothesis was rejected by the wise ones of the penitentiary.

Nat and Maxine

Once more Nat Goodwin assures the public that Maxine Elliott is not, and does not contemplate, suing him for divorce. The veteran comedian has been denying rumors of his divorce ever since the parting of the ways which occurred in the season of 1902. In that season Maxine Elliott started out in quest of fame and fortune on her own hook, and her husband wandered through the provinces, the solitary star of his own company. Since then Maxine Elliott's professional pathway has been bordered with roses, and her husband's with thorns. In play after play the statuesque beauty triumphed, and in play after play the foremost comedian of the American stage tasted the bitter fruit of failure. What strange pranks Fate has played in the lives of these artists of the stage! When Maxine Elliott met Nat Goodwin she was Tim Frawley's "leading lady." The critics rhapsodized on her beauty and damned her talents with faint praise. In those days Goodwin was making money hand over fist. He "borrowed" Maxine from Frawley for an Australian tour and then made her his wife. Everybody said he also made her an actress. Today she is one of the queens of the American stage. The critics have praise for her beauty as well as her artistry. She has the prestige of triumphs won in English drawing rooms. She is a money-maker for managers and a fame-maker for playwrights. While Maxine has been ascending the heights Nat Goodwin has been giving an imitation of a man on the down grade.

Nat Has Been So Busy

In the first few years of their merely professional separation Goodwin and his wife took occasion at brief intervals to show that there was no foundation for the constantly recurring rumor of a domestic split. They arranged to have their pathways cross and at the crossroads they gave public exhibitions of domestic harmony. But not of late have they met. There have not even been any post-season renewals of acquaintance. But of course the breezy little comedian has been very busy of late financing his mining schemes and trying to keep in touch with his elusive leading lady. Apparently Maxine Elliott has taken no interest in these purely commercial affairs. She is attending strictly to her art, and has been denying nothing of late except the report that she has received financial backing from J. Pierpont Morgan. The New York newspapers have been anxious to know whether Mr. Morgan was financially interested in Mrs. Goodwin's new theatrical venture. Mrs. Goodwin says they are merely friends and Mr. Morgan playfully reports that his only interest lies in the prospect of getting a free pass for the opening night.

No Double Performances for Him

Unlike most of the stars of the theatrical firmament Dave Warfield, after playing his little part on the stage, modestly hides his light under a bushel. The average "eminent actor-r" as well as the average footlight divinity is as fond of acting off the stage as on, and it is the exceptional one that does not give the firstnighter a treat in some fashionable cafe after the show. Not so David Warfield. Last Monday night after he had deluged the Alcazar with the tears of a large and sympathetic audience there was a great rush for Tait's where the stars of the stage love to twinkle, and where the music master as a matter of course was expected to resume his performance. But expectations were sadly disappointed. After the show the Belasco star took to the shadows, wended his way to Fillmore street to an obscure oyster house and entered one of the box stalls in the seclusion of which he supped like an ordinary mortal.

Mrs. Hix—"I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands."

Mrs. Dix—"Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way."

Sullivan Turned Down

The turning down of Frank J. Sullivan in the Stockton convention was a great surprise to that gentleman's friends and occasioned much indignation. Up to the very moment the vote was taken Sullivan's friends were confident of victory and so great was their rage at the outcome that in impassioned language they discussed the advisability of opposing the confirmation of Mr. Sullivan's opponent. They now assert that Mr. Sullivan received very shabby treatment and they are at a loss to account for the action that was taken since, as they point out, his brother-in-law, the Hon. James D. Phelan, had so much influence in the convention that he had no difficulty in having himself chosen as elector-at-large. But there are some very shrewd politicians who say they understand perfectly why Mr. Sullivan was not nominated. They are of the opinion that Mr. Phelan understands also. According to the wise ones Mr. Sullivan has been ill requited for his self-sacrificing devotion through many years to the political interests of his ambitious relative.

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Kerr Rebuked

What a vast difference there is between the Bar Association of San Francisco and the Bar Association of Los Angeles! It is painful to some of us to realize that we must look to Los Angeles for edifying example, but every little while there occurs something to make this realization impossible of evasion. The San Francisco Bar Association, dominated by a lot of small-fry, narrow-gauged attorneys, bursting with envy, has viewed with complaisance all the scandals that have been brought upon the administration of justice by the venemous demagogues and congenital soreheads of the profession. Apparently there is not enough manhood in the whole Bar Association to protest against the howling charlantism of the Bokes, the Heneys, the Dunnes and the Kerrs. Encouraged by the indifference of the Bar Association these blatant ones have presumed to go as far as they liked, but at length a halt has been called. From Los Angeles comes the news that the gratuitous insult thrown at the Supreme Court by J. W. Kerr in his annotations to the code has excited the indignation of the Bar Association of that city. As lawyers know, upon no conceivable hypothesis can Kerr justify his presumption in working into his annotations animadversions on a decision of the Supreme Court. Aside from the execrable taste exhibited by Kerr in setting himself up as an oracle of the law, as a man more learned than all the members of the Supreme Court, he was guilty of a serious breach of the proprieties. And for that he has been rebuked by the Bar Association of Los Angeles, and the work which he has annotated has been condemned. In this connection it is worth while observing that in the bar of Los Angeles are some of the most brilliant and distinguished lawyers in California. Among them are the members of the firms of O'Melveney, Stevens & Milliken, Gibson, Trask, Dunn & Crutcher, and Shankland & Shandler, Henry T. Gage, R. F. Del Valle, E. W. Britt, Walter J. Trask, John W. Mitchell, Wheaton A. Gray and Isidor B Dockweiler.

"Would you give up your seat to a woman in a car?"
"How do I know. Never had a seat yet myself."

The Turn of the Mask

Mrs. Paul Neumann's leap into the sea from a Panama liner this week, while suffering from tropic fevers, is a sombre ending of the name of the man who, while he lived here, was the leading spirit in the golden merry-making era of the Bohemian Club. Neumann's family ties, as he often explained, were too puzzling to elucidate as a joke. He was a Jew by faith, but he did not live up to the tenets of his religion. His wife was Spanish and a devout Catholic. It was to settle up her step-father's estate that she made the recent trip to Acapulco, where the fevers fastened their grip on her. Neumann was also a staunch Mason and was buried by that order. In his day, around 1880, he was generally regarded as the maddest, merriest wag of the most care-free bohemians. Light hearted, fun loving King Kalakaua took such a strong liking to him that he made him attorney-general of Hawaii. Neumann gradually acquired a great deal of power in the little kingdom and accumulated a large estate. After the annexation he represented Queen Liliokulani at Washington and pressed her claims to the crown lands. He was credited with knowing more about the laws of Hawaii than any other man living.

How He Defeated the Opposition

In the annals of the Bohemian Club his name stands out in capitals. He was one of its earliest and most devoted members and in his day he furnished the motif of many of the club's best jokes and stories. He was its president in 1880, a period when he was also State Senator. His ultra bohemian methods led to strong opposition from conservative members. In one of the contests Mr. Josselyn, a determined and aggressive member, succeeded in stalling all Neumann's club measures for several months. Finally, one night when the session had been particularly long and the room was warm, Mr. Josselyn fell asleep, whereupon Mr. Neumann, noticing the fact, quietly called up the first of the obnoxious measures and declaring that it would be a pity to awaken his dear friend Josselyn, cast his vote for him in the affirmative. He then brought up in succession all of the other contested points, and voted Josselyn "aye" on each of them, with such success that when that gentleman was aroused at the adjournment he found that all of the measures that he had opposed were passed, and that he was on record in favor of them. Nor would the board's sense of humor permit, when Mr. Josselyn demanded it, a reconsideration.

His Intimacy with King Kalakaua

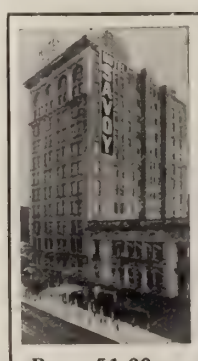
Neumann was an inveterate poker player and when he became the power behind the throne under King Kalakaua, cards became the reference books in most of the "cabinet councils" in which they were supposed to be often closeted. On one occasion the two were deep in the chips of a game when the telephone rang vigorously and an attendant summoned the king. While Kalakaua was absent Neumann figured out that the royal sport was in his debt several thousand dollars. While calculating the chances of collecting the debt the king returned, apparently very much upset. "Paul," he said, gravely, "there's a wild street brawl going on down town and it's likely to develop into a political revolution unless it is stamped out immediately. I must drop this game, get to my office, summon the heads of police, and have them suppress this outbreak." "One moment," said Neumann, just as gravely, as he stacked up the chips with great precision, "I have just figured out that you owe me $5,080. I give you timely warning that there will be a far more dangerous revolution started here instantly unless some sort of settlement is made at once." The king smiled. Then he sat down and wrote his I. O. U's for the amount and the threatened poker revolution went over till their next meeting.

"He's very sanguine."
"Always hopes for the best, eh?"
"Why, he really seems to expect it."

A Stormy Matrimonial Sea

The Dunphy family has been an inexhaustible mine of story material for the gossips and the press for a decade past. Tea parties have been given extra sessions and the newspapers extra columns through the eccentricities of the "cattle king," the settlement of the big estate, the Dunphy-Piercy marriage, the lively contest over the guardianship of their daughter Viola, the strange sleep of

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Alida Wilbur during her engagement to a Dunphy, the whims of Mrs. Dunphy, in distributing the family allowance to her children, the mystery surrounding the much-discussed engagement of Miss Jennie Dunphy and Bob Grayson, and the marital pranks of Bluff Jim Dunphy himself. Jimmy's ventures into matrimony have furnished a deal of material for the gossips and have occupied the serious attention of his family as well as the courts. His first marriage many years ago was an elopement; I belive it was a San Rafael justice who tied the knot. Dunphy, the cattle king, was a great stickler for the religious proprieties, and being a strict Catholic he had the ceremony performed in the church. But this proceeding did not seem to bother the errant swain. On his next essay into matrimony, some five years ago, he defied home prejudices with his old-time unconcern by getting married by a Justice of the Peace again. The infelicity of this alliance, with the story of the wife's ill-treatment, has just been aired in the local courts. This marriage aroused the indignation of Dunphy's mother, who controlled the financial purse of the family, and for a time the matrimonial path was rather dusty for the newly wedded pair. She flatly refused to see the new made wife. Dunphy, Sr., never had any confidence in the financial ability of his son, and he disposed of his estate in a way that barred Jimmie from any hand in its management. For a long while he was dependent on his mother for an allowance. Those who know his ways are not at all surprised that his estate is now reduced to $200,000 under his management. When he pays his ex-wife the $60,000 awarded her by the court in the recent divorce proceedings he will be reduced to a very ordinary income, something approaching impecuniosity to a free spender like Jimmie.

Family Ghosts

Mrs. Dunphy, the mother, led a very lonely life after the death of her millionaire husband. Her beautiful daughter, Miss Jennie Dunphy, was a shining member of society, but Mrs. Dunphy barred the doors of her big mansion and refused to see any callers. Her meals were sent to her room and the only times the servants caught sight of her was when she appeared to direct or to join in the housework. By the terms of her husband's will her children were all dependent on her whims for their allowances. When her granddaughter, Viola Piercy, picked out her own husband, James Burnett, and married him to suit herself solely the young couple suffered in great anxiety for a long while lest they had offended the old lady in their haste. The marriage of Mrs. Flood, the elder Dunphy daughter, was very unhappy and ended in a divorce, and the marriage of another daughter to Sam Piercy was bitterly opposed by the family. This feeling was intensified after the parents' deaths, by the long and stubborn contest over the guardianship of their daughter Viola. Then came the matter of the much rumored engagement of Miss Jennie Dunphy to Bob Grayson. First the marriage was pronounced impossible because he was not a Catholic. Then he became a Catholic and another objection arose, ghostlike, out of the affair, and in the midst of the mystery Bob Grayson died, suddenly and alone and added another to the everlasting stories surrounding the Dunphy family.

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Lost Many Treasures

One of the show places in Piedmont, the beautiful and sumptuous house of the Harry Bishops, was destroyed by fire last week. The loss is irreparable for Mr. Bishop had collected art treasures and curios from all parts of the world. There was not a spot he had visited in his extensive travels but what was represented by some rich memento either within the house or on the broad veranda. Many of his most valuable theatrical treasures were kept there. Mr. Bishop had been zealously adding to this collection for a long time past; the nucleus was laid by his father in the famous old Grand Opera House in this city. The Piedmont mansion cost sixty thousand dollars; not a tithe of it was insured. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and their three children and a brother-in-law and a sister-in-law are temporarily stopping at the Key Route Inn, pending the erection of a more elaborate house on the same site.

Death of a Gallant Officer

Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, whose death occurred this week was a man of many fine traits of character. In the circle of his friends he was much beloved. As an officer he lived up to the very best traditions of the navy. For administrative ability he was unsurpassed. He was a great enthusiast in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the service, and he was a stickler for discipline, demanding at all times the highest efficiency in the handling of ships and in every department under his supervision. During his long career on this Coast he acquired a vast knowledge of conditions in the Pacific which proved very useful to the authorities at Washington whose confidence the gallant sea fighter always enjoyed. It was characteristic of Admiral Glass that he should desire to be buried without military pomp, and consequently the funeral services were as simple as they were impressive.

Looking for a Millionaire

Isadora Duncan, who has just arrived in New York to dance in this country under Frohman's management, said in a recent interview: "I am devoted to my dancing and I love the little children of my school, but I am anxious to get somebody to take the financial end off my shoulders. A millionaire will do, or a municipality, or an institution. My trip to the United States will be principally with the object of arousing an interest in Grecian dancing in the hopes that some one will come forward with the money. In my first year in Berlin I made $30,000 clear from my dancing and with that money I started my school for children. Since then I have had to find $10,000 every year for its maintenance besides giving my services to the instruction of the girls and the management of the institution. I am perfectly willing to continue giving my services, but I do wish that some one would come forward and relieve me of the necessity of finding the money as well. I have never danced in public in the United States, but always privately. I had the pleasure at that time of almost starving to death, not only here, but in London eight years ago."

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Alphabetical Greeks

The Pan Hellenes of Berkeley are a gregarious tribe hitherto cliquing by natural selection, which is deemed bad Greek form by the areopagites who have decreed that hereafter the sororities from Alpha to Omega shall assemble unanimously on the last Tuesday of every month in three of the "coed fraternities" for the purpose of "holding open house." It is mostly Greek to me, and if I am not in gross error regarding the special requirements of these Berkeley Greeks it is Greek to them beyond the letters of the Greek alphabet that symbolize their sisterhood societies. What is a Pan Hellene, anyway? What is the essential difference between a Pi Beta Phi and a Gamma Phi Beta? Wherein is a member of the Alpha Omicron Pi of superior or inferior caste to a Kappa Kappa Gamma or a Delta Delta Delta? Perhaps it wouldn't seem so absurd if I were a Pan Hellenic myself; but in the meantime the Pi's, Phi's, Chi's and the Gammas amuse me while the Betas, Deltas and Omicrons are as symposiacal humor or Attic nights after the unnumbered supernaculum.

Co-Ed Revenge

Miss Isabel McReynolds, who achieved considerable publicity a year or two ago, while a student at the University of California, has a book on Philosophy ready for the press. While at Berkeley Miss McReynolds' name was withdrawn from the Greek letter sorority to which she belonged "for good and sufficient reasons." She was not given an opportunity to defend herself, in fact, was given no more inkling of the specific facts than the general public. Instances of this sort are so rare in the college world that the affair attracted more than local interest. Champions of Miss McReynolds hurled anathemas at the "narrow, cruel set of girls who could do such an ungentlemanly thing." Through it all Miss McReynolds preserved a beautiful calm, which did not communicate itself to her friends. She seemed to merely regard herself as a member of a syndicate holding a certain number of shares in an unfortunate scandal in which the sorority really held the majority of the stock. It was a sane and sober viewpoint, justified by the events which followed, during which the action of the sorority was held up to public and private shame and ridicule. All over the United States there is stirring a strong "anti-frat" movement and I have frequently seen this case pointed out as an instance of the blight of such secret organizations.

Bound to Stir Berkeley

The placid irony with which Miss McReynolds viewed the affair may now be analyzed. She was planning a subtle revenge! It was all just so much data for the book which she would some day write. Those who know Miss McReynolds best predict that her so-called philosophy will be interesting reading, though not pure philosophy as defined by Professor Howison of Berkeley. It is not apt to follow line and rule—a paradox may even elope with a syllogism—but it is bound to be vibrant with statements which the average sorority girl will read with dainty disfavor. The Berkeley pickle is apt to be pretty well washed off her viewpoint and while the general public may chuckle over the pages there will be no answering echo to the chuckle in the classic confines of the college town.

Sisterhoods of Social Science

I hope that the two young ladies who are educating themselves in Social Science at the State University will not accuse me of trying to convict them of frivoling their precious hours in social diversion. I don't know anything about it personally. All my knowledge concerning their "activities" in and around the porticoes and vestibules of learning is derived from the daily newspapers and my reading of the requirements of the Social Science department of the University which, I understand is the "course" most affected by the feminine contingent of the State's highest school. Not that I am censoriously critical of the Social Science curriculum of the State University; on the contrary, I am of the opinion that it is a very nice feminine "course" and one that eminently fits the young ladies who are "taking it" for every duty that they will have to perform after they are married, settled and absorbed in homes partially peopled by husbands who never went to college. But I would like to know something more regarding these Greek letter sororities. What is their definite purpose? And how much Greek do they impose upon their membership aside from the sporadic letters of the alphabet? If I am to believe what I read in the daily newspapers there are not enough letters in the Greek alphabet to designate all the sororities and it is necessary to double up on many of them. Still basing my surmises on the unstable and untrustworthy records of the daily prints I am forced to the inference that the co-educational section of the State University is chiefly engaged in the effort to join a sorority, in the effort to get somebody to join a sorority, or in the effort to prevent somebody from joining a sorority. I heard the other day that it was necessary to enact a Draconian statute to the effect that freshgirls should not be "rushed" until after they had been bidden to tiffin at every sorority of the alphabet. From this I deduced that the tea tables were spread from lunch time until bedtime and that mere books and classes were the exception to prove the rule of a somewhat expensive faculty. I am glad, however, that the woman of the future is not a genuine Greek. A little learning is a dangerous thing especially in young women; and I would be very much disheartened if it should be revealed to me that the Pan Hellenics of Berkeley were advancing beyond the small Latin to the Social Science department.

Lydia Pinkham Politics

Gallantry was ever a dominant characteristic of the chivalry wing of the Bourbon Democracy. In this hustle-to-get-there age you can safely bet that the rising man

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in the street car is an old-fashioned Democrat, a Kentuckian by buth, suh; or a Georgian raised, by gad. I am not surprised, therefore, that the Democratic platform in this State contains a clause pledging Democratic candidates for the legislature to vote for the equal suffrage amendment. It is not sufficient for me that carping cynics impugn the motives of the Democratic convention by declaring that the suffrage plank was inserted in the Democratic platform because it had been rejected by the Republican convention. Neither am I convinced that the Democrats were unable to resist the blandishments of the sweet and winsome creatures who appealed to them for their political rights. I believe that these Democrats were actuated by native and acquired gallantry. The courtesy of a suffrage plank in a Democratic platform was little to give, to be sure; but even if it had involved more than courtesy I am sure that it would have been granted with as little hesitation as was this small favor. I respect a true gentleman wherever I find him, and I am more than gratified to find so many real gentlemen in a Democratic convention.

Why They Are Democrats

Now that the ladies have received their gift at the hands of the Democratic convention, what are they going to do with it? Will they get out and stump for the simple old Jeffersonians. Will they toss their tempestuous petticoats in the hurly-burly of a hot and dusty campaign? I hope so; for gratitude is a virtue that befits a woman as it does a man, and is not puffed up nor given to arrogance of demeanor. I know that the suffragettes will do all that lies in their power to elect the legislative candidates of the Democracy, not wholly because those candidates are pledged to vote for the equal suffrage amendment but rather as a guarantee of their good faith in the motives that prompted the Democratic convention to silver platter the ballot to the women of California, as many as may desire to "cast" it. And suppose that by the aid of the vote-craving women a majority of the Democratic candidates shall be elected—what then? Why, the amendment, of couse. And after that? Why, more tempestuous petticoats, to be sure—mostly in the parlors and reception rooms of the women whose men folk will vote. And still guessing, suppose the amendment is carried by the necessary two-thirds vote of the tempest-tossed, petticoat-ruled electors—what then? Will these feminine politicians still remain true to their political love? Will they vote the Democratic ticket for better or worse? Will those who are married to Republican husbands forsake the political faith of their late lords and masters to kneel at the shrines of the strange gods of Democracy? Woman, the poet says, was ever fickle, uncertain, coy, and hard to please. Still, as another, not a poet, hath it, you never know what a woman will do until after she has done it.

Nervous Wife—"Oh, doctor, if an operation is necessary we want you to operate immediately! Expense is no object."
Doctor—"We will operate at once."

A "Rat-Hole" Fund

What an easy mark is the San Francisco taxpayer! No rube of the cow district, no jay of Milpitas precinct, upstarting at the riveters under the mortgaged eaves of the Phelan building, is easier. But of all the bunko steers that are planned and executed to filch dollars from the pockets of the gullible and helpless populace, the most brazen is probably that which puts the money into the purse of Detective Burns and his bunch of "assistant special agents." There are twenty-three of these who defy the latent hoodoo of the unlucky numeral. To maintain these sleuths an appropriation of $70,000 has been made, and it is as certain as death or taxes that the entire appropriation will be expended. Burns himself gets $625 a month from this fund and his son, George E. Burns, a callow youth, gets $125 a month; to which is added any "expenses" father and son may see fit to charge. The other "agents" receive whatever they are worth according to a carefully graduated scale arranged in the office of the District Attorney. What these people are doing for the money nobody seems to know, but it has been charged that most of them are doing nothing and performing their duty in this respect with neatness and despatch. The proverbial "rat-hole" is a crevice in a safe-deposit vault compared with this Burns crater—the daughters of the horse-leech are not more insatiate. But what does it matter?—the city is rich and the disbursing officials don't care. Only the poor, hag-ridden taxpayer protests; and that protest is as a low, sad moan in Hades. There is no hope for the taxpayer. He has committed the unpardonable sin of boobery—his aggregate name is Mutt and he has convicted himself of picking his own pockets.

He—"Have you made up your mind to stay in?"
She—"No, I have made up my face to go out."

Will Make Her Theatrical Debut

When the new Valencia Theatre opens next Monday evening, a great many local club women will be much surprised to see Mrs. J. M. Gambel in the cast under the stage name of "Peggie Munroe." For some time past Mrs. Gambel has been one of the attractive drawing cards at the reading entertainments given by the Sorosis, the Century and the California clubs in this city. In these social gatherings she has won for herself a certain enviable distinction as a clever reciter. Her success became so flattering that it fired her ambition to achieve a similar distinction on the stage. In the organization of the new Valencia theatre company her husband, Mr.

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Gambel, was elected president. This afforded too good an opportunity to let slip and her debut will follow. A number of her very intimate club friends are in on the secret and are planning to give her a very enthusiastic reception on the opening night. "Peggie Munroe," the somewhat odd stage name adopted by Mrs. Gambel, is a combination of her home nickname and Mr. Gambel's family name.

Truth and Fiction

An editorial writer of the Hearst staff tells us that in one of the best of recent detective stories the climax comes when the great detective employed on the case is shown to have been a notorious criminal. This, according to Mr. Hearst's expert in fiction, is an ingenious way of giving the reader a shock, but it is too violent a twist from probability. It would be interesting to know where the man who holds this view has been sequestered. Surely he does not read the newspapers. Perhaps he reads only fiction and is ignorant of the fact that imagination cannot conceive things more wonderful than those which are happening every day. But there is nothing wonderful in the circumstance of a great rascal being employed as a detective. The combination of rogue and detective is commonplace. The wolf in sheep's clothing has been preying upon society since the glacial period. The rara avis that is gradually becoming an extinct species is the gumshoe artist who would scruple at wrongdoing. By the way, it is somewhat curious to find an Examiner editorial writer condemning a story because of the improbability involved in such a climax as the one described. Many years ago there was employed on the Examiner an editorial writer who figured in a climax of exactly the same nature. Before coming to this city he was employed in New Orleans, where he discovered that the chief of detectives was associated with a gang of safe-blowers. He exposed the detective and in a quarrel that ensued the detective was killed.

New Job for "A Darling of the Gods"

Friends of Blanche Bates have been hoping that she would find time to run out here this summer so they have been polishing up a welcome home for her. Her appearance in Belasco's new play at the Stuyvesant theatre, New York, has definitely settled the matter. She has been taking a private course with a business college teacher. This does not mean that Blanche has developed an overblown talent for business and has decided to forsake the footlights for a high stool in the padded office of a railway director. Nor does it mean that she is taking a course in bookkeeping to enable her to accurately figure out the profit and loss of a tiff with Belasco. As a matter of sheer fact Miss Bates is clicking the typewriter in the cause of realism. In the new play in which she appears she essays the role of a stenographer and modern stagecraft demands that she be "on to her job." As a result her friends out here have been receiving rmarkable letters—sort of "practice on the canine first" epistles. One which I read began, "Since I must put in a certain number of hours on this infernal machine I might as well write to you. Oh, curses! There goes the little bell before I was ready."

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About Prominent People

James B. Connolly is contributing to Scribner's Magazine a novel with the title "An Olympic Victor." Mr. Connolly is an Olympic victor himself, having been one of the successful competitors in 1893. President Roosevelt has recently nominated him as the ideal of an all-round man, and if variety of experience counts, he has earned the title. J. B. Connolly is a Harvard graduate, the son of a Gloucester skipper, and he has learned at first hand something of the adventures which he credits to his "Wesley Mars," "Tommy Ohlsen," and other sail-carriers, in his stirring tales of the North Atlantic fishermen, for he has made voyages to the Grand Banks, fished with the Lapps of Vardoe, the Finns of Hammerfest, and the North Sea and Baltic venturers. He has punched steers on a cattle boat, hunted whales, and acted as dredge inspector in the government work at Tybee Knoll, an experience which he embodied in one of the best books ever written for real boys. He made a voyage as passenger in the Fleur de Lys, the smallest of the yachts which competed in the German Emperor's Trans-Atlantic cup race, in which event Captain Bohlin, who is the prototype of his "Tommy Ohlsen," was the navigator. He has had a bit of experience as both soldier and sailor, for he fought through the Santiago campaign in the Spanish war, and somewhat more than a year ago he enlisted in the navy with the design of learning the life from the inside for literary purposes. This design was defeated when the men discovered his identity, and he withdrew, but he accompanied the fleet from Hampton Roads to Southern California as correspondent.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Majestic Improvement Company announces that the opening of the Hotel Manx, at the corner of Powell and O'Farrell street, will take place during the month of September, and that it will be under the management of Mr. N. M. Kellar, formerly of the Waldorf-Astoria, Majestic and St. Regis Hotels, New York, and late of the Hotel Fairmont, San Francisco. It is also announced that the Hotels Majestic and Majestic Annex are now under the management of Mrs. Dora Peyser.

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End of the Local Harness Trust

The personal petition filed this week by Albert G. Stoll, president of the United Harness Company, to become a bankrupt puts a quietus to the death rattles of that long suffering corporation. Thus perishes Stoll's original idea of cornering all the leading harness shops on the Pacific Coast and establishing a trust that would coin money for the original subscribers. Now it lies buried under a deficit of nearly a half million dollars. Stoli stood well in the graces of several large harness firms on the Coast when he conceived his idea, notably with Frank Winchester and the Home Company, and he baited his sparkling arguments with such alluring profits that the most conservative among them became eager subscribers to the scheme. For a time before the big fire it certainly looked as though a harvest of dollars would be garnered, but Stoll's enthusiasm to gather into the fold every harness shop in sight ran away with him, or else his business sense lagged with overwork. At any rate, he began to pay extravagant prices for shops that if left to themselves never could have cut into the business of the trust. As time passed the agents in these outside shops, thinking that business would be forced to the doors of the trust, became careless in drumming up trade, and soon things were going to pot. The Stones and the Winchesters, who had been drawn into the scheme rather heavily, came to the corporation's financial relief several times in the hope of saving the sinking ship. As a last effort Frank Winchester furnished $75,000 of his personal fortune shortly after the big fire. The only showing made in the affair by this small fortune was the flash in which it disappeared. The assets show only $7,905. It is said to be the worst wrecked trust that ever went to pieces on the Pacific Coast.

Captain—What's all this about? I thought you were a Christian Scientist."

Seasick Passenger—So I am. I've just been giving my dinner an absent treatment."

Mutt and Mentor

Colonel Mutt—This is outrageous!

Major Mentor—What's on your nerves now, Colonel?

Colonel Mutt—This bribery scandal in the Ruef case. It makes a man's blood boil to read of these crimes against justice. Aren't you indignant?

Major Mentor—Not a bit.

Colonel Mutt—Don't you believe somebody has been trying to bribe jurors for Ruef?

Major Mentor—I'm sure of it.

Colonel Mutt—Well, isn't it outrageous?

Major Mentor—To be sure it is. It is infamous. It was bad enough for Ruef to be a grafter, but what shall be said of the sins of those who have afforded him justification for adding bribery or almost any old thing to his other crimes?

Colonel Mutt—I don't understand you.

Major Mentor—That's probably because I'm so easily understood. But I'll cloud my meaning a little so that you'll have no difficulty. As the parables of the Bible demonstrate nothing is so intelligible as that which is obscure. To illustrate: Once upon a time two young men signed to fight a duel in strict accordance with the Code of Honor. One began shooting before the signal was given. "You're no gentleman," said the other, "but I cannot afford to vindicate the superiority of my morals and my manners." Thereupon he stretched himself flat on the grass, took aim on his elbow and shot the other fellow through the heart. See the application?

Colonel Mutt—No; I don't understand enigmas.

Major Mentor—To some men the obvious is as cryptical as the riddle that stumped the Thebans. However, I'll try again. In the Ruef case the rules of the game have been entirely abandoned. This, I may say parenthetically, is the natural consequence of the methods that have been pursued by the Graft Prosecution. Through intrigue resorted to on the theory that the end justifies the means, they got themselves into a hole and now to get out they'd stand on their own necks if that were possible. At first they perverted the law, now they are acting in defiance of all law. But though Ruef is a very great rogue he is guaranteed a trial under certain well defined rules. There is a code for criminal trials as well as for duels. No matter what crimes a man may have committed nobody has the right arbitrarily to alter the rules for his trial. Nevertheless the rules have been altered to enable the Prosecution to regain the ground they lost while intriguing.

Colonel Mutt—Who altered them?

Major Mentor—Among others Judge Lawlor. He announced from the bench that prevailing conditions justified the Prosecution in tampering with prospective jurors. Besides we know that the disqualification of a juror was adjudged by him on the testimony of a private detective.

Colonel Mutt—That's his privilege.

Major Mentor—Indeed it is; but it's a pretty tough privilege for a judge to avail himself of. It's pretty tough for a judge to be driven to the necessity of preferring the word of a private detective to that of a citizen whose character must have been deemed good by some member of the judiciary or else his name would not have appeared in the box. The courts of the country hitherto have classed private detectives with prostitutes in determining the measure of credence that should be given to their testimony. In the Ruef case the private detective is exalted above the average citizen. Can you guess the reason?

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Colonel Mutt—No; what is the reason?

Major Mentor—Well, of course I can do no more than guess. I cannot lay bare the mind and heart of the court. Knowing, however, that when there is a conflict of evidence respecting the qualifications of a juror it is within the discretion of the court to dismiss or accept the juror I am almost constrained to jump to a conclusion as to why a handy private detective is proving so important a person in the Ruef case.

Colonel Mutt—Do you mean to insinuate that the court is packing the jury?

Major Mentor—Far be it from me to utter invidious insinuations. I have not been taken into the confidence of the court. All that I know is what everybody knows,—that if a private detective who can't remember anything save just what is sufficient to produce a conflict of evidence is to be believed in preference to the average citizen the Prosecution will be able to pack the jury box with men as incapable of rendering an honest verdict as twelve jurors with Ruef's money jingling in their pockets.

Colonel Mutt—Do you believe the Prosecution would do such a thing?

Major Mentor—As I believe the Prosecution has done much worse I have no difficulty in bringing myself to the belief that packing a jury is quite within the scope of its infernalities.

Colonel Mutt—But no matter what your opinion of the Prosecution is it shouldn't cause you to assume an attitude of forbearance toward Ruef.

Major Mentor—Nor does it. But it does compel me to justify anything Ruef does to get free. Believing that he is being tried outside the law and in defiance of law, I think he would be a fool to overlook an opportunity of circumventing the men who have conspired to railroad him to the penitentiary. This may strike you and Professor Boke as a heterodox view, but in my philosophy it is a logical view. In revolutionary times revolutionary measures are justifiable. Even Judge Lawlor has enunciated that view from the bench. And he cannot dodge the logical sequence. He has no more right than Ruef has to suspend the laws of his country; nor as much incentive, for Ruef has the law of self-preservation to influence his conduct. But as the bars are down I shall be surprised if Ruef doesn't go further and get a private detective to produce a conflict of testimony with reference to the qualifications of jurors that suit Mr. Heney. It will probably avail him not, but at least it will tend to heighten the farcical aspect of the proceedings.

Colonel Mutt—You astonish me.

Major Mentor—I thought so. And Boke too, in all probability. I strike you as being somewhat anarchic, but Colonel, we are all anarchic these days. We haven't been law abiding since the day we hearkened to the serpent in the guise of a dashing young civic patriot.

"Why do women enjoy weeping at a matinee," said he.
"I don't know," answered she. "Why do men enjoy getting angry at the umpire?"

Visiting the Old Scenes

Andrew M. Lawrence, who directs the Chicago edition of the Hearst newspapers, is in California enjoying his summer vacation, and incidentally meeting his old friends. Mr. Lawrence began his newspaper life here and was for many years in charge of the Examiner till Mr. Hearst promoted him to the eastern field. On this holiday trip he is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lawrence, a charmingly sweet and unaffected girl. His friendship



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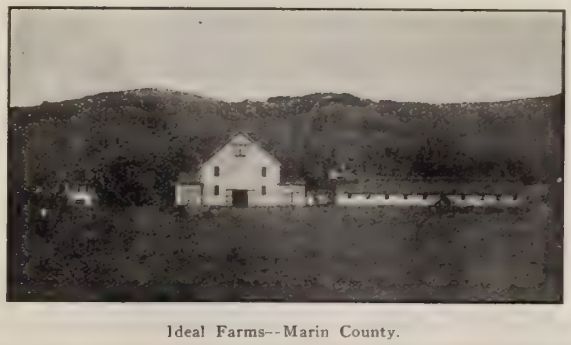
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with the McNutt family is of long standing and he was one of the very few guests present at the recent wedding of Maxwell McNutt and Mrs. Florence Keegan, the daughter of Mark McDonald of Santa Rosa, in the home of the Sela Chamberlain's last week. Mr. Lawrence's activities on this trip are as lively as in his days in his profession. This week he and Miss Lawrence are at Del Monte. Sunday he gave a little dinner party at the club house to Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner, Miss Alice Warner, Miss Helen Eames, Miss Lawrence and Mr. Lewis. Later the Lawrences will go to Pleasanton, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst for a while before returning to Chicago.

Kind Lady—"My poor man, how did you ever accustom yourself to such long walks?"
Weary Willie—"Please, mum, I used to own an automobile."

To Campaign Round the Circle

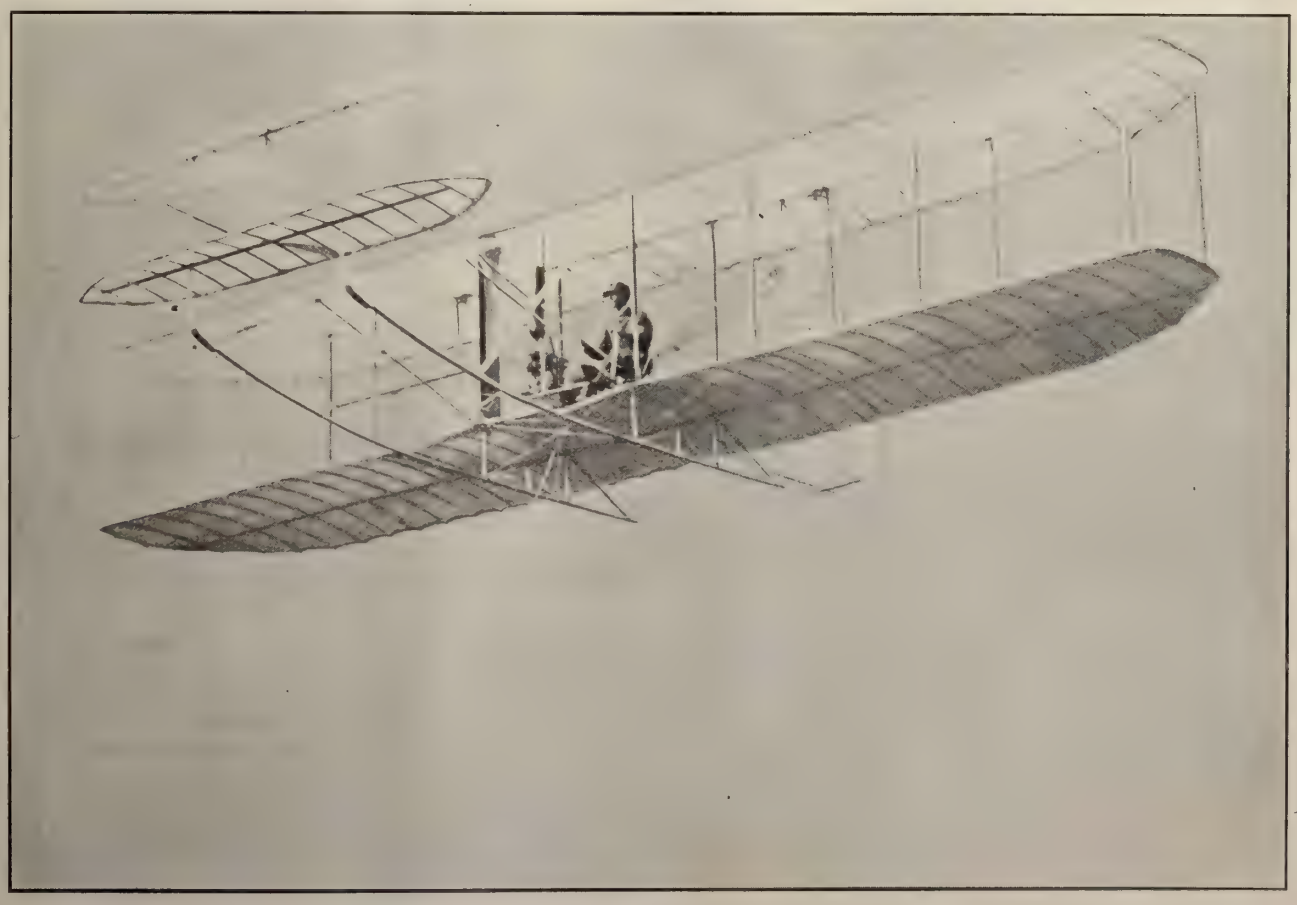
Way for the "Red Special!" The local Socialists are preparing to receive it with unrestrained enthusiasm for it bears their Presidential candidate, Eugene V. Debs, Ben Hanford, candidate for Vice-President, A. M. Simons, editor of the Chicago Daily Socialist, twenty tons of campaign literature, besides a robust and tempetuous brass band. The local socialist leaders are going to meet the train as it enters the southern part of the State and help the imported spellbinders to scatter socialistic seed as the "Red Special" winds its way through the main towns in the centre of California and disappears in the direction of Seattle and the north. The train is scheduled to leave Chicago this month, swing around the Pacific Coast circuit, traverse the northern States and reach the eastern field and New York during the last days of the campaign. For this ocean to ocean whirl of the "Red Special" $20,000 was required. Contributions ranging from five cents to $200 came pouring in from fifteen thousand subscribers and $10,000 was raised in less than a month, enough to more than cover the expense of the first leg of the journey, which is to San Francisco.

Tait and His Projects

The Japs may have designs on Van Ness avenue, but they cannot drive John Tait out of his cafe. It was reported in one of the dailies last week that the most famous of the post-fire cafes was to be abandoned and that the Sherry of the West, having bought out a wholesale liquor business, was about to quit catering to fashionable appetites. This report, I have ascertained, is somewhat inaccurate. Tait is about to conquest new realms, but he is not immediately to abandon the Van Ness cafe. Nor is he to abandon the restaurant business at all. He has leased a piece of property on O'Farrell street in the neighborhood of the old Alcazar, and there he will erect a building in which he will open a cafe early next year. As for the Cliff House project which is of grave public interest, that has begun to shape itself quite satisfactorily to all concerned. Architects are now at work on the plans, and if expectations are realized we may renew acquaintance with the seals from the porch of Cliff House No. 3 in March, 1909.

Aritstic Residence for Sale

As will be seen by the advertisement on page 14 of this issue, the beautiful residence of Mr. R. G. Hanford, on the southwest corner of Vallejo and Taylor streets, is offered for sale. This is an unusual opportunity for a person desiring a high-class residence. Mr. Hanford spared no pains in building this artistic house, intended for his home, but his business prevents his continual residence in the city and he has decided to dispose of his holding at a low figure. The location is in one of our best neighborhoods and is ideal; in addition it possesses an unsurpassed marine view.



WILLIAM WRIGHT MAKING HIS RECENT GREAT FLIGHT IN HIS AEROPLANE, NEAR PARIS.

The machine was in the air for nineteen minutes, 48 2-5 seconds, thus approaching within a fraction of a minute of Henry Farman's record for the longest public official flight. The distance covered by Wright was not accurately measured, but it is estimated at between 14 1-2 and 15 miles. The feat was accomplished on the field of Auvours and was accompanied by a remarkable series of evolutions demonstrating the precision of Wright's control of the machine. When he alighted easily within 300 feet of his starting place, the American aeroplanist was overwhelmed with congratulations.

THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

The reaction in Wall Street security values, which has been expected by the public, has up to date failed to materialize, much to the disgust of those who have allowed many good opportunities to pass by them. In the general run of events a good decline has been overdue for some time. Present indications do not point very strongly to any material reaction in prices for some time to come. Stocks and bonds are now owned by those who had the money to pick them up last November and December; their purchases are not only upon a speculative footing but may be construed upon an investment basis, and have allowed these holders to add to their lines as the market advanced; money being cheap has added to their position with more than ordinary security. The Harriman issues continue to lead in the advance, Southern Pacific Common selling at 110 and Union Pacific Common at 167½; the advance in these securities has added to the long list of friends gathered around the Harriman groups. Harriman certainly deserves great credit. The same may be said of the possibilities surrounding the territory through which his system traverses. If the country was not there to develop he would not have met with such great success. Harriman took hold of his properties at an opportune time. He is a man who deals in the future; so was Jay Cook and Henry Villard; these gentlemen happened to be ahead of time, one twenty years, the other ten; Harriman's wisdom out-generaled theirs from the point of view of the opportunity. There are yet great opportunities to be had on this Coast, but it seems to take an outsider to fathom them and get their benefits. At no distant date one or more of the railway systems out here will develop new territory by electric transportation; this will build up the interior and give life to the cities. No doubt those who control Southern Pacific, Atchison, Union Pacific and other transcontinental lines have this proposition under way at the present time. Railways do not live on through traffic; they must have local revenue. The next five years will see wonderful developments in this direction. There are many good reasons for the advance in Southern Pacific. It is not unlikely the future has had as much to do with it as rumors of an increase in its dividend. Many conservative eastern bankers are disposed to think well of Atchison securities and a good advance in them would not be surprising. There has been a good brisk demand for Western Pacific bonds of late; these bonds are paying five per cent and are quoted at 80 to 85. The general situation regarding eastern properties continues to show improvement, of course, these comparisons are not to be considered as of 1906 and 1907, but when digested with years which were considered very satisfactory, the comparison appears good. The time is drawing near when railways will be complaining of congestion; this will cause a scramble for securities by the public, about that time it will prove a good time to take profits; as yet the public have not nibbled much, but are growing anxious.

The crop conditions are fairly out of the way, except corn, and twenty days more will put that question out of the way; then there will be clear sailing for another year. The election outcome seems not to worry the big people. Every now and then a scare is sounded, put out to send to the polls the crowd of stay-at-homes, which is a dangerous feature in this particular election; too many are figuring the outcome a sure thing. Looking ahead every condition points to renewed and general prosperity, probably the greatest the country has ever experienced. Local securities are awakening; there are many bargains to be had. The upward wave is just making its appearance west of the Rockies, and securities will soon show an upward tendency. The skies are clearing and better times are ahead.

GREEN AND YELLOW



GREEN AND YELLOW

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Wooed Her Under Mexican Skies

The Butters family seem to have entered a period of cardiac cataclysms. Announcements of separations, engagements and marriages follow so closely that Mrs. Grundy finds that she cannot sort and file them away in a single molecule of gossip, as they threaten to expand to the circumference of the horizon. Even the marriage of Miss Dolly Tarpey and Mr. J. Paulding Edwards, which took place on Wednesday night at the Fairmont, was not accomplished without a few romantic interludes of which only their closest friends were cognizant. Mr. Edwards first met the fascinating Miss Tarpey in Mexico, and in the inspiring atmosphere of the gay capital, redolent of romance, they formed an attachment animated by



Genthe, Photo MRS. VERNON KELLOGG

Mrs. Kellogg was formerly Miss Charlotte Hoffman, prominent in Berkeley literary circles. Very recently she married Professor Kellogg of Stanford in Italy. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg are expected home this month.

mutual admiration, but the sojourn of each was cut short before Cupid had time to adjust his hooks. When they returned to California they went their separate ways and Cupid bided his time with his customary patience.

A Splendid Crest Ready

Mr. Edward's path led to Chico, where he is connected with the Northern Electric Road, which is owned by his step-father, Mr. Butters. Just after the estrangement of the elder Butters, Mr. Edwards heard rumors of Miss Tarpey's engagement to a young officer who had sailed with the fleet. He came down to have a reckoning with Cupid, and convinced Miss Tarpey that he had a prior lien on her affections. As he is the only one of Mrs. Butters' children by her former marriage in which Henry Butters still maintains a warm interest, he has not had to seek fresh fields, but holds the position at Chico. The other Edwards son, who married a niece of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, the society leader of Alameda, has been gently but firmly separated from the comfortable berth which his stepfather had provided him. I hear that Mr. Butters even sent Miss Tarpey a handsome wedding present. Her own father provided her with a chest of silver, but as the Tarpey family have never taken sufficient genealogical interest to ascertain whether they could boast a crest, the groom's crest was engraved on the silver. Mrs. Butters has naturally provided her children with the best crest obtainable in Heraldry for Americans. Mrs. J. Paulding Edwards is a very attractive girl with an engaging manner not unlike her sister-in-law's, who was until she married Mr. Tarpey the popular Miss Hope Mayne of the Idora Park company.

Engagements in the Butters Family

The latest engagement rumor in the Butters family is concerned with the intentions of Miss Marguerite. She is said to look kindly on the suit of Mr. George Fuller, and as proof of the fact that they are engaged Mrs. Sherlock Holmes points to the diamond and sapphire locket, Mr. Fuller's gift, which she is permitted to wear. No date has yet been set for the wedding of Miss Marie Butters and young Metcalf. Miss Marie has spent the summer at Fouts Springs with the Metcalfs and I understand that the marriage has been deferred only because her fiance has not yet been measured for a position in keeping with his dignity and family name. When he resigned from the navy a few months ago the Victor Metcalf's confidently expected that Mr. Butters would look after the business interests of the young man, but since the family estrangement Mr. Butters has not shown any such disposition. Miss Marie has already purchased two complete trousseaux in Europe in anticipation of her marriage and her friends are wondering whether she will have to order a third before it is consummated.

The Greenways Under Any Other Name

Call the dances by any other name and they would still be Greenways, but nevertheless there is a warm splash of discussion about the change from "The Friday Night Club" to "The Assemblies." The conservatives, whose memory overlaps into the past, say that in spite of other clubs stealing the thunder there was never any real confusion about which Friday Night Club was THE dancing club. These people hold that it looks like a concession of dignity and power to change because another club has arrogated to itself a similar name. On the other hand, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, and several other old friends upon whom Mr. Greenway leans for advice thought it was the psychological moment to annex the Assembly and shed the clumsy and confusing old name. In every other city the smartest subscription balls are called the Assembly dances, but here the title has never come into its own as Mr. Greenway's dances have pre-empted first place. We have at various times in our gyrating past had an Assembly club, but it has never been robust enough to survive many seasons. The last time the ghost was raised by Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, but even under her kindly guidance and nursing the Assemblies went into a decline and passed away. It would seem that no one but a Greenway could resuscitate the name again and insure it against a social death rattle.

Awaiting Mrs. Buck

The climber who has just achieved Mrs. Buck's dances may not be so pleased at the change in names as the uninformed might imagine. It sounded so large to say,

MADAM OLGA
PARIS MILLINERY
1703 CALIFORNIA STREET
Near Van Ness Avenue
Announces special and exclusive models of French Importations September 4th, 5th and 6th

"No, I am not going out much this year—it's such a bore —just to the Friday Nights. Have another biscuit"—and the listener from the finished drawl might imagine that the Friday Night was the jewel in the Greenway setting. The drastic new nomenclature makes it impossible to sprinkle cinnamon of this sort over the tea biscuit. Mrs. Buck will not be accompanied to San Francisco by her husband as has frequently been stated in the papers. While she manages her cotillions and skating clubs Dr. Buck will be forced to go on prescribing pills for the garrison near Manila at which he is stationed. It was expected that he would get a furlough but the request



Reutlinger, Paris, Photo MISS ALOISE GEBHARDT

Miss Gebhardt gave a very enjoyable "afternoon" this week, complimentary to Miss Van Arsdale, who will wed Lieutenant Kurtz, September 16th.

was not granted. Mrs. Buck, her island friends say, has wasted a great deal of tissue, as much in unproductive worry over her brother's escapades as in the heat. Bernardo is still looking for some one to pay for his business talents and I hear that Campbell Shorb's wife is teaching school to keep the nature fakirs from shooting at the wolf on the doormat. Friends of Miss Ethel Shorb still insist that her engagement will shortly be announced to an aid on the staff of General Funston. The officer is at present at Fort Leavenworth where was ordered with his superior.

Society on the Qui Vive

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt will arrive in San Francisco about October the first and reside with Mr. Pratt's mother in California street. The house is now in the hands of the decorators. This action on the part of the Pratts will cause lively discussion in their set, as Mrs. Pratt, Sr., and Mrs. Russell Wilson have never been on visiting terms, and Mrs. Wilson strongly objected to the marriage of Emily to young Pratt. Mrs. Pratt, Sr., was the wife of Mr. Jones, of the shoe firm of Buckingham & Jones, from whom she was divorced. At the time of her marriage to the able jurist he also had obtained a divorce from his wife. Their marriage furnished tea table gossip for many a day. Mrs. James Keenig was Miss Adele Jones, and Mrs. Harding of Philadelphia, was Miss Lillie Jones, who at one time was reported to be engaged to "Bob" Morrow. Judge Pratt was never very fond of his beautiful young step-daughter. The judge bequeathed a very large fortune, but everybody was surprised to find that the widow was devised only $250 per month and the residue for life. The residue of the estate was left to Orville Pratt, Jr. The property was sadly crippled by the fire. Local society is keenly watching the homecoming of the young couple and the course of events in the new Pratt menage.

Smart Weddings in Honolulu

My Honolulu correspondent writes me that the smartest wedding that has taken place on the islands in a long while was that of Miss Edith Spalding to Lieutenant M. M. Garrett, of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., the bride being the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Spalding and a grandniece of Mr and Mrs. W. G. Irwin. Bishop Patrick officiated, the ceremony taking place before a large assemblage in St. Andrew's Cathedral, August 26th. The military predominated, the groom's best man and the ushers all being lieutenants from Fort Shafter, and there being a large number of army officers present in full dress uniform. The maid of honor was Miss Constance Restarick and the bridesmaids were the bride's sisters, the Misses Ethel and Alice Spalding. The bride is a decided beauty of the blonde type. Her father is the manager of Claus Spreckels & Co's bank.

The marriage of Miss Adele Morgan, eldest daughter



Genthe, Photo MRS. FRANCIS J. CAROLAN

Mr. and Mrs. Carolan entertained very extensively at their beautiful Burlingame home this week. The occasion was the blue blooded dog show held on their polo field.

of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Morgan, and Mr. John L. Flemin, will follow in a few days. Miss Morgan is exceedingly popular in the younger set. Her father is president of the Chamber of Commerce and active in public matters. Mr. Fleming is connected with the big concern of Alexander & Baldwin, and is a keen sportsman and captain of the Othu Polo Club.

Professional man, mining engineer, surgeon, etc., with large practical experience, desires occupation. Address, "Miner," care R., 119 Investor Building., 4th and Market Streets.

Waiting for the Wedding Bells

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Norwood and William Breeze will take place on September 28th and will be a quiet home affair, to which one hundred and twenty-five intimate friends only will be invited. Miss Norwood is an only child. She is a tall, handsome young woman. Mrs. Norwood is the only sister of the three Hooper brothers. Mrs. Oscar Beatty is a cousin of the bride. Mr. Breeze is a son of Mrs. Thomas Breeze, and a brother of Mrs. Harry Benson, wife of Major Benson, U. S. A. Miss Louise Breeze is a sister of the groom. Mr. Breeze is the senior member of a prominent firm of local architects.

Married Amid Yellow Roses

The wedding of Miss Evaline Theobald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Theobald, and Edwin Mastic Otis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Otis, took place at the residence of the bride's parents Wednesday evening, September 2nd. Stephen Otis, brother of the groom, was best man. The ceremony was witnessed by the relatives only. A large reception followed. Seldom has a bride received such a bewildering array of presents. Mr. and Mrs. Otis will reside with the parents of the bride until their handsome home in Alameda is completed.

Cupids as Score Keepers

The innumerable social affairs thus far given complimentary to Miss Van Arsdale, who will wed Lieutenant Kurtz on September 16th, attest the popularity of this bride-to-be. One of the prettiest and most enjoyable was the afternoon of 500 to which Miss Aloise Gebhardt invited a number of her friends last Saturday. Mosses of pink tiger lilies and Cecil Bruner roses made a fragrant background for the youthful hostess and her guests, and the score cards of hand-painted cupids of varied moods created considerable merriment. Miss Gebhardt's guests included the Misses Amalia Simpson, Eleanor Landers, Laura Smith, Helen Gray, Dorothy Everett, Clarisse Lyons, Fernanda Pratt, Florence Booth, Lulette Mauvais, Elise Schultz, Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt and Mrs. Harold Law.

Old Families United

By the marriage of Maxwell McNutt, son of Dr. McNutt and Mrs. Keegan, daughter of Mark McDonald, a bond of relationship was established between two families that have played conspicuous parts in the history of this State and that of late years have ceased to figure in the public eye. Dr. McNutt, by no means a has-been of the medical profession, was at one time the favorite physician of our provincial aristocracy. Two decades ago no child was considered well born in San Francisco that had not been ushered into the world by Dr. McNutt. A little over a quarter of a century ago the McDonald family exercised a great influence in the financial affairs of this city. It passed off the stage at the time of the failure of the Pacific Bank. Mark McDonald was seriously considered as available timber for the United States Senate, and properly to present his claims to the people he started a daily newspaper in this city. Both the McNutt and McDonald families, I hear, are pleased with the marriage of Maxwell McNutt and Mrs. Keegan, each of whom, by the way, ventured before in obedience to the persuasions of Cupid and met with misfortune, a circumstance that has served to render more ardent the felicitations of their friends on the happy consummation of their attachment.

Winners in the Golf Tournament

The golf tournament which was held last week on the Del Monte course was the best attended of any in the history of the game in California. More than fifty men qualified before the opening round was played and in



THE FAMOUS DEL MONTE TENNIS COURTS AS THEY APPEARED IN THE TOURNAMENT OF 1907.

The first week of the Tournament just over has been the best attended in the history of contests in the State. The tournament will continue until Sept. 19th.

the women's competition the entries were equally large. As the southern part of the State was almost as well represented in point of numbers as the northern section there was a considerable amount of earnestness and local pride put into the contests. A match over eighteen holes was played between teams representing northern and southern California for a trophy offered by the management of the Hotel Del Monte to be won twice by the same section of the State. Of the sixteen matches the northerners won nine, halved three, and lost four, winning the first leg of the trophy contest 9 to 4. In the finals competition for the Del Monte cup Miss Edith Cheesborough of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club won against Mrs. George Lane of the Sacramento Golf Club. The Del Monte cup for men was won by T. P. Mumford, captain of theAnnandale Golf Club of Pasadena, by defeating W. F. Garby, 5 up and 4 to play. The handicap tournament against bogey for men who failed to qualify for the first two flights was won by J. A. Lindsay, of Victoria, B. C., with T. H. Normand second. Chapin Tubbs of Burlingame won the consolation cup against bogey by defeating C. E. Maud.

First Week of Tennis Tournament

The management of Del Monte is certainly to be congratulated on the success of the 1908 tournament for the championship of the Pacific Coast, the first week of which has just passed. Never in the history of California has such a crowd been brought together by a similar event. Of course the fact that the golf tournament of the preceding week was also an immense success and that many people who went down for that stayed over for the opening day's play of the tennis helped some. Then the two holidays, Monday and Wednesday, coming in the same week made another incentive for people to go down. Again the gathering of the Native Sons on the 9th at Monterey brought an immense crowd to that town and to Del Monte. Altogether the hotel was filled to more than capacity and the overflow filled Pacific Grove Hotel, which is under the same management. Such an aggregation of tennis talent has never before been brought together on the Pacific Coast, and Del Monte deserves great credit for its efforts to bring it about. While at this writing none of the final scores are available it is safe to say that with the array of talent at this tournament there will be many new records established. Next week will see the finals played off and as the interest is increasing the crowd that will witness the games on Friday and Saturday will probably again tax the accommodations of the hotel.

The Doctor and the Merry Widows

Most of the merry widows of Oakland are in their Directoire gowns and largest butterfly nets these lovely September days, trying their best to ensnare the attentions of a handsome young doctor. He has a tinge of gray hair to be sure but that is said to be only one of his many fascinations. Cupid has captured him twice so the merry widows know that he is vulnerable. Rumor hath it that the doctor has been more or less smitten with a very attractive rich young widow, and that the probabilities are that before long an announcement of their engagement will be made. Just now the handsome doctor is at Del Monte. By a curious coincidence so are several of the Oakland merry widows and among them the rich, demure young widow.

Social Attractions at Del Monte

My Monterey correspondent writes me that Del Monte is still the center of attraction socially and will continue to be for another fortnight. Many of those who came to witness the golf tournament last week concluded to remain for the tennis tourney, and enthusiasts of the latter sport have arrived in such numbers that the Hotel is overflowing with people. There have been a number of fascinating gowns worn and the scene on the verandas of the Hotel and clubhouse after the games is animated and picturesque. With the cat show in October and the open

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* * They developed such a beautiful finish and so much musical feeling and the violoncellist sang so beautifully upon her instrument that the hearers would gladly have applauded a repetition. It is to be hoped that the Pasmores will become our Playmores.—Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.

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air performance of "As You Like It" for next month, the gayety will extend well into the fall. No more beautiful setting for this play could possibly be chosen than the grounds of Del Monte. It will be given under the auspices of the Monterey Civic Club, on October 9th, and the men's parts will be taken by leading society men of San Francisco under the stage management of Frank Mathieu, which latter fact is quite sufficient to assure the dramatic success of the undertaking. The sheath gown made its debut at Del Monte last Saturday night in all its skin-like adhesiveness and was the cynosure of all eyes. It was made of glistening white satin and there was not a suggestion of trimming or a break in the smooth surface of the garment. The slit which is really the most interesting detail of the Directoire gown was there all right, but in this case was filled with figured chiffon. The young woman who wore the costume gave further evidence of not possessing the strength of her convictions for the upper part of the gown was covered with a three-cornered gossamer shawl. There was much scurrying around in the lobby in order to catch a glimpse of the "slit," which of course when seen was somewhat disappointing. Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens motored down during the week and have with them Miss Avis Sterling, a sister of George Sterling, the poet. She is very pretty in her delicate doll-like fashion and has a very original way of dressing her hair. With the party is W. H. Lemiert, to whom Miss Sterling is engaged. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone are here, also Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and Miss Genevieve King; the latter has come for a three weeks' visit; Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman and Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, who has with her as her guest Miss Gertrude Bates. Wlifred B. Chapman, who was here earlier in the season with his family for quite a little visit, has come down again bringing with him as his guests L. H. de Walle, the Belgian vice-consul, and Dr. Otto Graf, Austro-Hugarian vice-consul. Among interesting brides and grooms who have been here during the week were Mr. and Mrs. Grove L. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell McNutt. Mr. Johnson, like John P. Irish, never wears a necktie and even on his wedding journey was minus this little accessory of dress.

Will Entertain This Winter

Colonel Simpson of the general staff of the Department of California has taken apartments at the Hillcrest and has established his charming young daughter a chatelaine. Miss Simpson has spent the last twelve years at a fashionable girl's school in New York, but she has a number of young friends here who have already entertained in her honor.

The Pasmore Concert at Century Hall Tuesday Evening

The Pasmore Trio will appear in concert for the first time since their departure for Europe three years ago, on next Tuesday evening. The decided success which they made in Europe, but especially in Berlin, where they played thirty-four times in public during the past two seasons, gives these young musicians a high position among the foremost young artists of the day. Arthur M. Abell, Berlin correspondent of the Musical Courier, in his criticism of a Pasmore Trio concert, says: "If there are three young women who can play the Tschaikowski Trio in A minor better than the Pasmore sisters, I have not heard them." The great Tschaikowski trio in A minor, written in memory of a great artist is the chief ensemble on Tuesday's program. Miss Mary Pasmore will play the Bach Chaccone for violin alone. The concert will begin with the Idyllic Mozart trio in G. This is a program to delight the heart of the true music lover. To accommodate students and those living across the bay a public rehearsal will be given at Century Hall on Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Admission fifty cents. Though a novelty here, this is a common practice in Germany.

In the Social Spotlight

The wedding of Miss Phyllis Moulton and Charles H. Merrill will be a quiet home affair in the home of the bride's parents at Fair Oaks, on September 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne will sail from London September 13th and will reach home early in October.

Herr Karl von Newinski, who is visiting this country as an agent of the German government, is registered at the Hotel St. Francis.

Theatrical celebrities are much in evidence at the St. Francis this week. The latest arrivals include Dave Warfield, Amelia Summerville, who is making a great hit at the Orpheum, and Nat Goodwin, who is accompanied by his manager, George Weeden.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Spruance have returned from the East and are at the Peninsula for an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned to the St. Francis after a two weeks' visit to Tahoe.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Marian Gough Speddy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Speddy of Alameda, and ex-Commodore Lawrence Chester Knight. The wedding will take place at the Alameda home of the Speddys about the middle of October.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Whittaker, daughter of Mrs. Andrew Whittaker of Galt, and Edward H. Gerber of Sacramento, took place last Tuesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel. Bishop Nichols performed the ceremony before a large gathering of friends.

Mrs. George C. Boardman, accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, left this week for the East. This trip will defer Miss Winn's debut in society until another winter.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, United States Navy, retired, former commander of the battleship Wisconsin, and Mrs. Clover and their family, of Washington, D. C., are at the St. Francis. They have been touring the coast in their big Packard and will remain in California for several weeks.

A very enjoyable luncheon was given at the Highlands, Ross, last week by Mrs. Clyde Payne. Dr. and Mrs. Payne have been spending the summer there.

Dr. Arnold Genthe is expected to arrive here from the Orient about October 8th.

James Phelps Stokes of New York City is a guest at the Fairmont.

Consul A. Rosenthal has taken apartments at the Highlands, Ross, for the remainder of the season.

Following close upon the visit at the Fairmont of the Duke de Montcalm, descendant of one of the most famous of the French commanders in America, another distinguished Frenchman and his party have taken apartments there. This is the Prince Ferdinand de Montpensier, son of the late Louis Philipe d'Orleans, who arrived in San Francisco on the Mongolia after a journey around the world. The prince is traveling incognito under the name of M. F. Villiers in order to escape the official and social attentions which would be shown him as the son of the Count of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl have returned from Lake Tahoe and have opened their Burlingame residence for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney are in town preparing to go East next month.

Mrs. Emil Bruguiere has returned to Monterey and is contemplating a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has had her miniature painted more often than any one in San Francisco. She wants each one of her children and grandchildren to possess her miniature likeness and for that purpose is again sitting, this time to Mrs. Rose Hooper Plotner. Mrs. Plotner has just finished miniatures of the two little sons of the J. B. Coryells.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer and Mrs. Teuxberry will soon close their Pacific avenue home and go East to spend the winter.

The promotion of Etienne Lanel, the French Consul-General of New York, to the position of Minister Plenipotentiary to Monte Video, Uruguay, came as very gratifying news to the friends of Miss Amy McKee of Oakland. Her marriage to M. Lanel, in Piedmont, took place only a short time ago. The promotion will introduce the new minister's wife into the high social honors of diplomatic life in South America. This advancement of course is a step toward a position in the European courts.

E. H. Harriman and party arrived in the city on Monday from his hunting lodge on Pelican Lake and registered at the Fairmont. On Tuesday the members of the San Francisco Manufacturers and Producers' Association tendered him a reception in the ballroom of the Fairmont in recognition of the invaluable services rendered by Mr. Harriman directly after the fire. Nearly every prominent business house was represented. The rooms of the hotel were beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the Harriman party were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Miss Mary Harriman, Miss Carol Harriman, Russell Harriman, Roland Harriman, Dr. Lyle and Thomas Pierce.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following from San Francisco: Judge and Mrs. Frank Kerrigan, H. H. Cosgriff, C. H. Meyerstein, Miss Helen Gray, Miss Alice Small, Charles Mattheas, Mrs. Lewis, F. J. Anthony, S. Walker, S. H. Woodruff and Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Feigenbaum. From Oakland: Mr. and Mrs. George Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everson, Dr. and Mrs. Fitz-Howard Janes and Frank Horton. From Stockton: Dr. C. L. Six, Geo. Merritt, W. W. Gross, Mrs. B. J. Powell, Charles E. Littlehale and Miss M. H. Littlehale. From Honolulu: Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Mrs. S. E. Cunha. From New York: W. M. Hoagland, W. E. Mitchell. From Fresno: M. F. Tarpey and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Tarpey.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado during the past week were: M. P. Brasch, D. J. McKay, Paul M. Henry, R. W. Martindale, Mrs. D. H. Bibb, Miss Bibb and G. T. Marsh.

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Stage

Warfield's Art

Apparently Mr. David Belasco has found in David Warfield a worthy successor of Mrs. Leslie Carter. What Mrs. Carter used to do to us in "The Heart of Maryland," "Du Barry" and kindred dramas, Mr. Warfield is now doing in "The Music Master"—melting us visibly, converting us into fountains of tears and sending us home with a red nose and a damp handkerchief. And thus we are convinced of the greatness of his art. When an actor in one play lures you into a region of excited and gratified nerves, tears at your susceptibilities and blinds you with tears, and in another throws you into spasms of laughter, you cannot conscientiously withhold from him acknowledgment of the potency of his genius. Which reminds me that a few months ago I read an article on the relative merits of a few of the great actors of the American stage, among whom was included the star of the current Alcazar play. Though the laurels of premiership were awarded to Mr. E. H. Sothern, Warfield was ranked below that actor only for the reason that he has played but a small number and a narrow range of parts. It was admitted that his marvelous technique was flawless, that no acting on the American stage can compare with his for immediate effect, but doubt was expressed regarding his ability to interpret and realize poetic, imaginative and intellectual roles. Now it seems to me that the impression of this power is what one should carry away from Warfield's performance in "The Music Master." For to me it seems that to Warfield and not to Charles Klein, the author of the play, belongs the credit of the strong fascination which the character of Von Barwig exercises. In a play abounding in tawdry theatrical expedients, in claptrap, padded situations and conventional puppets, one character stands out as a beautiful conception, a masterly creation of dramatic art. The play with the exception of this human figure is nothing more than a compilation of graphic scraps, the best of which are borrowed from the opera of "La Boheme." Was the playwright sensible of the potentialities of his own puppet? Painters have not always seen all the beauty and poetry of their own masterpieces. The imaginative critic can discover much that is unknown to the artist. David Warfield, I am sure, has breathed poetry and feeling into the Klein puppet. He has created a beautiful personified ideal, and by his powers of mimicry presents to us a portrait as lifelike as Dickens could have drawn. How absurd to doubt that the actor with the imagination for such an achievement has an amplitude of power sufficient to compass the most complex roles! Warfield is as effective in his assault on the emotions as Mrs. Carter was in the heyday of her career, but his method is not so obvious. The fact is that Warfield is a genuine artist, and actor by temperament and by brain. The thought that comes to him translates itself into feeling and the embodied impulse is before you. Every change of expression in his face is full of living significance, and when he stands motionless with every muscle in repose nothing can be more expressive than his face at those moments. So perfect is his technique that there is spontaneity in his every action, and every sensation that he yields to he makes others feel. His portrayal of the sweet-tempered, optimistic old music master is a thing of beauty that will be cherished among the most delightful memories of the stage.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Most Striking New Play of the Season

Of the six new plays thus far produced in New York this season, "The Devil" has created by long odds the deepest interest and the widest discussion, not so much on account of the rivalry between the companies playing it as because of the masterly way in which the subject is handled. The story runs through three acts and in each the Hungarian author, Fereuc Molnar, has boldly set forth in dialogue and actions the passions of the human soul; all through it the Devil appears to be laughing at the very weaknesses he has portrayed. The plot is not a novel nor a striking one, but it is deftly worked out. An artist is in love with the beautiful wife of a wealthy merchant. She, too, loves, but fears to express her passion. The Devil appears on the stage within five minutes after the curtain has gone up and quits it in the last act, when his work is accomplished. The artist hesitates.



THE ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR "BEAUTY BROILERS."

As they appear in "The Girl Question" at the Van Ness Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, September 14th.

The merchant's wife, Jolan, hopes to bury her own passion by seeming to approve of his marriage to a frivolous young creature named Vilma. She is already aware that he has befriended a model, but that incident in the artist's life only quickened her desire to see him the husband of Vilma. The Devil, in the disguise of a benign philanthropist, gradually enters the lives of the artist and Jolan. They fear him at first, but come to like his manners, and eventually fall into the path he has planned for them. There are several dramatic incidents in the progress of this play, notably in the second and last acts. The impelling figure, however, is that of the ever-present philanthropist. He is here, there; in the studio at three in the afternoon, and at midnight the wonder of a grand assemblage, attending a reception given by Jolan's husband. In the last act Jolan hurries into Sandor's studio. She is almost beside herself with joy. She has calmly assured herself that the storm is passed, that once she has in her possession a certain communication she has written at the dictation of the benevolent philanthropist there would be no recurrence of the temptation. She found there the same suave gentleman who had surprised her in the same place only a few hours before. She told him of her determination. She was anxious to know if he had given her communication to Sandor. The Devil said that he had not, and for a moment she was happy. Within five minutes she had told him in her own language what she had written at the Devil's dictation. Then that amiable gentleman recalled that he had not presented her letter to Sandor. Would he do so now? The curtain is falling when the lovers leave the studio arm in arm. When it hides half the audience there is only one figure on the stage, the dominant character of the play, the benevolent gentleman of the world, the Devil.



DAVID BELASCO
The noted playwright and manager

Record Success of "The Music Master"

Never in the annals of the San Francisco stage has a more emphatic hit been scored than by David Warfield in "The Music Master" at the Alcazar. After that memorable opening performance last Monday evening, the people who witnessed it no longer tried to find reason for the play and the stellar player having appeared four consecutive seasons in New York to capacity-taxing audiences. "It is more than mere art—it is genius," was an apt comment on Mr. Warfield's work. It is in the intensely human note of the play that its appeal consists. David Belasco was quick to find it in Charles Klein's work and as quick to utilize his marvelous knowledge of stage values in its development. With any other actor than Warfield or any other producer than Belasco interested in its promotion, "The Music Master" would not have attained the almost unequalled success it has met with wherever presented. It is a striking example of the playwright's dependence upon the efforts of the stage director and the actors. Belasco and Warfield have transformed "The Music Master" into a classic. "The Music Master" begins its second week at the Alcazar next Monday, and the advance sale presages another series of crowded houses. It is to be followed by Mr. Warfield's latest success, "A Grand Army Man," which ran all of last season in New York and will be revived there when the Warfield company returns. This play was constructed by David Belasco, Pauline and Marion Short, and is said to afford Mr. Warfield scope for the display of certain histrionic qualities which none of his preceding vehicles contained.

To Open With "The Great Ruby.."

The Valencia Theatre, San Francisco's finest playhouse, located on Valencia street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, will be formally opened next Saturday night with a specially organized permanent stock company, in "The Great Ruby." This theatre was designed for the home of the best stock company in San Francisco. The claim is made that when the house is thrown open to the public, on September 12th, the most beautiful and complete theatre on the coast will be on view. The house cost over $200,000, and is first-class in every respect. It seats seventeen hundred people, is strictly fireproof, and will undoubtedly take front rank among the local theatres. "The Great Ruby" was written by Cecil Raleigh for the London Drury Lane Theatre, where it enjoyed great popularity. It is in six acts and sixteen scenes, and is therefore a gigantic undertaking for any stock company to prepare for a week's presentation. The play is a thrilling and spectacular drama in which the great ruby is stolen from a jewelry store, and the subsequent acts show the efforts of detectives, police, an Indian prince, and various other persons to recover it. Incidental to the production, a big tallyho coach with four horses will be driven on the stage; there will be four automobiles in use, and at the end of the fourth act there will be a balloon ascension, in which a real balloon is used. The new Valencia stock company is headed by Robert Warwick, the well-known leading man, who has appeared in a similar capacity with Mary Mannering, Katherine Grey and Virginia Harned. He is a tall, handsome, talented actor, and is expected to become popular at once with the Valencia patrons. The leading woman is Miss Willette Kershaw, an exceedingly beautiful and clever young actress, who has held

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many responsible engagements in the East, though she comes as a stranger to San Francisco. There are thirty-five associate players in the new stock company. Sedley Brown is the stage director.

"The Girl Question" at the Van Ness

The first big musical success of the season to come here will be "The Girl Question," which is announced for next Monday night, September 14th, at the Van Ness Theatre. The music play, which had a run of three hundred and thirty-nine performances at the La Salle Theatre, Chicago, comes with a splendid cast of players and chorus which fully entitles it to be called the girliest of girl shows. The musical book is by Will Hough and Frank Adams and the music is the work of Joseph E. Howard, who are also responsible for that other notable success, "The Time, the Place and the Girl." Among the leading people to appear here in "The Girl Question" are Paul Nicholson, Henrietta Tedro, Marguerita De Von, Nina Collins, Thomas De Vassy, Russell Lennon, Lewis Wood and a dozen others. Many novel features are introduced in this production, one of which will make a particular hit. It is the musical typewriter number, which opens the third act. The chorus girls, representing stenographers, are seated at machines, and as they operate the keys chimes operated by electricity and played at various points about the theatre plays an accompaniment to the words of their song. Among the musical hits are "Oh, Gee, Be Sweet to Me, Kid," "I Hate to Work on Monday," "Waltz Me Until I'm Dreamy" and "When Eyes Like Yours Look Into Mine." There is a big demand for seats and the opening night will be quite an event of the season. The prices for this engagement are $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c.

"Maritana" at the American Theatre

"Maritana," one of the most melodious light operas and a prime favorite with music lovers, is to receive a sumptuous revival during the coming week at the American Theatre by the Persse-Mason Opera Company, commencing with the matinee performance on Sunday, September 13th. It is the story of Don Caesar de Bazan set to music by Vincent Wallace and contains an interesting plot in addition to many sweet ballads. While "Maritana" has not been sung in this city of late years, its delightful music is well known to opera lovers. The many musical gems in the opera are piano classics. "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," "Turn on Old Time," "Alas, Those Chimes," "'Tis the Harp in the Air," "Hear Me, Gentle Maritana," and "Scenes That are Brightest," are a few of the popular ballads. The plot deals with the attempt of Don Jose to get King Charles of Spain into a compromising entanglement with the beautiful gyspy girl Maritana in order to stir up trouble with the Queen. It happens that Don Caesar de Bazan, a dissipated knight, has been arrested and sentenced to be hanged for entering into a duel and his sentence is commuted upon his promise to marry the beautiful Maritana. Don Jose however endeavors to palm off an ugly old marchioness upon Don Caesar in order to keep the fair gypsy girl for his fiendish purposes in connection with the scheme to create a disturbance in the household of King Charles II. The ruler makes a passionate appeal to Maritana, who scorns his professions of love, and Don Caesar disguised as a monk learns of the entire plot. Don Jose in a fit of anger has both Maritana and Don Caesar imprisoned but the author works out the plot in a most satisfactory manner, as the opera has a very pretty ending. Edith Mason, the sweet-voiced and popular prima donna will sing the title role, while all of the other artists will have congenial parts. Thomas Persse will be heard as Don Caesar de Bazan; Charles Swickard as the wily Don Jose; Robert Lett as the King; Bernice Holmes as Lazarillo; Joseph Fogarty as the Captain; and Arthur Mesmer as the Marquis. "Maritana" will be the bill for one week, with matinees on Saturday and Sunday. Popular prices will prevail.



CHARMION

The Perfect Woman, who will appear next week at the Orpheum.



MISS WILLETTE KERSHAW.

Leading woman of the stock company now playing at the new Valencia Theatre.

Hartman in "The Fortune Teller"

The program at the Princess Theatre for Monday night and all next week will be the musical comedy by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, "The Fortune Teller." This will be its first production here at popular prices and the presentation will be a magnificent and complete one. Ferris Hartman will appear as Boris, an ancient gypsy. It is one of his best roles and affords him a splendid opportunity for displaying his great skill as a character actor. An interesting incident of the performance will be the reappearance of the delightful young soprano, Christina Nielson, who will have the dual role of Musette, a gypsy fortune teller, and Isma, a pupil in the Ballet school, in which she has met with great success elsewhere. Arthur Cunningham is happily cast as Sander, a gypsy musician. Melvin Stokes, who it will be remembered was very successful at the Tivoli, will reappear after quite an absence. He will impersonate Captain Ladislas of the Hungarian Huzzars. It is a character that he is eminently qualified to shine in and will display his fine tenor voice to great advantage. The remainder of the cast is as follows: General Korbay, Wallace Brownlow; Vaninka, a gypsy girl, Sarah Edwards; Fresco, a ballet master, Walter De Leon; Count Berezowski, a Polish composer, Walter Catlett; Ra-

fael, a gypsy boy, Mabelle Baker. The story is a pretty and interesting one and is interpreted with very charming music.

Sensational Acts at the Orpheum

The bill at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will have for its chief noved feature Charmion, the most perfectly developed woman in the world, who has probably been the cause of more discussion than any artist on the vaudeville stage. She appears gowned in one of Paquin's latest and most beautiful creations and thus gowned she ascends the trapeze high above the stage. Then she tosses her hat and gloves lightly to the floor and garment by garment her raiment flutters to the stage until she is beheld in the close-fitting costume of the athlete. All this is accomplished in such a thoroughly modest manner that even the most refined find nothing in it to shock their sensibilities. She concludes with a wonderfully graceful, daring and thrilling gymnastic performance. Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent will introduce their spectacular fantasy, "Winning a Queen," which is one of the most attractive of vaudeville conceits. Mr. Vincent appears as a Knight of the Road on the battlements of Port Arthur. He is warned away by the sentry and crawls into a cannon through the loading door to take a nap. Immediately after the great gun is fired and by the ingenious combination of a moving picture and stereopticon the tramp is seen passing through the clouds until he is absorbed by the mouth of an immense faced moon. The scene changes to the mountains of the moon where the Queen of the Moon and the tramp meet and become enamored of each other. She agrees to return to earth with her visitor and summons her favorite star, on which they both depart. The planet bursts through the skylight of a house in which the pair introduce their specialties which have made them so famous, including songs by Miss Vincent and acrobatic dancing by Mr. Gardiner. The other new people will be Fred Warren and Al Blanchard, two minstrel and musical comedy stars of renown; A. O. Duncan, America's representative ventriloquist, who is without a peer in his line of business, and the Two Pucks, two of the cleverest youngsters who have been seen on the stage in many a day. They will introduce new songs and novel costumes. With this program Amelia Summerville, the three Moshers and the immense sensation, the Trapnell family of acrobats, will conclude their engagements. A new series of Orpheum motion pictures will close the program.

New Victor Herbert Opera

"Algeria," the Victor Herbert-Glen MacDonough opera which opened in New York this week, is described as a new musical play which deals with that portion of Africa, as the name implies, which is ruled by the French and called Algiers. The story has to do with a rebellion of some native tribes against the French government and involves in its development French officers, two Americans and an Englishman, the beautiful sultana of a desert tribe of Arabs, and many Moorish and oriental characters. The comedy roles are furnished in the persons of three deserters from the Foreign Legion of the French army. The two acts of the piece are staged respectively in an oasis of the Desert of Sahara and the exterior of an old palace near the city of Algiers. Ida Brooks Hunt, as the Sultana, has the prima donna role. William Pruette, as the governor-general of Algiers; George Leon Moore, as a young French officer, Harriet Burt, as a medical practitioner, and Florence Nash, as an American bride on her honeymoon, are in the cast.

Stage Limelights

Following "The Girl Question" at the Van Ness Theatre comes the other girly music play, "The Time, the Place and The Girl."

The comedy drama success, "Checkers," will play a limited engagement at the Van Ness Theatre next month.

Rose Stahl is coming to the coast with "The Chorus Lady."

Dustin Farnum will be seen here a few weeks hence in the elaborate production of "The Squaw Man." Farnum is a great favorite in this city and he should make a big hit in this drama of the West.

One of the important attractions booked for early appearance here is "The Clansman." It will be played by a powerful company of well-known actors. The production has been a tremendous success for the past three seasons in the East.

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Arthur Cunningham and all the Princess favorites in the cast.
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Odd Things in the World

Orders in Ancient Times

An interesting find recently made in the ruins of Thebes shows that orders existed in Egpyt centuries before our time. The explorers came across a mummy in a tomb bearing on the neck the remains of a collar decorated with three flies in gold, each measuring about a dozen centimeters. The hieroglyphics explained that the dead had been decorated by Aa-Hotep, founder of the eighteenth dynasty, for services performed.

An Entente Cordiale of Beggars

The developments of the entente cordiale between Great Britain and France are unceasing. The latest is a one-legged entente, that is to say, there is to be an invasion of London by the crippled and one-legged Frenchmen belonging to the Union of French Mendicants, which was established eighteen months ago at Marseilles. M. Rosin, the one-legged president, has conceived the notion of celebrating the entente cordiale by organizing a visit to the Franco-British exhibition. A number of the same one-legged men who tramped from Marseilles to Paris last year are to walk from Dover to London selling post cards and other articles by the way. "My desire," explains M. Rosin, "is to bring about a meeting between French and British peddlers who are minus one of their legs. I don't want any humbugs, but genuine hard-working, honest British mendicants, itinerant musicians, hawkers and pavement artists. Just think what a fine thing it would be to have a banquet in London of French and British one-legged men." If M. Rosin's plan is successfully carried out the only thing left to cement the entente cordiale is a visit from the apaches of Paris to the hooligans of London.

The Truth About the Mosquito

At the time of the discovery of the mosquito's agency in breeding disease it was not dreamed that far more than the germ of the truth had been revealed many years before. The truth was told in 1853 in the obscure columns of the Gaceta Official, published at the port of Camana, Venezuela, and a little later in a brief note or two that the discoverer wrote to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. It was buried in those pages and forgotten, and has now been resurrected by the Havana Cronica Medico and the British Medical Journal. In May, 1853, Louis Daniel Beauperthuy, a native of Guadeloupe, and health officer at Camana, wrote to the Gaceta Official that for fourteen years he had made a microscopic study of the blood and secretions in every type of fever and had discovered that yellow fever resulted from the stings of several species of mosquitos. "The mosquito plunges its proboscis into the skin and introduces a poison which has properties akin to that of snake venom. It softens the red blood corpuscles, causes their rupture and facilitates the mixing of the coloring matter with the serum." Beauperthuy's facts and deductions were so remote from all the medical teachings of that day that they were doubtless laughed at and promptly forgotten. Probably the priority of his discovery will now be acknowledged, but it might have been a profound blessing to the world it scientific research had been able in the middle of the last century to proceed along the lines suggested by Beauperthuy's announcement.

Superstition of Russian Peasants

A St. Petersburg correspondent sends the following story as an illustration of the superstition of the Russian peasantry. A time-expired soldier named Karuko, living in the province of Podolsk, married a young girl and settled down in the same house with his parents, as is the usual custom in Russia. The girl's mother-in-law used her harshly, as is another custom of the country, and encouraged her son to beat his wife rather more than the custom warrants. Finally he beat her so that she died. He fled to the woods and hanged himself to a tree. The couple were buried with all the rites of the church, but unfortunately for some time after there was a drought which began to threaten the crops. The wiseacres of the village came to the conclusion that the absence of rain was God's vengeance upon them for condoning murder and suicide by giving Christian burial to the criminal. The matter was discussed by the mir, and in the dead of night a party went to the graveyard, unearthed the body of Karuko, tore the clothes off it, removed the little cross which all orthodox Russians wear around the neck in life and in death and flung the naked corpse down in unconsecrated ground. The police are now busy selecting representatives of the guilty villagers to bear the punishment allotted by law for violating the sanctity of the grave, but as rain has since fallen in quantity sufficient to save the crops the peasantry cannot but be convinced that their action was perfectly justified in every way.

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Make Weak Watery Eyes.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes
And Affords Reliable Relief.



THE TAVERN IN THE PICTURESQUE MUIR WOODS

Auto Notes

A. H. Busch and family of Los Angeles are spending a few days in this city, having made the run of 462 miles in their Thomas 40 and having been about four days on the way. Mr. Busch feels that his car has made a very good record, having consumed only forty-four gallons of gasoline on the trip. The party will return to Los Angeles early in the week.

W. S. Gilmore, of the Kruse Lumber Company, has equipped his big White steamer with an electric siren. It takes six dry cells to run the siren, but by merely pressing a button the driver can make a noise like the sound that comes from a menagerie when the animals are being fed.

The Pioneer Automobile Company has reecived word from the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company that they are now turning out fifteen Chalmers "30" per day. The Pioneer Automobile Company have sold over eighty of these cars, and after the 15th of September will receive them at the rate of fifteen per week. They expect shortly to be caught up on back orders.

The new six-cylinder 40 h. p. Thomas car, which will arrive next week, is reported to be one of the fastest stock cars on the market.

Frank Nelson, son of Fernando Nelson, the Los Angeles record holder, returned yesterday from a tour of Lake county in his father's White steamer. He reports that the mountain roads are still in fair shape in spite of the heavy teaming which has been done over them.

Twenty-six trips to Santa Cruz at an average of four hours and thirty minutes is the remarkable record to date of the 1906 Thomas car of Charles C. Moore, the well-known motorist of this city. Scarcely a week passes but the old green Thomas is not sent over the strenuous trip from this city to the sea beach and return, not to mention numerous other short tours, and still the machine has not yet had its first introduction to a repair shop. The car has been driven 40,000 miles.

The Pioneer Automobile Company report the following sales of Chalmers-Detroit cars: F. H. Huffman, R. Hunt, P. J. Cartland, S. H. Taylor, L. Jacobsen, R. H. Robinson, of Eureka, L. H. Mayhew, J. Giblin, A. Stratton, L. Young, S. Marner, C. Lenhardt and L. B. Ray.

Fernando Nelson left in his White steamer for Lake Tahoe yesterday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fernando Nelson, his daughter, Adelia, and son, Frank. They expect to be gone for a week during which time the steamer which holds the San Francisco-Los Angeles record will be driven over the steepest grades of the high Sierras.

One of the first orders to be taken by the Pioneer Automobile Company for a Chalmers-Detroit car was that of Dr. Ward, a local auto enthusiast. The lightness and speed of the little car are expected to make it popular among physicians and business men.

Demonstrations in Oakland are an easy matter in comparison to the task of showing a prospective customer the qualities of a car over the hills in San Francisco, according to A. C. Wheelock, the transbay representative of the Pioneer Automobile Company. "Demonstrating in San Francisco, I had to take the Chalmers-Detroit up the worst hills in the city to prove to prospective buyers the hill-climing ability of the motor, while over here I can turn her loose on the boulevard and when we reach the fifty-mile-an-hour clip the customer is usually satisfied."

A feature of the great forest fires at Fernie that recalls the San Francisco disaster was the work of a White steamer as a fire fighter and life saver during the conflagration. The machine, a twenty horse-power model "L" White steamer, is the property of V. Hyde Baker of Cranbrook, one of the wealthiest and best known lumbermen of British Columbia. While the terrible fire was devastating the country in all directions the steamer was hurrying fire fighters and their implements to every point where there was a chance of checking the fierce flames. Day and night the sturdy little car was on the go, stopping only to take on oil and gasoline. Several drivers were worn out in the wild flights over the Kootenai mountains, but the steamer never stopped until the fire was out. Thanks to the speed and durabililty of his White, Baker had the satisfaction of saving all of his vast holdings as well as the lives and timber claims of a large number of his neighbors. The fast work of the car over the rough roads about Cranbrook was a revelation to the natives, who were surprised to see an automobile travel over them, even under ordinary conditions.

In the new Chalmers-Detroit "30" the Unit Power Plant is used, as in the latest Decauville, the new Hispano-Suiza, and the Motobloc. Motor, clutch and transmission form a single unit, so they cannot get out of line.

The Pioneer Automobile Company reports the following sales of Chalmers-Detroit cars: J. S. Giblin, Marysville; W. L. Taylor, Florin, Cal., and F. B. Morton.

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The Preservation of the Big Trees

(Continued from page 9.)

natural death. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at heart.

There can be no question of the very rapid growth of the sequoia gigantea inasmuch as the species was unknown until 1852 and no seeds were sent to England before 1853, yet trees have been grown there that have attained a remarkable girth and altitude. One such specimen exceeds sixty feet in height and ten feet in girth, at three feet from the ground. A single cone contains from two hundred to three hundred seeds, averaging about one-quarter of an inch long by three-sixteenths wide. The seed is strikingly like the seed of a parsnip. Millions of these seeds are ripened annually by a single tree. In a fruitful year the production of one of the northern groves would be enough to plant all the mountain ranges of the world. But few of the millions of seeds which fall to the ground germinate and of those that do perhaps not one in ten thousand is suffered to live through the many vicissitudes of storm, drought, fire and snow crushings that beset their youth. Despite their fecundity the trees have not increased their range since the glacial period and have barely managed to hold their own in a climate locally favorable.

The average height of these trees is two hundred and seventy-five feet. There are specimens, however, that have scaled over four hundred feet in height, notably the Father of the Forest, now down. The base of this stump is one hundred and ten feet in circumference. Truly "there were giants in those days." "Old Hercules" lifts his scarred top three hundred and twenty-five feet into the upper air and is ninety-five feet in circumference at the base. General Grant of the King's River grove is another mammoth and is said to be forty feet in diameter. There are some half dozen of these forest giants now standing. whose trunks have been tunneled and so permit six-horse stage coaches loaded with passengers to drive through them. In the Calaveras grove lies a fallen giant. its exterior burned out, which furnishes a passage for a man on horseback to ride through for a distance of ninety feet. Dotting the groves are several such fallen giants whose hollow interior will easily furnish sleeping accommodations for a company of soldiers. The stump of the original Dowd tree in the Calaveras grove was long used as a dancing platform. It is twenty-three feet in diameter and provides ample room for thirty-two people to dance the cotillion besides allowing seventeen musicians and onlookers to group themselves around. The General Sherman is two hundred and eighty feet high and one hundred and three feet in circumference at the base. It is estimated that it contains 300,000 feet of lumber. A timber cruiser, who figured on its dimensions, said there was enough timber in it to fence and cross fence one hundred and sixty acres of land. build a seven-room house, barn and outbuildings and leave enough refuse to supply firewood for a year. From this tree alone, he figured, there could be constructed fifteen frame houses, each two stories high.

THE LIGHT INVISIBLE

By L.

O Light that lives on every hill and shore,
Beyond the night that dies at close of day,
The tears fill up the chalice of mine eyes
With gladness, when I see Thee far away.

O Stream that flows until the world shall end,
Past fretful town and hermitage and field,
Red are thy waters, but they throb with peace;
I touch their dew and all my wounds are healed.

O Voice that speaks in every grove and street,
Above the song of birds and oaths of men,
I hear and follow Thee, altho my steps
Begin a course that lies beyond my ken.

O Face returning at each Eucharist,
More close than forms that change with changing years,
I am the veil between myself and Thee,
Burn Thou the veil, and, burning, kill my fears.

O Guest that comes to take away our best,
And all the loves we garner at our side,
Thou art our Best, our Home art Thou. For Thee,
Attentive I will labor and abide.

A HOME THRUST

Years ago Mark Twain used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man."

"Yes," responded the child, "when we have company!"—Life.



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Murine Eye Salve (Unguentum Hydro-Murine) used with Murine Restores Falling Eye-Lashes and Promotes their Luxuriant Growth. Prevents and removes Scales, Cysts, Styes and Ulcers from Edges of Lids.

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Stimulates the Circulation in the Blood Supply which Nourishes the Eye. Aids those Wearing Glasses.

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Letters

Jack London's New Novel

Jack London's next novel, "Martin Eden," is being reviewed in advance of publication and already hailed as his greatest work. It appears to be more or less biographical, but whether it is so intended or not it is pretty sure that at least half the critics will see the author in its hero. It is reported that the manuscript has been sold to a western publisher for seven thousand dollars in cold cash, but "west" is a rather illusive locality. Boston talks of Pittsburg as "the west," and New York's range of vision stops at Chicago. Anything further than that becomes "the Orient." The Macmillans have had the handling of all London's books since the first four, and his catalogue now enumerates some seventeen volumes exclusive of "Martin Eden."

A Daintily Attractive Story

"The Postscript" is one of those rare books which brings to mind that quaint saying of Adachi Kinnosuke, that it is a pity one cannot protect favorites from the vandal rabble as one shuts them out of a garden, by building a wall around it, for Eleanor Stuart has written for the chosen few, not for the dwellers in the market place. There are fewer than two hundred small pages but the effect is that of violets, mignonette and forget-me-nots. It is sorrowful without being sad. Indeed it is almost cheerful, if the apparent incongruity can be comprehended. An American girl of Quaker parentage has married and lived happily with an Italian count until his death. During all the period of their union there has been no cloud on their mutual confidence and afterwards, from every side come confirmations of the worthiness and honor of the dead—from every side but one. Di Foresti, a friend of the Count, enters upon the scene, and manages, while apparently honoring him, to give the impression that there was concealed dishonor, and that his every aim and object is to protect these secrets. Esther, being childless, has had her attention attracted by a little orphan child whom she is led to believe is the illegitimate offspring of the count and whom she adopts. In truth it is Di Foresti who is the child's father, his mother being the daughter of one of those visionary "reformers" who preach revolutionary doctrines and then take the conventional attitude towards those of their own households who mistake the gospel of revolt for holy writ. Di Foresti succeeded in beclouding the memory of his dead friend for a brief period, in the hope of marrying the young widow to the betterment of his own fortunes, but there was a "Postscript" to her happiness in the re-establishment of perfect faith. A mere outline of the plot conveys no idea of the thoughtful grace of the style and the dignified treatment of a difficult subject. "The Postscript" is one of the most attractive of the many beautiful books that have been put forth by the McClure Company.

"The Lure of the Mask"

Harold MacGrath delights in the mysteries of a social incognito, and his various admirers know exactly what to expect, consequently the title of his latest romance, "The Lure of the Mask", taken together with the presentment of the auburn-haired beauty holding a half-mask in her upraised hand is a fair index to all that is coming. Mr. MacGrath never wastes time beating about the bush, and the curtain rises on John Hillard, young, though past his first youth, rich, and unattached, leaning from the window of his New York apartment one January midnight. Beneath him there passed an unknown, supposedly fair and young, who attracted his attention by singing in a cultivated voice a couplet from the opera "La Fille de Madame Angot," singing in Italian, too. Hillard, as is the wont of the hero, must needs start in pursuit of the fair cantatrice, only to be baffled by her disappearance in the fog, and he must needs make a further effort to discover her through the medium of the Agony column of a daily paper. Of course if the beautiful lady had not happened to see that particular journal, or if she had not perused the wails of the anguished, or if she had not taken any notice of the appeal, there would not have been four hundred pages of varied adventure to record, but she did, as was her proper role, do all these things and consequent upon the correspondence entered into there came a dinner party of two to which Hillard was convoyed with eyes bandaged to meet his inamorata masked. Then the lady disappeared. Meanwhile Hillard's nearest approach to a friend has an affair with a charming soubrette, "pretty Kitty Killigrew," and "pretty Kitty" has her head set on very level indeed. Merrihew has an income of seven thousand a year, and strive as he will, he finds himself invariably just a thousand to the bad on each recurring New Year. "Pretty Kitty" is an expert mathematician at least as far as subtraction goes, and she has no delusions concerning two being able to live on less than one, so she is off to Europe with a wild-goose American operatic company whose manager thinks he sees a fortune in Italy and Germany, where the exiled American tourist is supposed to be pining for American musical comedy and Broadway attractions. There is a mysterious prima donna connected with the company, likewise, dire failure of the enterprise, and a very proper villain who turns up whenever there is the remotest danger that the boat will sail on an even keel. Hillard, who is Italian born and has lived most of his life abroad, is seized with a desire to return to his birthland, and Merrihew with the magnet of his "pretty Kitty," needs no particular urging to accompany him. There is the usual ducking and dodging until the god out of the machine, in the shape of an Italian peasant with a wrong to avenge, providentially removes an objectionable half-husband and leaves a martyred half-wife free to inherit her estates. Then follows the customary wedding bells and two pair of fond lovers are conventionally united. "The Lure of the Mask" is a very good specimen of this particular sort of thing, as well as of the author's specialty. As Abraham Lincoln once remarked, "For those that like this sort of thing, this sort of thing is liked." It is good vacation reading, will make no demands on the intellect, whatever its drafts on credulity, and will entail no more hardship on the mental digestion than a luncheon of soda crackers and fresh milk will do to the physical. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

BACK EAST CHEAP

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

September 15 and 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

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New Orleans	67 50
Washington	107 50
Philadelphia	108 50
New York	108 50

Tickets sold on July dates good for ninety days; those sold August and September good until October 31st. Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15,983.

NANCY THERESA BERGEMAN-HAVERLY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA send greeting to PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty towards plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR DECREE AUTHORIZING CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE AND ORDERING SERVICE OF NOTICE THEREOF.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 6228. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of H. M. Sanborn and E. M. Sanborn praying for a Decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to them certain real property belonging to said estate which said deceased had agreed to convey to them by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been filed in this Court, said real property being described as follows, to-wit: The real property known as the Dwight Way Nursery, consisting of Lots Numbers One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), Nine (9) and Ten (10), in Block Number One (1) of State University Homestead Association No. 3, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday the 21st day of September, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. in Department No. 10 of said Court at the court house of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, the administrator of the estate of William Hale, personally by delivering to him and leaving with him a certified copy of this Order at least ten days before such hearing.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this Order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published at said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated this 17th day of August, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 17, 1908. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN W. GWILT,
906 Broadway, Oakland, California,
Attorney for Petitioners.

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Vol. XVII, No. 838. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1908. PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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Arnold, Photo.

SOME OF THE STAR WOMEN PLAYERS IN THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT DEL MONTE.

Mrs. N. A. Niemeyer, Miss Ida Mearns, Miss Florence Sutton, Miss Golda Myer, Mrs. B. O. Bruce, Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, Miss May Sutton, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Miss Amy E. Brewer.

From left to right.



Arnold, Photo.

PROMINENT TENNIS PLAYERS IN THE PRESENT DEL MONTE TOURNAMENT.

Standing: Messrs. 1, Niles, 2, McLaughlin, 3, Rogers, 4, Gorrill, 5, Janes, 6, Gardner, 7, Wright, 8, Geo. Wright, 9, Chase, 10, Johnson, 11, Galusha, 12, Lovegrove, 13, Long.
Seated: Messrs. 1, Code, 2, Knowlton, 3, Seager, 4, Kinzie, 5, Haynes, 6, Guerin, 7, Hopper, 8, Bunriller.

From left to right.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, September 19, 1908. No. 838.

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

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Tolstoi and the Holy Synod

The Holy Synod at St. Petersburg has once more given impetus to the sale of Count Leo Tolstoi's works. In anticipation of the celebration of Tolstoi's eightieth birthday the Holy Synod issued an appeal to members of the Orthodox church to abstain from participating in the affair, basing the appeal on the ground that the aged author being an enemy of the Church, demonstrations in his honor might prove mischievous. The appeal had no other effect than that of intensifying public interest in the celebration and bringing the attention of the world to the deep affection of the Russian people for the excommunicated fanatic. Aside from the fatuity of the religious motive that dictated the appeal, the uncharitableness of the spirit by which it was inspired was enough to provoke resentment. The aged Russian evangelist and gentle apostle of the cult of simplicity, slowly bending his footsteps to the grave, is a figure that strongly appeals to the tender emotions. To interpolate a note of discord in the symphony of love evoked by the occasion of his natal anniversary, and to point to him at such a time as a menace to society and an object of aversion, is to exhibit a spirit that savors of brutality. It is unfortunate that the Holy Synod does not realize that Tolstoi is not merely a heretic. It ought to be easy in his case to repress the spirit of bigotry, for he is something more than a heterodox moralist. Indeed his system of morality is the least important of the expressions of his tremendous genius. In religion he is the most illogical of dreamers. So illogical is he that students of his works affirm it to be impossible to reconcile Tolstoi the great artist with Tolstoi the almost venomous reformer. They find it difficult to belive that a man who has drawn in noble outlines the dignity of the daily life of humanity regards as sinful the divine act of procreation by which that dignity is renewed from age to age. They cannot understand how a poet in prose who has preached the essential kinship of a human being with the landscape in which he lives can deny so elemental a virtue as that which attaches a man to his native land. Tolstoi the noisy moralist will be soon forgotten, but Tolstoi, the hero of Sebastapol, the author of "Childhood and Youth," of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenin," will live through the ages. If the Holy Synod possessed the sense of humor it would have joined in the celebration of the birthday of the extraordinary literary genius and refrained from reminding the people of a certain work in which he sets forth his religious ideas and tells us that the Church is still permitted a formal existence simply because men dread to shatter the chalice that once contained the water of life.

Why Our Ships Are Obsolete

It is an axiom of domestic science that a woman cannot meddle in the affairs of her neighbors and take good care of her home. On the same principle the President of the United States cannot satisfactorily perform the duties of his office while spending his time trying to regulate the universe. And of this principle we are having exemplification every day. Preoccupied as we were for several years with Mr. Roosevelt's vague reformatory projects of a socialistic nature, his sensational assaults on divers individuals and the innumerable illusions of his overheated brain, we had no time to observe how he was managing the governmental departments under his supervision, but now we are seeing things of vital interest. Released from a blinding obsession, our perceptive faculties in good working order, we are able to give attention to matters in which it is worth while to interest ourselves. No longer in thrall to a once persuasive personality, surfeited with moonshine and lofty pretension, and with our imaginations well in hand, we have turned from our examination of the feet of clay to see what has been done by the anointed ones in and about the shrine of the idol. And we find that in no department has there been worse mismanagement than in the one which we supposed was producing the finest results. We refer of course to the Navy Department. There is doubtless some exaggeration in the charges that have been made by Upton Sinclair and others, but we are fairly certain of enough to be justified in asserting that our navy has been crippled by the gross inefficiency of the officials at Washington. We know, for example, that attention was not promptly given to many defects in our ships concerning which reports were made by line officers. Furthermore we know that as early as 1903 Lieutenant Poundstone submitted plans for a battleship of the Dreadnought type which were pigeonholed in the construction bureau, and that such ships as the Idaho and Mississippi, already obsolete, were built instead. We know that the British government adopted plans similar to Poundstone's and that we are now about to imitate what has become a British type of battleship. At the time Poundstone submitted his plans he demonstrated the virtues of his design in articles written for the Naval Institute, but he failed to impress President Roosevelt's envious and ignorant bureaucrats. Obviously our Navy Department has not been giving the country the best service available. The fact is that under the administration of the noisiest and most tempestuous of Presidents, during the passionate moral activities of the greatest reformer and scolder in history, inefficiency has brought humiliation on the country. A famous Scotch engineer, Mr. Weir of Glasgow, said to an interviewer in Washington last week that ten years ago the accomplishments of American engineers were attracting a great deal of attention in England; that quite a few things of importance were learned from engineers on this side of the water, but that conditions have changed and that now the English engineers are more advanced than ours. Apparently it is true that our engineers have not kept pace with those of England, but the truth is we do not employ available talent. It is notorious that petty jealousy rules our Navy Department as it rules other departments, and this is the natural consequence of having as Chief Executive a man predisposed to the type of personality of which jealousy and kindred qualities are characteristic.

The Hetch-Hetchy Project

Conscious as we are of the risk we run in appearing to lack deference, we have, nevertheless, the temerity to confess to a grievous misdoubt of the advisability of spending more time in straightening out the complications which involve the Hetch-Hetchy Valley water project. These complications, which are too numerous and elaborate for brief recapitulation, germinate and fructify at such a rate that their final extinguishment is a consummation which seems not only remote but impossible. If we could be sure that in the course of the next few years all obstacles would be removed and all the water needed available, the project would seem worth while, but no such prospect appeals to our patience. At best we must consent to certain restrictions. It is proposed that we should spend many millions of dollars on a water system which shall be subject to the control of the authorities at Washington, and with the understanding that the farmers of a big irrigation district shall have the first call on the supply. Day by day the futility of the scheme grows apace, while the fatuity becomes more and more apparent. It is not uncomplimentary to the intelligence of the Hon. James D. Phelan, the apostle of Hetch-Hetchy, to say that his pet project is far from alluring. Ordinarily, when Mr. Phelan is not influenced by sentiment or animated by personal prejudice; when his conduct is motived in nothing but his passion for money, his judgment in matters of business policy is pretty sound. He is a shrewd business man and can drive an excellent as well as a hard bargain. But so far as this proposed water system is concerned it is not impossible to impeach Mr. Phelan's disinterestedness. He may not be trying to make any money out of it, but he certainly is trying to prevent others from making money. What is the secret of Mr. Phelan's zeal? Is he inspired only with civic patriotism? We have seen it reported that certain water rights and properties which the city is trying to purchase are those which Mr. Phelan, when Mayor of San Francisco, took options on in his own name. How much truth there is in this we do not know. But whatever significance it may hold it has no bearing on the present discussion. The point that we wish to make is this,—that the question of the feasibility of the Hetch-Hetchy project concerns Mr. Phelan less than the circumvention of some of his enemies who are prepared to supply this city with a water system at a nice profit to themselves. There is no cloud on their title, no restrictions are to be imposed in the event of the purchase of the property, and there are no complications to be straightened out, but the owners of this property have snubbed Mr. Phelan in his clubs and they have denounced him for his charlatanism and Mr. Phelan, who is in a chronic state of splenetic upheaval, must have his revenge. The explanation seems incredible. It will not be accepted by the average sagacious reader. The avererage sagacious reader knows better, but he doesn't know Mr. Phelan. Not to know Mr. Phelan is to be in ignorance of a most remarkable psychological phenomenon. To know Mr. Phelan, the dictator of the present municipal dispensation, is to be able to understand why San Francisco must continue for a while to drink a populous water and pay high insurance rates. And it is to be able to understand why San Francisco is so different from Los Angeles, a city which has no such persuasive personality as Mr. Phelan. Our allusion to Los Angeles is not made with the expectation of impressing this incorrigible community with the advantage of unity of aim and purpose, but only to direct attention to an edifying object lesson. Years after we began talking about a water system it occurred to the people of Los Angeles that they should have one and one is already in sight. But of course Los Angeles is a degenerate city. It will be remembered that H. E. Huntington, who was driven out of San Francisco by the Phelanites, has been permitted to add millions to his fortune in the sinful city of the plain. Besides, somebody has made money out of the water rights purchased by Los Angeles. The virtuous citizens of this city will let nobody make anything but political capital out of them, and Jimmy is their darling.

Only the Shouting of the Captains

Surprise is expressed in some quarters because the current political campaign is comparatively "apathetic." Barring a somewhat heated and vituperative attack by Mr. Hearst on Mr. Bryan, the temperature of the "situation" may be accurately described as "normal." Everything seems to be proceeding in a courteous and gentlemanlike manner. The orator on the stump is neither viewing with alarm nor pointing with pride. He goes about his business of convincing his fellow citizens that his candidate for the Presidency is the better man, in a business-like way; he argues calmly and he declaims dispassionately; he trusts something to the intelligence of his hearers, and he leaves something to their discretion. It is not really an "apathetic" campaign; it is a reasonable campaign. In truth there is nothing in the contest to excite either pride or alarm; the "issues" are ordinary business questions subject rather to parliamentary debate than to vociferous and declamatory appeal to human prejudice; the candidates are plain American citizens variously accused of such mild offenses as that one is Mr. Roosevelt's personal candidate, that another is a twice-defeated candidate, that a third is a Socialist, a fourth a Populist, a fifth a Prohibitionist, and a sixth the personal candidate of Mr. Hearst. That about completes the tale. If any candidates have been lost in the shuffle they are unimportant. None of these accusations will win or lose a vote in the final count. Even if we believed that Mr. Taft is "Roosevelt's man," we would not vote against him; and the fact that Mr. Bryan has been twice defeated for the Presidency would not injure his prestige in our estimation. As for the others, the utter improbability of their election disposes of them as factors in the horoscopes cast by the political prophets.

The Hub.
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All of which is indicative that the mass of the American people has returned to reason; that public opinion has decided, temporarily at least, that States may be saved without clamorous appeals to the passions of men; that platforms are only guide-posts at the crossroads of politics; that a great deal of stump oratory is only auditory evidence that the hired man is earning his wage. All of us have long since settled in our minds what candidate we will support with our votes; and we are sure that even if the candidate whom we favor is beaten at the polls the country will be absolutely safe. We are not "apathetic," we are only confident. This confidence is not inspired by the candidates or by the principles which those candidates are supposed to represent. It is a confidence in ourselves. We face no "crisis" in this election, and our outlook upon the future is sufficiently clear to assure us that there are no rocks, reefs or shoals in the course of our ship of State. What matters it then, in the final analysis, who is at the helm? The crew is competent to handle the craft even if the skipper loses his grip. Consequently we are not wasting sleep in worriment over who shall be the successful candidate. Business is pretty good and promises to be better. Wages are fair and the toiler is contented. We are at peace with the outlander and he is sending his money to us for our products and merchandise. Perhaps we are a little too peaceful; perhaps it would be better for the national stamina if there were a "war cloud" or two on our "horizon;" peace, if too prolonged, breeds cankers. It is not necessary to seek farther for more subtle definition of the attitude of the average American citizen in this campaign. He is wholly satisfied with conditions as they exist and as he believes they will exist after the election, and he is more disturbed over the affairs of his immediate neighborhood than he is with the affairs of the nation. The antics of the graft prosecution are of greater moment to the San Franciscan just now than is the possibility that William Jennings Bryan may be the next President of the United States, or that if William Howard Taft is elected the tariff will not be revised to suit us; over in Oakland there is vastly more interest manifested in the feud between Mayor Mott and Councilman Jackson than in the quarrel between Mr. Hearst and the Iroquois Club of this city; a constable, or maybe two constables, are to be elected in Eden township or Milpitas, and that fierce controversy absorbs all the spare venom and wrath of the citizenry of those communities, leaving little or none to be expended on each other for national purposes. Some of our newspapers may prance around in "the political arena," with perceptible affectation of partisan "fealty," but that is the usual way with most newspapers, and the American citizen is no longer deceived by the cavortings of his favorite journal—he was never deceived by the champing and stamping of the newspaper that he refuses to "take" but never fails to read. The campaign is not one of "apathy" but it is "quieter" than any other in our history, and is thus qualified to be specially recorded in our yet-to-be-written annals. Otherwise it is, in its present complexion, scarcely worthy of a marginal note on the page of our Book of Destiny.

The Evils of Total Abstinence

Dr. Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard, one of the most learned of living psychologists, is of the opinion that this country is "drying up emotionally," and that there is a connection between this phenomenon and the national prejudice against alcohol as a beverage. Dr. Munsterberg is probably the most efficient of all the allies of the Demon, for his espousal of the cause is inspired with solicitude for the interests of the intellectual arts, and he says that history shows that intemperance and abstinence alike work against the highest interests of civilization and are destructive of those emotions which are susceptible to esthetic influences. Now, singularly enough, the noisiest of the Prohibitionists are women who think they represent the educated and enlightened class and Philistines of the pulpit who have proudly established themselves in a frail cosmos of fake culture. Many of them are leaders of new thought movements. All are more or less prominent in village lyceums. When they learn that so distinguished a scientist as Dr. Munsterberg says that Prohibition is the creed of presumptuous ignoramuses many of them will apostasize over night. If the brewers, distillers and the vintners, the cultivators of the vine and the growers of hops, are still fearful of the Puritanism that has been threatening to banish alcohol from the land they should backfire the enemy with homilies on the evils of Philistinism and warnings against the menace to intellectual progress. Should it become generally known that the feminine morality and sexless virtue advocated by the bigots of the Prohibition propaganda betoken a narrow and an uncultivated mind, the membership of the W. C. T. U. would fall off one-half by reason of the resignations of the dear creatures who are performing ludicrous antics on the front doorsteps of culture. But to return to Dr. Munsterberg: "Puritanism," he says, "has held back the real American spirit of artistic creation in fine arts and music and drama." Dr. Munsterberg preaches the necessity of stimulated life. He says that if we do not have alcohol we must have a substitute and a less harmful substitute is hard to find. The American nation, he says, would never have achieved its world work if it had eschewed liquor. There is no more dangerous state for a healthy, strong nation than mental monotony in the life of the masses. Dr. Munsterberg is an advocate of temperance, but total abstinence he regards as a crime that leads to barbarism. "Truly," he says, " the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, who enjoys his glass of light wine, and then wanders joyful and elated to the masterpieces of the opera, serves humanity better than the New Englander who drinks his ice water and sits satisfied at the vaudeville show, far from real art." Thus does Dr. Munsterberg point the difference between the effect of a moderate indulgence in alcohol and total abstinence. The Demon, according to the Harvard phychologist, is the patron saint of art; total abstinence is fatal to art.

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Sometime

By Aloysius Coll

Sometime, when in the hushes of the night,
You grow afraid, then laugh away the fear
That on the star a step had fallen light.
Look up and smile—you cannot see or hear,
But I am near!

Sometime, when breezes stir across the wall,
You startle at the rustle of a vine
And break your lips to speak, but choke the call—
Give me the word—'tis not the columbine;
The voice is mine!

Sometime, when in the passing of a cloud
You tremble at the shadow, yet are brave,
Lift up your eyes—this thing so like a shroud
My soul is, come to pay the love you gave
Back from the grave!

Perspective Impressions

Debs hopes to cut the hours of labor down to two. A good way to destroy the human race with ennui.

Hearst and Bryan have called each other liars. Which shows that the Roosevelt style of argument is coming into fashion.

Rudolph Spreckles came back to life for the purpose of taking another beating. He is surely a glutton for punishment.

From what we hear of Gumshoe Burns it is fair to infer that if he ever gets on his own trail he'll arrest himself on the way to a mirror.

"One of the great problems of today," says Windy Bill of Nebraska, "is to secure an equitable distribution of the proceeds of toil." And Windy Bill will solve it by the sweat of his chin.

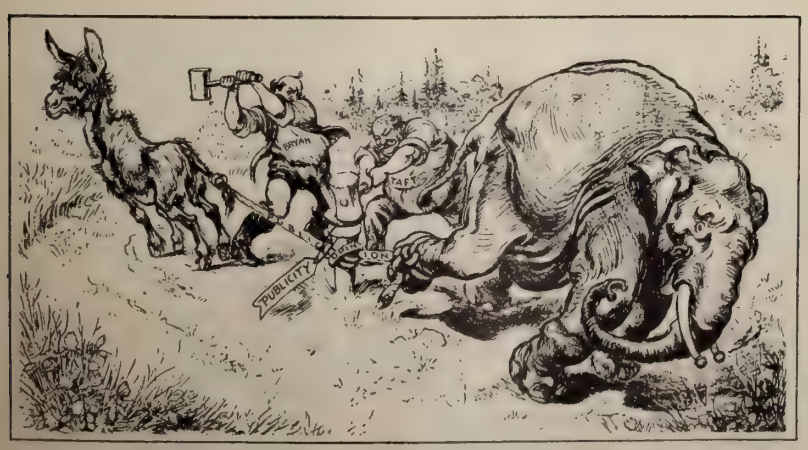
The water problem complications are thickening like the plot of an old Morosco melodrama and the professional patriots of the Board of Supervisors don't know whether they are a-foot or on horseback.

It is to be hoped that the airship will find favor with the reckless individuals who are now employing the automobile as an instrument of destruction.

Wisconsin through the medium of La Follette's direct primary law has beaten his candidate for United States Senator and elected his enemy, Isaac Stephenson. Has Battle Bob been found out? Every demagogue has his day .

Mr. Roosevelt assures us that Mr. Taft never permits himself "to be led into foolish excesses which would damage the very cause he champions. Let Mr. Taft vindicate this encomium and history will pronounce him the antithesis of the present occupant of the White House.

The authorities of the Museum of Natural History in Washington have named the latest specimen of the prehistoric saurian Tyrannosaurus rooseveltius. As the monster has a forbidding front and a jaw bristling with the most unspeakable teeth the name has been pronounced a happy inspiration in paleontological terminology.



AND THE GREEN GRASS GROWS ALL 'ROUND.
—Keppler in Puck.

From "Puck." Copyrighted, 1908.



NOW LET THE CAMPAIGN BEGIN.
—Triggs in the New York Press.

Some Curious Deaths

By Donald Stern

It seems like an irony of fate that Philip Lilienthal, the banker, should have been killed by the hoofs of a horse while seated in an automobile surrounded by friends. Aside from the sadness which swept over the community profoundly moved by the loss of such an upright and generally beloved man, perhaps the greatest impression was made by the sudden and unexpected taking off in the prime of his manhood and in the midst of his hospitable pleasures.

This grim certainty of Death is strikingly set forth in an eastern apologue which runs as follows: "As Solomon was one day walking with a person in Palestine, his companion said to him, with some horror. 'What ugly being is that which approaches us? I do not like his visage. Send me, I pray thee, to the remotest mountain of India.' Solomon complied, and the moment he was sent off the ugly Being arrived. 'Solomon,' said the Being, 'how came that fellow here? I was to have fetched him from the remotest mountain of India.' Solomon answered, 'Angel of Death, thou wilt find him there.'" In this skillful way the Oriental nations weave the dictum that there is no escape from Destiny. We remain as ignorant of the way in which we shall quit the world's vast stage as we were of the way in which we entered helplessly upon it. There is nothing monotonous in the way Death effects his object. He comes in as many shapes as Proteus or Vertumnus. He reveals himself in such extraordinary forms that one can almost sympathize with the weary philosopher whose sole interest in life was his curiosity as to how he should die. Biography and tradition supplies us with very various and very ample illustrations in the passing of distinguished men. Some of these legends are obviously fabrications, some of them have a groundwork of truth and some in spite of their improbability are literally true. All of them rest on authority as valid and respectable as that on which far more important events have been based.

The Greeks were past masters in finding pregnant lessons in the closing hours of their heroes. Homer, they tell us, died of a broken heart because he could not guess a riddle. As Horace had been warned by a witch that a chatterbox would be his death, so Homer had been warned by an Oracle that he would be killed by a riddle. And his day came. As he was wandering along a beach one afternoon, feeling his way with a staff in his blindness, he heard some fisherman in a boat, and unfortunately called out as any modern might have done, "What luck?" A voice from the boat replied: "As many as we caught we left behind, as many as we could not catch we carry with us." Homer puzzled over the enigma until in sheer vexation he died. Aristotle is said to have ended his days very much in the same way because he could not understand a more interesting riddle set by nature, namely, the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the Euripus. Worn out by the problem he finally threw himself into the river. Anacreon was choked with a grape seed. Sophocles is said by some to have died in this same way; others declare he died of joy at being declared victor in his last tragic contest. Euripides was torn to pieces by dogs hounded on by some women in revenge for his misogynism. Aeschylus was warned by a soothsayer that on a certain day he would be killed by something falling on his head. When the fatal day arrived Aeschylus determined to avoid all chances of danger by leaving the city and going out alone into the distant country fields where nothing could fall on him from the walls. The warmth of the day and his apparent safety in his surroundings finally reduced him to gentle slumber. As he drowsed an eagle flew overhead with a tortoise in its claws. Mistaking Aeschylus' bald head for a stone the big bird let fall the tortoise in order to break it open. The blow killed the famous writer.

Cleanthes, the Stoic, suffering from an ulcer in his mouth, and having followed the injunction of his physician to go without food for two days, calmly observed on the end of the second day that as he had now advanced so far on the road to death he did not think it worth while retracing his steps, persisted in abstinence and died of starvation. But one of the most singular ways of quitting the world was that imposed on the unfortunate philosopher Hermotimus. Like Proetus and Porphyry, he is said to have had the power of entirely separating his soul from his body. His soul winged about the air while his body, a mere corpse, reposed at home. His wife complained of such spirit trips and objected to being left alone at home with a gruesome body. Hermotimus heeded her not, and in time she sought sympathy and consolation elsewhere. The lovers found the body a haunting inconvenience, for they never were quite sure whether it was or was not animated. Accordingly they one day burnt the body and Hermotimus' spirit was left forever in its flight. Horace's life was so linked with his beloved Maecenas that it is said the poet did not long survive his patron. Pliny the elder died in the eruption of Vesuvius A. D. 79. Note book in hand the great scientist was watching nature in her throes when he was overcome with gases. Whether Moliere actually expired while supporting his character ("Le Malade Imaginaire") of a sick man who pretends to be dead, is doubtful. A Latin epitaph, written at the time, asserts it as a fact. The last quatrain has been translated as follows:

"Old, surly Death, offended at his play,
Would not be joked with in so free a way;
He, when he mimick'd him, his voice restrained,
And made him act in earnest what he feigned."

It was a curious coincidence that Falconer, the author of that fine descriptive poem, "The Shipwreck," should have perished in the casualty he so nobly describes, and that Shelley should have anticipated so accurately in poetical description his own fate: "Tomorrow I will utterly confute all that I have proved today, by strong arguments," said Simon of Tournay, at the close of a lecture in which he boasted that he had proved all the great mysteries of religion; on the morrow he was laid low by apoplexy. George Valla was hurrying form his lodgings to deliver a lecture on the probability of the immortality of the soul, but before he reached his class room he had solved the problem, for himself at least, by dropping dead. Christopher Marlowe, who at the age of twenty-nine gave every sign of being one of England's greatest dramatic poets, became mixed in a night brawl and was stabbed in the eye. Thomas May, the historian of the Long Parliament, the translator of Lucan's "Pharsalia," and one of the most versatile authors of his time, was found dead in bed with all the signs of having been strangled. He was suffocated by the strings of his night cap being tied too tightly.

Bishop Berkeley was the innocent cause of the death Malebranche. On a visit to the latter he found him suffering with inflammation of the lungs. The conversation turned on the non-existence of matter and the argument between the two philosophers waxed so hot that poor Malebranche increased his disorder and died shortly after. A singular fate befell Jean Santeul, one of the few great Latin poets produced by France. He was enjoying himself with some friends at Dijon when one of them, as a practical joke, dropped some Spanish snuff into San-

(Continued on Page 33.)

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Greeting a New Author

Being in the Nature of a Half-Hearted Welcome to a Scottish Writer Who Would Try His 'Prentice Hand on the Sacred Legends of Old California Before the Native Son Writer Has Grown to Full Appreciation of the Fact that the Greenest Grass Grows at His Own Door.

By Democritus.

A new writer of Californian stories is swimming into our ken. His name is W. Drummond Norie and he is loudly advertised as something relative to all the Scottish Drummonds, claiming close kinship with Henry Drummond, the literary clergyman of Glasgow, whose "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has done so much to sustain the faith of those who cling to the traditions of the two-and-seventy jarring sects against the assault of modern science. Neither was it omitted from Mr. Norie's brief biography that he was in lineal descent from the poet Drummond, William of Hawthornden, famous in the early seventeenth century as the author of "Tears on the Death of Meliades," "Flowers of Zion" and "Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations." It would be an expatriate Drummond indeed who could not trace himself back to the Scottish sonneteer, preferring that ancestry rather than the Jacobite stirps of nobler strain whose belted earls of Perth were chancellors to the royal Catholic house of Stuart and plumed partisans of the Pretender.

It is a far cry from Lochleven or Lochaber and the literary kailyard of Edinburgh to the California of the pastoral period, but it is an easy, swooping flight for Author Drummond. His distinguished countryman, Robert Louis Stevenson, lived a long time on the scant crusts of Monterey, but dared not coin the legends he heard there into bawbees to pay for more crusts. The hand of the Drummond-Norie, however, may not be stayed; and the gathering dust on the old tapestries will now be shaken from the dim and fading pictures; the new broom made in Glasgow will sweep the cobwebs from the beamed roofs of the old adobes; an alien key will unlock the oaken chests of the long dead dons to reveal the secrets of our first families; a pen better fitted to write the history of the cavaliers who fought under Bonnie Dundee will scrawl strange words to travesty the only poetry that California may claim as her literary and historical birthright.

I am not quarreling with W. Drummond Norie. I find no fault with him for rushing in where our own Gertrude Atherton dared to tread—where a score of lesser folk have stumbled and blundered and floundered so absurdly. The land is open to any invader, and its conquest is to him who has the power. Let W. Drummond Norie walk awhile in El Dorado; sit awhile beneath the mission arbors; stay awhile with the hospitable grandee; sup awhile with the stately senoras; ride awhile with the gay cabelleros; dance awhile with the dark-eyed senoritas; beguiling himself the while with the vain notion that he is breathing the "atmosphere" of Old California, that he is listening to the lilting melody of the strings that measured the pace of bolero or moved the flying feet in the gladsome fury of the fierce fandango. And while he tarries I will harbor neither sorrow nor anger against him; I will not exult over his discomfiture nor reproach him for his temerity. I will only smile and bid him a long farewell.

I observe that W. Drummond Norie gets his "atmosphere," which is a very important adjunct of the Californian story, by the old, old trick of mixing his Spanish with his English: "Buenos dias, senores! Would you not like a basket for your peaches?" "It was a long journey in those days, hijo mio." "Ah, Felipe! hermano mio!" This is "atmosphere." Mrs. Atherton's "atmosphere" is more pronounced. It is a heavier "atmosphere" oppressively redolent of such epithets as "maldito!" "caramba!" "madre de Dios!" "valgame Dios!" and "sin verguenza!" Rendered into plain, straightforward English these phrases gain strength but lose their musical quality and utterly destroy the writer's "atmosphere." W. Drummond Norie, however, dissipates his "atmosphere" in quite another manner. He uses the explanatory parenthesis, thus: "Muy poco (very little)"; one of the pobladores (founders) of the Pueblo de San Jose"; "a beautiful novia (fiance)"; which last I presume to be a printer's error for "fiancee," but why mix Spanish "atmosphere" with French climate when the comprehensive English word "betrothed" or the tender word "sweetheart" would have served so much better without spoiling the "atmosphere" in the slightest? Or why explain it at all? I take no exception to Mr. Norie's bad Spanish in "Mucho gracias, senorita," for not every printer is up in the Spanish language and all printers are proverbially prone to typographical errors as the sparks to fly upward; of course Mr. Norie wrote it "Muchos gracias, senorita," which is also bad Spanish for "Muchas gracias, senorita," but perhaps Mr. Norie in his effort to put "atmosphere" into his story compelled his Spaniard to speak ungrammatically—Dickens, Thackeray, Walter Scott and Ian McLaren used the same device in their "atmosphere.' Mr. Norie's perversion of a Spanish phrase in a story for English readers may be a subtle refinement of the trick, that is all. Pursuing this line of superficial criticism, I wonder whether Mr. Norie would deem it necessary to append a glossary to one of his stories of Scottish life, if he should ever think it worth his while to write about something with which he ought to be more familiar than he is with the old regime in California. And suppose that Gertrude Atherton should write a story about Athens or Sparta—would she "atmosphere" it with Greek expletives and phrases printed in Greek types? I wonder.

Much as I dislike to review Mr. Norie censoriously, I must express my resentment against his footnotes, indicated in the text of his story by numbers in parenthesis. "The wide valley from Alviso to San Ysidro (1)," writes Mr. Norie, and in a footnote "(1) Now known as Gilroy"; "the Presidio of Yerba Buena (2)," which he says at the bottom of the column is "(2) The old name of San Francisco"; "the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe (3)," compelling the reader to pause in his wild career through Mr. Norie's story until he has learned from the tail-end vade mecum that the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe is "(3) The old name of San Jose." Californians will accuse Mr. Norie of insulting their intelligence by this method of explaining himself as he goes along and those who are not Californians, chancing to read one of these Norie California stories will puzzle themselves to ascertain whether Mr. Norie is writing a geography or a romance.

The oratorical protagonist in the story now under vivisection announces in the opening sentence of his recital that his speech is "halting" and that he has not "a very good mastery of your difficult Americano tongue." Thereafter the speaker's narrative flows freely enough, especially when it is assisted by the unmistakable English of Mr. Norie—English as good as any that is printed in the Strand Magazine or Temple Bar. In truth I suspect that when Mr. Norie is in the throes and convulsions of composition he forgets his "atmosphere" and unconsciously substitutes that of his own, his native land.

I have not said all that I could say in critical review of this new writer of Californian stories; nor all that I

(Continued on Page 33.)

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Mother Love

By Konstanza Hodoseh

At last the soft light of the slowly rising sun crept through the window. The young woman arose from her bed and glanced out upon the streets, where already there was some movement of life, and then up at the sky, which was slowly changing from the night to the day. But her eyes were very tired, she had not slept the entire night and perhaps never again would she know the infinite restfulness of quiet slumber.

Her present situation resolved itself into a half dozen spectres, some mute, some menacing. There were the past, the present and the future, and all three seemed to be arising and breathing like the sullen waves of a great and boundless sea upon no shore of which shines any lighthouse sending out rays of hope, comfort or guidance. The past has left its impress, but the horizon of the future is covered with a mass of dark clouds, and it is doubtful whether the rising sun will pierce and disperse them. She went to the mirror and arranged her hair, and then, holding her breath, opened the door of the neighboring room very quietly. There he was sleeping, and in a cradle, close by the bed, slept the little one. The curtains were drawn over the windows, and it was as quiet in this room as in a church.

She—she is the one who had sinned! In a moment of madness she had violated the sanctity of this retreat.

How was it possible, how could she have done it? Had she not loved them? She could have gotten down upon her knees and taken the man's hand in hers, and begged him to tell her if he had ever loved her. From the very beginning she had doubted it. Young, gay and beautiful, she had found nothing in his strong, quiet nature to answer her own.

"How will you get along together?" inquired her aunts and relatives and the long line of male friends who had been attracted by her wit, her beauty, her wavy black hair and sparkling eyes.

Sometimes she cried because he seemed to neglect her, did not give her an answering smile, did not give her that which would have made her so happy.

One day he, her husband, had lost all patience and had scolded her mercilessly. The household matters were not properly carried on, she was away from the home too much and when in her own house received too many visits. She handed over the care of their child to a servant. It was a flood of cruel reproaches, under the burden of which she finally broke down.

Well, society was right. She and her husband did not understand each other; they were distinctly different natures; they were incompatible temperaments; they could never live together.

So they must part.

Could she really leave him? Many other arms were reaching out toward her to protect her, and passionate voices were calling to her.

"You are a martyr!" said one. "He does not love you!" whispered another. "I understand you!" murmured a third. "I worship you," came from another side. And then all the voices seemed to blend into one word: "Come! Come! Come!"

Her husband had consented to the separation and she had chosen one from the crowd of her admirers.

Well, and now? In the next room were the trunks which had been packed. She was going, she must go.

She was a stranger in this little paradise, she was a thief who had broken in. What was she waiting for?

Yet she remained there, rooted to the spot, gazing wide eyed at the walls, the pictures, all that the room showed to the eye, and memory brought up much of the past. Where was her youth, where the love which had vanished like the snows of yester-year?

With a low sigh, which was more like the perfume wafted from the rose than a sound issuing from lips, the child awoke and stretched out its arms.

"Why, where have you been sleeping, mamma?" The boy wound his arms around her neck and pressed her face close to his breast.

And now there came to her dry, feverish eyes, which could not close the night before, a new look; the tears welled up, and then the child said again:

"You must not leave me."

A light seemed to break upon her. "No! No! I will never go away, I will never leave you, God help me." In that cry her whole heart, her whole soul went out to him.

Here was the treasure of her dream, here was her youth; her love, her ambition, her strength to live were here, in her arms. Now she saw clearly her duty, and more than that, the only possible way to happiness. Hereafter she will be humble and obedient, she will beg for forgiveness and indulgence. Oh, no; he can never drive her away. That would be impossible. He might go away if he wanted to, but leave to her the innocent child that she might hold it in her arms and hear its sweet voice, the sweetest music in the whole world.

Suddenly she heard a nervous cough, and, startled, she lifted up her eyes. Her husband had awakened. He said no word, but gazed at her with a look of bitter hatred. She took the child up in her arms and carried it to the sofa in the corner and began to dress it, but his gray, reproachful eyes burned into her soul like barbed arrows. She began to tremble and pressed the child convulsively to her.

The man rose and came toward her threateningly: "No more scenes! You wanted to go, now—go!"

She laid the child down on the sofa and lifted her hands to him pleadingly: "Forgive me!"

He looked at her with infinite contempt: "Do you dare—"

"Listen, if there is in your soul one spark of feeling left—"

He interrupted her with a burst of sarcastic laughter.

"Enough, enough. There is none left, not one single spark."

For a few moments he paced back and forth, and then he stopped and drawing himself proudly up, looked at the clock.

"The train leaves at six o'clock; you have only fifteen minutes to catch it. See, the carriage is at the door; your lover is waiting for you."

Mechanically, as if impelled by some hypnotic force, she rose and went into the next room. She put on her traveling cloak and hat. Then she looked into the mirror. Whose was the pale, drawn face that looked out upon her? She passed her hand over her features questioningly, to make quite sure. No, it was not her face, it was not her hair, it was not her hand.

"It is the face of a corpse," she said to herself.

As she went down the steps she turned for an instant and held out her hands.

"I go," she murmured, "but my soul remains here!"

In the room above the child stood in the very place where his mother had left him, as if turned to stone. There was something terrible in his look. The father went over to him and lifted him in his arms, but the child screamed and tore at his face and beard with its little fingers.

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The Spectator

General Otis's Affairs

According to the gossip of local newspaperdom, General Harrison Gray Otis, the militant editor of the Los Angeles Times was recently on a still hunt in this section of the country for a managing editor, one with the ability to take full charge of his big daily and relieve him of all but the ultimate responsibilities of newspaper ownership. This news was followed by the report that the aged veteran of two wars and innumerable political and industrial scraps had come to the conclusion that he had almost exhausted his energies and that it was the part of wisdom to forego henceforth the vanities of life and in the serenity of a calm retreat husband his vitality and crown a life of labor with an age of ease. The author of this report has a very inaccurate conception of General Otis's disposition. Though General Otis has reached the threescore year and ten mark age sits lightly on his shoulders. He went East a short time ago to undergo a very serious operation, but he had no dread misgivings. Nay, on the very eve of his departure his fancy, so 'twas said, was as that of exuberant young manhood in the season when the sap beings to stir and the fruit trees shed their filmy blossoms. In short, to General Otis is attributed the very serious intention of linking his fortune with another's, and the bavardes of the press have been getting ready for him.

An Old-Fashioned Judge

Apparently Judge Coffey entertains an old-fashioned prejudice against passing upon the question of his own impartiality. This question was raised the other day in the litigation which grew out of the collapse of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. It was contended that as Judge Coffey's nephew had a small sum of money on deposit in the wrecked bank the judge would not be able to preserve a neutral state of mind at the trial. This was rather a far-fetched challenge, but Judge Coffey took it seriously and referred it to another department for consideration. Apparently Judge Coffey does not think it advisable to be guided by the precedents recently established by certain exalted representatives of the judiciary, who affirm their absolute immunity from bias and prejudice, and who are so far removed from the atmosphere of natural passion that they are inaccessible to all emotion. A judge of this kind can try his mother or his mother-in-law with the same degree of fairness.

A Hint From Judge Seawell

Another one of the old-fashioned kind of judges is Judge Seawell, who reveres the traditions and is a stickler for the ethics of his profession. The other day he was asked to postpone a civil case in his department on account of the illness of one of the attorneys who was suffering from nervous prostration. This attorney is one of the assistants in Mr. Langdon's office and is paid by the taxpayers to serve them in the capacity of public prosecutor. Judge Seawell opened his eyes in astonishment when he heard the illness of an Assistant District Attorney pleaded as a pretext for postponing a civil case. "If the District Attorney's office doesn't keep out of civil practice," said Judge Seawell, "there will be some pretty serious cases of nervous prostration hereabouts."

The Barbers After Livernash

Despite the vindictiveness of the Barbers' Union the Labor Day festivities were not marred perceptibly. The miscreants of the Barbers' Union, nursing a prejudice against the Hon. E. J. Livernash, undertook to disturb the harmony of the occasion by means of a protest against the orator of the day. They objected to Mr. Livernash on the ground that his friendship for labor was only skin-deep, and they charged him with rank treachery and hypocrisy. Somebody went so far as to issue a scurrillous circular containing a summary of the queer events that have given some color to Mr. Livernash's checkered career. Most of the things recited therein Mr. Livernash himself must long since have forgotten, for it is incredible that any man conscious of the record which gives a curious distinction to this young patriot's past would deliberately presume to persuade the union men of San Francisco that he is deserving of their warm esteem. In justice to Mr. Livernash it should be said that the only grievance which the Barbers' Union has against him is due to his reported partiality toward scab shops. And it should also be said that the Labor Council overruled the protest. Of course no other action was to have been expected, for the Labor Council, thanks to Mayor Taylor, is at present subject to the dictation of the Hon. Michael Casey, the sometime henchman of Eugene Schmitz and now the handy man of the current dispensation. Casey and Livernash are now of the same political coterie, but as neither has greater facility than the other in switching allegiance what relation they will bear to each other a year from now God only knows.

Johnny—"Pa, when is the freedom of the city given to a man?"
Pa—"When his wife goes to the country for the summer."

A Sad Necessity

Dr. Jordan's address to the students of Stanford at the opening of the semester was timely, pertinent and apposite. This is saying more than it should be necessary to say, for Dr. Jordan's remarks were chiefly admonitory and wholly personal. It is unfortunate that the words of warning and advice were warranted by sad and painful experience. I hope that what Dr. Jordan said to the students of Stanford on this occasion will be recorded in the oratorical annals of the school as mere aftermath of a harvest of collegiate wild oats, and that on no future occasion will it be necessary to refer to it in sorrow or anger—sorrow because the words were unheeded, anger because the counsel and warning were scorned by the student body as mere by-words uttered to fill the measure of a freshman's moral need and in nowise adequate to assuage a sophomoric thirst or to put a check on the wild desires of a junior undergraduate cavorting in coltish abandon in the red-light district of Menlo or wasting his youthful substance in the tenderloin of the metropolis, where wine is a mocker, strong drink raging and all things pernicious.

Lenity for Academic Heresies

Stanford undergraduates have certainly not behaved with proper respect to their alma mater. Many of them have indeed disgraced their college by the publicity and the notoriety of their riotous living. It is to be hoped sincerely that hereafter the coltish contingent of the student

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body will submit without resistance to the curb that the faculty proposes to put upon them. But, in all candor it must be said that the reformation of Stanford should not stop at the personal morals of the students; it should reach to the inner council of the governing body there to regenerate the academic policies of the institution. If the students of Stanford have been too broad in their notions of what constitutes a collegiate career, the faculty and trustees of Stanford have been too narrow in their view of what should be given to the students in the way of pabulum for mental digestion. It is possible that the "heresies" banned from Stanford are really as rank as they have been painted by Dr. Jordan and his colleagues on the board of trustees; but that fact, if it is a fact, should not militate against them as subjects for discussion within the walls of a real university, and it would not so militate in any university where all knowledge is welcomed if for no other purpose than to prove it futile and fallacious. Heresy, in the modern definition is no longer a crime to be eradicated by the rack or to be wrenched from the heretic with forceps, like a bad tooth. The heresies of yesterday are the truths of today; and what was heterodox last week may be absolutely orthodox tomorrow. The world moves in spite of Galileo's enforced recantation, and intellectual mankind has learned to read the story of creation in the rocks rather than in the pages of Genesis. Dr. Jordan may think he is right in forbidding the preaching of economic and philosophical heresies at Stanford, but if he is wrong he will have much to answer for in the final accounting when the great ledger is posted in which will be recorded the debits and credits of those who have assisted or retarded the intellectual progress of the world. Therefore I call for more light at Stanford; another dash of lycopodium on the torch of learning; another cruet of oil for the lamp of knowledge—and less scrutiny of the label on the powder box and the trademark blown in the bottle.

Berkeley's Broader Policies

Dr. Wheeler of the University of California sets an excellent example for Dr. Jordan of Stanford. When Socialist Debs was arriving in California like a big red wagon, the Socialists were timid of Dr. Wheeler and were almost afraid to ask his permission to let their red republican speak in Berkeley. It was suggested that as Debs was a sort of popular curiosity it would be necessary to exhibit him in a big place to accommodate the throng that would gather to hear him perform, and that when he was billed to abash the echoes of Berkeley he should speak his piece from the stage of the Greek theater. Some doubt was expressed by the more modest and retiring members of the communistic cult of which Debs is the standard bearer, as to the advisability of risking a scornful answer from the President of the State University, and fearing this answer an ordinary skating rink was hired. As soon as Dr. Wheeler heard the Socialists were thus fearful of his Greek style of speech, he relieved their embarrassment by informing them that Debs was completely welcome to thunder his propaganda against the stone walls of the amphitheater. The Greek theater belonged to the people of California; the Socialists, however misguided in their political notions, were citizens of California; ergo, the Socialists had as much right as other citizens of California to preach their political doctrines in the Greek theater. The light has come to Berkeley. The logic of Berkeley, in this instance, is after the best manner of Whateley and Mill and it reaches its conclusions by direct and irreducible terms. I suppose that Dr. Wheeler is quite as "set" in some of his preconceived ideas concerning the proper conduct of all secular affairs as is Dr. Jordan; but I know that while a political heretic of the Debs variety could not preach his heresy within a league of Palo Alto he is permitted to shout himself hoarse under the very walls of the Berkeley Sorbonne. This is one of the differences between a liberal and an illiberal education. And my word for it, the students of Berkeley will receive no contamination from Debs the Socialist, because they have seen him and heard him; while there is every reason to fear that the students of Stanford will eventually yield to the temptation of many of the heresies that have been excommunicated from that narrow intellectual environment.

Briggs—"Is there such a thing as a scientific kiss?"
Griggs—"Surely. One in which you succeed in breaking away from the girl without becoming engaged to her."

Lawlor the Infallible

Judge Lawlor rejected a juror the other day because, in his opinion, the citizen was "unfit to sit in the jury box." Glory be! Upon what meat has this Caesar of the bench been feeding lately that he has grown so fat? The only evidence of unfitness adduced in the course of a discussion of the talesman's sufficiency was the fact that he is a saloonkeeper, and even the punctilious and fastidious Heney hastened to protest that he would accept an honest saloonkeeper as a juryman in any case with which he was concerned as readily as he would accept an honest merchant. Which compels repetition of the good old Irish phrase of wonderment. Is honesty really a passport to the favor of Mr. Heney in the selection of jurymen? Quien sabe. But let me return to my Lawlor mutton. The upright judge offered no testimony to sustain his judgment of the juror's mental, moral or political capacity for jury duty. Swatted with a demand for his reason for rejecting the proposed juror without examination as to his qualification, this Danielette fell back on the code with a dull, sickening thud. It was his judicial prerogative, and that must settle the matter. Further than that, he refused to answer the questions of the attorney for the defense, which sets the precedent that a witness may refuse to answer questions upon other excuse than one which gives him the privilege of declining to incriminate himself or clothe himself with shame in the eyes of his fellow citizens. Judge Lawlor is a jurist who knows the law, go to, and knowing dares maintain his knowledge in the hearing of all the world. Judge Lawlor robes himself with discretion as with ermine, and no juror may sit in his court unless he fits the Lawlor standard. He derives this discretion from the code and the section on which he rests his right to challenge jurors from the bench is so broad that, like charity, it may cover a vast multitude of personal prejudices. Judge Lawlor is answerable to no man for his opinion of his fellowmen. Within the purview of his juridical function he is as infallible as a Roman pontiff, as omnipotent as thunder-hurling Jove, as omniscent as Argus of the myriad eyes. It is no longer necessary that attorneys for the prosecution or the defense serving the bar of Judge Lawlor's court shall pry into the minds of potential jurors to ascertain their fitness to sit in subordinate judgment upon the issues in controversy—Judge Lawlor will attend to all

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that. His second sight beats the telepathy of the Cumaean sibyl a mile, and his gift of prophecy plays a full hand against the oracles of Delphi and Dodona whose bob-tail flush and pair of deuces are a disgrace to the sure-thing methods of the immortal gods. Jurors in Judge Lawlor's court will hereafter look closely to their moral equipment and their mental qualifications. If on due inspection they find that they are in the slightest degree below the possible standard that Judge Lawlor will require; if they feel in their heart of hearts that they are unfit to sit beneath the drippings of a Lawlor sanctuary of justice; if they discover a spot, a stain or a tarnish on their consciences, or if they find a screw loose in their thinking apparatus, let them abandon hope as they enter the presence of the all-seeing eye. Judge Lawlor will surely find them out; no veneer of hypocrisy can conceal their sins from him; no vain parade of intellectual strength or native ability will suffice to save them from the wrath to come. They are whited sepulchres and Judge Lawlor can smell them even before he sees them. He knows them by instinct.

Druggist—"What kind of a hairbrush do you want?"
Tommy—"Er—have you got any with soft backs to them?"

The Men That Made History

By the recent death of Rear-Admiral Henry Glass I am reminded that there is not one officer on the active list today who commanded any of the vessels at the battle of Manila Bay or any of the battleships which were in the fight against Admiral Cervera's vessels at Santiago. Four of the commanders of the ships which were at Manila are dead. They are Captain Charles V. Gridley of the Olympia, Captain Frank Wildes of the Boston, Commander E. P. Wood of the Petrel and Captain D. M. Hodgson of the revenue cutter McCulloch. Of the others Captain N. M. Dyer, who commanded the Baltimore, is a rear-admiral on the retired list; Commander Asa Walker of the Concord and Captain J. B. Coghlan of the Raleigh are also on the retired list as rear-admirals. The chief actor in the historic event at Manila Bay, Commander George Dewey, also is among those on the retired list. Another of the men on the retired list is Benjamin P. Lamberton, who though not in command of a vessel at Manila Bay, is entitled to as much renown as those that were. He had been assigned to the command of the Boston, but had not yet relieved Captain Wildes. The latter strongly objected to being relieved on the eve of a battle, and Commander Lamberton served as chief of staff to Commodore Dewey. Of those who figured at Santiago, Admiral Sampson, commander of the fleet, Captain Philip of the Texas, and Captain Taylor of the Indiana are not now among the living. Commodore Schley, Captain Clark of the Oregon, Captain Cook of the Brooklyn, Captain Chadwick of the New York, Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts and Captain Evans of the Iowa are all rear-admirals on the retired list. The commander of one of the vessels that performed so valiantly in the attack on Cervera's fleet is still on the active list of the navy. I refer to Rear-Admiral Richard Wainwright, now with the Atlantic battleship fleet. He was executive officer of the Maine when that vessel was destroyed and as commander of the Gloucester he received the surrender of the Spanish admiral.

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E. S. de WOLFE, Manager Formerly Proprietor Hotel Pleasanton

Hotel Building in Oakland

Oakland is demanding another hotel. It appears that shortly after the disaster of 1906 when San Francisco poured her homeless thousands into the city across the bay the bankers of Oakland agreed among themselves that the greatest need of the city was an up-to-date hotel. Discussion developed the opinion that such an enterprise would be a profitable investment; and finally it was decided to build the hotel upon the corporation plan, the bankers taking the bulk of the stock, such citizens as desired to get better interest on their money than they were receiving from the banks being permitted to "come in on the ground floor." Subscriptions were opened, the company was duly organized with the bankers in control and Warren D. English installed as secretary. Great activity was manifest during several months and a site covering an entire block was cleared preparatory to the excavation for the edifice, the plans of which included some of the most elaborate features. And there it ended, apparently. Recently, however, the local newspapers have taken up the matter and are urging, with all their power of rhetoric and publicity, that the bankers shall complete what they so bravely began. Citizens who have no direct interest in the enterprise are being interviewed and are unanimous in the opinion that this hotel is the immediate and crying need of the city. Every argument that can be offered on behalf of a hotel in any community is uttered by those who are asked to talk on the subject. For the moment the arrested hotel overshadows the harbor bond proposition, and that is something wondrous strange, for the harbor bonds have rent the city into factions that out-Montague and out-Capulet the contending families of Verona. No definite reason is assigned by the bankers for not building their hotel, but it is probable that they are not now so sanguine of the profit of such an investment as they were when the city was overcrowded with persons willing to pay any price for a night's lodging. Perhaps these Oakland bankers on maturer consideration came to the conclusion that such a hotel as they originally contemplated would not make an adequate return on the investment. Bankers are prone to this sort of afterthought, and it is not likely that the Oakland banker is a conspicuous exception to the general of their thrifty tribe. In this view of the proposition why should the bankers of Oakland be compelled to build their hotel? Oakland is seemingly well supplied with hotels, and some of them seem to be comfortably filled. Nobody that goes to Oakland for a night's lodging is turned away because of a lack of accommodation. Moreover, there are many more hotels in Oakland now than there were before the San Francisco fire forced the prices of lodgings to the roofs of the lodging houses.

When Bankers Balk

Cities are not the result of hotels, but hotels are the consequence of a metropolitan demand. Hotels are a business proposition pure and simple. If Oakland is big enough for another hotel it will be built. Hotel builders are not philanthropists. Perhaps those Oakland bankers have counted the cost and revenue of the Oakland hotels

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already in operation and perhaps the balance sheet of their calculation is not in accordance with their shrewd notions of profit and loss. It is possible, too, that these bankers are only delaying the consummation of their enterprise until Oakland shall have grown up to the magnitude of the hotel they intend to build. It is up to Oakland, therefore, to grow up to the bankers' idea of a bankers' hotel. In any event it will be futile to attempt to compel the bankers to build a hotel that will not pay at least 10 per cent on such an investment. And it will be equally futile to attempt to compel the bankers to build a hotel if they do not want to build one. Bankers are not in the hotel business for the mere amusement of housing tourists and transients and charging the victims all the traffic will bear; they must be assured that the tourists and transients will clamor for accommodations and that they will stand for a bankers' rate in a bankers' caravansary. This assurance, evidently, Oakland is unable to give at present; and that is probably one of the main reasons why the bankers of Oakland have ceased to build their hotel. The bankers of Oakland unquestionably know their Oakland better than the citizens of Oakland know their bankers. In the meantime San Francisco is prepared to welcome any and all Oaklanders who are dissatisfied with their home hotel accommodations, or who desire to abide the building of the Oakland bankers' hotel, in some other place than Oakland.

Luncher—"Is this meant to be shortcake?"
Waitress—"Yes, sir."
Luncher (sarcastically)—"Then for heaven's sake take it away and berry .it"

The Undoing of Bernardo Shorb

Some women are born sirens and men listen to them only to their own undoing as Bernardo Shorb discovered very recently. As all the cotillon set knows young Shorb has been suffering a whirlwind of domestic trouble ever since his marriage, last July, to Miss Elizabeth Sheehan, the daughter of John R. Sheehan, the contractor. Mrs. Shorb White Buck warned the young people and the Sheehan family of this likely outcome of the marriage, but the wedding somehow got beyond her control. Young Shorb was without a position, had no certain income and was only nineteen years old, nearly six years younger than his bride. The honeymoon lasted barely twenty-six days and then the flat refuasl of Papa Sheehan to pay for an expensive automobile purchased by the young groom divided the couple and Mrs. Shorb went to Burlingame to live with her father. All kinds of suits from damages to divorce have been hanging in the air ever since. For a time thereafter Bernardo was pursued by a persistent hoodoo that wrote up everything he did in flamboyant style for the newspapers; his brothers and sisters fell in for their share and to escape it all he took to the woods. Last week he ventured back from the country to the Shorb residence in order to replenish his wardrobe. The Sheehan skirmishers quickly learned of his presence and a hurried council was at once called to devise a plan of serving a divorce summons on him. It was known that he was in a state of high nervous tension over the matter and would drop out of sight on the least suspicion that such proceedings were in the air. Adroit and very delicate methods were accordingly planned to lure him into the fatal net.

The Song of the Siren

As the story goes a society girl who may not have known of the full purpose of the deception was selected to lure the unsuspecting young husband. Through some clever work in ringing up the members of the Shorb domicile she finally got in touch with the wary and sensitive Bernardo. After cooing expressions of her deepest sympathy for him in his unfortunate domestic plight she insidiously purred that a very dear friend of hers was, oh, so anxious to meet him just for a moment. The curious Bernardo began to preen under the charm of her magnetic voice and her alluring sympathies. After smoothly playing with the unsuspecting victim for a awhile she delicately disclosed the fact that the mysterious lady so anxious to meet him was Elizabeth, his own wife, and that, well, more than one person was so sorry for the present cruel separation, and if he would call at Elizabeth's apartments, very quietly, by slipping up the back stairs, so as not to be observed by any wandering irate parent, well, something, some great and joyful surprise might be accomplished—she wouldn't promise what. But being a loving husband he could easily guess the likely outcome.

And the Family Said—

At the designated hour Bernardo slipped quietly up the back stairs as directed and softly tapped on the door. It was opened by a man in waiting who smilingly handed him the summons in the divorce case. When Young Shorb returned home and recounted his surprising adventure to the family they expressed great indignation at the trick played upon him. The infatuated young husband was loyal to his wife, however, and stoutly declared his belief that she had no hand in the plot.

"Is he a Christian Scientist?"
"Well, his wife has to take a great many absent treatments."

What Hughes Is Up Against

The renomination of Governor Hughes, despite the hostility of the bosses, was a great triumph, but the distinguished reformer, according to an occasional correspondent who writes me from New York, has anything but a cinch on his office. "Throughout the State," says my correspondent, "but especially here in the city, there is

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a feeling of revolt against all reformers. Widespread is the sentiment that there has been too much muckraking, too much agitation, too much denunciation and condemnation, too much demagogy and too little sincerity, and Governor Hughes will suffer from being identified with a cause that has been brought into disrepute by its prophets. Hughes is a sincere man, but the impression prevails that he is narrow-minded. His attitude toward race track gambling is pointed to as evidence of a puritanical spirit and New York has no love for the traditions that have come down from the Mayflower. The average New Yorker cannot see any difference between betting on a race and betting on the price of steel. Betting is the great absorbing pastime and business of the metropolis. And in a city where a comfortable laxity of morals is deemed essential to a realization of the end of existence, where most everybody you meet believes that life goes down with a better grace 'foaming in full body over a precipice than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas,' it seems the limit of absurdity to roll the eyes in holy horror at the thought of making a bet on a horse race. Track betting is the feeblest form of demoralization in this great city. Hughes will have to rely on the rural districts, but in the agricultural regions of New York the men interested in racing have very extensive interests; and even farmers have been known to hearken to the voice of personal interest. I hear that Boss Murphy is thinking of nominating Lieutenant-Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler against Hughes. If he should do so the contest will be a spirited one."

Chanler's Strength

And Chanler has been nominated. He will surely prove a strong candidate, for he is one of the most popular men in New York. He was elected to his present position by more than 5,000 plurality in 1906, when the head of the ticket, William R. Hearst, was defeated by more than 50,000. One of the elements of his strength is that he is both an up-State and a New York City man. The career of Chanler has been an interesting one. A student of international law in the University of Cambridge, a lawyer practising in the criminal courts of New York, an earnest follower of Parnell in Ireland on the Home Rule question, a director of a Parnell paper in Dublin, a local supervisor in Poughkeepsie, founder of the Red Hook Chanler Democratic Club in Dutchess County, Lieutenant-Governor of New York—these are some of the roles in which he has figured, although he is not yet forty years old.

His Interesting Career

Last spring Chanler was spoken of for the Presidential nomination. Undoubtedly he would have gotten second place on the Democratic national ticket if the New York leaders had not determined to accept nothing from the Denver convention. That he is destined to loom large in the public eye before long is a prediction which his remarkable personality justifies. Born at Newport in 1869 he entered the Columbia College law school when he was nineteen years old, and after his graduation went to England, where he took a course in international law at Cambridge. There he figured as something of an orator, and was elected president of the Cambridge University Union. It is said that he was the first American to receive the honor. When he returned to America he surprised his family and friends by going into the practice of criminal law. He explained later that he was interested in criminology, and that he desired, moreover, to help persons accused of crimes and unable to pay counsel. His career in the Criminal Courts building was a stormy one. As a legal associate of Charles W. Brooke he took part in many famous trials, notably the Dr. Meyer and Dr. Buchanan poisoning cases. Most of his clients were men who could not pay legal fees. He sought interesting cases, and the more desperate the prospects of a client the more he liked the case, because it afforded an opportunity to pursue his study of criminology. It is related that on more than one occasion he defended an accused man without fee, got his acquittal, and afterward gave him money to begin life anew. In 1896 he went over to Ireland, where he saw a good chance for a fight. At that time the Parnellite party was making a struggle for home rule, and Chanler at once offered his services. He made several hundred speeches in different parts of Ireland in the next four years, and became popular with the Irish. When the old Land League went out of existence he joined the movement to form the Irish Independent League, and helped to establish the Irish Independent, the organ of the league. Soon afterward the home rule trouble was settled, as far as it could be settled, and as there was no more fighting in sight, Chanler returned to New York and resumed his practice.

No Graft In This?

According to Mayor Taylor a grave ethical wrong was committed by the "civic patriot section" of the Board of Supervisors in accepting the bid of E. H. Rollins & Sons for city bonds. This is a very mild way of characterizing the action of the gallant young henchmen of the Phelan-Spreckels sanhedrim. Obviously the successful bidders were favored bidders. A favored bidder is one who has an advantage over competitors. This advantage is in the form of restrictions placed on competitors from which the favored bidder is exempt. When this advantage exists there cannot be legitimate bidding. We are told that it was to the advantage of the city to award the bond contract to Rollins & Sons. How do we know that a higher bid would not have been offered by some other firm if all bidders had known that a blanket bid was acceptable? How do we know that the specifications were not drawn with a view to deceiving all the competitors of Rollins & Sons?

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A Call for Shortridge

Though Samuel M. Shortridge is not an orator without honor and appreciation in his own home the probability is that were he to accept the invitation of the Republican National Campaign Committee and reveal his eloquence to Eastern audiences we should concede him a loftier pinnacle than the one he occupies. Our fear of being extravagant in our appraisement of home talent is in proportion to our familiarity with its achievements, and though we pretend to have confidence in our own judgment the foreign verdict is always accepted as final. For that reason it would be interesting to have the Henry Clay of the California bar invade the territory of Beveridge, Black and Cochran and observe the effect of his noble and commanding style of eloquence. Mr. Shortridge is one of the most cultured of our spellbinders. While his eloquence fascinates by its polish and its purity, he is not without the knack of swaying the emotions with the dexterous sleights of verbal ingenuity. During the campaign that preceded the primary election he proved himself a master of ridicule when with vehement sarcasm, but no bitterness of invective, he dealt politely with the prejudices of the reformers. And by the way his services were very much in demand during that campaign, for spellbinders were scarce. The warriors of the party in public jobs were discreetly holding them down, silently submitting to assault and thereby giving rise to the suspicion that they were preparing to play both ends against the middle. Caution was the watchword of the hour while on all sides character was being assaulted and reputation torn to threads. Shortridge was the only man with the nerve to defy the mud-slingers, and his friends thought it was foolish for him to do so in view of the pusillanimity of the men who fatten off the party.

Newlywed—"Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?"

Overwed—"S-s-h-h! No man should speak that way about his wife."

Intolerance and Law

Religious toleration has made great strides in enlightened countries, but evidently there is still an abundance of bigotry in merry England, where Catholic dignataries are prohibited from carrying the Host through the public streets. It is interesting to reflect, however, that the protest against what was designated "a form of idolatry which has been illegal for 300 years," is the first outbreak of anti-Catholic bigotry that has occurred in fifty-seven years. The former explosion of fanaticism was excited by the appointment of Catholic ecclesiastics, all of them British subjects, to sees bearing English names and ostensibly representing English localities. One of the appointees was termed Archbishop of Westminster, an office that does not now exist in the Anglican church. The dignities were purely titular, recognized by no law and representing only moral authority. Under the Catholic emancipation act of 1829 the Catholics had as much right as any of the jarring sects to employ an official nomenclature of their own selection, but nevertheless vehement protests were made and the ecclesiastical titles assumption act was passed by Parliament in consequence. In a short time, however, the injustice of the Protestant protest was admitted. Since then there has been a great reduction in the number of English bigots, but the Government is yet very cautious in its handling of matters affecting the interests of the Catholic church. It was in anticipation of the Eucharistic Congress that King Edward made it known that he would not be in London during the deliberations and ceremonies of that body. Being absent from London he would not be expected to receive the Papal Legate. As for the action of the Government in heeding the protest against the carrying of the Host in a procession, it could not very well have refused to do so. While reasonable persons would not see anything objectionable in such a procession, there is a law on the statute books which forbids such outdoor demonstrations of the Catholic faith, and the people of England are more intolerant of violations of the law than of religious opinion.

What the Pope Said

In the light of what happened in England it is interesting to go back over the files and read in the despatches what was said by the Pope two weeks ago in reference to the Eucharistic Congress. His remarks were made on the occasion of a reception to eight hundred French pilgrims. Alluding to the forthcoming celebration in London he said: "While the Blessed Sacrament is exalted in Portestant England and the holy elements are honored in the streets of her metropolis, liberty is trampled under foot in France by the brutal force which serves those who have declared war upon God to their country's detriment."

When Instructions Came

Achbishop Riordan having been gently reproved by the Vatican for the irregular manner in which he sought to have a coadjutor appointed, is now reported to be able to perform all the arduous duties of his office. We are told that no longer does he feel the need of assistance. The friends of the Archbishop will rejoice at the news of his restoration to health. But it is by no means certain that he will be permitted to risk another break-

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OAKLAND

down. When Dr. Hanna was rejected by the Congregation of the Propaganda it was then decided to instruct Archbishop Riordan to have new lists of candidates prepared by the irremovable rectors of the diocese and by the Archbishops of the United States. Whether these instructions are merely directory in their nature remains to be seen.

She—"I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you."
He—"Ah—that has been my custom."

Phil Lilienthal

There is so much indiscriminate and perfunctory flattery in the commonplace newspaper eulogy of the lately departed prominent citizen that even when a journalist is inspired with affectionate sorrow, and wishes to express his honest convictions of praiseworthy qualities, his tribute fails to impress with the spontaneity of deep and heartfelt regrets. Conscious of this, nevertheless, I will add my testimony to what already has been given of the exalted worth of Philip Lilienthal. Much has been said of the loss to the community of so influential a citizen. But the deeper loss was that which his acquaintances have suffered, the loss of one who exercised a fascinating influence over their mind and feelings. To many it was much to have known one so beautiful of character, so kind, so gentle and considerate. In them Phil Lilienthal's death produced a chilling sense of bereavement. Phil Lilienthal was a singularly courteous gentleman and a loyal friend. He excited a personal interest among all his acquaintances. Doubtless he had enemies, but no enemy could take a just exception to the praises of his friends. The kindly and modest nature of the man will be duly honored in the quiet and unobtrusive nature of the remembrance.

Story of a Wedding Ring

To those who know the sad story of Mrs. John Davis her suicide last week in Seattle is not so much of a mystery as the newspapers are making out. Mrs. Davis was very well known here, though her parents resided in Seattle and she spent most of her time there. She was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Juanita Wells and Charles Hulse and frequently visited several local families well known in social circles. On her recent return from Europe she stopped in Chicago to visit the Charles Hulses. On the round of the palmists, which she and her friends sometimes made for their amusement, it was observed that the readers always told Miss Meyer that she had an unlucky heart line. Rumor was persistent at one time that she was engaged to a well known wealthy young clubman here, a man very susceptible to the attractions of a pretty face, and Melita Meyers was the possessor of an unusually pretty face. One day he stunned her by writing that his mother objected to the match and he saw no alternative but to part from her. She sent for him and demanded a frank avowal of his position. His avowal showed her the folly of trying to recover his love, and taking off the beautiful diamond he had given her for an engagement ring she laid it on the table, saying that all was ended between them. "Oh, keep the ring," he said, "as a souvenir of our engagement."

End of Her Luckless Heart Line

All this while John Davis had been pressing his suit with Miss Meyers. He is a very wealthy man and he was far from being a niggard in proffering gifts which he thought might attract her attention towards the donor. At the same time he was able to do many strong favors in a business way for several members of her family. One day when Miss Meyers was visiting in Portland Mr. Davis slipped away to that city and the two were quietly married. In some way Seattle social life is peculiar and it is said that the young wife's experience in that field was not all that her fancy had painted. At any rate she became grieved over several things, some of them foolish perhaps, others out of all proportion to their weight, but most of all over her luckless heart line. So when the sad end came so unexpectedly, some of her friends familiar with her story were not surprised.

"I have never loved before," he said.
"Well," she replied, "I am not running a kindergarten."

Why It Is Manx and Not Mann

Right on the eve of the opening of the Hotel Mann comes the news that we are not to have a Hotel Mann at all, but a Hotel Manx instead. This is another instance of there being nothing much in a name, but many persons have been keen for an explanation. If not Mann, why Manx? For no particular reason. A hotel must have a name and Manx is as good as any. Mann is tabooed because Gustave Mann is not to be the manager as was originally contemplated. The explanation of this is that Mrs. Newton has made other arrangements and Mrs. Newton is financing this hotel enterprise. Mrs. Newton came to this city shortly after the fire, and she found that there were many persons who were very skeptical regarding the future of San Francisco. Among them was Mrs. Dora Peyser of the Majestic Hotel in Sutter street. Mrs. Peyser was eager to sell out, and Mrs. Newton being a shrewd business woman seized what she regarded as a golden opportunity. She bought the hotel at a low figure, installed Gustave Mann as manager and made slathers of money in the days when rooms were at a premium. It was generally supposed that Mr. Mann was the owner of the hotel, but as a matter of fact he worked on a salary and received a percentage of the profits. Mrs. Newton made so great a success of the hotel business that she decided to open a big hotel down town, and as a result of this decision the big building at Powell

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and O'Farrell streets came into existence. Just as it was approaching completion business differences arose between Mrs. Newton and Mr. Mann, the latter proposing terms that were not acceptable, and for that reason he was ousted from his position. Mr. N. M. Kellar, formerly of the Waldorf-Astoria, was engaged to manage the Manx, and Mrs. Peyser, who sold out the Majestic, was engaged to take charge of that house. A big cafe, I hear, is to be a feature of the Manx and it is to be called the "Cafe Jaulus," in honor of the well known musician who organized the splendid orchestra for Tait's cafe in the days before the fire.

Mr. Cityman—"Now that you're living in the country, don't you miss the early morning noise and bustle of the city?"
Mr. Commuter—"I do if I miss the 6.54 train."

Justice McFarland

Without fear of exaggeration the death of Justice Thomas B. McFarland may be pronounced a public calamity. We can ill spare from the judiciary of this State a man of his moral courage, innate love of justice and hatred of oppression. There may be on the bench men as learned in the law as was Justice McFarland, but I doubt that there is one with so consuming a passion for the safeguarding of individual liberty, so utterly contemptuous of the prejudices of the mob and so absolutely indifferent to consequences in his loyalty to his convictions. It has been said that it is easy to find a man to face batteries, but hard to find men to defy majorities. Justice McFarland was absolutely insensible to the thunders of public opinion. During his career on the bench no lawyer ever had occasion to speculate on the effect the voice of the press might have on his judgment. Obligated by his oath to dispense justice in accordance with his conception of the law, no decision rendered by him was ever inspired with consideration of the possible effect on his political career. If he harbored prejudice it was against judicial officers who mangled the law to compass the punishment of men accused of crime. A man of severe aspect and prone to vehemence and warmth in his utterances, yet he was as gentle as a child, his heart was as big as his body, and incapable of an ungenerous impulse. Justice McFarland should go down to posterity with divine honors.

Paul Could Only Blush

A well-known matron in the local smart set was visiting in Santa Barbara at the time Mrs. Elinor Glyn was there. Accompanying her was a son, a tall, strikingly handsome young chap of twenty years. One warm afternoon a group of ladies was seated about the veranda killing time in lounging chair chat. Paul appeared fresh from a plunge in the surf and looking as radiant as a young Apollo astray from Mt. Ida. He conversed with his mother for a moment and then sauntered in the direction where Mrs. Glyn was idling in the manner of one of her heroines. After contemplating the young man for a while she arose, walked towards him and putting a hand on his shoulder, she said, soulfully, "Do you know you remind me so much of my own Paul?" There were several gasps from the ladies scattered among the surrounding plants. "Paul," called his mother, sharply, "come here and take me to my room." Paul was sent back to the city on the next train, "on buisness."



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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

The feature in New York Stock Exchange trading during the past week has been the strength shown in Reading common, the price advancing to 137½, with strong buying of it by large houses who represent strong people. The fact that Reading pays only 4 per cent seemed to receive no consideration. Upon its present dividend basis the price is too high. For a long time great things have been promised form the accumulated surplus known to be in the company's treasury. It is well known that Reading, while paying but 4 per cent has earned nearly 20 per cent; many times this stock has been put up to fancy figures in expectation of a large distribution of its suplus, and as many times have its friends been disappointed. It is estimated by those well informed that Reading earnings this year will be the largest in the history of the property. Baltimore & Ohio common has shared in the advance, selling at 101½; it is tipped for 125. Its present dividend is 5 per cent, but better things are looked for. Southern Pacific and Union Pacific continue to be the leaders; the fluctuations during the week were within a narrow range. Southern Pacific met with good selling around 110. Union Pacific Common sold ex dividend 2½ per cent on Monday. The weak feature shown in the markets came from the industrial list. American Locomotive passed the dividend on its common stock; this gave the market a jar which caused considerable selling by holders giving prices a downward tendency; however, at the decline good support appeared, resulting in a fair raily from low prices.

For the first time in many months money rates are showing an advancing tendency; this reflects withdrawals from money centers for the handling of crops. It is believed this year's crops will be handled without disturbing the money market. The large supply of gold in this country will be sufficient to meet all emergencies notwithstanding the fact that foreign countries may draw in fair quantities of our yellow metals. There has been very good buying of American securities during the past few months by foreigners; this will offset any bad effect that would otherwise be a factor with the movement of funds. The political situation remains unchanged. Taft first, last, and all the time. Morgan is again at home. Hill and Harriman are in New York. The powers are again on the firing line and no great disaster may be looked for. Lawson continues to jolly the public, expecting them to give him a billion dollars to hold. Who will hold Lawson? He is now talking big prices for American Smelting common; while the company may be doing fairly well, it is well known the common stock represents no intrinsic value. The present price of silver is not a bull card for this particular stock; later on the company may be able to show some foundation under its common stock, but at present something more than manipulation will have to prove it. Distilling securities have had their troubles; rumors are freely circulated to the effect that the company will have to pass its dividend; the decline in the stock would indicate that there is more than a rumor to the matter. The temperance wave going over the country is showing its effect in many like securities. The declining tendency shown in copper metal of late has had its effects in the copper stocks. It may be that the production of copper is too rapid for the timid demand and consumption.

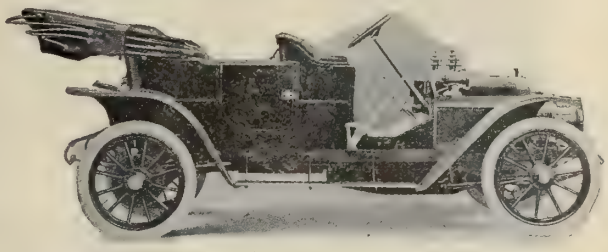
The cereal markets continue very strong; home and foreign demand for wheat, flour and corn is brisk. France will, it is reported, require 50,000,000 bushels of wheat from America this year in addition to the requirements of other countries; this will mean there will be drawn from our wheat supply 200,000,000 bushels at a cost of that many dollars. It is an open question whether so much wheat can be spared; these conditions fully explain the high price of wheat. Foreigners will require 500,000,000 bushels of American corn. If the price remains around 70 cents per bushel, it will mean $350,000,000 for American farmers; these two items alone will throw our credit balance into large figures. The coming crop year will show our credit balance the greatest ever known and by such a large margin that it will surprise the most sanguine.

We will have little set backs before election, but they will be only momentary; there can be but one result. Conditions are improving against great odds, and will keep going forward for two years or more to come. The local outlook shows every sign of betterment. You hear less and less every day of hard times.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Plans for the De Young Wedding

The latest letters from the de Youngs are dated from the Hotel Ritz, Paris. Miss Helen writes that the family are doing very little traveling this year as their time is crowded with the selection of two trousseaux and the execution of shopping commissions for friends. They will return in October and Constance will be married to Joseph Tobin in November, the marriage of Helen and George Cameron following. Friends are looking forward eagerly to seeing all the lovely things which these



Genthe, Photo MISS GEORGIA HAMMOND

Miss Hammond has been the inspiring hostess in a number of delightful affairs recently given in honor of Mrs. Linda Bryan.

two fortunate sisters have purchased abroad. They will be the most elaborate trousseaux brought to San Francisco in many a season.

Barred the Dog

San Francisco society did not go to the bowwows until long after New York had emancipated itself from children and succumbed to canine fascinations. But of late dogs have come into their own in our smart set, and whereas they used to be confined to the home and garden, nowadays the shopping district seldom shows fashionable young girls and matrons without a dog in leash, or cuddled in the crook of the arm. Mrs. Lansing Kellogg has a bull dog who is sufficiently experienced to match samples, and whenever one meets the mistress in a shop the bulldog is sure to be a by-product of the excursion. Shoppers are getting so accustomed to every sort of dog, from the insipid watch fob variety to the ferocious species that they do not create a stir in the stores, but as yet they are barred from the smart cafes. The other day Mrs. Kellogg and some friends sailed toward the Fairmont dining room, with the inevitable bulldog in leash. At the door a polite put positive attendant barred the dog. Mrs. Kellogg was indignant, but her "feed me, tolerate my dog" attitude did not bend the rules and she was forced to take her beloved bull into the parcel room and tie him up until after luncheon. So instead of crumbs from an epicure's table the dog was forced to chew on the hems of overcoats that might be just as expensive but are not satisfying.

Cupid as Chauffeur

The few intimate chums of Fred Meyerstein are watching his course in society just now with a mixture of interest and envy. Rich, young and handsome, and with a



Genthe, Photo MRS. CHARLES SUTRO

Formerly Miss Marie Berger, who has been doing a great deal of entertaining this week.

dash of captivating ways that make him a welcome addition to any company, he is much sought after. Just now he is on a merry motor trip with Judge and Mrs. Kerrigan. The Kerrigans know swarms of pretty girls and some of the prettiest, chaperoned by Cupid and the Kerrigans, are the specially attractive features of the car. Bets are two to one in clubdom that no ordinary heart-free bachelor can ride in that motor car on its present trip

without returning engaged. Hence designing mammas in town are watching the outcome with many misgivings and if young Meyerstein does not return fettered with garlands of roses and manacled to a wedding ring they have several little plans of their own to net him this winter.

The Callaghan Divorce

Though the sign of the divorce court was pretty clearly defined in the horoscope of the Dan Callaghans the social set that knows them had its curiosity aroused when the news leaked out that the law of the land had dissolved the decree of the church. This curiosity was the natural result of the secrecy which attended the divorce proceedings in San Jose. And the circumstance that the custody of the little children was awarded to the father tended to sharpen curiosity. But as the Callaghans wisely refrained from engaging in a contest nobody has a right to know any more than was disclosed in the divorce court, and that was hardly enough to inspire the purveyors of sensations on the daily press. However, the gossips will talk it over for nine days or so and in all probability to their own satisfaction they will fash-



THE FAMOUS SUTTON SISTERS ON THE LINKS, DEL MONTE.
Miss May Sutton, Miss Florence Sutton and Mrs. B. O. Bruce (Ethel Sutton).
Arnold, Photo

ion a narrative on a thread of incident running back to the days of the honeymoon. The gossips in this instance are exceptionally numerous owing to the extensive ramifications of the Callaghan family. Even in Australia this Callaghan divorce will be the subject of discussion, for Mrs. Callaghan lived in that country for many years. She is the daughter of Captain Michael Carey, who was commodore of the Oceanic Company's fleet of steamers, one of the most popular men that ever guided a vessel in Pacific waters. And his daughter Violet Carey was one of the most attractive belles that ever came out of the land of the kangaroo. Numerous were the suitors for her hand, and the winning of it was considered an enviable achievement. Dan Callaghan is a son of the Daniel Callaghan who was once President of the First National Bank and therefore he has an interest in the property at the gore of Market and McAllister streets, which was occupied by the Callaghan building at the time of the earthquake. One of the Callaghan girls married Captain Roby, lieutenant commander of the South Dakota and another is the wife of J. V. de Laveaga, the attorney. Arthur Callaghan, a brother of Daniel, married Edna Van Wyck, daughter of the H. L. Van Wycks. He is a mining engineer and lives in Salt Lake.

Will Be a Quiet Church Wedding

Mrs. Linda Bryan and Mr. Prentiss Hale have chosen St. Stephen's Episcopal Church for their marriage, but there will be no attendants and even the idea of a reception following the marriage has been abandoned. Their latest plan is to occupy the house in which Mrs. Bryan has been living after their honeymoon, until a more suitable home can be found. The house really belongs to Mrs. Bryan's mother, who practically lives the year round at Mazatlan, and so placed her home at the disposal of her daughter.

On the Wrong Side of Gentility

In spite of the fact that the Walter Martin house at Burlingame is "on the wrong side of gentility," as they say down there, Mrs. Eleanor Martin has spent most of



POMERANIANS AT THE DEL MONTE DOG SHOW.



JUDGING THE BOSTON TERRIERS, DEL MONTE DOG SHOW.



SCENE AT THE OPEN AIR DOG SHOW, DEL MONTE.

the summer with her son's family. The Walter Martins at one time planned an elaborate house, but instead they bought an unpretentious one on the ragged edge of the fashionable quarter. Perhaps after a summer there Mrs. Eleanor will have a rush of generosity and build to suit the Martin social position.

Will Winter in Town

The Van Sicklens talk of closing their Alameda home and spending part of the winter in San Francisco. Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, who made her debut at the Fairmont last winter, is much to her mother's delight, fond of society, and it is for her sake that the move is con-

templated. The Van Sicklens are the wealthiest people in Alameda but until the debut of Miss Dorothy did not take their place in society, as Miss Hilda, the older sister, has shown a decided lack of interest in the frivolings of the smart set. She went through the usual process of a debutante-in-the-making, which consists of a year at a New York finishing school, a year or two abroad and then a formal presentation to society. But after making her bow Miss Hilda retired and has devoted herself entirely to church work.

Motoring 'Neath the Honeymoon

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, who are touring Europe write that they made a motor trip over the British Isles in ten days and are now on the continent. They will return in November and make their home at the Fairmont Hotel. The Washington Dodges are jaunting over the continent with them.

Given a Merry Farewell

The informal tea given last Saturday by Miss Laura Smith for the two Stones, Harriet and Marian, who left on Wednesday for New York to enter Miss Spence's school, was a very jolly affair. Some of the girls came early and brought dainty bits of sewing with them; one group formed a table of bridge, others rendered music. The comfortable Vail house on the corner of Webster and Green streets which the Smiths have taken for the winter is excellently adapted to entertaining and will probably be the scene of many such occasions during the season, as Miss Smith is a popular girl as well as an exceedingly pretty one. Since her return from Europe recently, following her school days in Washington, she has been at her home in San Anselmo. Among the guests Saturday was Natalie Hunt, who accompanied the Stones to New York, Floride Hunt, the three Brewers, the Misses Marian Marvin, Eleanor Landers, Alma Thane, Aloise Gebhardt, Dolly McGavin, Eliza McMullen, Amalia Simpson, Miss Wood, Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt and Mrs. J. J. Johnston.

A Prettily Appointed Tea

Mrs. Harold Law was hostess of a prettily appointed tea for Miss Irene Van Arsdale last Friday. Mrs. Law's sister, Miss Elyse Schultz, assisted in receiving the guests, among whom were the Misses Marian Lally, Helen Gray, Marjorie Shepard, Aloise Gebhardt, Amalia Simpson, Lillian Van Vorst, Florence Booth, Helen Sullivan, Zella Gibson, Clarisse Lyons, Hazel Ricks, Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt, Mrs. Fred Holt and Mrs. Baker.

The Circus Set

In the dispatches of Tuesday was the news that Mrs. Astor on retiring from the social whirl on account of age took occasion to swat the vulgarians of the smart set who are constantly forcing themselves into the limelight. She referred especially to the women who give their entertainments under a circus tent rather than in a drawing room. While there will be no misapprehension in Newport respecting the women whom Mrs. Astor has in mind at this distance from the stormcentre very few will be able to interpret her vague allusion. For the benefit of the uninformed I will explain that there is in Newport what is known as the circus set, the moving spirits of which are known sometimes as the Immortal Trio and sometimes as the Three Twins. One of this distinguished trio is none other than our own exuberant "Tessie," widow of Hermann Oelrichs, and therefore the Circus Set is not without local interest. Mrs. Oelrichs' associates in this breezy combination of talent are the Mesdames Oliver Belmont and Stuyvesant Fish. These three women have done more than all the other representatives of Newport to create and fix the popular impression of the bizarre tastes of our plutocracy.

Our Perennial Leader

By a curious coincidence the news of Mrs. Astor's retirement from the social whirl on account of age reached San Francisco on the very day that the stork converted our own venerable leader, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, into a great-grandmother. It was on that day that a daughter was born to the Oscar Coopers, but the incident instead of abating the perennial enthusiasm of Mrs. Martin made her buoyant spirits more volatile than ever. Age cannot wither nor great-grandchildren diminish Mrs. Martin's zest for social gaiety. When a function holds out till the wee sma' hours Mrs. Martin's eyelids droop, but by no other sign does she ever indicate that the willingness of the spirit cannot overcome the weakness of the flesh. Next to Lillian Russell Mrs. Martin is the youngest woman for her age in the country.

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Signor Emanuele Porcini, Baritone

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Fresh Crab — Sliced Tomato

Soup

Cream of Onion — Consomme

Entrees

Tenderloin of Sole, Tartar Sauce — Salmon Trout, Maitre d'Hotel
Pot Roast with Noodles — Sheep's Feet Spanish
Vienna Schnitzel, Tomato Sauce — Leg of Lamb with Spanish
Tagliarini and Cheese — Roast Beef, auJus

Dessert

Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
Swiss Cheese — Roquefort Cheese — Brie Cheese

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DINNER With Wine, 75c.

DINNER, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS With Wine, $1.00.

Society Under the Del Monte Oaks

Mr. Prentiss Selby and his daughter, Miss Jane Selby, have been spending the past fortnight here. Miss Selby is very pretty and shows her Spanish blood in her coloring. She is a sister of Mrs. Frank Johnson, Jr., of San Rafael. With her numerous kin in San Francisco, all of whom entertain more or less, Miss Selby will no doubt be one of the most feted of the win-



AT CASTLE CRAGS FARM

Just a little string of twenty caught before breakfast.

ter's buds and as popular probably as was her sister Carmen who married as the bud in her first season. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Walsh, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Newhall, motored up from Santa Barbara during the week for a few days' stay at the Hotel. Allan Dunn, who is to play Orlando in the forthcoming performance of "As You Like It," on the Del Monte lawn, came down for a day's rehearsal last week. Other guests at the Hotel over the week-end were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph V. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. H. MacDonald Spencer and Everett N. Bee.

Passing of An Esteemed Woman

After an illness of over a year, Mrs. William F. Herrin, wife of the chief counsel of the Southern Pacific Company, passed quietly away in her home at Broadway and Scott street, last Tuesday morning. In addition to her family she leaves a very large circle of friends to mourn her loss. Mrs. Herrin was born near Downieville, Sierra County, in this State, forty-nine years ago. Her mother survives her and is living in this city. Her father was an active member of the law firm of Stewart, Van Clief & Herrin, and for a time was associate justice of the State Supreme Court. Her marriage to Mr. Herrin took place in this city twenty-seven years ago. She left three children, Miss Kathryn and Miss Alice, and a son, William V., who is now attending an eastern college.

Union of Southern Families

The marriage of Miss Nannie Crittenden Van Wyck, daughter of Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Sr., and Rev. Austin Brockenborough Chinn will take place at Trinity church in this city on October the 5th. The bride belongs to one of the oldest of our Southern families. Her mother, Miss Nannie Crittenden, daughter of the late A. P. Crittenden, the well-known lawyer, was a belle of the exclusive set in early-day society. Mrs. Van Wyck is president of the Jefferson Davis Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and was one of the first organizers of the Southern Chapters in this city. The prospective bride is a typical Southern girl, gentle, refined and cultured, exceedingly well fitted for the position as a clergyman's wife. Dr. Crittenden Van Wyck and Sidney M. Van Wyck are brothers of the bride. Mrs. W. A. Peters, wife of the well known attorney of Seattle, is an only sister. The late Miss Laura Van Wyck, who was lost on the Valencia a couple of years ago, was also a member of this family. Rev. Mr. Chinn is a member of the prominent family of Chinns, old and aristocratic people of Virginia. He is now in Virginia and will arrive here about October 3rd. Two years ago he visited this city, being the guest of the Van Wycks. After the marriage Rev. Mr. Chinn and his bride will reside in Menlo Park, where he has been appointed pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church.

Success of the Big Tennis Tournament

The conclusion of the two weeks' tennis tournament for the championship of the Pacific Coast, which ends at Del Monte Friday and Saturday, September 18-19, shows

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REMOVAL NOTICE.—On or about October 1, 1908, the

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY

of California, will remove to its new offices, **corner Market, Sutter and Sansome Streets.** A general banking business transacted.

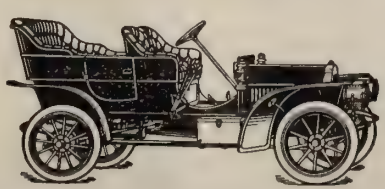
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the favor with which the game is regarded here on the Coast. It will be remembered that nine years ago Del Monte brought the first quartet of easterners to play on the Coast. At the time the importation made a strong impression among the local tennis fraternity; they have never forgotten the progressive spirit shown by the Hotel people. To this visit of the Eastern men, San Francisco really owes the splendid courts which are now to be found in Golden Gate park. After the tournament was over the champions were shown about the city. As they drove through Golden Gate park one of them asked, "Where are the tennis courts in the Park?" Upon being told there were no public courts in the parks of San Francisco, he expressed his surprise, saying that in the East all the cities had such public grounds. As a result of this suggestion several of the tennis men got together and pressure was brought to bear on the Park Commissioners to secure them. Walter Martin was on the Park Board at that time and to him must be given a large share of the credit for effecting this movement. At the present time there are eleven excellent courts in the Golden Gate park, for which indirectly Del Monte is responsible. The play which has just been concluded at Del Monte has been remarkably clean and clever. It was notable, not alone for the aggregation of talented men and women who took part in the games, but for the large and constant attendance of local society people.

Wedding at Pacific Grove

From Pacific Grove I hear that a wedding of much interest to residents there took place last Saturday when Miss Augusta A. Nahl became the wife of Professor W. F. Allen, the well known scientist. The bride is a daughter of A. Nahl and is well known and popular in the Grove. Professor Allen is connected with the Seaside Grove laboratory. After a two weeks' honeymoon at the Colorado Canyon the couple will reside at Pacific Grove in a cozy little bungalow near the water's edge. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. C. Whitney, accompanied by Miss L. D. Weis, motored to the Hotel from San Francisco last week and put in a few days very pleaasntly taking the Seventeen Mile Drive and the trip to the Rancho Del Monte. Others who made the trip to the Grove in the same delightful fashion were Mrs. F. E. Wells, Miss Fay Chapman, Miss Abbie Oliphant, Miss Florence Treadwell and Miss Hazel Burpee. Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore of Berkeley, Miss Ruby A. Moore and Miss Margaret Bradley are there for an indefinite stay, as are also Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bohl of Sacramento, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Hamilton of San Francisco and A. C. Bassett of Menlo Park

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of Fruitvale left for Boston last week on receipt of the news of the serious illness of her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood, who have been summering in Belvedere, have returned to their home in town.

Dr. and Mrs. R .L. Mead are spending several delightful weeks in the Kern River canyon.

Miss Marion Marvin invited a number of her friends to tea last Tuesday, to give them an opportunity to bid goodbye to Miss Natalie Hunt, who left the following day with the Misses Harriet and Marian Stone for New York.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and the Orville Pratts were motoring through France from last accounts.

Mrs. Hotaling and her son, Richard Hotaling, have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Among those registered at the Granada Hotel for the winter are Mr. J. H. Follis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Pinckard and family, Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Moore, Capt. and Mrs. Burns and Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Thorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Rowan McLaren just returned from their wedding trip and are at the Hotel Victoria for the winter.

Count F. de Jouffroy d'Abbans, attache of the local Consulate General, was the host at a small dinner party given at the St. Francis last week in honor of M. Bonnel de Mezieres of Paris. The Count, who was born in this city when his father was French Consul at this port, has been warmly received by local society since his arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. David Edwards have taken a cottage in Bolinas for the winter. Mr. Edwards is a son of Mrs. Henry Butters of Piedmont. Mrs. Edwards is a niece of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of Fruitvale.

Colonel E. A. Wall of Salt Lake is stopping at the Hotel St. Francis with his family.

Brigadier General Philip Reade, who has just returned from the Philippines, has been at the St. Francis for several days preparing for a fishing trip on the McCloud.

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W. JOHNSON QUINN,, Prop.

Mrs. H. Rodgers has just returned from Alaska and is at the Hotel Carlton, Berkeley.

Mrs. Charles J. Foster of Ross left during the week for San Diego. She will spend the next three weeks at the Hotel Coronado.

Mrs. Charles Tripler has returned from the East and has taken a house at Washington and Presidio avenues.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis T. Knorp have issued invitations to the marriage of Eugenia J. Moraghan to Dr. Herbert Turbitt Moore on Wednesday evening, September 23rd, at their residence in Jackson street. Mrs. Knorp is a sister of the bride.

Miss Mary Josselyn has gone to visit Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown in Aspden, Colorado.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore is in town visiting Miss Newell Drown.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin have gone back to the Sierras for another fortnight.

Miss Frances Jolliffe will arrive home from Europe next month.

Mrs. Butler and her daughter, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, will return from Santa Barbara in a fortnight.

Mrs. Downey Harvey is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Among the recent San Francisco arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Boyd, Charles Fletcher Scott, L. S. Moore, John F. Rhoads, Mrs. J. H. Dyer, Miss Dyer, Miss P. Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Miller, Dr. and Mrs. Wm C. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Lane, Mrs. Louis Goodchild and Mrs. Wm. Creger. From Berkeley: R. C. Peck, E. L. Sherwood, Mrs. Covell, Miss Covell. Miss A. Head, Helen Reef and Helen Nicol. From Oakland: Violet Stranger, Alice Stranger, E. R. Martindell, Mrs. H. E. Hibberd, Miss Hibberd and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Agnew.

Admiral W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., retired, who for a long time was in command at Yerba Buena island in this harbor, is at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by Mrs. Whiting, Miss Marie Whiting and Miss Magoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Curtis have settled at the Carlton, Berkeley, since their return from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Paulding Edwards sailed last Tuesday for the Orient on their honeymoon. On their return they will reside in Chico, where Mr. Edwards is connected with the Northern Electric road.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier will leave in a fortnight for the East where she will spend a month.

Carter Harrison, former Mayor of Chicago, is at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by his son Carter Harrison, Jr., with whom he has been making an extended trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bliss of New York City were guests at the Fairmont the past week. Mr. Bliss is a prominent attorney and clubman in New York. Mrs. Bliss is well known in eastern society. Miss C. F. Barnes, her sister, accompanies them.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Miller returned from their honeymoon trip into the southland this week.

Judge Sepulvada, accompanied by Mrs. Sepulvada and their daughter, are visiting their old friends in California. The Judge is registered from Mexico City and is making the Fairmont his home while here. The Sepulvadas have been visiting at the beautiful home of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wright of Alameda, who have been traveling abroad for the past year, will return home in a few weeks.

Mrs. Edwin S. Newhall returned from the East last week with the Misses Frances and Virginia Newhall. Both young ladies have just graduated from an eastern school and will make their debut this winter.

Late letters from Mrs. Hunt and her daughters, Mrs. Bostwick and Mrs. F. J. Moroney, announce their arrival in Paris. They have been motoring through Germany. Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Moroney will leave Paris September 28th for home.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel will return to town for the winter during the coming week.

Miss Lucy Bancroft has been entertaining a jolly house party at her home in Contra Costa county. Among her guests were Miss Winifred Mears, Miss Kate Hall, Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Gibbs and Miss Laura Farnsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright and their daughter, Miss Marion Wright, have been at Castle Crags Farm for the past week.

Among the guests at Castle Crags Farm from San Francisco last week were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McNicoll, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Sage and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pierson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding of Menlo Park are guests at Castle Crags Farm.

Mrs. J. B. Lauck, wife of Adjutant General Lauck, is at Castle Crags Farm. Mrs. Lauck is accompanied by Miss Lopez, also of Sacramento.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne is visiting Mrs. Thomas B. Brown, Sr., at her country home near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton will return to their town house in Pacific avenue in a week.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs from San Francisco during the past week were Col. A. Andrews, A. F. Andrews, Mrs. A. Baker, Miss Emma M. Baker, Mrs. Wm. A. Case, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Speiker, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everson, H. A. Taussig, L. Taussig, E. S. Walker, Mrs. E. Hammond, William M. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Naphtaly. From Oakland: Col. Bendel, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Robertson, Miss Marian Everson, Miss Elsie J. Everson and J. Melvin. From Fresno: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barton, Miss Blanche Barton and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Barrett.



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About Prominent People

Tested von Moltke's Coolness in Battle

In his reminiscences now being published in McClure's Magazine, Carl Schurz relates the following anecdote told him by Bismarck, in which the latter explained how he tested von Moltke's coolness during "the anxious moment" in the decisive battle of Kroniggratz: "It was the moment on the decision of which the fate of an empire depended. What would have become of us if we had lost that battle? Squadrons of cavalry, all mixed up, hussars, dragoons, uhlans, were streaming by the spot where the King, Moltke and myself stood, and although we had calculated that the Crown Prince might long have appeared behind the Austrian rear, there was no sign of the Crown Prince. Things began to look ominous. I confess I felt not a little nervous. I looked at Moltke, who sat quietly on his horse and did not seem to be disturbed by what was going on around us. I thought I would test whether he was really as calm as he appeared. I rode up to him and asked him whether I might offer him a cigar, since I noticed that he was not smoking. He replied that he would be glad if I had one to spare. I presented to him my open case in which there were only two cigars, one a very good Havana, and the other of rather poor quality. Moltke looked at them and even handled them with great attention, in order to ascertain their relative value, and then with slow deliberation chose the Havana. "Very good,' he said composedly. This assured me very much. I thought, if Moltke can bestow so much time and attention upon the choice between two cigars, things cannot be so very bad. Indeed, a few minutes later we heard the Crown Prince's guns, we observed unsteady and confused movements on the Austrian positions, and the battle was won."

Infatuations of an Imperial Family

From the time Emperor Nicholas I. of Russion made no secret of his passion for the great French actress Rachel the infatuation of members of the Russian imperial family for ladies of the stage has been a tradition. The Emperor's son, Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, followed his father's example by falling in love with an actress for whom he furnished a magnificent house opposite his own palace. Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch has been banished from the imperial court for the last thirty years owing to his infatuation for an American comedy actress. Grand Duke Alexis, once commander-in-chief of the Russian fleet, lives in Paris, inseparable from an opera singer, and the admiration of the present Czar Nicholas II., before he ascended the throne, for a beautiful ballet dancer, has not been forgotten. The escapades of the Grand Duke Boris, who took an entire company of chorus girls with him to his headquarters in the Far East during the war with Japan, are still remembered. Of the sons of the Czar's uncle Valdimir, the youngest, Andrei Valdimirovitch, is credited with possessing great influence over his imperial cousin. Until now he has been regarded as a model young man, and he alone appeared to be proof against the seductions of the stage. But it is now reported from St. Petersburg that he has fallen head over ears in love with Mlle. Sirischinska, a dark-eyed beauty of the Imperial Theatre. It is even said that he has seriously offered her marriage, but Mlle. Sirischinska declines to give up her profession. The Czar is much incensed at his cousin's lapse from grace and has ordered him to take up his quarters for a year at Irkustk, Siberia, in the hope that a temporary exile may cool the young man's ardor.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 468, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANCESCO DESIRELLO, Deceased.

J. G. Parodi, the administrator of the estate of Francesco Desirello, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 20th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said J. G. Parodi, administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 16th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.



A PARTY OF INMATES FROM THE OLD PEOPLES' HOME, PINE AND PIERCE STREETS, TAKING A SPIN IN A CHALMERS-DETROIT TOURING CAR.

Stage

The Valencia Theatre

The opening of the Valencia Theatre last Saturday night under the management of Walter Hoff Seeley, was an event of more than theatrical interest. It was an event of some importance to the whole city. The new theater is a symbol of the progressive spirit born in the flames that destroyed San Francisco. It is proof of the expansion of the city and of confidence in its growth, for this theatre, while it appeals to the patronage of the whole city is identified with a district which has become more populous than most of the towns of the State. That it will be supported there need be no doubt, for it is evident that the management has no intention of relying on sentiment. Aside from the attractiveness of the theatre itself, a handsome, substantial building, designed for the purpose to which it has been dedicated, and of exceptional completeness in equipment, the talent on its stage should appeal to the judgment and taste of theatre-goers. The management has rounded up a very strong stock company, which is appearing to exceptional advantage in "The Great Ruby," a melodrama of the first class. It is a play that abounds in sensational elements, and it affords fine opportunities for scenic effects and powerful acting. On the opening night of the production nerves were very much in evidence, for everybody was keyed up to the highest pitch. Nevertheless the play went smooth enough and the performers won their way to the heart of an audience that packed the theatre. It was a gala occasion. The actors were beflowered, the management was applauded, felicitous speeches were made by J. Charles Green and Mr. Seeley, and there were gratulations for all the people on the stage. Robert Warwick, the leading man, was sized up as a winner; the leading lady, Willette Kershaw, was pronounced a lady of temperament; Mrs. James Gamble, who made her debut as "Peggy Munroe" was satisfying even to the skeptical and of course Frank McGlynn performed up to the expectations of everybody.

—Thomas Lambert.

The Answer to "The Girl Question"

Being filled with girls who know their business "The Girl Question" at the Van Ness Theatre answers itself. To be sure there are several men in it who are above the usual musical comedy order but they follow the regular rule laid down for men in the ordinary walks of life and end by marrying girls who have selected them for husbands. Like all girl questions the play is a rather dizzy dream of feminine loveliness, clouded with haunting songs, airy dancing, lively repartee, captivating novelties, droll situations and the dash of indispensable sentiment that appears when a man invades the Garden of Eden, meets a hammock girl at a summer resort, or gets mixed with the action in an up-to-date musical comedy. As in all such productions good stage management, good principals and a dashing, swinging chorus are the mainstays of success. "The Girl Question" possesses the most of these. Especially is it strong in that particular line that tickles the palate of the jaded musical comedy devotee—novelties. Paul Nicholson is a show in himself and he distributes his stock of wares with an easy grace and prodigality that bespeaks the capitalist in his line. He has a smooth, easy, unctuous and versatile way that would wriggle the funny bone in any frivolous production. Carl George is a capital second to him. Some very clever character work is interpolated into the piece, particularly that contributed by Henrietta Tedre. Marguerite de Von, as the cashier in the restaurant, is a fairy on her feet and jewel enough in her position to warrant the rush of custom that overflows the place. The character of the company shines forth in the "imitation" number, a variant of the familiar stunt offered by the vaudeville artists. The management in this instance has taken advantage of the versatility of the company and presents the idea with so much originality and with such distinct cleverness as to make it the hit of the bill.

Excellent Concerts by the Pasmore Trio

Genuine enthusiasm greeted the Pasmore Trio, the Misses Mary, Susanne and Dorothy, at their first concert of the season, this week, in Century Hall. Their ensemble met unstinted praise and showed the players in pure sympathy with one another. They played with an assurance and exquisite delicacy surprising in such youthful performers. Tschaikowsky's trio in A minor was the hit of the program in dramatic interest, musical intensity, delicacy of color in phrasing and pure tonal qualities. The work of Miss Dorothy on the cello gives promise of a very bright future. These accomplished musicians will remain here only during the winter, after which they expect to give concerts abroad. There will be two more concerts by the Pasmore Trio, November 17th and December 15th.

New Plays of the Season

Two new plays were produced in New York this week, "The Call of the North" and "Love Watches." In "The Call of the North" Mr. Broadhurst has departed from Stewart Edward White's story which he has dramatized, and has used it as a foundation rather than as the complete material for his work. He has retained the principal characters, but has condensed the central episode until the time of action occupies but a couple of days. Robert Edeson plays the part of Ned Trent, a free trader, who



ROBERT WARWICK

Leading man of the excellent stock company now appearing in the Valencia Theatre.

has come into difficulties with the Hudson Bay Company, and has been caught trespassing for the third time, when the action of the play opens. As a punishment the factor of the post sentences him to start upon "la longue traverse," which the audience has previously heard described as a means the factor has of getting rid of undesirable persons by sending them out into the wilds without a rifle or provisions. Trent at first seeks a means of escape by making love to the factor's daughter, but realizes the unworthiness of this, and attempts to escape unaided. He is captured and brought before the factor, and in the stormy scene which follows the entire story is laid bare—his identity and Virginia's love for him. The atmosphere of the piece is that of the North. The trading post is separated from civilization by six hundred miles of wilderness, and the people of the play are Indians and voyageurs, attaches of the post, and a few visitors from more civilized parts of the world.

"Love Watches," in which Billie Burke is appearing at the Lyceum Theatre, gets its title from a statement of the father of the girl whose story the play tells, "that a woman can be safeguarded only by love, and that this love watches over her constantly." The piece deals with the heart story of a young girl who marries the man of her choice and then discovers a third party in the person of a young widow. She plans her own original way of revenge and succeeds neatly.

Another Week of "The Music Master"

A third week of David Warfield in "The Music Master" is made imperative by public demand. Not since the advance sale opened has there been a moment during office hours when the Alcazar box office has experienced respite from the demand for seats, and it doubtful that even eight more performances of "The Music Master" will satisfy the desires of those who have not yet witnessed the play. With these extra performances of "The Music Master" it will not be necesasry to patronize the ticket scalpers against whom David Belasco's representative and the Alcazar management have made such a strong fight. For every evening and afternoon performance next week good seats can be purchased at the box office. Before Mr. Warfield closes his engagement at the Alcazar he will certainly appear in his great creation of Wes Bigelow, in "A Grand Army Man," a role in which he shines as strongly as in "The Music Master."

"The Toreador" at the Princess

Ferris Hartman will begin the sixth week of his phenomenally successful season at the Princess Theatre next Monday night in the famous musical play, "The Toreador," which will be remembered as one of the greatest hits in the history of the Tivoli. It abounds in sparkling and pretty music and witty and amusing dialogue and affords a splendid opportunity for the display of picturesque scenery and costumes which the management is determined to exhaust. Mr. Hartman will maintain his great popularity as Tommy Gigg, a cockney tiger, who is mistaken for the famous Toreador Carajola, and is in consequence involved in the most ludicrous predicaments. Arthur Cunningham, as the real Toreador, will repeat one of his greatest lyric and dramatic triumphs. Melvin Stokes, who is already firmly established in popular favor will be excellently cast as Augustus Trail of the British Consulate, and Wallace Brownlow will be in his element as the Governor of Villaya. Jack Tobie will cleverly burlesque Creatore as the bandmaster of the Lunatic Asylum Band and Walter de Leon will have the chance to distinguish himself as Sir Archibald Slackett, Bart. Christina Nielsen will have the lively and engaging role of Dora Selby. Miss Nielsen is beginning to show the results of the valuable training she had under Mackenzie Gordon. Sybil Page will be Dora Selby's friend Nancy Staunton. Sarah Edwards should be well suited as the wealthy widow, Mrs. Walton Hoppings, and Zoe Barnett will have plenty of Carmenesque opportunity as Donna Therese. Walter Catlet as Pettifer, a dealer in wild animals, and Fred Kavanagh as Rinaldo, a Carlist, will complete what bids fair to be an exceptionally fine cast. "The Fortune Teller" will be produced for the last times this Sunday afternoon and evening.

——"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes."
Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes.

Gifted Artists Open Studio Here

Donald Maclean and Henri Etlin, who arrived here from Paris three months ago, have established themselves permanently in San Francisco by opening a studio of singing and piano together at 1613 Green street. The place is beautifully furnished with old stained glass windows and antique furniture from Paris. Mr. Maclean is a San Franciscan, a well known graduate of Stanford who went to Paris three years ago to study under Jean



HENRI ETLIN AND DONALD MACLEAN

de Rezske and his assistant, Oscar Seagle. Mr. Maclean possesses a baritone voice of unusual quality which has attained a high degree of cultivation under the marvelous de Rezske method. He is the only de Rezske pupil in San Francisco. Henry Etlin, the pianist, is the winner of a first prize Paris Conservatoire and is the favorite pupil of the celebrated pianist Diemer. He has also studied under Mathias, one of the last of the pupils of Chopin, and it is no doubt to this fact that Mr. Etlin owes to a great extent his wonderful interpretation of that composer. Mr. Etlin and Mr. Maclean have both appeared abroad with great success. It is the intention of Mr. Maclean and Mr. Etlin to give a concert at Christian Science Hall on October 3d. Mr. Etlin will play for the first time in San Francisco the dance of Salome by Richard Strauss.

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La Vigne Concert

Noe Joseph La Vigne, a distinguished dramatic baritone, will give a concert at Lyric Hall, Thursday evening, October 1. He will be heard in selections from Rigoletto, l'Pagliacci and Faust and also in a number of French, Italian and English songs. He will be assisted by Betty Scholtz, violinist, and a graduate of the Berlin Conservatory of Music. Miss Alma Rudolph will act as accompanist.

Will Run Another Week

"The Girl Question" is proving the biggest kind of a hit at the Van Ness Theatre, where it will run through the coming week. It is the first of the big eastern music play successes to come West this season. Great applause has greeted the efforts of the splendid cast of principals and sprightly chorus during the past week. Paul Nicholson in the role of "Con" Ryan has made a personal success. He is a clever comedian whose unctuous work goes immensely well with the big audiences. Henrietta Tedro, in the leading feminine role, is a pleasing figure in the cast and the same can be said of nearly all the principals. There are many novel features in the way of specialties and chorus work. The Eddie Foy imitation number is unquestionably one of the biggest hits seen here in a long time.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The program at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday afternoon needs no eulogy. It speaks eloquently for itself. Jesse L. Lasky's latest triumph, "The Pianophiends," will be the headliner. The scenic settings for it are most elaborate and represent a large piano salesroom in which five men are seated playing ragtime at five pianos, when they are joined by four handsome and stylish girls, who assist them in their harmony. An octette is given which rivals in originality and melody the celebrated Florodora Sextette. The effect of nine pairs of hands playing on five pianos is described as particularly pleasing. All the artists are excellent pianists and vocalists. The Seven Yuilians, who are entirely new to this city, are celebrated the world over as acrobats and athletes. Their offering includes ground and lofty tumbling of a novel and daring kind. Claud and Fannie Usher will appear in the slang classic, "Fagan's Decision," which the eastern press deemed worthy of serious consideration. Fagan is a defeated pugilist who was prudent enough to save his money so when he meets his Waterloo he is financially speaking on Easy Street. He makes an effort to penetrate into swell society without success. In his loneliness he is about to adopt a twelve-year-old waif when he discovers that she is the daughter of the man who retired him from the ring by a foul over the heart. The



SOME OF THE HANDSOME CHORUS GIRLS IN "THE GIRL QUESTION."

Now Playing at the Van Ness Theatre.

little play is so thoroughly human in its rough pathos that when the Ushers reach the end of it, says an eastern critic, there are hundreds of wet eyes and fluttering handkerchiefs in the audience. The Reiff Brothers, the American dancing boys, will introduce one of the most original singing and dancing numbers in vaudeville. It will be the last week of Gardner and Vincent, A. O. Duncan, the two Pucks and of Charmion in her dainty transformation act. A series of new and realistic motion pictures, showing the famous Marathon race at the recent Olympic games, London, will teminate the performance.

Close of the Persse-Mason Opera Season

The Persse-Mason Opera Company, which has filled such a successful engagement at the American Theatre, will present during the final week of its stay at this playhouse the comic-opera success "Fra Diavolo." This amusing romantic opera has not been sung here for quite a number of years, and as it is one of the most popular of the standard light operas, it is a certainty that the engagement of this well balanced singing organization will wind up in a blaze of glory. Edith Mason, who sang the role of Zerlina when "Fra Diavolo" was sung at the old Grand Opera House, will again be heard in the delightful numbers which this part calls for. Miss Mason is in particularly good voice after her slight indisposition of ten days ago, and her rich, soprano voice never was so clear and distinct as it was in "Maritana." Thomas Persse will sing the role of Fra Diavolo, the brigand chief, while the balance of the cast will include Charles Swickard as Lord Allcash; Bernice Holmes as Lady Allcash; Mabel Goger as Francisco; Robert Lott as Beppo; Olga Osborne as Roberto and Joseph Fogarty as Giacomo. The production will be staged in a lavish manner and a most sumptuous revival of this opera is promised. The orchestra will be presided over by Paul Steindorff, whose directorship has been one of the pleasant features of the musical season at the American. "Fra Diavolo" will be sung for the first time on Sunday afternoon, September 20th.

Big Hits Promised at the American

The regular fall and winter season at the American Theatre will be ushered in Sunday afternoon, September 27th ,when the New York musical comedy success "Hip-Hip-Hooray" will be presented by the Rice & Cady company on a magnificent scale. The critics throughout the middle west speak in the highest terms of this production and the work of the German dialecticians, who became so popular during their long stay in this city. Following "Hip-Hip-Hooray" some of the biggest Broadway hits will be staged at the American Theatre by the original companies, and by a special arrangement with the booking agencies Manager Abe Cohn has succeeded in securing these star attractions at popular prices. All of the two dollar and dollar and a half shows are to be produced at the standard scale of prices established by the management of the Market street playhouse, ranging in



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Course A Monday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, October 5-8-10; Tuesday and Friday, 13-15.

Course B Tuesday and Friday evenings, October 6-9; Monday, Thursday, Saturday, 12-15-17.

COURSE TICKETS (5 Subjects) $1.00, $3.00, $2.00

On sale Monday, September 28, at Sherman Clay & Co's, Van Ness, above California.

SINGLE EVENTS, 50c, 75c, $1.00.

Ready October 1, at Sherman Clay & Co's. BOTH stores.

Mail orders should be addressed to Will S. Greenbaum at the box office. These will be received from now on.

Course in Oakland at MAPLE HALL, commencing Monday, October 19.

Beatrice Fine-Anna Miller Wood Concert, Thursday, October 22.

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price from 25 cents to $1.00. A few of the attractions already booked are "Girls Will Be Girls," "A Knight for a Day," "Isle of Spice," "Little Johnny Jones," James J. Corbett, Max Figman, "Marrying Mary," "Just Out of College," "Honeymoon," Florence Roberts and "Fifty Miles from Boston."

The Lloyd Scott "Travel Talks"

Manager Will Greenbaum announces as his opening attraction a series of illustrated "Travel-Talks" by the famous traveller, Mr. Lloyd Scott, A. B. (University of Pennsylvania) and of Jurisprudence (University of Heidelberg). Mr. Scott is an American by birth and has devoted many years to foreign travel and the art of photography. He is a fluent speaker and full of quaint humor so that his talks are not stereotyped lectures, but pleasant chats about his journeys, illustrated with beautifully colored lantern views, moving panoramas and motion pictures. Two courses of five subjects will be given at Christian Science Hall, commencing Monday night, October 5. The courses have been so arranged that one can attend the five talks without going on successive nights. For instance, those who purchase tickets for Course A will go Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights for the first week and Tuesday and Friday nights of the second. Holders of Course B tickets will go Tuesday and Friday nights of the first week and Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights of the second. The subjects will be "India," "Japan," Russia," "Egypt" and "Ireland." Course tickets will be on sale Monday, September 28, at Sherman Clay & Co's Van Ness avenue store. The price for a course of five will be $4.00, $3.00 and $2.00, according to location of seats. Arrangements are being made for two special matinees on Saturdays for school children. A complete course of these "Travel-Talks" will be given at Maple Hall, Oakland, commencing Monday night, October 17. This hall has been remodelled and is now one of the prettiest halls in the West. Manager Greenbaum expects to place a number of attractions there during the coming season. His big musical stars will as usual appear at Ye Liberty playhouse.

"The Conquerors" Next at the Valencia.

"The Conquerors" will be the second offering of the new stock company at the Valencia Theatre, beginning next Monday night, September 21st. This is the famous play by Paul Potter in which William Faversham and Viola Allen first won success at the Empire Theatre in New York. It is a romantic love story set amid the scenes of the Franco-Prussian war, in which a German officer occupying the ancient home of a beautiful French girl, first insults her and then wins her as his future wife. At the end of the first act the young lady throws a glass of wine into the face of her country's enemy, but in the end she falls into his arms. The love interest is strong, and the stage settings will be picturesque. The new Valencia stock company, which has made such a splendid impression in "The Great Ruby" this week, will be seen to exceptional advantage in "The Conquerors." Robert Warwick will have the dashing role of the young German officer who believes that to the conquerors in war belong the spoils of love, while Miss Willette Kershaw has a role that will show her art to excellent advantage. The rest of the company will be capitally cast.

In the Limelight

The musical season will open Thursday, October 22, with a joint concert by Anna Miller Wood of Boston, and Beatrice Priest Fine of New York. An exceptionally beautiful and interesting program is promised. Mr. Fred Maureer, Jr., will act as accompanist.

Manager Greenbaum has received the programs for the concerts by Signor Emilio De Gogorza, the handsome Spanish baritone. It includes songs in French, German, Italian, English and Spanish.

New engagements made by Will Greenbaum include Mme. Nordica, with a select concert company, Signor Constantine, the wonderful tenor and company and the "Royal Welsh Choir" from Cardiff.

Arthur Hartmann, the great Bohemian violin virtuoso, will be assisted on his present tour by Alfred Calzin, a young American piano virtuoso, who has recently met with great success abroad. Mr. Hartmann has never appeared in this city and his coming is expectantly waited for by hundreds of violin students.



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Auto Notes

In the new Chalmers-Detroit car the four cylinders are cast together as in the latest Fiat, More, Argyll and Hotchkiss. This gives lightness, compactness, perfect alignment, and a dozen other advantages. The only argument ever advanced against it is "cost of replacement." This is answered by furnishing a set of four cylinders at $35, less than most dealers charge for two or even for one cylinder.

Stanley Ketchel is relieving the monotony of his training by excursions in his new White steamer through the country about Los Angeles. Ketchel proved an apt pupil in learning to operate the big White, and he promises to become an adept driver. "A day off occasionally does me a world of good when I am in training," said the rugged young battler. "Where some fighters would look upon an automobile ride as an uncalled for dissipation, I look upon it as just the reverse. After I have whirled and zig-zagged across the country for a couple of hours I find myself completely rested, as it takes my mind away from the training camp for the time being."

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Davis and party made a trial trip in their new '09 Packard "30," driving to Napa, Petaluma, Healdsburg, St. Helena and return, a distance of 165 miles.

During the army maneuvers next month at Atascadero the officials of the War Department will include among the different events a test of motor cars for army use. Col. Brainard and the officers forming the courtmartial in the Captain Avery case, at the Presidio, will be among the local officials to test the cars. The officials in giving the big six-cylinder Thomas a preliminary examination yesterday at the Presidio, were enthusiastic over the possibilities of a powerful car, like the Thomas, in the rough work required for the army.

A wonderful demonstration of the change which the automobile has wrought in highway travel was made last week, over the old Forbes military road across the Allegheny mountains, when S. D. Waldon drove a Packard "30" car from Pittsburg to Philadelphia in 15 hours 58 minutes. Incidentally, this run broke the previous record by nearly two hours. A century ago when this road was the trunk line for all kinds of travel, it took the military wagons from fifteen to twenty days to make the same trip. The distance is 304 miles.

An important piece of news to the automobile trade is the announcement by E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company to the effect that he will establish an agency in Fresno. A. C. Wheelock, formerly the Oakland representative of the Chalmers-Detroit and Thomas cars, and one of the best known automobile men in the state, will have charge of the new branch. A shipment of Chalmers-Detroit cars are now on the road to Fresno.

Probably one of the longest trips ever made out of San Francisco was made by Mr. J. H. Newbauer in his Packard "30" with Harry Jackson driving. Lieutenant Helms and S. Brizzolara were his guests. The party left here for San Bernardino and Los Angeles, visiting all the summer beaches about Los Angeles. thence to San Diego and Tia Juana in Old Mexico. Coming back they visited San Bernardino, Bakersfield, Visalia and Fresno. From Sacramento they went to Lake Tahoe and from Lake Tahoe back to Merced, from there to the Yosemite Valley and back to San Francisco. The whole distance covered on the trip was 5120 miles.

J. L. Robinson of Eureka has just closed a deal with the Pioneer Automobile Company for the agency of the Chalmers-Detroit and Thomas cars in that place. Owing to the early demand for this line of machines, Robinson ordered a shipment of Chalmers-Detroit cars for immediate delivery. Twenty cars will be in the first shipment.

Mrs. J. M. Etienne, who has been touring Southern California in her White steamer, expects to return to her home here this week. Accompanied by a party of friends, Mrs. Etienne made excursions in all directions from Pizmo Beach, where she made her headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee motored to Del Monte last week in their big Packard to remain several days.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Black are on the road to Santa Cruz in their new Packard for a week's visit.

A strenuous tour of over 500 miles has just been completed by Dr. H. Davis of Oakland, the transbay motorist, accompanied by his family. They made the run from Oakland to Reno and return, crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains in their Thomas Forty touring car. In going up the famous Kingsbury grade the motorist was called upon to assist the stage coach the load being too heavy for the horses. No trouble was encountered on the trip, the Diamond tires on the car not even being punctured.

The new Chalmers-Detroit demonstrating car was turned over to A. C. Wheelock, manager of the Oakland branch of the Pioneer Automobile Company Monday for demonstrations. The car created the usual excitement in Oakland and a number of orders were taken. Telegrams were received this week from the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company stating that two carloads, containing three machines each, were about to leave the factory. It is now expected that three carloads will be shipped weekly. The Pioneer Automobile Company expect to be caught up on their orders by the 15th of the month and after that time hope to be able to give almost immediate delivery on these cars.

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Greeting a New Author

(Continued from Page 9.)

would like to say. But I refrain. I do not wish to disturb the equanimity of Mr. Norie more than is necessary to express in this manner my regret that we have no writers to the manner born who are competent to teach Mr. Norie that he is an interloper in a field where none but native sons should reap. When a writing man must be imported from Scotland to tell the stories of California it is time for writing men and women of California to hide their diminished heads. It is useless to plead that we have writers (thinking of Gelett Burgess, Wallace Irwin and Joaquin Miller) who can write the legends of California better than they can be written by W. Drummond Norie. These writers have not written the stories, and that is sufficient answer to those who would find fault with Mr. Norie for trying to write them. I hope that Mr. Norie will keep right on practicing his art "in our midst" until he shames some of us into doing better what he is doing as well as he can.

Some Curious Deaths

(Continued from Page 8.)

teul's wine. Not knowing the trick the poet inadvertently drank and died within a few hours. Goldsmith and the poet Edmund Smith fell victims to their stubbornness in prescribing for themselves in opposition to their medical advisers. The poet Cowley, going home from a carousal one night, lay down to rest beside a hedge. The night dews gave him a chill to which he soon succumbed. The poet Fletcher fell a victim to personal vanity. He had ordered a new suit of clothes, and refused, though the plague was raging, to leave London before they were sent home. He stayed in town, caught the plague and died. His friend Massinger, who afterwards shared his grave, like Duke and Savage, was found dead in bed. Correggio threw himself into a pleurisy which ended him, by dragging a heavy load of copper for eight miles under a burning sun. Ubaldus Baldus, one of the profoundest lawyers that ever lived, was playing with his little dog one day. The animal nipped him on the lip. No notice was taken of the cut at the time but in a few months the master was dead.

Lord Bacon fell a martyr to his scientific curiosity. One day he was driving through the snow and it suddenly occurred to him that snow must from its chemical ingredients have a preservative property, and he resolved to put his theory to the proof. Stopping his carriage at a neighboring farm house, he purchased a chicken and stuffed it with snow. He took a chill. His condition quickly became so alarming that he was carried into a nearby mansion. There a damp bed aggravated his symptoms and he died in a few days.

With such instances as these going on about them the wise men of all nations have fashioned their lives so that "when the sacred vessel is signalled from Delos" the messenger may find them as he found Socrates, Berkeley and those stout hearts who have found a confident and a calm spirit in right living. As Bryant expressed it:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Mascagni on German Music

Pietro Mascagni is the latest musician to express his dislike of "Salome." He believes that the work will have no continuing success, as the score is not clear and is bizarre, and he finds that the best things in the music are taken from Rossini. He declares that all German music has been in a decadent state since the death of Wagner, and thinks that Italians can alone bring life into the present moribund field of operatic production, since Italian of all languages is alone musical.

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Letters

A Picture of Medieval Italy

In her third novel, Marjorie Bowen has gone back to medieval Italy, to that troubled period when the House of Anjou, the Pope and the Neapolitan nobles were alike interested in the succession of the crown, and to those glorious days when a few murders more or less, a career of treachery and deceit, and a lifetime of scheming made no particular difference in the esteem bestowed on the successful. The old king lay dying, and in order to right an ancient wrong and save his own soul, he had betrothed his two granddaughters to the two princes of Hungary, thus securing the succession in the old line in any event, as he supposed. But Giovanna, married by proxy to Konrad, had no mind to rule in conjunction with any one, and neither did she mean to strengthen her husband's hands by permitting the alliance of her gentle sister Maria with Andreas. She was a most capable and clever lady, and the manner in which she planned her course, the unmitigated cruelty with which she treated the unfortunate Konrad, the cold-blooded indifference with which she disposed of her accomplices when it was inconvenient to risk possible disclosures, as well as the audacity with which she blindfolded Andreas, come to avenge the death of his brother, prove that a prince consort would have been of little value in her reign. Whether Marjorie Bowen is writing accurate history or not is little to the purpose. What she has done, and that is much, is to give a living picture of another day, and make it so interesting as to inspire the reader with an inclination to delve into history and read up for himself the events of the fourteenth century. The best that can be asked or expected of a historical novel is that it will present a fairly accurate background on which to display the meager accounts of related in school histories, which for the most part, do not progress beyond the names of rulers and the dates of their deaths. It is not worth while to quarrel with possible discrepancies for "The Sword Decides" is infinitely more interesting reading, whether it be all fact or all fiction, or a judicious blending of the two, than any of the recent "Zenda" type of romance. Published by the McClure Company.

A Typical New England Village

The name Richard Brinsley Newman is used to conceal the identity of an author who is believed to be a popular Eastern clergyman. Under the guise of a precocious lad of fifteen, the son of a peripatetic minister, Richard relates the family experiences in a typical New England village, where the people were devout church attendants who took every small advantage they could both of the minister and of each other. They made no practical application of the sermons to themselves, and when they found their preacher expecting them to take the words home they speedily let him know that they could dispense with his services. The Rev. Newman was a godly man, too unworldly to protect his own interests, and matters went from bad to worse with him and his. Like so many of the old New Englanders, he almost made a fetich of learning, and like the typical preacher's son, Richard had small regard for what had no immediate practical value. There are some remarkably well-drawn pictures of a village school, the church activities, old fashioned temperance rallies and other such occurrences, and some very unflattering portraits of various worthies who are to be found in similar localities. Despite young Richard's squabbles with his sister, "Tyee Wowo," whose fanciful mother had christened the child Irene Aurora, and whose infant efforts to pronounce her name gave her brother such an irresistible chance to tease her forever more, he was far from being a bad boy, and like many another whose youthful back is turned full on the church, he ended by himself mounting the pulpit stairs. The story is well written. Time was when a fifteen year old boy of good family might have done it, at least as far as the correct English is concerned, but that is long, long ago, before the "educator" superseded the school master. Whether a boy of fifteen would have been capable of making the same shrewd comments and observations is another matter, but that need not spoil the enjoyment of the reader who, whether he has sojourned in the wilds and wildernesses and calls up his remembrances, or whether he is city-bred and is encountering novelties, will find much to interest and amuse him as well as to ponder on. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are its publishers.

BACK EAST CHEAP

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

September 15 and 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60 00
Council Bluffs	60 00
Kansas City	60 00
Chicago	72 50
St. Louis	67 50
New Orleans	67 50
Washington	107 50
Philadelphia	108 50
New York	108 50

Tickets sold on July dates good for ninety days; those sold August and September good until October 31st. Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANK WARDEN, Deceased

Thomas Wood, the executor of the estate of Frank Warden, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 12th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Thomas Wood, executor of the estate of Frank Warden, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 10th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN A. HALPIN,
Attorney for Executor,
Dean Bldg., 966 Market St.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15,983.

NANCY THERESA BERGEMAN-HAVERLY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA send greeting to PAUL J. BERGEMAN-HAVERLY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty towards plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. PRESCOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR DECREE AUTHORIZING CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE AND ORDERING SERVICE OF NOTICE THEREOF.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 6228. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of H. M. Sanborn and E. M. Sanborn praying for a Decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to them certain real property belonging to said estate which said deceased had agreed to convey to them by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been filed in this Court, said real property being described as follows, to-wit: The real property known as the Dwight Way Nursery, consisting of Lots Numbers One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), Nine (9) and Ten (10), in Block Number One (1) of State University Homestead Association No. 3, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday the 21st day of September, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. in Department No. 10 of said Court at the court house of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, the administrator of the estate of William Hale, personally by delivering to him and leaving with him a certified copy of this Order at least ten days before such hearing.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this Order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published at said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated this 17th day of August, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 17, 1908. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN W. GWILT,
906 Broadway, Oakland, California,
Attorney for Petitioners.

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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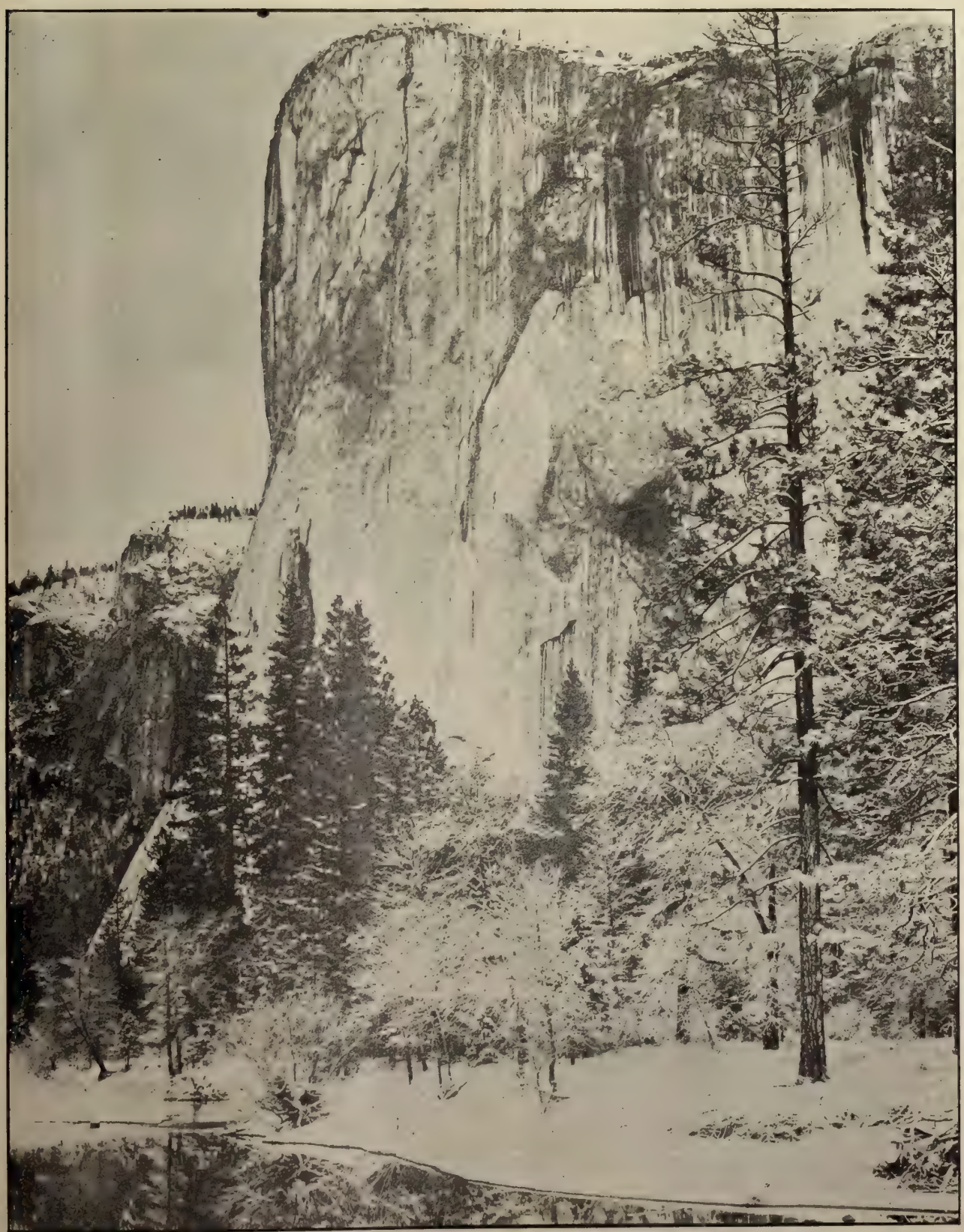
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, September 26, 1908. No. 839.



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE VALLEY, IN THE WINTER.

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TOWN TALK

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The Wages of Human Ignorance

A man was killed the other day while experimenting with an airship. Many men will be killed in airships. Those who go down to the sea in ships may fear to be drowned; and those who go up in the air may expect to be dashed to the ground. Those who ride to and fro athwart the land may reckon their chances of life and death; and those who sail in aeroplanes or dirigibles must take similar chances of coming out of their adventure unscathed, sound in wind and limb. When man, puny man, vested with a little brief control of the elements, most ignorant of what he's most assured, lays hold of the giant forces of nature, he must know that sooner or later he will come to grief; nay, that as long as he struggles in this unequal combat with the primal laws of the universe he must continually submit to defeat, disaster, death. Icarus invented a flying machine that outflew the flight of the eagles; but when the sun melted the wax of his wings he was dashed to death in the sea; when Orville Wright's propeller broke under the strain of its vertiginous velocity, he was instantly in the grip of a natural law that compelled obedience inevitably, mercilessly, without hope of appeal. The laws of nature are multitudinous, mysterious, complex. The energy of nature is irresistible. The genius of man can only discover these laws and apply them the one against the other to achieve an equilibrium oftentimes merely factitious, frequently deceptive, always dangerous. The energy of nature can be guided, it is never controlled. Man thinks he has harnessed steam and chained the thunderbolt; but only the other day the tubes of the Bennington blew out and the giant was loose again, breathing death in the faces of all who stood in opposition; and every day some man dies in the coil of a live wire. If Orville Wright could have tested every part of his flying machine before he began his flight he would have made safe concession to the laws of nature, for Orville Wright knows those laws within the jurisdiction of what we call aerostatics as a competent judge knows the statutes within the compass of his jurisdiction; if the builders of the Bennington could have watched the processes of molecular disintegration there would have been no explosion on the ship; if those who dally with live wires would always take the precaution to wear rubber gloves they would live to die of typhoid fever or old age. These things are obvious. The schoolboy knows them. The learned specialist can only formulate the law; he cannot control the forces that are governed by the law. And the slightest violation of the law releases the forces—and man, puny man, vested with a little brief control of the elements, most ignorant of what he's most assured, suffers, struggles an instant, and perishes. We call it "accident"; the ancient Greeks called it "destiny"; the Oriental says it is fate; the wise man of the West knows that it is ignorance.

Hearst the Magician

If to be rescued from any of the humdrums of a life of pain and pangs is a blessing then the Hon. William R. Hearst is one of the benefactors of his species. The present political campaign could not have escaped the censure of downright insipidity if Mr. Hearst, pregnant with detraction, had not happened on the shockingly tame scene and lifted us out of boredom with the power of his chin. With a few wags of his rude and intractable tongue this magician of the bema commanded and compelled our attention, and then to rouse us from our lethargy he injected into us a stimulant that is homeopathic in its simplicity. Dr. Hearst is a skilled pathologist and he knows the susceptibilities of his American patients. Sensible of our capacity for assimilating disparagement he dosed us with our favorite nostrum and we absorbed it with delight. Immediately the calm was routed, the desultory depression passed off and we realized that we were in a most gratifying state of excitement. We now feel that the tone of the campaign has reached the level prescribed by the traditions of American politics. Proud names have been dragged from their heights, and lofty heads are bowed in shame. Now is the goddess of slander and misrepresentation going about with a mirror in her hand, dazzling the crowd, revealing her triple-crowned proteges with the ensign of liberty and a cornucopia in their grasp; discovering the objects of her hostility in ugly shapes; dipping her wings in mud and scattering it in the eyes of the multitude. Is there anything more to be desired?

His Divine Purpose

Mr. Hearst marches over the carcases of his slaughtered foes with keen delight. With all the enthusiasm of a divinely commissioned scourge, with something of the vindictiveness of a Joshua, he is blazing a path of vengeance from Goshen even unto Gibeon. Like Bentley of whom Swift tells us that he was dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own, Mr. Hearst sees the trail of the serpent everywhere save in his own camp, and views with suspicion every act of his opponents that even remotely accords with preconceived notions of corruption. Mr. Hearst is presumed to be doing effective politics, but the logic of his philosophy is not apparent. Proof of corruption in the Republican and Democratic parties does not vindicate the purity of the men whom Mr. Hearst commends to our confidence. On the contrary, so far as Senator Foraker is concerned, by establishing a connection between that statesmen and the octopus, Mr. Hearst performs a valuable service for the head and front of the Republican administration. Foraker has been President Roosevelt's most bitter foe in the Senate, and to no one, perhaps, is that statesman's humiliation more gratifying than to the Chief Magistrate of the country. But if Senator Foraker is all that Mr. Hearst's imputations indicate then the country too has been rendered a valuable service by the distinguished prophet of the Independence League. But we are not sure that Mr. Hearst has made out a case against the Ohio statesman. As a politician Senator Foraker has been indiscreet, but it is not certain that he is corrupt. It has been shown that he is on very intimate terms with Standard Oil officials, but in this he has never dissembled. Nobody has ever confounded Foraker with La Follette. The Wisconsin Senator, as everybody knows, is devoted to the interests of organized labor and hostile to the powerful industrial corporations; and nobody thinks it wrong for him to have relations with Samuel Gompers or to strengthen his popularity by advocating legislation designed to gratify the socialistic sentiments of the mob. Senator La Foleltte is the darling of the proletariat, and Senator Foraker is the champion of the interests which are menaced by the demagogues. As such champion

Senator Foraker must very often receive communications from the men whose interests he protects. Must we conclude that he has been bribed by these men? This conclusion in our judgment is not imperative. Must we conclude that Senator Foraker is guilty of treachery to the people because he protects the industrial interests from the machinations of the demagogues? Would it not be most unjust to do so. History teaches us that the wise and honest and most patriotic statesmen in all ages have been those that resisted the encroachments of the majority and insisted that the principles of sound government accord to the minority rights Demos is bound to respect. The demagogues tell us that the trouble in this country is that the people do not rule; that the minority exercise a predominant influence in the government; and Mr. Hearst would have us believe that statesmen of the Foraker type are responsible for the inequality which exists. Perhaps Mr. Hearst is right. Perhaps the equilibrium which the Founders contrived no longer exists. Perhaps in protecting the minority Senator Foraker has been unfaithful to his trust. But let us hope that he is not quite so degraded as Mr. Hearst would have us believe. At the same time let us hope that Mr. Hearst really believes that he is leading us from the Slough of Despair to the Delectable Mountain. Having a catholicon for our political ills, doubtless he feels that before he can administer it he must get us into a receptive mood by exploiting the explosive possibilities of our nature. All rival political prophets, whether galled or not, must be made to wince before Mr. Hearst will find it expedient to pull the cork and let peace and plenty flow over a grateful land.

Only a Man's Reason

Woman—shall we call her "lovely woman?"—is once more in arms and eager for the fray. Perhaps it would have been more accurate if we had used the specific instead of the generic plural in this discussion—not woman, but women; for in truth woman is not demanding the ballot but women are insisting on the right to vote. It is a delicate subject. We are not at liberty to deal with it as we deal with other political themes; and therein the opponent of woman suffrage is at a disadvantage. He cannot strike a woman as he would strike a man; he cannot treat her political theories and her absurd conditions as he would treat those of his own sex. He must trump her clubs with hearts; he must respond to her stony stare by giving up his seat in the street car; he must breathe the softest of answers to turn away her wrath; he must give her the only "right" that belongs exclusively to him, while allowing her to retain all that she now possesses by constant acquisition since Eve commanded the man to eat, and he, poor fool—did eat. However, at the risk of giving mortal offense to those whom we most dearly love; to those whom we admire; and to those whom we have married or hope to marry, we are resolved to pursue our course in this matter even to the end, bitter though it be. We state it frankly and candidly—we do not think it would be well for woman, women, or the commonwealth if we should accede to the demand of the suffragists. That's as gently as we can break the sad news to Mary. In the first place we do not think woman wants the ballot which the women are demanding; in the second place we do not believe the women would know what to do with the ballot after we had given it to them; in the third place we are convinced that the women would waste the ballot on candidates whom they liked instead of bestowing it on candidates whom they were sure were worthy, capable and honest; in the fourth place we are of the opinion that a woman vote would merely double the trouble that the man vote is causing at every election; in the fifth—but why continue? Reasons opposing the suffrage of women are as plentiful as blackberries. Levity, you say—we are treating a solemn subject with levity. Well, listen: A male citizen of Colorado, where the women vote as often as the law allows, has been in town and he has told us that woman suffrage is a rank failure in Colorado; that the women vote as they are told to vote; either by their husbands, fathers, brothers or employers; that notwithstanding the secrecy of the Australian ballot the women who vote it are afraid they will be found out if the vote is contrary to the wishes of some man whom it is their duty to serve; that they are as susceptible to sentiment and the impulse of the moment as they were when they couldn't vote—as uncertain, coy and hard to please as they were when man was a suitor for their hands and not a candidate for their votes; that they haven't changed their natures an iota nor bettered the political conditions of the State in the slightest degree; and finally, that the women voters of Colorado although granted the voting privilege by the Democrats insist upon voting the Republican ticket, generally as straight as a row of buttons on a back-fastening shirt waist. No "levity" in that resume, is there? Certainly, by this account the situation in the woman-suffrage State of Colorado seems serious enough. Of course it would would be quite different in California. The women who want to vote in California are a more discriminating aggregation than those of Colorado; they are neither sentimental nor susceptible; they are not timid nor man-ruled; they know their politics and they would vote against the "nicest" candidate on the ticket of their party if he thought he would betray the trust they are tempted to bestow upon him; and above all they are grateful for the favor which the Democratic convention gave them in pledging its candidates to support the woman suffrage amendment in the next legislature—if these women ever vote they will vote the Democratic ticket first, last and all the time. It can be urged that even if all we have said against the proposition to give the ballot to women is true, much of it can be urged also against a considerable mass of men voters. Whereupon we answer that two bad conditions do not make a good one. It may be argued that the addition of women voters to the voting population would not make matters worse than they are and perhaps it would make them better.

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Nearly every clothes shop has some feature. Some feature clothes at ten dollars a suit. Some again feature twelve-fifty clothes. Here we feature quality, make and fit. Our strength is in the higher grade clothes. If you want the best clothes that are made, why, then go to the shop where they're to be had. Here you get the goods, the patterns and service. You wouldn't go to a fifty-cent restaurant if you wanted a two-dollar meal, would you?

KING SOLOMON'S HALL
Fillmore Street, near Sutter, San Francisco

To which it may be answered that if women voters would not make matters worse than they are what good will be accomplished by the additional vote? and the supplementary possibility that the women will better the political conditions is too remote to have bearing on the question. We don't like to say positively that the women shall not vote; but we do say, with such emphasis as our gallantry will permit, that wo do not think it is advisable to let the women vote. Moreover, we do not believe the majority of women would vote if they could, unless all the polls were clustered in the shopping district.

Our Honest Supervisors

As if to awaken men's minds to the incommensurate magnitude of the point at issue the Examiner has spoken plainly, broadly and shockingly of the Supervisors for voting for the sale of city bonds to certain brokers who apparently were vouchsafed a winning advantage over competitors. The Examiner is evidently of the opinion that the majority of the Board of Supervisors are waist deep in transactions of the most scandalous character; that instead of being model public servants, these men who have been branded as of the elect, are as unworthy of confidence as their predecessors. After an elaborate review of their delinquencies the Examiner accuses them of a canine subserviency to the wicked and incorrigible public service corporations. In all that this accusation implies we cannot concur. Though we hold no brief for the Supervisors a sense of fairness and a love of accuracy impels us to deny an imputation which we believe to be unwarranted. While it is not for us to measure relative merit or award the palm of virtue; and conscious though we are that under the current dispensation the quality of municipal government is not superior to what it was when Gallagher and his associates were prostituting their conscience for hire, yet we will reseut in behalf of the Supervisors the odious imputation that they are the tools of the corporations. We are convinced that the motive which now inspires our servants in office is somewhat different from that which animated Ruef's licentious and thrifty henchmen. The men who voted for the sale of the city's bonds to Rollins & Sons are not, we are quite sure, of the same sordid character as their predecessors The passion that now inspires much of the zeal in the Board of Supervisors is the lust of office. The men consumed with this passion are good men cast upon times that require great men, and with the cunning of the ostrich and the sagacity of the goose they are striving to promote their own interests by methods that savor of the species of imbecility which distinguishes the yokel who brought a bunghole to a cooper to have a barrel built on it. These men are not to be bribed by a corporation with cold cash. The thought of figuring at the reeciving end of so iniquitous and shameful a transaction would prostrate any one of the civic patriots of this Administration with mental agony. These men abound in conscientious scruples against selling themselves for cash, but in their code of morality there is nothing enjoining them from cinching a corporation in expectation of the bribe of public favor. Nor is it inconsistent with their morality to further the interests of men and newspapers whose friendship they conceive to be essential to their political welfare.

The Evil of Mutual Forbearance.

The transaction by which Rollins & Son obtained the city's bonds was characterized by Mayor Taylor as an "ethical wrong." This is distinctly a poetical conception of the matter. If Mayor Taylor had been trying to describe his own conduct in riding in an automobile at the expense of the taxpayers he could not have been any more charitable. But of course Mayor Taylor cannot be expected to reproach the Supervisors with severity. Mayor Taylor and the Supervisors are blood relations in politics, all having been hatched in one nest and warmed into life under one wing. Moreover Mayor Taylor is under deep obligations to the Spreckels-Phelan flock of patriots. His passion for an automobile they are amiaboly indulging and doing so they are guilty for his sake of something worse than an "ethical wrong"; they are conniving at an unprecedented extravagance which amounts to a crime against the taxpayers of the city, and, what is worse they are almost incapacitating our darling Mayor from the conscientious performance of his duties, since his own conduct which they encourage renders it inadvisable for him to be intolerant of those who follow his example. Hence the District Attorney with an automobile. And thus we see the mischief born of mutual forbearance and reciprocal blinking at official delinquencies. And the more we study the prevailing system, honeycombed as it is with reciprocal benefits which are eloquent of ethical wrongs, the less surprised are we at Mayor Taylor's failure to discern in the bond transaction anything more reprehensible than the violation of an ethical principle.

Our Futile School System

It is a singular anomaly that with the constantly increasing facilities for obtaining an education our school system is becoming more and more inefficient. Hardly a day passes without authoritative testimony being offered of the futility of the system. According to Colonel Larned, in the September North American Review, the examinations at West Point of candidates for admission prove that the schools of the country are turning out an inferior quality of material. The average degree of ignorance exhibited at these examinations would disgrace a Hottentot. The candidates fall below the average not in any special branch, but uniformly in all. A high school teacher discussing educational matters in the Independent, says she has been unable to conjecture how children manage to attend school so long and learn so little. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler adds his voice to the doleful chorus by lamenting that the two additional years recently added to the length of the school course are given over to excelsior and sawdust padding instead of to solid work. President Wheeler might have gone further and justly attributed the failure of our school system to the fact that it has absorbed too many non-essentials. But perhaps President Wheeler prefers not to go into the matter; for he is probably not unaware of the fact that for some of the defects of our school system our university educators are responsible. The present courses of study in the primary and secondary schools are their handiwork. These schools have been designed to fit the pupils for training in a university, and the fact has been lost sight of that many grammar school pupils are destined to begin the struggle for existence long before they will have reached the age at which the average youth begins his career as a college athlete. ..

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The Turn of the Night

By Edith M. Thomas.

In the rapt moonlight, far within the heart
  Of Summer night, when all souls dreamed or slept
  Amid the stillest stillness, Something crept,
Of shadow-pain, that from the Past did start,
Or seemed to start; as, leaning there, apart,
  I thought of that old tale of one who kept
  Her jealous watch; whose sudden anger leapt,
And slew her love, with shadow-cleaving dart!

I heard the whisper, "Come, thou gentle breeze,
  O veni, aura!" broken by a moan,
That through the sleeping world still widening passed:
A trouble came upon the grass, the trees;
  The soft-lipped flowers received it for their own,
So, onward borne, it woke the Dawn, at last.

Perspective Impressions

Detective Burns's rough work is getting almost too tough even foi indulgent judges.

Kicking a man when he's down evidently is not barred by the Marquis of Oyster Bay rules.

Does anybody really believe that it is possible to make Judge Dunne look like a martyr?

The least educated of men is he who is so ruled by his prejudices that he will not receive instructions from his enemies.

The more Bryan bloviates the more he persuades us that his principles are as unfixed as the drifting sands before the fearful simoons.

If Bryan is able to cause a panic in the stock market by stirring up a little enthusiasm on his tour, what would be his potentialities for mischief in the event of his election?

Something dropped in Judge Lawlor's court the other day, and that perennial source of amusement, the Hon. F. J. Heney, behaved like a short-tailed bull in fly time.

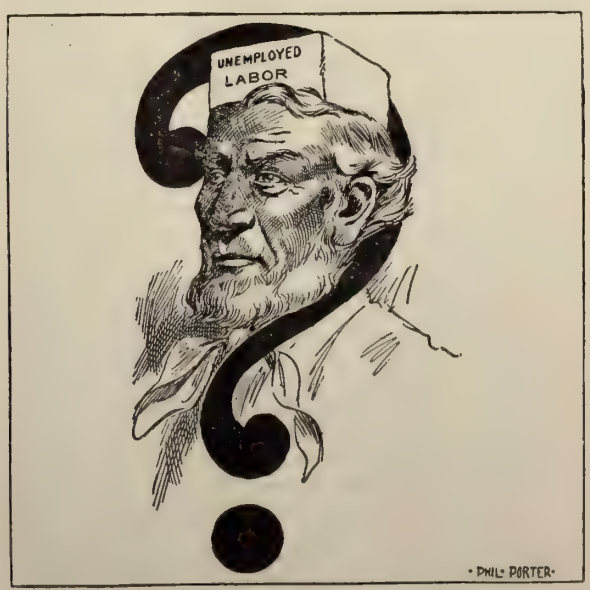
Apparently it doesn't matter much to the average taxpayer what our lovely Supervisors do. The average taxpayer probably feels like the old woman's eels which eventually got used to being skinned.

The spectacle of Teddy, the great sportsman, jumping on Senator Foraker just after the latter had been knocked down by Mr. Hearst reminds us of an incident of the Spanish war. But we can't recall just where it was the brave rough rider shot the fleeing soldier.

The New York Sun, the most ardent of all Governor Hughes' newspaper supporters, says that candor compels the statement that the Democratic nominee, Mr. Chanler, "is an adversary not to be despised"; also, "if there is any reason for distrusting him it is not conspicuous."



SHOO!
Johnson in the Philadelphia Press.



THE ETERNAL QUESTION
It haunts the G. O. P.
Porter in the Nashville American.

A Spy

By Charles Procope

In France, almost in the center of a valley that lies near the German frontier, rises a huge cotton mill. The valley is surrounded on all sides by green hills, many of them crowned with pines and birches. Inside of the factory three hundred women and girls attach the threads to the strident looms, in front of the whirling bobbins. A white cloud of cotton dust falls upon them, powdering their blonde and brown hair and their blue, green and pink waists and skirts. Laughing, chattering their voices often rise above the clatter of the machines. Their mothers and fathers are at work in the fields. The smaller children drive the cattle to the pastures and the mountainside. Their brothers cut wood in the forest. From April to November it was rare that there was any continuous rain; a steady breeze carrying the gray and black clouds far beyond the valley. So six months in the year these young girls labored in a country that was almost magical; the tones of the forest seemed to melt from green into a darker blue as the tops of the trees met the sky line; the green valley lay like an emerald in darker setting of hills and into this certainly the brave knight Lohengrin would some day come, drawn by his swan on the little river that bisected the valley. This the old teacher had seriously promised his scholars when he translated to them the poems of Wagner. He had also taught them that the era of deadly and barbarous wars was forever closed.

The last time, in 1870, the Germans and French had battled in these mountains of Vosges, each trying to triumph over the other, after the matter of the ancient tyrants. Since then both countries had admitted the folly of following instincts which they had inherited from their barbarous ancestors. Thanks be to God, the power of labor, infinitely multiplied and extended by the invention of machinery, had taught man this great and beautiful truth: "It is better to produce than to destroy." Now the laboring men of both nations having ceased to hate each other would force the kings into an eternal peace. The industrious workmen would unite and form around the world a chain of incorruptible fraternity. He taught his scholars songs of love, peace and friendship between nations, accompanying their voices on an old violin.

One evening when the little weavers were awaiting the coming of Lohengrin, picking daisies and dandelions in the valley or pursuing each other in games on the river banks, one of these songs was heard. The wind brought it from the east where lay Germany. In the cool and intoxicating evening, under a sky that was luminous with the reflected rays of the setting sun, the breeze charged with the odor of new mown hay, the song rising, swelling, echoing, rolled down the valley. On the slopes of the hills the fathers and mothers were unloading the carts, while the axes of the brothers could still be heard ringing in the forest. An answering song arose from the girls. As that from the east came nearer, male voices were recognized and a troop of men appeared at the hilltop, tall men with blonde beards, smoking long, curved pipes and dressed as workmen.

Anxious and alarmed, the young girls hid themselves while they watched these men pass. Then one of the weavers remembered that the manager of the factory had engaged a number of German mechanics to take charge of the new looms which had been imported from America, for all the mechanics in that part of the country were engaged at work in the city.

The apprentices amused themselves by joining in the refrain of the international song, and when the Germans reached the door of the wine house the song had been taken up by hundreds of voices. France, by the mouths of the girls and young women, welcomed the strangers, who were to partake of their hospitality and share their bread. On the steps of the schoolhouse the old teacher stood smiling, his violin in his hand.

The next day the young Germans installed themselves at the American machines and did their work intelligently and honestly. In the evening they smoked their long pipes with their painted porcelain bowls on the bank of the little river.

The warm spring season incited to love. Sunday they danced in the courtyard of the wine house, and the blonde boys waltzed with the pretty weavers; they knew how to speak so humbly, so sentimentally and even their silences were eloquent.

There was one couple which was envied by all. Hans was admired for his intelligence and his politeness; Violette for her charm and gaiety. He had hair the color of spun gold and eyes that were as blue as a mountain pool; she, under a mass of brown hair, showed a delicate face in which there were two large eyes, black as night. Once in a while when people caught them kissing each other they felt a thrill of admiration. The old teacher did not scold his little niece Violette very hard, when she came home late, her lips still humid with her lover's kisses.

"And when does the marriage take place?" asked the old man.

"At harvest time, uncle."

"So much the better. Be good until then."

"Hans is a good man, uncle."

"Put some ashes on the fire of your eyes. They flame too much, little one, for any man to be good, even a German, when he is with you."

"Oh, uncle, you're an old rascal."

About that time those who read the newspapers at the wine house of Louis told the others of the threatening difficulties which had arisen in regard to the question of Morocco. One day, the foreman, Dupont, who had won a military medal at Madagascar, read aloud in the court of the factory an article relating to a large number of horses which the Germans had purchased in Russia for their cavalry, and the veteran called out to Hans and asked him if he really thought France and Germany would come to blows after all. Hans laughed. "All those rumors," he said, "were started by sensational papers and stock brokers, people who wanted to bear stock and buy it up cheap, selling it at a higher price later when the absence of all danger was fully realized." He took the foreman over to the inn and treated him to a glass of foaming beer, and together they drank to the fraternity of nations.

Hans and Violette were too much in love to pay any attention to political affairs. During the evening, when these discussions ran high, they wandered off into the woods, persuaded that Bebel and Jaures, the apostles of Peace, would know how to prevent the capitalists from pushing the countries into a war. That night they wandered deep into the forest and it was late when Violette returned to her home.

The following Sunday Violette got up very early and dressed herself quickly. She wanted to surprise her lover at a place where she knew he often fished for trout, in his leisure moments. She crossed the fields and entered the wood. She begged the birds not to fly away in order that her presence might not be indicated by the noise of their wings. Soon she distinguished the form of Hans through the bushes. She stopped, her heart beating madly. She wondered he could not hear her. Com-

(Continued on Page 36.)

ROBERTSON'S
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WEDDING INVITATIONS
A. M. ROBERTSON

Reviving a Feudal System

Some Sarcastic Reflections on the Gentle Art of Disciplining and Otherwise Dealing with the Mediaeval Crime of Poaching, and Including Some Suggestions as to the Best Method of Punishing Poachers Without Resorting to the Extremity of Killing them Outright.

By Democritus.

I am decidedly averse from the death penalty as a punishment for poaching. In this frame of mind I do not object to the private ownership of vast preserves over which the owners may hunt for the game that happens to fly, crawl, creep, run, swim or cavort, in the air above or the waters under the preserve or in the dry land therein. Furthermore, I would not protest if the law raised the misdemeanor of trespassing to the felony of burglary. On my own preserve of half an acre and liberty I have erected signboards bearing the inhospitable legends, "Keep off the grass," "No trespassing aloud," "Don't build fires near the woodpile," "Beware the big dog," "Look out for man-traps and spring guns," and many other unique and menacing aphorisms, apothegms, maxim, axioms, admonitions, objurgations and anathemas. But my awful signs are merely a conspicuous and futile bluff—a hollow mockery and a false pretense. In truth my grass is a volunteer crop, trespassers laugh at my signs and shoot birdshot into them, my woodpile is under my house, my dog is an innocuous fox terrier who won't even extirpate the gophers in my strawberry patch, I have contrived no man-traps or boy-traps, and I would not know how to set a spring gun anyway.

I make this statement and confession to corroborate my previous inference that I am harmless to poachers while claiming a right to my own landed property, and to kill anything except human beings that I may find within the pale of my domain. Why should I seek the life of my fellowman (the small boy prowling under my apple tree and through my melon patch are my special bane) simply because he chases a rabbit into my potato patch or hunts the toothsome canvasback from a surreptitious blind beside my trout pond? Why should I kill the pot-hunter potting plover on my preserve? He has the life-instinct as highly developed as myself; he fears death as much as I do; he loves life as well as I; he has kindred who will mourn his loss as keenly as mine would if I should die intestate. No, let the pot-hunting poacher live. Warn him off the preserve if you will; threaten him with death if you think he will move out of your lot more rapidly; heave rocks at him if you think he will not fire his gun in your direction; but don't murder him in cold blood. Remember that you have every advantage over the prowling poacher. While he is hunting the game on your preserve you are hunting him from behind a tree, in the shrubbery or on the top of a tall tank overlooking the landscape. It is as cowardly to shoot an unsuspecting poacher in the back as it is to shoot your worst enemy after he is down and out.

Furthermore, the game which the poacher is hunting is not wholly yours. It is temporarily within your personal jurisdiction, to be sure, but tomorrow it may be on some other person's land. In strict equity the owner of a preserve has no more right to the game that traverses his preserve than has the poacher who captures it. Only the land is yours, and when you bought the land you did not also buy the wild game. Keep the poacher out of your preserve, drive him out if you can; but don't presume to kill him for killing that which doesn't belong to you. The notion that game is private property as soon as it comes upon private land is a relic of the barbarous ages when barons held sway and robber knights traversed the upland, the lowland and the flowery meads of Aquitaine and Picardy. Tradition tells us that posterity came near to losing its greatest poet in consequence of a legal privilege granted to landholders to treat poachers as they would treat housebreakers. If gentle Will Shakespeare had been caught in the act of stalking deer in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy it is probable that some bloodthirsty gamekeeper would have shot the budding bard of Avon in his tracks. Think of that catastrophe! Think of what we would have lost if some loutish servitor of the Lucy household had killed the author of Macbeth and Hamlet! Only Sir Thomas Lucy, if his shade is sensible of the consequences, can regret that Shakespeare was not slaughtered before he used the personality of the doddering old magistrate as the basis of his inimitably ridiculous character of Justice Shallow.

As I have said, I do not object to game preserves, however extensive. But I would make a distinction between the owner or owners of a game preserve and those who hunt for game outside of the preserve. If I were czar of California I would enact a law that only a limited game bag or creel of fish could be shot or hooked on a private preserve. I would hold that all the wild game in the empire was common property as long as it was on common ground, and in fixing the quantity that could be killed by any person I would prescribe that only one-tenth as much could be killed in a private preserve. I would say to the hunters: "You may kill this game in the open, but you have no right to convert the open into a private park for the sequestration of such game as may fly or sneak into it. I will not permit the outsider to invade your preserve, neither will I allow you to take advantage of the outsider by fencing your land and laying claim to everything that comes upon it. As soon as you come into possession of a so-called "age preserve" you shall have only that proportion of all the game in the empire which is in absolute ratio of yourself and the members of your 'gun-club' to all the inhabitants of my empire." That would fix the "game preserve" question. It would reduce the equity to its just dimensions. It would open the markets to the wild game of the State and everybody could eat the wild duck, the stricken deer, the toasted quail, the toothsome trout, and the jackrabbit, whenever he had the longing and the price. I am a socialist to that extent. I don't approve of one class of citizens dining on hot birds while the rest of us are compelled to be content with hot tamales.

The recent killing of a young man by the gamekeeper of a preserve on the Alviso marshes has aroused intense feeling throughout the state against the owners of preserves. The victim of the gamekeeper's malignity was only suspected of "poaching." It is said that he and his companions were only seeking a place in which to erect a "blind" on ground common to all hunters. The gamekeeper, however, apparently made no effort to ascertain whether the men were poaching on the preserves of his employers; and it is certain he made no effort to warn them away from the sacred soil of the gun club. He climed to the top of a tank, "focused" the interlopers through a field glass; called for a rifle and blazed away. He says he fired only to frighten the men from the vicinity of the preserves. His excuse is not tenable in view of the fact that his bullet found its billet. He will now be tried for—well, say manslaughter; although the incident has all the hideous look of a cold blooded, deliberate murder. The ultimate consequence of this wanton act will have a very depressing effect on the "preservation of game" by private law on private grounds. There is not a game preserve in California that will be safe from poachers. If the gamekeepers of these preserves are not to be permitted to shoot poachers, the poachers will not hesitate to take that chance in their quest for game. The "preserve" is regarded as an obsolete feudal privilege; it is an anachronism in the twentieth century in California; and the hunters, the real sportsmen and the pot-hunters will so regard it. Hereafter the wild game of this State will be killed wherever it is found. It belongs to all the people and they will assert their right to take it in any place, however "private" or however closely "preserved."

The Spectator

The Ready Writer From Gotham

It has turned out as might have been expected that James Clarence Harvey, the versmith of the Lamb's Club, who won a bet in the Family Club by writing a song in ten minutes, is more of a faker than a genius. The members of the Family Club, by the way, were not the only clubmen who paid homage to the fulgurant scribbler from New York. Harvey attended the Bohemian Club jinks in the grove, and there he made a prodigious hit among the captains of industry from Battery and Sansome streets by exhibiting his clairvoyant facility in literary production. He pretended to be able to dash off a group of couplets on any old subject at a moment's notice, and he was kept busy vindicating his marvellous power. He recited a poem at the jinks which was pronounced by certain eminent critics from the Merchants' Exchange equal to the finest compositions in the English language. And of course it was impromptu. The local color was evidence of the fact that it had been written in the grove. It was an inspiration. Mr. Harvey's admirers concluded that he had wireless communication with the Muses. The only member of the club who was not enthusiastic was Mr. James D. Phelan, who does not confine his reading to his scrapbook and the effusions of the mercantile agencies. Mr. Phelan did not enthuse because he was familiar with some of the lines. He told a friend that the first and last verses were from one of John Boyle O'Reilly's poems and that in the others Harvey had parodied O'Reilly. Mr. Phelan much preferred the original production despite the local color and clever local gags.

A Tree With a Pedigree

Pedigrees derived from the Napoleonic regime may not be as desirable or as aristocratic in families as are those which have grown gray with age and are lost in the backward abysm of antiquity, but a pedigreed vegetable sourcing its ancestry in the tomb of Bonaparte is something worthy of record. I have a potted willow in my conservatory that is lineally descended from the weeping willow (Salix Babylonica) that grows over the original grave of Napoleon on that "sullen isle" where died this "throneless homicide." It was given to me by Charlie Yale who received its parent from Senator Perkins, who procured the grandsire from the willow that waves above the grave of Washington at Mount Vernon, which was grown from a cutting from the willow that weeps for him

> "Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
> Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones."

Thus far I trace my scion of the willow trees that grew on the graves of a conquered conqueror, and a rebel patriot who founded the freest republic on earth, through the gardens of a Senator of the nation and a citizen beloved by those who know him as I know him. Some day I shall ask the College of Heraldry to put a few more links in the pedigree of my willow tree; perhaps I shall find that it is of a still more royal descent; perhaps the willow that weeps over the empty tomb on St. Helena wept over the tomb of Charlemagne, planted there from one that wept beside the tomb of Alexander, which came from the willow that grew by the waters of Babylon upon which the mourning daughters of Judah hung their harps and under which they grieved in their captivity. For verily I believe that in my potted willow runs a sap to make plebeian by comparison the best blood of all the Howards.

Improving the Old Job

The rumor is gaining wide circulation in the School Department that Joseph O'Connor, who was appointed a school director by Mayor Taylor, intends to resign before long, and resume his duties as Principal of the Mission High School. For this rumor I can find no foundation save that Mr. O'Connor was recently instrumental in having the salaries of school principals raised. Before Mr. O'Connor was appointed a School Director the salary of the Principal of the Mission High School was $3000 a year. The salary is now $4000 a year, and the supposition naturally is that Mr. O'Connor regards his old jo bas more desirable than ever. Of course he will not have the slightest difficulty in getting reinstated.

Mrs. Newlywed—"My dear, what interior decorations appeal to your taste?"
Mr. Newlywed—"Beefsteak and onions."

Boss Casey's Waterloo

"The best laid plans of mice and men oft gang agley." I'm never sure of the dialect that goes with this apophthegm, but of the patness of the application which I am about to make I am quite certain. Ever since the election of Mayor Taylor his sponsors and mentors have been preoccupied with plans for insuring the re-election of the Hon. Frank H. Dunne to the Superior Bench. In furtherance of this absorbing design all the machinery of the Administration has been employed, first, to capture the works of the Labor Party, and secondly, to secure the endorsement of the Republican convention. In the first of these enterprises the Dunne cabal met with gratifying success. Mayor Taylor having kindly distributed patronage with a view to giving Michael Casey control of the Labor Party, that distinguished labor agitator succeeded in extinguishing the power of the Schmitz-McCarthy element. Casey, acting as the agent of the Spreckels-Phelan sanhedrim, made himself the dictator of the machine which formerly was manipulated in the interest of Abe Ruef. Casey by planting influential union men at the municipal pie wagon became the Boss of organized labor. Then the Bulletin, which in the days when Casey was identified with the Schmitz administration, vituperated him bitterly for his delinquencies, proceeded to belaud him for his wonderful achievements in the Public Works Department. In the columns of the Bulletin Casey was pictured as a wizard. No man had ever equaled Casey as a street repairer. Casey saved more money for the taxpayers than they ever contributed for the support of the city. Nobody could compare with Casey for executive ability. And all the while Casey was doing politics for Dunne. Casey was supreme at the primary election. Casey was the whole shooting match on Labor Day, and despite the protest of the Barbers' Union, for which Casey didn't give a continental Amsterdam, the Hon. E. J. Livernash, the loudest if not the sweetest singer in all the Bulletin's choir, was appointed official orator. Finally (to come the climax of Casey's achievements) Casey organized the Labor Party convention. And until a week ago everything seemed lovely with the goose hanging high.

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The Catastrophe

In all the Labor Party, until a week ago, there was no sign of a rift in the lute, and it seemed as if no dissatisfaction could breathe the same air with the Hon. Michael Joseph Casey. A week ago the first note of discord was sounded. It grated on the porch of the Hon. E. J. Livernash's far-flung ear. With that capacious member to the ground Livernash became sensible of a suspicious rumble. In hot haste he communicated with Casey, and Michael, alarmed at the report that the machine had slipped a cog, streaked it about town in quest of information. When later on he reported to Livernash there was consternation in the Dunne camp. Casey had learned that his delegates were off the reservation and dancing. And for no other reason than that they were expected to swallow Dunne. The news was shocking if not incredible. Who would have supposed that after all the scheming, plotting and planning to persuade the plain pee-pul that Dunne was their one and only friend they would repudiate him and show symptoms of nausea at the mention of his name? The phenomenon was inexplicable. Chagrined but not hopeless Casey undertook to whip the recalcitrants into line. Personally he pleaded with the delegates and exhorted them to vote for Dunne. Just before the nomirations were made he threatened one of the Republican candidates, who had some strength in the convention, that he would be opposed if he failed to swing his votes to the Bulletin's pet. But the threat was in vain. Dunne's name was hissed and hooted, and on a secret ballot he received sixteen votes. According to the Spreckels-Phelan organs the catastrophe was brought about by the higher-ups whose sinister influence is all-pervasive. Has Casey sold out to the higher-ups?

The Significance Of It

Unfortunately for those who would have us believe that the repudiation of Judge Dunne was compassed by a sinister influence the candidates before the Labor Convention were voted on by secret ballot. Than this method there is no better way of evoking an honest expression of opinion. Judge Dunne's supporters may bray and screech, and rant and roar, and scorch and scarify, but they cannot convince any sensible person that the obedient but ignorant tool of the graft prosecution was turned down at the instigation of the higher-ups. The fact is that the union men of San Francisco do not approve of Judge Dunne's conduct in the Schmitz case. Among them are many who have no doubt of Schmitz's guilt, but neither have they any doubt that the conduct of his trial was infamous. The hissing of Judge Dunne in the Republican and Labor conventions is in my opinion of great significance. I think it may be safely interpreted as an expression of public contempt. Which reminds me of a prediction I made in these columns about the time that Judge Dunne eructated his spleen against the Court of Appeal. I predicted that the passion of the mob would subside in time and that Judge Dunne would be found out. And now that it appears that he has been found out I am rather pleased with the procrastination of the Supreme Court in his case. As there are more ways of killing a dog than choking him to death with butter, so, too, there are more ways of ridding the bench of a judge in whom is blended the qualities of a Jeffreys and a Shallow than kicking him into oblivion.

Art Marked Down

The United States government will pay $10,000 for a statue of Commodore Sloat to be erected on the bluff overlooking the Presidio de Monterey. "Prizes" for the best designs are also offered—first prize, $250; second prize, $150. The only objection offered by sculptors who would be likely to compete in this monumental contest is to the effect that the materials for the statue would cost more than the amount offered for the completed work by the national Government. I would offer an amendment tc the objection in a statement that, compared with the "prizes" offered by the publishers of America for "the best short story, not exceeding 5000 words," the "prize" offered to the sculptors of the nation for this design is beggarly. These publishers would be ashamed to offer less than a dollar a word for "the best short story not exceeding 5000 words." And it is not an adequate retort on the part of the United States Government in this instance to say that any self-respecting short-story writer would be ashamed to be the author of some of the prize-winners in these short-story contests. Which reduces the matter to this simple analysis: Either Commodore Sloat is worthy of a statue or he is not; if he is worthy of a statue it ought to be a good statue; the Government cannot get a good statue unless it is willing to pay a good price; if Commodore Sloat is not worthy of a statue, a cheap one is dear at any price. I wonder if the national Government has the slightest idea of the real worth of art? I wonder if the national Government has the slightest idea of the cost of art to the artist? It is my firm belief that the first impulse of the national Government was to have this statue cast in bronze with the intention of awarding the contract to the Steel Trust, but was diverted from its purpose on learning that the Trust was up to its neck in Government contracts for blow-hole armor plates for the navy and could not undertake a picayune $10,000 naval hero statue. So the national Government offered the job to the sculptors of the nation for one-tenth the price they would have paid to the Steel Trust.

"How long did you stay away this summer?"

"I don't know. I stayed $800 at the seaside and $300 in the mountains."

Career of a California Princess

After two years of strenuous opposition the old Prince de Broglie has suceeded in separating his son from Estelle Alexander, a California girl, who claims that two marriages bind her hard and fast to the young Prince. Never for a moment has the old aristocrat relaxed his insistent efforts to have these marriages annulled and to break the heart tie binding the doting young couple. The de Broglie are said to be a very rich and very influential family in the aristocracy of France, proud of their name and jealous of their standing. Their son's alleged entanglement outraged their sense of the proprieties and the international notoriety which quickly followed smirched the family name. It dealt with the infatuation at first sight of the young couple, a hot-headed elopement, a flight around the world to escape an enraged husband, a hasty marriage, a bitter contention over the ceremony. the disinheritance of a princeling, his persistent suits to recover his ancestral rights and the sensational efforts of the wife to go upon the stage in order to raise sufficient funds to support her husband in his demands.

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San Francisco, Paris, London, Chicago and New York, where all the principals in this colorful melodrama were well known, have followed the developments with lively interest.

Her First Marriage

Miss Estelle Alexander, the leading figure in the drama, is a California girl, born near Sonoma. Her mother, Sophia Freud, came to this city from Budapesth. While still a young girl Miss Freud married Lyman A. Alexander, now of New Mexico, but at that time the owner of a big ranch near Sonoma. Estelle was one of five chlidren born to them. Later there was a divorce and all the children went to live with the mother. Some time afterwards Mrs. Alexander married Edward H. Clay, a son of Mrs. Clay, the second wife of Senator Jones. Being a strikingly pretty girl Estelle determined to follow the advice of friends and go upon the operatic stage. Through various influences she managed to reach Paris and gain the favor of Victor Capoul, director of the opera. She was making very excellent progress with her singing when along came Dan Cupid and started the series of pranks that played such havoc with the hearts of several swains and eventually upset the plans of the aristocratic de Broglie family. Among Estelle's admirers in those conservatoire days was a Prussian, Sidney Veit. He was a wealthy importer with Paris and New York connections. They were married. Very soon Mrs. Veit began to complain that the Prussian was too jealous, too tyrannical, so she returned alone to the kindly freedom of her old studio.

Her Meeting With the Prince

Then came the event which changed her life. One day several visitors called at her studio. Among them was a young man who was introduced simply as M. de Broglie. With him were his mother, his sister and his brother Jacque, who later married the daughter of the Prince of Wagram. It was a case of love at first sight and the two promptly confessed that they could not live without each other. But what about husband Veit? The ardent lovers quickly settled that problem by eloping, thereby forcing him to get a divorce. This action created a great sensation in Paris. Mrs. Veit being free the Prince wanted to marry her at once, but under the French law the marriage could not take place without the consent of the head of the house, and this consent the irate Prince de Broglie refused in strong language to give. So the two fled to Italy and were quietly married by a priest near Milan. The de Broglies refused to recognize such a marriage, threatened the young Prince with arrest and the fond couple fled to America. They were married again in Chicago in August, two years ago, with the blessing of the bride's family.

Other Entanglements

The ordinary outsider might think that after these two marriages some sort of a matrimonial tie existed between the couple, but the old Duke de Broglie still steadfastly insists that it is "no marriage." The situation is complicated by several other entanglements entered into by the amorous young prince before he met Mrs. Veit. When twenty-six years old he married the Baronne des Deslandes, who at the age of seventeen had married Compte de Fleury, the son of General Fleury. As the latter marriage was a family affair brought about against her will it was annulled in 1894 by the Pope. The old Prince de Broglie succeeded in separating his son and Mme. Deslandes because he had not given his consent to their union. Later he brought suit aginst Mme. Deslandes in an effort to enjoin her from using the de Broglie titles. After the Chicago marriage of the Prince and Mrs. Veit they continued to live in that city. The old Prince de Broglie sent his emissaries there to work upon his son's mind and in this way and through promises made in a secret correspondence he succeeded in gradually winning the young Prince away from his wife and child. The Princess de Broglie has often threatened to go upon the stage in order to raise the necessary funds with which to equip her husband in the contest for a recognition of their rights in the de Broglie titles and estates; she may take that step now in order to raise funds to make a fight for the recognition of her own rights as a wife, for that is what she must do now against the stubborn and intrepid old Prince de Broglie.

A Family Worth Knowing

I have been looking up the de Broglie family in the French peerage and I find that the Prince who deserted his wife is the degenerate scion of some of the most illustrious sires and grandsires of France. Comte Victor Maurice de Broglie, born 1634, died 1727, was a marshal of France who distinguished himself in the wars of Louis IV; Francois Marie, first Duc de Broglie, son of Victor Maurice, born 1671, died 1745, was also a marshal of France and contributed a page of glory to the history of his country; Victor Francois, Duc de Broglie, born 1718, died 1804, son of Francois Marie, was marshal of France, fought in the Seven Years' War at Hastenbeck and Rossbach, commanded at the battle of Bergen, was minister of war to Louis XIV, flung his baton in the face of the Revolutionary proletariat, abandoned his country and died in the Russian service; Claude Victor, Prince de Broglie, born at Paris, 1757, died for the principles of his order 1794, son of Victor Francois, was a French politician, President of the National Convention in 1791, refused to recognize the decree of August 10, 1792, and suffered the penalty of the guillotine under sentence of the revolutionary tribunal; Achille Charles Leonce Victor, Duc de Broglie, son of Claude Victor, born 1785, died 1870, French statesman and peer of France, Minister of the Interior, Public Worship and Instruction in 1831 and Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1832 to 1836, husband of Albertine Ida Gustoavine de Stael, daughter of the famous French author; and Jacques Victor Albert, son of Achille Charles Leonce Victor, born 1821, French statesman, publicist and historian, ambassador to London 1871, premier 1873-74 and 1877, and author of an epochal work entitled, "L'Eglise et l'empire romain au 4 siecle" (1856). The husband of the lady who was Miss Alexander is a blot on the 'scutcheon of his house. What would the hero Broglie of Rossbach think of a Broglie that could keep a mistress on the bounty of a wife and then accuse that wife of "dishonorable conduct" to rid himself of what he regarded as a plebeian incumbrance? And that other who perished

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under the Jacobin axe—would he not forgive his murderers for cutting him off before this disgrace had been thrust upon a family whose honor had never suffered blemish or scandal?

The Rise of Maxine Elliott

Maxine Elliott, the American beauty, has been sued for divorce. What an eventful career this woman has had! Something like twelve years ago she was pretty Bessie McDermott, of Oakland, the daughter of a retired sea captain from Maine. There were two sisters and the younger, Gertrude, who is now the wife of Forbes Robertson, the distinguished English actor, was then at Snell's Seminary. One day Bessie married her cousin, a ball player. With him she went to New York, where for a time she kept a few boarders during a trying period. Then she drifted on the stage and for a season played small parts with the Daly company. After gaining some experience she joined the Frawley company in this city at the Columbia Theatre. Goodwin happened along to play a season at the Baldwin Theatre, saw the fair Maxine and became her slave at first sight. His case was so hopeless that it became the talk of the town. One evening when he was entertaining the ox-eyed Junoesque Maxine at dinner, he was so reluctant to leave her that he kept his Baldwin audience waiting till 9 o'clock.

Her Divorce, Marriage and Separation

At that time Goodwin was arranging for an Australian tour. Blanch Walsh was his leading lady, but after seeing Miss Elliott he persisted in signing her. Frawley forced him to pay a handsome sum for the release, but Goodwin deemed her worth any price and triumphantly carried her away as a member of his company. It was after her return to this country that she obtained a divorce from her husband, from whom she had long been separated, and married Goodwin. That was in 1898. It was Goodwin's third venture into matrimony. From that time on Maxine Elliott made rapid strides in her profession and soon accumulated a fortune. She is a shrewd and a careful woman in worldly affairs and rarely allows her emotions to sway her judgment. A few years after her marriage she wrote a friend here that she had saved one hundred thousand dollars besides possessing titles to three valuable pieces of real estate. Early in 1903 rumors of differences between her and Nat Goodwin began to circulate and they were given vivid colors when it was definitely announced that they would star in different orbits. Since then they have gone their separate ways. Success has continued to follow the beautiful Maxine. In London she scored quite a triumph professionally and socially. Since the separation from his wife Goodwin has found no play that has enabled him to win success. His London and New York seasons were fizzles. It was while rusticating here after one of those fiascos that he announced his retirement from the stage and his embarkation into the breezy, jolly life of a mining promoter. He loaned his name to a Nevada brokcrage firm and with its dexterous use efforts were made to sell large blocks of mining shares in eastern fields. Later the call of the footlights prevailed in Goodwin's blood and he returned to the circuit. Denting hard this western interlude in his career was the Edna Goodrich episode. Every Florodora girl has a bunch of lively romances and the Goodwin-McMillan affair is the last of the fluffy ruffles entanglements of the fair Edna. After a hot pursuit by both parties, Harry McMillan not only lost the pretty actress but several other things.

Goodwin Denied the Story

At the time his engagement with Miss Goodrich was broken off a story was circulated to explain how Goodwin had accomplished the trick. According to the tale the ingenious comedian managed somehow to receive a copy of the papers in the suit Maxine Elliott was about to bring against him. It was said that in the complaint Edna Goodrich was named as co-respondent. Harry McMillan's mother had ceaselessly opposed the marriage of her son with the actress and when Goodwin artfully contrived to have a copy of this divorce complaint laid before her she redoubled her efforts to break off the match. Goodwin roundly denied this story at the time, but then and later all his actions indicated his intense desire to capture Edna Goodrich as his leading lady at any cost. His friends believe his action in the present divorce proceedings continues to emphasize the bent of his mind. The gifted comedian is given to very theatrical effects when off the stage and the sealed divorce complaint, which he has just filed in Reno, does not necessarily mean that it is loaded with scandal. Goodwin is capable of filing a very ordinary complaint with face so grave as to excite even the theatrical world. During her stage career Maxine Elliott has been exceedingly circumspect and not the slightest whisper has been breathed against her name in this country or in England. Ever since the sensational Goodrich-McMillan-Goodwin episode there have been rumors that Maxine Elliott was about ready to commence divorce proceedings. Goodwin used to be a great bluffer at poker and some of his old cronies suspect that he has boldly anticipated events and has stepped into the limelight with the first gun. Is it loaded? Is the suit a sealed bluff to be used as a compromise with the case now being prepared against him by his wife.

Mutt and Mentor

Colonel Mutt—I see that there's been more tampering with jurors in the Ruef case.

Major Mentor—Yes, much to Judge Lawlor's indignation.

Colonel Mutt—He was very indignant, wasn't he?

Major Mentor—Yes, he was so indignant that he lost

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his head and was about to punish a man for contempt of court without the essential formalities. If Henry Ach had not called his attention to the familiar statutory procedure the Court's decree would have been absolutely worthless.

Colonel Mutt—Strange that Lawlor should lose his head!

Major Mentor—Strange? Not at all. There is always method in Lawlor's aberrations. You didn't see him lose his head when he was soaking the attorneys for the defense. He kept his mental poise then. But young Oliver is connected with the prosecution, you know, and whatever the prosecution does is in the interest of justice, the kind of justice Lawlor is qualified by instinct and nature to administer.

Colonel Mutt—That's right. Lawlor is a great judge. The boys at the club have great admiration for the little judge. They say that the way he went after young Oliver proved that he plays no favorites.

Major Mentor—That's just what it did. Did they say what he proved by his refusal to let Henry Ach cross-examine the gumshoe artist who detailed young Oliver to interview the jurors?

Colonel Mutt—No, they didn't say anything about that.

Major Mentor—Which shows that they don't appreciate the little judge at all. In an emergency of that kind Lawlor makes Dunne look like a lobster.

Colonel Mutt—That's right. Lawlor never lets them waste any of his time badgering men on the witness stand.

Major Mentor—Quite true. Besides he abhors scandals. If Ach had been permitted to cross-examine the gumshoe artist he might have involved Heney and Burns and the whole gang and the effect would have been dreadful.

Colonel Mutt—Do you think that was Ach's design?

Major Mentor—I'm quite sure it was. Ach you know is a very bad man. He's actually trying to keep Ruef out of jail, and if they'd give him half a chance he'd do just what he says he'd do.

Colonel Mutt—What does he say he'd do?

Major Mentor—He says he'd put the gang behind the prosecution in jail for the crimes they've committed.

Colonel Mutt—But of course he can't do that.

Major Mentor—Not with Lawlor on the bench. The little judge will protect his friends to the last ditch.

Colonel Mutt—Do you think they'll finally get Ruef into jail?

Major Mentor—I don't think he has any more chance in Lawlor's court than a cat has in hell without claws. The little judge, in my opinion, will see that the proper kind of jury is impaneled, even though it should become necessary to canonize every private detective in town and disqualify nine-tenths of the population.

Colonel Mutt—But as everybody in town knows that Ruef is guilty it oughtn't to be necessary to go that far.

Major Mentor—Nor would it be necessary if Ruef were not being prosecuted by greater rascals than himself.

Thackeray's Dramatic Climaxes

Do you remember that startling dramatic passage at the close of the nineteenth chapter of "Pendennis," in which it is related that the hero whom Thackeray loved so dearly came at last to the Degree Examinations; wherein it is narrated that many a young man of his year whose hobnailed shoes Pen had derided, and whose face and coat he had caricatured—many a man whom he had treated with scorn in the lecture room or crushed with his eloquence in the debating club—many of his own set who had not half his brains, but a little regularity and constancy of occupation, took high places in the honors or passed with decent credit? And the questions: "Where in the list was Pen, the superb Pen, the wit and dandy, Pen, the poet and orator? Ah, where was Pen, the widow's darling and sole pride?" And the answer: "Let us hide our heads, and shut up the page. The lists came out; and a dreadful rumor rushed through the university that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked!" This and two other splendid climaxes—the thrashing of Lord Steyne by Rawdon Crawley which compelled the fair and fickle Becky to admire her husband in spite of herself, "strong, brave and victorious"; and the three lines in which it is told that there was no more firing heard at Brussels; the pursuit had rolled away; darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart—are, in my opinion, the best that Thackeray wrote, if we except the description of the death scene in "The Newcomes."

"Activities" of the Berkeley Student

These forgotten fragments from the books of an almost forgotten author, who was a great "seller" in his day, are not recalled for the vain purpose of arousing modern interest in such an ancient subject, but with the first of my allusions to point a Berkeley moral for the adornment of my somewhat rambling tale. Berkeley as it is daily epitomized in the press of this city is, apparently (and I sincerely hope only apparently) a place of mild riot and constant revelry rather than a rugged steep of Parnassus, a rough climb on Helicon, an academic grove wherein peripatetic philosophers preach the wisdom of the ages to eager disciples and ever-craving scholars. On the surface of the daily news from the State University and the Berkeley High School it is more perceptible that Pendennis is wasting his precious time in "frat activities" or athletic "team work" and that his sister is frivoling her best hours at "sorority" soirees and Greek letter receptions. That this effort on the part of the students to maintain the "classy" reputation of Berkeley as an "educational center" by subordinating the educational purpose of the schools to the "social duties" and the "team work" of the students, is founded in some sort of truth, is confirmed by the report from the Berkeley High School announcing that "on account of the scholarship requirements, which demand that pupils must attain a grade of

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70 per cent in two out of four studies in order to compete on athletic teams, five of the veteran players have been forced to leave the football team." Good for the faculty of the Berkeley High School—as far as their requirements go. Let us hope that the standard of scholarship next year will be even higher, to the purpose that Pendennis shall not be a second time plucked. The schools at Berkeley are not supported by the taxpayers merely to give "classiness" to "classy" young men and women who prefer "class" to their classes. We are not training the young men for Olympic games nor fitting young women to "shine in society." The only legitimate "prestige" at Berkeley is that which lifts to honors and a degree. The University is not a school for snobs; nor should the Berkeley High School be a kindergarten for athletes in knickerbockers and peg-topped "pants," or a finishing school for short-frocked girls aping the manners of their elder sisters of the University "sororities" whose glory is chiefly obvious in their ostentatious "pins" inscribed with Greek letters that are really Greek to the understanding and comprehension of the wearers.

The Raging "Fires of St. John"

The controversy over "The Fires of St. John" has been fed for several years past by the hot remarks exchanged between McKee Rankin and Charles Swickard. When Rankin was out here last July the two men had a heated debate over the old question and the ground was laid for the action that led to the arrest of Nance O'Neil and Rankin in New York this week. It was right after one of these belligerent tilts that Rankin voiced his sense of the situation in this fashion: "Years ago when I was managing the California Theatre, Charley Swickard was playing in the cast of "Meg Merilles" for me. He had a knack for translating plays from the German. Several of these were not copyrighted and he thought they might be used. Four years later Swickard and I ran across each other in New York and he showed me a translation of Suderman's play, "Johannisfeuer." I was dated for that year and could not do anything till the following season, 1902. Then I tackled the play and named it "The Fires of St. John" and adapted it for stage purposes. The scene in the third act where the fires go out was absolutely my own idea of the use of an old stage device. As an acknowledgment of my aid in staging the production and as a favor to Miss O'Neil for playing in it, Mr. Swickard offered us the play as a gift. I declined to take it for nothing and offered him two and one-half per cent of the gross receipts. Then he wanted a job in the company, and I told him he was a singer, not an actor.. Then he sold the play, without copyrighting to an eastern company, which published it in book form, using my stage business and Miss O'Neil's picture, without the consent of either of us. Eight months after the original production the company deposited two copies in Washington and took out a barren copyright. Now comes Mr. Swickard and demands high royalties on a play he took from another man."

Rankin as a Fighter

"To avoid any controversy I had a new translation made by Otto Von Klock. In order to secure a copyright upon a play two printed copies must be filed with the Librarian of Congress, previous to a public performance and these books must be printed by American labor and with American material all through. The trouble in the theatrical business is that there are too many bushwhackers abroad levying tribute under the copyright law. A stock company recently played "Charley's Aunt" in San Jose. Selwyn & Co., the reputed agents, promptly demanded $175 royalty. The manager of the company laughed in his face and told him the play was never copyrighted. Suit was brought, but it was all a bluff and was never prosecuted. Later the same stock company produced "TheAmazons." Claim was at once made for $350 royalty. It was scoffed at; another bluff suit was instituted; like the other it was dropped. Plays which belong to rightful owners should be carefully protected; but, as I said, these watchful bushwhackers lie around and appropriate other people's property and attempt to levy tribute on it. I'm a born fighter and I won't stand for it. Let them take it into the courts if they have right on their side." This is just what Swickard has done.

Candid Friend—"As your husband died intestate, you will, of course, get a third."
Merry Widow—"Oh, I hope to get a fourth. He was my third, you know."

Counting the Orators

It has been determined by the Republican State Central Committee that it will depend entirely on local orators for its spellbinding material in this campaign. There will be no demand upon Chairman Hitchcock of the National Committee for stump talent. If California is to be held in the Republican column it will be through the efforts of our own Ciceros. But where are they? Let us name them. There's Chester Rowell and Grove Johnson and—and—what's the matter with my memory. Let me begin again—Chester Rowell; that's one orator whose blast is worth a thousand men; Grove Johnson; another orator whose blast is probably worth two or perhaps three thousand votes; and—foiled again! Of course there are others; some of them are dead and some of them are in the Roosevelt-Lincoln League, but I am sure that there are more than two Republican orators in Califor-

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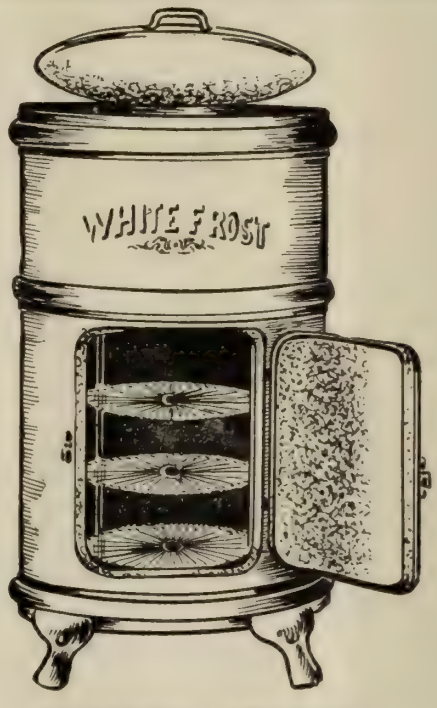
nia able to view anything with alarm and to point with pride at the record of the grand old party. But for the life of me I can't recall their names; the hiatus is mine, the lacuna cannot be charged to the Republican party of California. When the proper time comes the shouting captains will appear and their name will be legion. We shall hang spellbound on their utterances; our ears will be filled with the sound of their eloquence; our hearts will be thrilled by their appeals to our patriotism. Orators! Go to; oratory is the very breath of the Republican nostrils; orators in the Republican party are as the sands on the shore, as the leaves that flutter on the autumn breeze, as the stars on the sea when the blue wave rolls nightly o'er deep Gallilee—Chester Rowell and Grove Johnson are not the only pebbles on the beach either.

Violating the Historical Verities

Evelyn B. Keck, an authoress unknown to me but not therefore necessarily unknown to fame, has written a story entitled "The Americanizing of Tony Silva." The story purports to be "an incident which occurred in San Francisco during the late (and early) Spanish-American (or, more accurately, the American-Spanish) war." It relates that Jose Carillo, a native-born kid of Spanish extraction, whose father, a fisherman, forbade him to salute the American flag, thumped a Portuguese lad named Tony Silva for making mouths at the flag aforesaid. Tony, after his licking, falls into the bay and is rescued by Jose, who, aided and abetted by some customs officers, compels the defeated "dago," as he is called, to not only salute the buttons on the customs officers' coat and the flag, but to repeat after Jose the invocation: "I give my hand and my heart to my country; one country, one language, one flag." Then the dripping boys go away locked in each other's embrace. It is a pretty good story of its kind; but the impartial critic cannot say much for the kind of story it happens to be. In the first place there could not be a California Carillo who would forbid his son to salute the American flag. The Carillos have been Californians for more than a hundred years; the fathers of the up-to-date Carillos were born under the American flag; their fathers were rebels against the sovereignty of Spain at the time of the declaration of Mexican independence, and subsequently assisted Sloat, and Stockton, and Kearney, and Fremont in bringing Alta California under the American flag, a flag that was perhaps a foreign flag in the eyes of Evelyn B. Keck's ancestors contemporary with the ancestors of the Carillos. It is not right to pervert the history of California for the misinformation of young Californians even to teach a lesson in patriotism. Such methods of inculcating civic morality is perilously near to cant. Moreover it has a tendency to breed a race prejudice in a cosmopolitan community where we are endeavoring to make American citizens out of aliens by our example rather than by such precepts as are written by Evelyn B. Keck.

A Story With Reverse Action

In the second place it is only necessary to reverse the situation as depicted by the writer of this story to expose the utter absurdity of it. Suppose it had been an American father in Spain and that a Portuguese boy had insisted that the son of this American father should salute the Spanish flag, saying, "I give my hand and my heart to my country; one country, one language, one flag"? How would this strike the ultra-patriotic Evelyn B. Keck? Would she disapprove of the American father's effort to keep his boy loyal to the country of his ancestors? Would she applaud the Portuguese boy's method of compelling unwilling patriotism? Let her answer to her conscience or her common sense. Or suppose that the scene is laid in Portugal (or more likely, in the Western Islands, from which most of our "Portuguese" come). Imagine a Portuguese ruffian turning the American tables on a weaker American kid by licking him into sub-



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mussion to a tyranny that compelled hi mto salute the flag of Portugal and pledge allegiance to the Portuguese nation, the Portuguese language and the Portuguese flag? It's a poor story that won't work both ways; and this Evelyn B. Keck story doesn't seem to work either way or any way.

Billboarding Majesty

Emperor William of Germany visited the North Cape last summer and was so impressed with the solemn grandeur of the scenery that he expressed a desire to set the seal of his imperial approbation upon it. The local authorities of the island of Marero, although square-headed Norwegians and in nowise bound to feel flattered at this condescension by an alien royalty, hastened to let the name "Hohenzollern" be painted on the face of the Cape in letters fifteen feet high. Hohenzollern is the family name of the emperor and it is also the name of his yacht. The inscription is nine feet seven inches taller than his royal highness and is plainly visible a thousand yards at sea. It is invisible from the horizon. The emperor probably thought that his sub-arctic billboard would loom lone and lasting amid the majestic solitude of that far northern waste of land and sea and cold gray sky. Otherwise Omniscient he was, in this instance, mistaken. First came a lot of German tourist-steamer captains who painted their own names on the royal rock; then an enterprising London chocolate maker painted the advertisement of his business over the imperial patronymic; subsequently the drummer for an English boot blacking added the stereotype enconium of his "line" to the bunch, utilizing all the others, including "Hohenzollern," as signatories to a fulsome "testimonial" indorsing his blacking. All of which may be regarded as the grossest "violated majesty" of modern times, surpassing even those rude stanzas written by Captain Coghlan of the United States Navy in which the emperor of all the Germans is depicted as speaking of himself and God and relegating the Deity to the second place. His majesty may derive one consolation, however, from the event. If none of the others had painted themselves on that dreary rock of farthest north in Europe, some irreverent Yankee democrat, touring the northern sea on a Cook's round trip Norway excursion ticket, would have leaned over the port taffrail of the "personally conducted" steamboat and loudly inquired, in the hearing of his fellow passengers: "Hohenzollern? Hohenzollern?—and who in hell is Hohenzollern?" This would have been more humiliating than what happened to Ozymandias, "king of kings," on whose works the Mighty were bade to look and despair, but of which nothing survived save "two vast and trunkless legs of stone," standing in the air, and near them, half sunk, "a shattered visage" lying, while "round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare the lone and level sands stretched far away."

The Death Trap of the Ages

From the advance sheets of the October Sunset I learn that a discovery of great value to science has been made near Los Angeles by scientists of the State University. According to Professor Merriam, who tells the story, the asphalt beds on the line of the railway between Hollywood and Sawtelle contain one of the most remarkable accumulations of prehistoric remains in the world. While this discovery may not serve to throw any new light on the periods of organic development, it will certainly add to human knowledge and also to the romance of nature. Skeletons have been found of animals that pursued their carnivorous instincts whole milleniums before man became master of the jocund earth. The collection of bones in the asphalt beds is the largest ever found. These beds, it appears, were in the nature of a death-trap. "When asphalt has accumulated so as to form a pitchy lake," says Professor Merriam, "it presents a surface which looks very much like water, at least in a dim light," and from the presence of the large number of carnivora in the as-

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phalt deposits it is evident that the animals were trapped while attempting to reach struggling birds or small mammals that had been caught in the tar. Animals are similarly snared to this day in Ventura county. Among the most interesting of the fossil remains are those of the sabre-tooth tiger. Until the discovery scientists' only skull in the British Museum. Scores of saber-tooth skulls have been found in the asphalt beds, and also one complete skeleton of a tiger the size of an African lion. Professor Merriam's story is of absorbing interest; as is also, by the way, the second of Editor Aiken's series of articles dealing with notable features of this far western country. Last month he told us of the surprising fertility of Imperial Valley, which now contains 300,000 cultivated acres from which came $2,000,000 worth of products last year. In the current number Mr. Aiken tells us of the Valley of the Rogue where scalping knives have been made into pruning hooks.



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STEVENS-DURYEA MACHINE AT LAKE TAHOE

Those in the car are (reading from left to right) Howard Brickell, H. H. Hogdon, S. L. M. Starr, Frank B. Hooper and Fay C. Beal.

Wilson in Wall Street

"Jack" Wilson, broker, bon viviant, and popular clubman, is now numbered among the financiers of Wall Street. He has been admitted into the charmed circle of the New York Stock Exchange. But Mr. Wilson has no intention of deserting San Francisco. He will continue to conduct his financial operations from his headquarters in this city. And considering his present connections these operations will be of considerable magnitude, for he is now one of the most influential brokers in the country. Besides having a seat in the New York Exchange and the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange he is also a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, and I hear that in addition to his headquarters in this city and his office in New York he will soon open offices in Los Angeles and Pasadena. Very few Californians have obtained admission to the New York Stock Exchange. For a man must have something more than the price, which, by the way, is not very far below $100,000; he must have the confidence of the most exclusive financial circles.



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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

By R E. Mulcahy

As is usual, the unexpected happened in Wall Street securities. The unquestionable strength shown in securities during the previous week caused a general feeling of safety to prevail among investors and speculators generally. The market started off during the past week showing an unsettled condition. This was most clearly illustrated in the Hill-Morgan groups with Great Northern and Northern Pacific acting as leaders in the downward course, the declining tendency soon began gathering in St. Paul, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and gradually took effect in every security along the line. The decline was checked temporarily on Friday, but was well in force again on Saturday. London and Berlin, as well as Paris, sold securties freely; this selling continued throughout Monday and Tuesday when the market took on the appearance of a mild panic showing stock prices for the general list from $15 to $20 per share decline from the late high prices. The cause assigned for the break was attributed to political reasons. The little interest taken in the coming election is causing Taft's political friends much uneasiness. It may be that the scare through the medium of the stock exchange may go farther than was anticipated. Nothing has as yet shown itself that would justify the present severe decline. It is more than likely the real solution of the action of the market is due to the fact that large holders of securities unloaded their speculative holdings and are now working a reaction when they can again buy back their securities in preparation of the advance that will follow the election. If one were to play from past actions of the market during Presidential campaigns, the upward tendency ought to start about October 10th and continue for a long time. The political outlook seems perfectly clear. Bryan will not be as strong as he was in his previous campaigns; the cards are plainly visible as regards the New York State election. Hughes will be traded for Taft. No matter what scares may appear between the present and election time, there can be but one result. Taft will be elected. This being the case securties must and will sell higher. The present decline has shaken out timid holders and the market is in a stronger position than it has been for some time. Railway earnings are showing steady improvement; their comparative statements have again abandoned red ink and are on the right side of the ledger. The crops are now practically assured; their aggregate is the most bountiful in the history of the country. This together with the high prices for all feed products make a very prosperous outlook; this condition cannot change for more than a year, which is about as long as most of us look ahead. The demand for our wheat this crop year may prove a very urgent one. Should Russia be quarantined on account of cholera the demand for American wheat would be sensationally strong and cause prices to soar beyond the reach of many. It is estimated that 80 per cent of the corn crop is out of the reach of frost, the remaining 20 per cent will be in to clear by September 30th. Eastern railways are putting their equipment into serviceable condition in anticipation of moving the largest tonnage ever handled in their history. All present conditions promise a prosperous future for all lines of trade. The farmer will take care of himself; he is a loaner of money instead of a borrower, as he used to be. Whenever the farmer is well to do there is not much for the rest of humanity to grumble about. A good foundation will always strengthen the upper structure; this represents the relation of the farmer to the country's prosperity. It may be considered a pretty good guide to go by. Conditions locally are showing a great amount of activity; the bond markets continue to improve and the volume of business has increased materially during the past week.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The New Cotillon Leader

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has tentatively announced her intention of entering the field as a cotillon leader. For some reason Mrs. Alexander has not signed, sealed and delivered herself to the cause. It would argue oneself out of the social reckoning to infer that Mrs. Alexander has any misgivings about her requisites in the matter, as she has far more counts in her favor than several other people who have made a success of that sort of thing. Mrs. Alexander knows all the worth-while people in society and she has a talent for just this sort of thing. If the dances are finally decided on they are to be tripped across the polished floor of the new ballroom in the St. Francis. Mrs. Alexander was a Miss Carroll of Sacramento, but has made her home in San Francisco for years. After the death of her husband she went abroad with her dear friend, Mrs. Gus Spreckels, and has since taken a great many trips to Europe. The last one was in the capacity of chaperone to Miss Marie Berger, who is now Mrs. Charles Sutro. Mrs. Alexander has a very fascinating young daughter, Harriet, who is one of the debutantes in the winter bouquet of buds. A young son, Douglas, has made his home for the most part with his aunt, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, who is his mother's sister. He has just entered upon a commercial career in the employ of the Standard Oil Company.



MRS. ERNEST WILLIAMS HEWSON

Mrs. Hewson was Miss Natalie Theodora Brittan; her recent marriage was a social event in the San Carlos colony.

Dates of the Dances

A series of three dances in the beautiful new ballroom of the St. Francis hotel will mark the advent of Mrs. Alexander into the cotillon trust this winter. All of them of course will be the smartest of smart affairs and there is already lively pressure being brought to bear to get on the list. The first dance will be given in December, probably on Christmas eve, the next will be sometime in January and the third will be a Washington's birthday affair. The new ballroom will be completed in two or three weeks and the event will be celebrated by an elaborate ball given by Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

The Season's Debutantes

Fortunately the debutantes of this season do not represent such divided interests as last year's. It is difficult to make a graceful arrangement of buds if there are too many thorns on the stem. There have been seasons when so many prominent hostesses, introducing their daughters to society, stood at swords' points with each other, that a hostess had to exercise rare diplomacy in handling her young guests. Several seasons ago, a girl who has now fully conquered society, but whose mother had a strong clique up in arms, made her debut and the hostess who included her in her entertainments to the debutantes was always running against this haughty maiden or a rival who refused to sit next to her at table. This year promises a serene sky for the list which so far includes Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Frances Newhall,



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The Shorb-Sheehan Feud

Now there is talk of reprisals by way of aftermath to the episode in which Bernardo Shorb figured two weeks ago, the story of which was related in these columns last week. Young Shorb, it will be remembered, was lured into the hands of his wife's lawyers by a young woman in whose friendship he had implicit confidence. At least that is the story as it came to me, but when it was published the young woman begged the Shorb family to have it contradicted. They refused to do so. As she is quite prominent in the set which was formerly under the leadership of Mrs. Shorb White Buck, it is believed that when that lady returns to town she will warmly espouse her brother's cause and endeavor to rear a few social hurdles in the path of a certain clever young woman. And over the tea tables there is speculation over the probable attitude of Mrs. Eleanor Martin toward all persons who have espoused the Sheehan cause, and especially toward a certain young woman in whom she has at times taken an amiable interest. The Sheehan-Shorb feud has assumed large proportions since the trapping of Bernardo, and it will doubtless lead to interesting developments during the winter season.

Her First Matrimonial Venture

Mrs. Largey's father is a banker in Modesto and she was considered the blonde beauty of the county when she married Howard Taylor some ten years ago. She was only eighteen and although young Taylor came of an excellent old family there was some expression of parental displeasure as his financial status did not look above par to the county bank. The marriage came to a short stop a year or two later in the divorce court. Howard Taylor, Sr., who has made his home in New York for years, is now visiting in San Francisco. He is a successful playwright as far as production goes, every season showing one or more of his plays on the boards. Before his son married Miss Cressy he entertained some aspirations for the stage, I believe.

Cupid's Clever Work

Mrs. Howard Tayor, Jr's, marriage to John Siebe was considered a brilliant match and the couple were supposed to be devoted to each other even up to the time that they were divorced. The proceedings were so carefully muffled that no explanation has yet leaked out. At any rate Mrs. Siebe did not dent her heart beyond repair, for the pain cure offered by Mr. Largey has made it as good as new.

Is Away With Young Lochinvar

A wedding that did not serve surprise powders before or after would seem out of date in these days when Hymen has taken to acrobatic stunts. No one pays any attention to the announced plans nowadays, for the odds are all against their running on schedule time. For instance, Miss Grace Wood was to be married around the holidays to Lieutenant William Carrol Christy and her father and two sisters, who are now traveling in the East had planned to return for the wedding. But Lieutenant Christy obtained an unexpected short leave and hurrying up from Fort Apache, Arizona, carried off his bride before her friends had time to Marcel wave their hair for the wedding. The ceremony took place in Piedmont, on Wednesday last, and after a few days at the Fairmont Lieutenant Christy and his bride departed for Fort Apache.

Surprised Her Friends Again

The daily papers were not chronologically correct in their account of the heart affairs of the lady who is now the wife of Morris Sellers Largey of Butte, Montana. Their slipshod reckoning is excusable in view of the fact that since the day she waved shake a dey-dey to Modesto and changed her name from Cressy she has shown such an aptitude for matrimony that it is difficult to keep pace with her. The fact that Mr. Largey was peopling her perspective was not know even to her most intimate friends. After her divorce about a year ago from John F. Siebe, she was scheduled to take a trip around the world with the Julian Thornes, but at the last moment she followed her trunks to New York instead. Mr. Largey has been very busy since the death of his father, losing some of his inherited millions in theatrical ventures, but he stopped long enough to admire Mrs. Siebe and that settled his fate. They are married and he is to go back to Butte and attend to the interests of the estate.

Under the Orange Blossoms

Miss Eugenie Moraghan and Dr. Herbert F. Moore were quietly married in the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Frances F. Knorp, in Jackson street, last Wednesday evening. Father Jerome Hannigan officiated. The



EARLY REHEARSAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," UNDER THE OAKS AT DEL MONTE.

matron of honor was Mrs. Frances Knorp and the bridesmaids were Miss Helen Sullivan and Miss Olga Hermann. John Eggers was best man. Harry Hunt and Edward Cosgriff acted as ushers. Only relatives and very intimate friends of the bride were present.

The Independent Mrs. Kohl

Mrs. Frederick Kohl is back in town looking as much like a nut-brown maiden as blonde beauty permits. The Kohls have spent all summer at their beautiful home at Tahoe and invitations to their house parties have been the most eagerly sought after billet-doux that the postman could bring. Mrs. Kohl has a varied assortment of charms, perhaps the most interesting of which is a beautiful independence of spirit which she gracefully exhibits in her relations with representatives of both factions in the feud that has so thoroughly demoralized society.

Flight of the Tennis Players

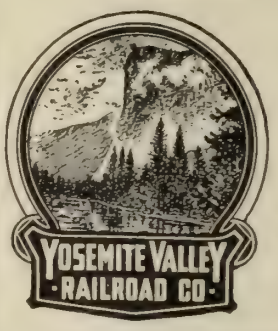
My correspondent writes that the Hotel Del Monte was crowded during the final week of the tennis tournament and there was great enthusiasm over the games, especially the finals for the championships. Saturday evening there was a monster banquet to the tennis players and their friends at which nearly a hundred guests assembled. Judge John Hunt presided and at the conclusion of the dinner presented the trophies to the successful contestants, to each of which he made an appropriate little speech. On Sunday the last of the tennis experts departed. Mr. and Mrs. George Newell Armsby, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hussey, came down on Friday for a short visit. Mrs Armsby, at the dance on Saturday night, was one of three ladies wearing sheath gowns, which attracted a great deal of attention, especially as the wearers had not yet mastered the difficulties of locomotion in these skinlike costumes. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Norrand motored over from Santa Cruz to witness the finals, as did J. S. Tobin and William H. Taylor of Burlingame. Among the arrivals from San Francisco during the week were Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Schoenfeld, Edwin S. Utley, Miss Marion Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Webster, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence S. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Nelson and Dr. and Mrs. John Carol Philip.

Figure It Out For Yourself

The tea tabbies are in the throes of great excitement. They have the word of a well-known society matron living in Pacific avenue that her maid was told by the cook that the grocery delivery man was informed in strict confidence by his best girl that her brother, who is an office boy with a leading law firm, had accidentally overheard the head clerks discuss the proper drawing up of divorce papers between a prominent doctor and his wife. He is going to the club to live and she is going abroad. So there you are.

Aftermath of the Von Schroeder War

Milton Latham lies in a precarious condition in a Livermore sanitarium and his club friends and old chums are discussing ways and means to jolly up his dolorous days. Time was when most of the blue blooded friends of this son of a United States Senator and multi-millionaire banker would have scrambled to catch a careless nod from him, but time frappes many friendships, just as is did in the case of Latham's and Ned Greenway's and it isn't always the wine's fault either. Some five years ago the genial Ned took Latham under his protecting wing in a business way. For a time the gossips somehow were inclined to believe that the son of the old-time banker and railroad magnate was in training to succeed Greenway as a cotillon leader. Gradually it developed that the social Czar was exercising a great deal of shrewd diplomacy. At that time Baron von Schroeder was having a very heated tilt with the prudish elite on this side of the bay. In a great huff he took refuge in his San Rafael quarters and cut off all social and commer-



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cial dealings with San Francisco. To show his independence the Baron drew all his provender for the Hotel Rafael from other sources. His feelings toward Greenway were somewhat bitter and he dealt the little Czar a particularly cruel blow by cutting his wines off the hotel wine card. It was while in this predicament of commercial warfare that the resourceful Nestor of society sought out young Latham and his particularly strong social connections in certain quarters and began to groom him for a cotillon leader. In course of time he managed the kindly disposed Latham so that the latter in his tactful way straightened out the miserable wine tangle with von Schroeder.

Won a Rich Banker

Latham's mother was one of the famous McMullin sisters, a belle of the sixties who shared the sceptre of queen with Miss Ella Maxwell. Both girls were exceptionally beautiful and each girl had her string of beaux. Mr. Latham, who was the most prominent banker of the period, was a devoted admirer of each in turn. Rumor had it that Miss Maxwell refused him, but the elderly beau found favor in the eyes of Miss McMullin, who accepted him and was thereafter loaded with jewels and luxuries of every kind by her indulgent husband. The blue-satined coach with gilt wheels, drawn by two milk-white horses, wherein the lovely young wife took her drives abroad, was one of the sights of the day.

Had the Last Laugh

A neat little kink was given the practical jokers at the recent Van Arsdale-Kurtz wedding. The waiting auto at the door had been outrageously decorated with garish ribbons, slippers, old canes, gum shoes, and an assortment of odds and ends that trumpeted the announcement that those in the tonneau were a newly wedded couple. The arch conspirators, with convenient baskets of rice, gathered near the door to await the departure of the bridal pair. Every few minutes a servant, apparently very much interested in the lark, came up and quieted their impatience by saying, "They'll be along shortly; they're almost ready." Finally he approached and handed them a card signed by the groom. It read: "Ride in the car yourselves; you like the decorations better than we do. Good-bye. We left fifteen minutes ago by the side door."

Forthcoming Weddings

The marriage of Miss Margaret Evans James, the second daughter of Mrs. Nathaniel James, to Hartwell Craigen MacCartney will take place Wednesday evening, October 14th, at the home of Mrs. H. B. Underhill, Jr., in Vallejo street. It will be a very quiet affair, only the intimate friends of the bride and groom will be invited. Mrs. J. B. Chace, formerly Clara Underhill, and Miss Pansy Perkins will be matrons of honor, while the attractive young sisters of the bride, Misses Gladys and Cornelia James, will be the bridesmaids. Mr. J. B. Chace will be the best man. The bride is a stunning girl of rare coloring, possessing a wealth of auburn hair with brilliant dark eyes. She has spent many years in Washington.. Mr. MacCarteney is a son of the late Captain MacCarteney, U. S. N. He is an able young lawyer of Washington, D. C., where he and his bride will reside.

The wedding of Miss Maude Payne and Samuel Russell Bogue has been set for October 7th, and will be solemnized in the beautiful home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Eugenia Freeman.

Very quiet will be the wedding of Miss Sara Drum and John William Gill, on Wednesday, September 30th, in the home of Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock, in San Mateo. Only relatives of the two families will be present.

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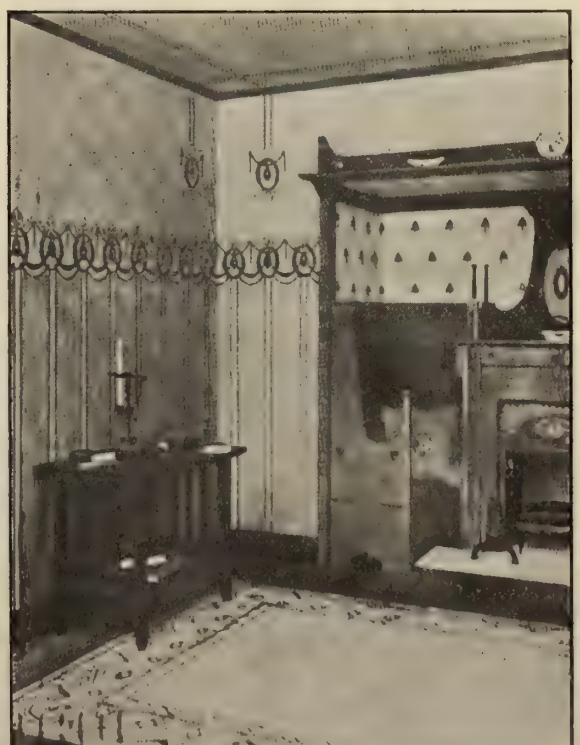
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Big Conference at Pacific Grove

The fifty-fifth session of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, which was held in Pacific Grove last week, filled that pretty little village to its utmost capacity, delegates coming from all over the State. On Saturday the Army Veterans of the Conference gave their annual banquet and camp fire at the Pacific Grove Hotel. Over two hundred guests sat under a canopy of draped flags and enjoyed the feast, listening between courses to a number of addresses, one of the most interesting of which was that of Bishop Warren of Denver. Among those who registered at the Hotel last week for the Conference were Mr. and Mrs. T. Stephens of Paso Robles, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harknes of Chico, W. H. Scott, United States army (retired), S. D. Hutsinpillar of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. John Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Peters of Stockton, and Mrs W. L. Woodrow of San Jose. Other guests at the Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nye of Sacramento, Professor Edward Mills of Cincinnati, Mayor William Robbie and Mrs. Robbie of Chico, Congressman E. A. Hayes of San Jose and Mr. and Mrs. Rollo V. Watt of San Francisco.

Charity Fete at "The Uplands"

There will be a garden fete and street fair at "The Uplands," San Mateo, Saturday, October 3rd, for the benefit of the Bishop Armitage Orphange, and the San Mateo Red Cross Guild Hospital. The Boards of Directors are: Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. J. L. Flood, Mrs. G W. Gibbs, Mrs. F. J. Carolan, Mrs. Le Worne, Mrs. E. D. Baylard, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. G. A. Pope, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Miss Maynard, and Mr. W. B. Gallwey, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Ernest Coxhead, Mrs. W. S. Martin, Mrs. C. E. Green, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mrs. J. Carolan, Mrs. L. I. Scott and Miss Jennie Crocker. Special conveyances will convey visitors from the electric cars to the grounds. All kinds of amusements will be afforded children and grown ups, and many attractive things will be for sale. Refreshments will be served. There will be music both afternoon and evening, and the entertainment will finish with a dance. The booths will be in charge of some of the best known ladies of San Mateo, Burlingame and Menlo Park. The cause is a very worthy one and should attract general support.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. W. H. Mills and her daughters, Elizabeth and Ardella, have leased their town house and will leave in a fortnight to spend the winter in the East. They contemplate several months in Europe before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore, with their daughter Elizabeth, left this week for Europe. There they will meet Miss Edith Livermore, who has been living abroad for some time, and the family will tour the most picturesque parts of the continent.

Miss Mary and Miss Katherine Walsh are at the Hotel Victoria prior to their departure for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Dyck Johns will soon leave for Baltimore on a visit to Mrs. Bland, sister of Mrs. Johns. They will be away six months.

Mrs. Ernest Johnstone, wife of Captain Johnstone, is in the Yosemite this year with her husband, and she is living with him at the military camp where they had Mrs. Charles Shiels as their guest for a fortnight. The accommodations rigged up by Captain Johnstone are positively luxurious.

The handsome home of the J. G. Kittles in Ross Valley will be thrown open to the public on Saturday, September 26th, when a bazaar for the benefit of the new organ for St. John's Church, Ross Valley, will take place.

One of the very pleasant dinner parties arranged during the past week at the Fairmont was given by Thornwell Mullaly to Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl of Burlingame and Miss Virginia Jolliffe.

The Wellington Greggs and their daughters, Enid and Ethel, will arrive from abroad in the early part of November.

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Van Ness at Washington North End

Mr. and Mrs. St. George Holden have returned from their wedding tour and are stopping with the bride's parents pending the completion of their new home.

Templeton Crocker was the host at a small dinner in the St. Francis last week, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker and Duane Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. Aronson, formerly of San Francisco, now of New York, announce the engagement of their daughter Gladys Estelle, to Mr. Herman N. Lieberman, of New York.

Miss Pansy Perkins, daughter of Senator George Perkins, and Cleveland Baker of Oakland, whose engagement was announced several months ago, will be married early in November.

Among the recent arrivals at Gilroy Hot Springs from San Francisco were: Mrs. Sam Rainey, William Nelson, Edward Kehoe, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hook, Capt. and Mrs. W. J. Kennaley, John Cronin, F. F. Judge, Dr. F. E. Tillman, Geo. W. Lowery, Jas. Brown, Miss Margaret Brown, W. C. Schwartz, J. Potter, Miss Hetty L. Linder, Mrs. E. S. Howard, Mrs. F. E. Van Schaick, R. Van Schaick, B. C. Moore, T. F. Bannan, H. M. Ladd, J. Lenz, Miss F. Findley, Miss J. Black, H. H. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Krotofques, Mrs. Judson C. Brusie, Mrs. A. J. Young, Mrs. M. V. Kirketirp, S. F. Phister, Harold Phister, H. G. Howell, S. J. Mayock, Mrs. Albert Rixon and Mrs. Dr. Mattner. From Oakland: A. C. Scott, J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hassard, Geo. D. Codding, R. E. Dunlap, Miss Myrtle Fiegler, Mrs. J. O. Cunha and Miss E. Stevens.

Among the week's arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamapais were: August J. Lang, Mrs. J. A. Stephens, E. Loessel, Frieda Sieke, Miss Helen Lossel, Philip Bush, and F. F. Thomasson. From Oakland: Mrs. Helen Kidd, Mrs. C. A. Chandler, Edna O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Day, Miss Jennie Vanna, Mrs. E. M. Miller, John D. Nield, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Bonham, and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Rutley.

Among those who have recently taken quarters at the Hotel Jefferson are Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Maze, Modesto; C. E. Linzee, Santa Barbara; Major and Mrs. F. S. Rice and daughter, Bakersfield; Miss Fannie E. Burrows and Miss Langenour, Colusa; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Black, Manila; Judge and Mrs. N. P. Chipman and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S. Butler, Sacramento; Major and Mrs. W. R. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wight and H. A. Wilder, Honolulu; and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cherry.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs from San Francisco during the past week were William Curlett, R. D. McElroy, Arthur B. Watson, L. P. Lowe, Samuel G. Buckbee, A. A. Brown, Mrs. H. Kohle, Miss M. Ehluck and Mr. and Mrs. Littlepage. From Oakland: J. W. Phillips, J. C. Lewis and J. W. Havens from Berkeley.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Del Coronado last week were: Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Marion Baker, Chas. Fox, Mrs. M. C. May, Mrs. Alice May-Sexton, S. M. Spaulding, John Baker, Jr., A. J. Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Mathewson, Walter T. Varney and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. P. Varney.

Miss Viva Nicholson, sister of Mrs. Victor Metcalf, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth McNear, will leave shortly for Washington to spend the winter with Secretary and Mrs. Metcalf.

From Stockton comes the news that Mr. and Mrs. O'Higgins, formerly Jean Read, have purchased a home in Los Angeles and intend locating there permanently.

Miss Mabel Harmon and Horace Wilson, whose engagement was reecntly announced, will be married in February and will live in Los Angeles, where Mr. Wilson's father is District Attorney. Miss Harmon and her mother are now visiting in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Stewart are still enjoying their trip throug the East. At present they are visiting Mrs. Stewart's brother, Mr. Montgomery, who is playing with the Margaret Illington company in "The Thief." On their way home the Stewarts will stop at Whipple Barracks and visit Captain and Mrs. Sturgis, who are to leave the first of the year for the Philippines. Mrs. Sturgis is a sister of Mrs. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have returned to town for the season.

Senator and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, after a round of visits about the bay, have returned to Reno.

Announcement is made that Miss Clara Pickens Noble will be married to Victor Kohuk on October 3rd in Hamburg.

The Misses Marion and Gertrude Mills, the charming daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Mills, have just had their portraits painted by Walter Cox, the noted London artist, who has a studio in this city.

The Omega Nu Sorority will give a luncheon to about one hundred and fifty of their members in the White and Gold room of the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday, September 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Seely arrived last Tuesday from New York on a visit to Mrs. Seely's sister, Mrs. Hui. Mrs. Seely was formerly Miss May Ries, the daughter of the late Julian Ries. She was married in New York last year and this is her first visit since that event.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Whitney, who have spent the summer abroad, have returned to the Fairmont, where they have taken apartments for the winter.

The Hermosa Cotillon Club has announced a series of dances to be given upon the completion of the Colonial ballroom in the north wing of the Hotel St. Francis, within a few weeks.

Among the representatives of the United States army and navy at the Fairmont during the past few days were: E. W. McIntyre, U. S. N. Commander; M. C. Gorcas and Mrs. Gorcas of Mare Island; B. B. Binner, U. S. N.; C. Ancrum, A. G. Howe, J. O. Fisher, U. S. N.; and Lieutenant William C. Christie, U. S. A.

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The Revelations of a Telephone Girl

"Well, yes, sometimes. Of course we ain't supposed to, but it's right absolutely in your ears and sometimes when there ain't a rush we do listen a bit. Oh, yes, it's mighty funny sometimes—say, but no one'd ever believe the way folks does do over a 'phone!

"There was last Friday—I never was so done up in all my life—there was a party and I bet he paid twenty-five dollars if he paid a cent—just to listen to some one talk. They certainly did beat all, them two. I was dead tired, but I never unhooked while they was at it—not after I began to catch on. She was in New York an' he was here, an' it was about ten when he rang up. It took about half an hour to get her an' then I heard him say:

"'Well, home again? An' then I was called off, an' when I was free they was still an' I thought they was done. I started to disconnect an—gee, but you ought to have heard him! He made me so mad I made up my mind I'd listen, an' I did, an' I heard her laugh an' say, 'You swore.' An' then he laughed, an' then he said in quite another key, 'Well, can I come?' And then there was silence. I bet that woman thought for more'n a dollar, an' then he asked if he could come again. She said at last, 'You are coming anyway, aren't you?' An' he said, 'Not unless you ask me to.' Then she was still again and I guess it was two dollars afore he said: 'Won't you ask me to come?' An' then him and me waited for all of two dollars an' a half. Finally he said, 'You think it over an' I'll call up about midnight.' An' she gasped—yes, she did, it came 'swish' right over the wire—an' then she said, 'Very well,' an' he broke the connection an' I charged him up with twelve dollars for the slimmest talk I ever overheard.

"Well, at midnight he rung up again, an' we got her pretty prompt an' he asked if she'd ask him to come again. She said, 'I'm thinking,' an' then he held the line an' kept still while she thought every penny of one-seventy-five. Then he said, 'Come, come, say that I may. I'll take the express at two. I can just make it.' Then come another gasp an' then a two-dollar-and-a-half wait.

"Well, honest, it got on my nerves. I was just wild to know how it would come out. Finally he said, 'You'd better ask me to come,' an' she said, 'Why don't you come anyway?' An' he said, 'No, I won't come 'nless you ask me to.' Then she thought three dollars' worth and then she said, 'I feel faint,' an' hung up.

"My goodness, you'd ought to a heard the way he give it to me to get that hotel and her room again. I could get the hotel, but I couldn't get her—an' I tried hard enough, too, but they said she didn't answer. He tried again about twenty minutes later, but she didn't answer.

"Well, the next day about noon somebody else in town set out to get her. It was a long job on account of being day, an' noon, too. It was all o' two o'clock when we got the number, an' then—well, give you my word, I was near to feelin' dizzy myself——

"For, if you'll believe me, it wasn't her as answered the 'phone—it was him.

"I guess he thought that it'd be cheaper in the long run if he didn't waito till she got around to asking him an' so he just took the night express.

"Looked so, anyhow, don't you think?" DELIA.

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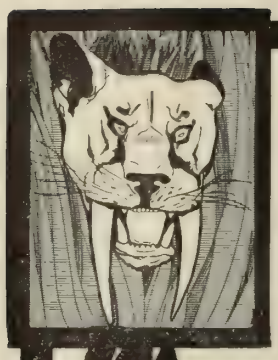
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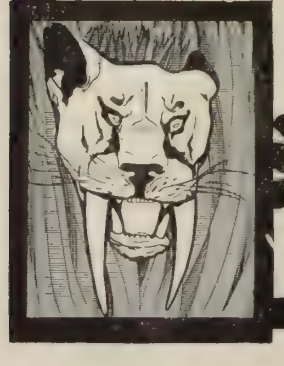
The greatest number of bones of these extinct tigers and wolves ever discovered has been found in the asphalt beds of California. The story of this **Death Trap of the Ages** is told for the first time by Dr. John C. Merriam, Professor of Paleontology and Historical Geology, University of California, in the

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Other features of the number include:

"On the Trail of Skookum John," by Charles S. Aiken; "Taking Orders," one of Maud Younger's famous stories of her experiments as a restaurant waitress; Game Birds of the Pacific, River and Fresh Water Ducks; more timely notes of interest to the Western sportsman.





Stage

"The Time, The Place and The Girl" at the Van Ness

A whirlwind musical comedy, so called from the fact that its action is incessant, its dances a combination of snap, ginger and grace, which have never been approached before, and with groups of pretty, vivacious girls and a splendid cast of principals, comes to the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night for an engagement of two weeks. "The Time, The Place and The Girl" is the title of this attraction. It has made a record-breaking Chicago run and has scored triumph after triumph on its tour across the continent. John E. Young, a comedian of excellent attainments, heads the long list of musical comedy people. Besides Young the people included are Mable McIvine, Elizabeth Goodall, Lillian Goldsmith, E. C. Albertson, Theodore Rock, Ogden Wight and J. S. Simpson. There are twelve songs in the play, and its plot is unique and interesting. It runs in a more humorous vein than "The Girl Question," which is now on at the Van Ness, with a talented lot of interesting mummers in the cast.

Increased Demand for "The Music Master"

The Alcazar management announces a fourth and last week of David Warfield in "The Music Master," beginning Monday, September 28th. The following week the eminent character actor's latest dramatic triumph, "A Grand Army Man" will be given a week's run, concluding the most remarkable theatrical event in San Francisco's history. It is no exaggeration to declare that "The Music Master" could fill the Alcazar with people nightly for as many months as its engagement is measured by weeks, for instead of losing attractiveness its magnetism has grown with each performance. Folk who have witnessed it are its best advertisers. They advise all their friends to see it, and few of them fail to procure a second sitting. Not only in San Francisco and the trans-bay towns are its praises sung, but throughout California. David Belasco and David Warfield unite in pronouncing "A Grand Army Man" no less of a dramatic treat in a different way than "The Music Master" has proved itself to be, and the public eagerness to see Mr. Warfield in his newest vehicle is most intense, as is evidenced by the inquiries at the Alcazar box office. Another extra "Music Master" matinee is announced for next Thursday.

Rice and Cady at the American

For the coming week, commencing with Sunday night, September 27th, the American Theatre will offer the musical event of the season as the introductory show of the fall and winter season of eastern attractions in "Hip, Hip, Hooray." The book is by Edgar Smith, while the tuneful music is by Gus Edwards. This is Joe Weber's most successful musical comedy and served to pack the Weber Music Hall for more than a year. Rice and Cady, the German dialecticians who made such a hit here two years ago, have the title role in this girlie-musical play. They are surrounded by a most capable company of players, among whom are Mae Phelps, prima-donna, formerly with the "Gingerbread Man"; Wm. H. (Bill) Mack, character comedian; Tom Murray, baritone; Mazie Trumbull, the dancer; Harry Shunk, the minstrel man of the Field show; Maude Leroy, of the Weber forces; Rose Leslie and a handsome chorus. The catchiest of the popular song hits are "Coon College," "Ivy Green," "How Would You Like to Take Me Home With You," "Dear Old College Days," "Awfully Strong For You," "Goodbye, Mr. Ragtime," the latter two being by George M. Cohan; "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl," and many others. The story deals with the trip of two wealthy Germans—Rice and Cady—to Doolittle College to see their sons on the day of the great boat race. It happens that a comic opera troupe is in town at the same time and the Germans become involved with the merry widows and there are many laughable incidents. "Hip, Hip, Hooray" will be the attraction for one week only. The new scale of popular prices will prevail. The attraction following the musical skit will be the powerful western drama, "Texas," which has had such a successful run in New York and other eastern cities. Most of the original cast well be seen in the American Theatre production.

"The Highwayman" at the Princess

Harry B. Smith and Reginald De Koven's musical romance, "The Highwayman," will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre Monday night, and all next week. It is pleasantly remembered as one of the greatest successes in the history of the Tivoli and its revival should prove very welcome, especially as it will be given a magnificent production and a splendid cast. Ferris Hartman will appear as the conceited and stupid "Foxy Quiller" of the Bow Street police station. It is one of his most humorous and enjoyable efforts. Arthur Cunningham as Dick Fitzgerald, an Irish soldier of fortune, who has been ruined by a gambler, John Hawkhurst, and becomes an outlaw under the title of Captain Scarlet, will repeat what in the opinion of many is the greatest success of his particularly brilliant career. Sybil Page will have a charming and congenial role as Lady Constance Sinclair, a court belle, and Zoe Barnett will be afforded delightful soubrette opportunity as Doll Primrose. As Lady Pamela Christina Nielsen is most happily cast. The other roles are alloted as follows: Sir Geoffrey Beverly, a sporting baronet, Walter Catlett; Captain Rodney, Melvin Stoltz; Tony Twinkle, Walter De Leon; Lord Kilkenny, Fred Kavanagh; Lieutenant Lovelace, Sarah Edwards; Sir John Hawkhurst, Karl Formes, Jr. The action of "The Highwayman" takes place in England in the eighteenth



JANE COURTHOPE

The distinguished American actress who will appear next week at the Orpheum in the one-act story of the Sierras, "Lucky Jim."

century. Dick Fitzgerald, an Irish free lance, is cheated out of his estate by a gambler named Hawkhurst and becomes a highwayman under the title of Captain Scarlet. Lady Constance Sinclair, who loves him, disguises as Scarlet and holds up a stage coach in order to obtain Dick's pardon, which has fallen into the hands of Hawkhurst. Lieutenant Rodney and Toby, ostler of the Cat and Fiddle, also personate Scarlet with a view of furthering their love affairs. A stupid detective, Foxy Quiller, manages to arrest the wrong people and to amusingly complicate affairs. In the end things are happily adjusted. The music is bright, tuneful and sparkling and in every way worthy of the composer of "Robin Hood."

Will Produce "The Devil" Here

Belasco & Mayer, owners and managers of the Alcazar, have rented the Novelty Theatre, at O'Farrell and Steiner streets, for a limited season, and will open it next Sunday afternoon, September 27th, with an elaborate production of "The Devil," New York's reigning dramatic sensation. So much has been written about the play that the reading public is eager to witness it, and Belasco & Mayer announce that they will give it a presentation as perfect as money and energy can accomplish. The cast has been carefully selected and no expense has been spared in the staging. Howard Hickman will play the title part, Louise Brownell the wife who is tempted, Bert Wesner her husband, Ernest Glendenning her artist lover, and the remainder of the characters will be faithfully portrayed. Fred J. Butler will personally direct the production. The story of the play is so peculiar and intricate that it is almost impossible to recount it in a limited space, but an idea of its novelty may be gleaned from the statement that His Satanic Majesty appears in ordinary modern garb and plays with two human souls. To those who search for understanding he is the personification of thoughts and temptations, and the more closely one watches what the author, Franz Molnar, is evidently attempting to do the more fascinating and thrilling it all becomes.



The Lloyd Scott "Travel Talks"

Illustrated with beautiful colored views, moving panoramas and motion pictures

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL
(Cor. Sacramento and Scott Sts.)

Subjects: "INDIA," "JAPAN," "RUSSIA," "EGYPT," "IRELAND."
TWO COURSES, COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 5.
Course A—Monday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, October 5-8-10; Tuesday and Friday, 13-15.
Course B—Tuesday and Friday evenings, October 6-9; Monday, Thursday, Saturday, 12-15-17.
COURSE TICKETS (5 Subjects) $4.00, $3.00, $2.00
On sale Monday, September 28, at Sherman Clay & Co's, Van Ness, above California.
SINGLE EVENTS, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Ready October 1, at Sherman Clay & Co's, BOTH stores.
Mail orders should be addressed to Will S. Greenbaum at the box office. These will be received from now on.
Course in Oakland at MAPLE HALL, commencing Monday, October 19.
Beatrice Fine-Anna Miller Wood Concert, Thursday, October 22.

LYRIC HALL, Larkin and Eddy Streets

Thursday Evening, October 1, at 8:15 o'clock

CONCERT GIVEN BY

Mons. NOE JOSEPHH LA VIGNE

Dramatic Baritone, assisted by Miss Betty Scholtz, Violinist, and Miss Alma Rudolph and Mrs. F. B. Kirwin, Accompanists.

Reserved Seats, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c., on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's Van Ness Avenue, near Sacramento. Beginning Tuesday Morning, September 29.

GREEK THEATRE University of California

Musical and Draamtic Committee announces

Four Popular Saturday Night Concerts

With
MR. PAUL STEINDORFF
Directing, and an Orchestra of
FIFTY ARTISTS
BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 26 AND OCTOBER 3 AND 17
MISS LYDIA STURTEVANT
Contralto Soloist
The PASMORE SISTERS, assisted by an Orchestra of Thirty-five on October 10th.
Admission: 25 cents. Reserved Section, 25 cents extra.

VAN NESS THEATRE

Corner VAN NESS AND GROVE. Phone MARKET 500.
Gottlob, Marx and Co., Mgrs.
Beginning Monday, September 28, Matinee Saturday Only
Another Askin-Singer Company and Music Play Hit, the Whirlwind Success,

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL

With JOHN E. YOUNG
And a Big Singing and Dancing Chorus
Prices $1.50 to 50c

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE TEL. WEST 6036

Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets. Absolutely Class "A" Building.
BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Commencing Monday evening, September 28, Fourth and Positively Last Week of David Belasco's Presentation of
DAVID WARFIELD
And His New York Company in

THE MUSIC MASTER

Prices: Evenings and Matinees, 50c to $2.00.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
OCTOBER 5—MR. WARFIELD IN "A GRAND ARMY MAN."
For One Week Only

AMERICAN THEATRE The playhouse of comfort and safety

MARKET STREET NEAR SEVENTH. Phone MARKET 381.
One Week Only, Beginning Sunday Night, September 27th
Joe Weber's Big Success, the Girlie-Musical Melange

HIP, HIP, HOORAY!

With RICE AND CADY
Supported by an All-Star Cast and a Beauty Chorus
Only Matinee Saturday
Next Attraction—"TEXAS."

NOVELTY THEATRE Cor. O'Farrell and Steiner Phone West 3990

Week Commencing Sunday Afternoon, September 27th
BELASCO & MAYER PRESENT

THE DEVIL

New York's Reigning Dramatic Sensation
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c and 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday

ORPHEUM ELLIS STREET Near Fillmore

Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building. Phone West 6000.
WEEK BEGINNING THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
JANE COURTHOPE & CO., in a thrilling story of the Sierras, "Lucky Jim"; HILLARION AND ROSALIA CEBALLOS AND THEIR PHANTASTIC PHANTOMS; VINIE DALY; SWOR BROTHERS; SEVEN YUILIANS; THE USHERS; REIFF BROTHERS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES; last week Jesse L. Lasky's PIANOPHIENDS.
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

PRINCESS THEATRE PHONE WEST 663

S. LOVERICH, MANAGER

ELLIS STREET
Near Fillmore
Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building

Matinee Saturday and Sunday
Last Two Nights of "THE TOREADOR."
Beginning Monday, one week only
FERRIS HARTMAN
In the Charming Musical Romance,

THE HIGHWAYMAN

Arthur Cunningham as Dick Fitzgerald. All the Princess favorites in the cast
Popular Prices: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c; matinees (except Sundays and holidays), 25c and 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE. Telephone Market 17

VALENCIA ST., Bet. Thirteenth and Fourteenth
VALENCIA STOCK CO. including ROBERT WARWICK
Beginning Sunday Matinee, September 27
THE SENSATION OF THE CENTURY,

THE DEVIL

A Play by Franz Molnar. Only Authorized Version to be seen in San Francisco
Matinees Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday
Beginning October 5 "GRAUSTARK."

All-Star Bill at the Orpheum

The bill at the Orpheum for the week, beginning this Sunday matinee may be looked forward to with pleasure, for it will prove to be of a magnitude and variety that is only possible at rare intervals. It may be summed up as a combination of headliners, for there is not a single act that would not grace the best vaudeville entertainment as its worst feature. Jane Courthope, who has won golden opinions in the East as an actress of extraordinary talent, will present "Lucky Jim," a dramatic sketch in two scenes by Frank R. Ferbuson. The playlet tells a thrilling and interesting story of mining life in the lonely Sierra Nevada mountains, with a man, a woman and a boy for its chief figures. Miss Courthope will be admirably supported by that clever actor, Charles Forrester, and by Master Ross, an exceptionally clever boy. Hillarion and Rosalia Ceballos and their Phantastic Phantoms created a furore when presented by Ned Wayburn for the summer show at Hammerstein's Roof Garden in New York. The Ceballos, Hillarion and Rosalia, are two extraordinary clever acrobats who were features in Klaw and Erlanger's big spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty." Rosalia was the dainty Columbine and Hillarion the Devil. The Phantoms are all in white costumes with a background entirely of black which causes them to form a striking contrast and affords opportunities for weird and amusing effects. Miss Vinie Daly, the youngest of the illustrious Daly family, will present a series of numbers carefully selected from musical comedies in which she has triumphed and created original roles. Last year she was a feature with George M. Cohan's "George Washington, Jr."; previous to that she was successfully associated with Eddie Foy in "Piff Paff Pouf" and Sam Bernard in "The Rollicking Girl." She is a clever and versatile actress who sings and dances delightfully. The Swor Brothers, comedians and dancers, who have long been classed among the leading minstrel lights, will amuse with impersonations of two distinct types of Southern negro characters. Next week will be the last of those acrobatic wonders, the Seven Yuilians; of Claude and Fannie Usher who have made the greatest hit in "Fagan's Decision" of any slang sketch we have had since "Peaches." The Reiff Brothers, and that fascinating musical novelty, the Pianophiends will also close their engagement. An interesting and novel series of Orpheum motion pictures will terminate the performance.

The Lloyd Scott "Travel Talks"

Next Monday morning the course sale for the Lloyd Scott "Travel Talks" will open at Sherman Clay & Co's Van Ness avenue store, near California. There will be a two courses of five subjects each, the subjects of each course being identical. This will enable subscribers to attend three times in one week and only twice in another to hear Mr. Scott on all of the five interesting trips. On Thursday, October 1, the sale for single events will open and for the convenience of business men and others Manager Greenbaum will establish a branch box office at the Sherman, Clay store at Kearney and Sutter streets. One has no idea how fascinating these "Travel Talks" are until one has heard one of them. The constant changing of the pictures accompanied by interesting narratives and anecdotes keeps one's mind constantly riveted on the subject. As an Eastern critic expressed it, "it is taking a foreign journey in an easy chair." The subjects will be "Egypt," "India," "Ireland," "Japan" and "Russia." Over one hundred hand-colored slides will be exhibited on each country, besides thousands of feet of motion pictures and many sliding panoramas. Special matinees will be given for school children on Saturdays. The announcements for these will appear next issue. At the conclusion of the engagement in this city a course will be given at Maple Hall, Oakland. The opening night here will be Monday, October 5, at Christian Science Hall.

Automobilists! Please Take Notice.
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Make Weak Watery Eyes.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes
And Affords Reliable Relief.

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The World's Most Famous Cordial



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PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

REFRIGERATORS

THE ALASKA

Will Keep Provisions Longer and

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Than any other Refrigerator in the Market.
Sixty-five Different Styles, Sizes
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Cor. Polk and Turk Streets



MONS. NOE JOSEPH LA VIGNE

The dramatic baritone who will be heard at Lyric Hall, next Thrusday Evening

Features of the La Vigne Concert

The concert to be given by Mons. 'Noe Joseph La Vigne, the distinguished dramatic baritone, at Lyric Hall next Thursday evening, October 1, is exciting widespread interest in the musical community. He will be assisted by Miss Betty Scholtz, a talented young violinist, and Miss Alma Rudolph and Mrs. F. B. Kirwin, who will act as accompanists. Mons. La Vigne will sing the prologue to "I Pagliacci," "La Donna e Mobile," from Rigoletto, Schubert's Erl-King, Mattei's "'Tis Not True," Roeckel's "Coming of the King," Tosti's "Good-Bye" and several other equally interesting selections. A feature of his work will be that he will give all his numbers in their original languages and he promises several delightful surprises in the way of encores. Miss Scholtz, who is a graduate of the Berlin Conservatory of Music, will play De Beriot's Seventh Concerto, op. 76; Schumann's Traumerei, Eichorn's First Hungarian Dance, Vieuxtemp's Fantasie from Lombardi, and the Legende of Wieniawski.



RICE AND CADY

In "Hip, Hip, Hooray" at the American Theatre

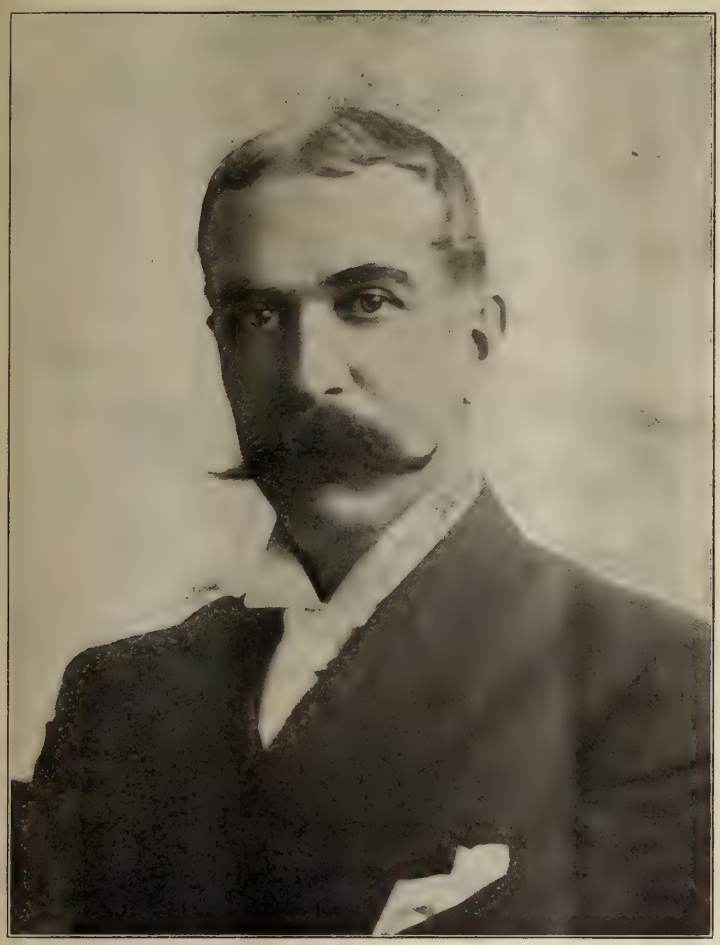
New Concerts at Greek Theatre

Official announcement is made of another series of concerts to be given in the Greek Theatre, beginning Saturday evening, September 26th, and continuing every Saturday night thereafter until October 17th. The concerts will be orchestral and under the leadership of Paul Steindorff. The selection of Steindorff to lead the concerts would seem to indicate that the movement for the restoration of symphony work that has been agitating Berkeley for some time is given added impetus. The versatility of Steindorff's talent will be shown in the concerts. He has been engaged by the Musical and Dramatic Committee, headed by Prof. William Armes, to conduct three of the series of four concerts. The third concert will be rendered by the Pasmore Sisters, assisted by an orchestra of thirty-five pieces. The concerts will be given at popular prices. The program for the first concert is as follows: March, "Mofi Stofle," Holst; overture, "Tampa," Harold; Barcarolle, "Love Tales of Hoffman," Offenbach; grand American Phantasia, Victor Herbert; selection, "Prince of Pilsen," Lucers; vocal solo, introduction third act of Lohengrin, Wagner; ballet music, "Feramors," Rubinstein; scenes from La Boheme, Puccini;



JOHN E. YOUNG AND ELIZABETH GOODALL

Two of the clever people in "The Time, The Place and The Girl," at the Van Ness Theatre.



LLOYD SCOTT

Famous for his "Travel Talks." He will soon make his appearance in Christian Science Hall.

valse "Southern Roses," Strauss; Turkish March, "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven.

Program of the Etlin-Maclean Recital

Those very capable artists, Henry Etlin, the pianist, and Donald Maclean, the baritone, will give the following splendid program at their recital in Christian Science Hall, Saturday evening, October 3d: 1—Sonata, B flat minor, Chopin. Henry Etlin: 2—(a) Ave Maria, Schubert; (b) Am Meere, Schubert; (c) Wenn Ich in Deine Augen Seh', Schumann; (d) Vision Fugitive, from Herodiade, Massenet. Donald Maclean: 3—Dance of Salome (first time here), Strauss. Henri Etlin: 4—Invocation et Hymne au Soleil (first time here), Rameau (1735). Donald Maclean: 5—(a) Le Chant du Nautonier (first time here), Diemer; (b) Romance Sans Paroles (first time here), G. Faure; (c) LeCoucou, Daquin (1750); (d) Tarentelle, Moszkowsky. Henri Etlin: 6—(a) Les Cygnes (first time here), R. Hahan; (b) L'Heure Exquise, R. Hahn; (c) J'ai Pieure en Reve (first time here), G. Hue. Donald Maclean: 7—(a) Biterolf, H. Wolf; Weyla's Gesang, H. Wolf; (b) I'm Wearing awa', A. Foote; (c) Melisande in the Wood (first time here), Alma Goetz. Donald Maclean: 8—Mephisto Walzer, Liszt. Henr Etlin: 9—Malediction d'Alexandrie (from Thais, first time here), Massenet. Donald Maclean. Tickets on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., and at studio, 1613 Green street. Admission, $1.00.

Trinity church choir is reassembling for its winter work. Mr. Eaton, the musical director and organist of Trinity, is a vocal teacher of wide experience, and under his direction many fine voices have been developed in the choir. Young singers, both men and women, with good voices, can consult Mr. Eaton at any time by appointment (phone Franklin 2244), or after any service. Work on the monthly musical services has already begun, and as there are a few vacancies in each part, sopranos, altos, tenors or basses wishing to join should apply at once.

WORLD'S RECORD

Broken at Tanforan by

WHITE STEAMER

One Mile Made in 1:02 — **The fastest time ever made on a circular track by a fully equipped stock car**

White Steamer Wins — **10-Mile Race for Stock Cars, $3,500 and over, at Tanforan**

White Steamer Wins — **Mt. Baldy 100-Mile Road Race and Hill Climb at Los Angeles Sept. 20th for third consecutive year.**

The Mt. Baldy race is the hardest test that can be given a car in California

The cars that performed these phenomenal feats are absolutely stock models. The identical cars or their duplicates on sale.

THE WHITE CO. 137 HAYES ST., near Van Ness, SAN FRANCISCO
538 SEVENTEENTH ST., OAKLAND

Auto Notes

J. S. Brereton of Vallejo, who has just purchased a Thomas Flyer, took his first spin last Monday to St. Helena. Notwithstanding the lateness of the year the Napa County roads are quite free from dust and make fine motoring.

Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton of Los Angeles are in this city, having just made the trip from there in their new Oldsmobile roadster. The doctor stated that he felt perfectly safe in coming without a chauffeur, although he claims he knows nothing about a car. His only trouble was the breaking of a spark plug. There was not even a punctured tire to interfere with the pleasure of the party. Speaking of the trip, the doctor said: "I had lots of fun with some big cars that were coming in the same direction. Sometimes they were ahead and sometimes I was. The roads this side of Santa Barbara are vile, but from Soledad to Salinas and from San Jose to this city they are very good. Between Salinas and San Juan the dust is so deep that straw has been put down with an idea of making the going easier, but I would as soon plow through sand as through straw."

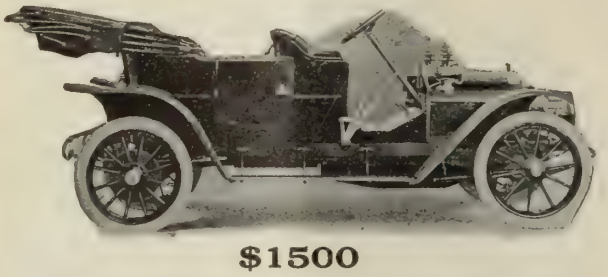
The Buick "White Streak" is rapidly acquiring a reputation as a racing car, and has recently scored a number of victories on eastern tracks, among them being a race meet at Kalamazoo, Michigan, in which the little runabout captured six out of the seven events in which it was entered. Other notable victories were at Elkhart, Indiana, Portage La Prairie, Winnipeg, and Aurora, Nebraska.

Dr. H. I. Wiel, of this city, has returned from a week's visit to the resorts about Lake Tahoe. He made the journey in his Buick "White Streak," and reports a thoroughly pleasant outing.

Mr. H. M. LeRau, Jr., of Sacramento, has purchased a Stevens-Duryea six-cylinder car, which he expects to get in the next ten days.

CHALMERS-DETROIT "30"

Formerly Thomas-Detroit



$1500

Absolutely the most refined car regardless of price on the market. The business man's motor car. Light, easy running, durable and guaranteed to stand up.

ANOTHER SENSATION

1909 SIX-CYLINDER THOMAS

$3000

The name alone assures supremacy of this latest addition to the the THOMAS factory. Shipment arrives this week. Write for catalogue. Demonstration by appointment.

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Stevens-Duryea

1909 FOUR-CYLINDER



MODEL X

$2750

In response to a demand for a larger and roomier car than our 20 H. P., 4 Cylinder, Model "R", and more moderate in price than our Light Six, we have produced the Model "X". This car represents the most advanced ideas in automobile designs.

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Oakland Branch, 1308-1310 Franklin Street

Manufactured by Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

1909 POPE-HARTFORD

The **POPE-HARTFORD 1909** models embody all that is best in automobile construction and will be conspicuous in the foremost ranks of the automobile world.

We invite comparison of the details of Pope-Hartford cars for 1909 with those of the world's best motor cars. Because of their perfection, refinement and elegance they will appeal to the superior judgment of critical and discriminating purchasers.

Our 1909 line will consist of three models—**A STANDARD TOURING CAR,** similar to the illustration. Price $2750.

A STANDARD ROADSTER, which will be illustrated in this space next week. Price $2750.

A PONY TONNEAU CAR, which will be illustrated the week following. Price $2750.

New and important improvements, not incorporated in any other motor car, are included in the **POPE-HARTFORD 1909 CARS.** Each improvement added has been given a careful and thorough test, and catalog, now in preparation, explains fully all the details and mechanical excellence of the new models. Let us place your name on our mailing list for an advance copy.

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S. G. CHAPMAN, Manager

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All That is Best in Motor Car Construction



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453 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE SAN FRANCISCO

A motor car bus service, using White steam touring cars, has recently been installed between San Juan and Ponce, Porto Rico. A car leaves each end of the line each morning and makes the trip in about six hours. The new service has attained popularity, and bookings must be made at least ten days in advance in order to obtain accommodations. Since the United States took over control of the island considerable road improvement work has been done, and the highway between San Juan on the north coast and Ponce on the south coast is now said to be in fair condition. The new bus service is particularly popular with tourists visiting Porto Rico, as it gives them an opportunity to see the interior of the island which is not accessible by railroad.

Major William Buster drove his 1909 Stevens-Duryea car to his home in Sycamore, Colusa county.

The Phillips Drayage Company of Sacramento has just completed arrangements with the Pioneer Automobile Company to handle the Chalmers-Detroit and Thomas cars in that city.

The Chalmers-Detroit forty "Blue-Bird," the famous car which won the 320-mile Rocky Mountain cup race this year in the remarkable time of 8:25:39, has been doing some touring stunts in Southern California. The car has just returned to Los Angeles after a 600-mile trip through the Mojave Desert. The objective point of the trip was the Owens River, from which the new equeduct is being built to supply Los Angeles with water. The trip was made through heavy sand, and in some places through very rough country. Very few automobiles have made this trip, and it is considered quite a proof of endurance for a car to come through it successfully.

Mr. W. H. Hansen of Redwood City has purchased a Stevens-Duryea Limousine.

The remarkable record made by the White steamer in the Mt. Baldy road race at Los Angeles Sunday was the chief topic of conversation among auto racing enthusiasts yesterday. The time of Captain Ryus' White for the one hundred miles was 3:35:30 as against the old record of 4:18:00. The competing car made better time than the old record, but it was beaten 38 minutes by the White steamer. It is said that Captain Ryus drove the most remarkable race of his career.

J. L. Smiley, a prominent motorist of Oakland, has just completed a tour in his Thomas touring car. For the benefit of prospective tourists, Smiley has given the following description of the roads over which he toured: Tahoe City to Truckee, fourteen miles, level, good; Truckee and Sierraville, good, rolling; Sierraville to Quincy, dusty, desert, good; Quincy to Oroville, stiff, hilly, rough, fair; Oroville to Marysville, fair.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Mendenhall were the hosts for an Oldsmobile trip to San Jose last Sunday. The guests were Miss Elizabeth Mendenhall, Miss Eveline Parsons, Mr. Humphry and Edward Bullis.

Mr. H. P. Frear, naval designer at the Union Iron Works, returned this week from a five-days' jaunt to the high Sierras in his two-cylinder Buick touring car. He was accompanied by his family and drove to Tahoe and as far east as Reno, Nevada. He covered a distance of 550 miles during a five days' absence from his home at Burlingame.

The performance of a forty horse-power Buick touring car in the Lowell, Mass., road race, over a distance of 254.4 miles, on September 7th, proved a veritable surprise. The Buick was the smallest car of the seven starters, the remaining entries ranging from 50 to 65 h. p. The race was run over a course, the laps of which were 10.6 miles. Burman, the driver of the Buick, made the fastest lap of the race in the ninth circuit of the course, when his speed averaged 54.8 miles per hour. He finished second, being beaten only by the 65 h. p. Isotta driven by Strang.

Ed. Christensen, a local lumber importer, started with a party of friends on Friday in his 40 h. p. Buick touring car for a tour to the Pacific Northwest, which will occupy several weeks. The objective point of his trip is Seattle. A visit to Spokane is planned before the return trip is undertaken.

J. C. Pedersen, a business man of Santa Rosa, has returned to his home after a pleasant visit with his family at Bartlett Springs. The entire journey from Santa Rosa to Bartlett Springs was accomplished without trouble in Mr. Pedersen's 30 h. p. Buick touring car.



"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes"

MURINE EYE REMEDY

A Favorite Toilet Accessory

Restores Normal Conditions and Natural Brilliancy to a Tired and Faded Eye

Of Value in the Home as an Eye Tonic

A Panacea for Weak, Red, Inflamed, and Itching Eyes and Eyelids

After a "record breaker" in your Touring Car

Murine is an Eye Insurance

Strong Winds, Dust and Reflected Sunlight cause Irritation, Granulation and Ulceration. Murine soothes and quickly cures.

Murine Eye Salve (Unguentum Hydro-Murine) used with Murine Restores Failing Eye-Lashes and Promotes their Luxuriant Growth. Prevents and removes Scales, Cysts, Styes and Ulcers from Edges of Lids.

BANENE, An Internal Treatment

Stimulates the Circulation in the Blood Supply which Nourishes the Eye. Aids those Wearing Glasses.

Prepared in the Laboratory of the

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Hotel Westminster

Los Angeles, Cal.

Fourth and Main Sts.

American Plan, Reopened

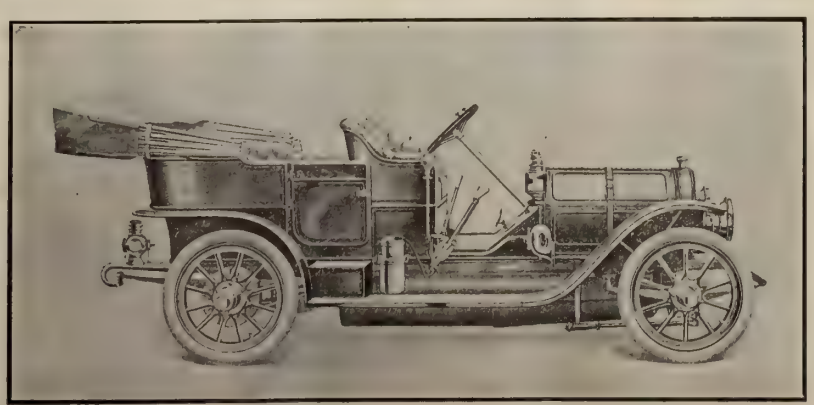
Rates per Day **$2.50** Rooms without Bath

Rooms with Bath **$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00**

European Plan

$1.00 per day and up, with bath $1.50 and up

F. O. JOHNSON - - Proprietor



POPE-HARTFORD MODEL S, $2750.

A Spy

(Continued from Page 8.)

ing closer, very softly, she saw that the fishing pole was lying on the grass, and Hans had a board on his knees which he used when making designs for the machinery. He was drawing and seemed to absorbed in his work. Then Violette risked one step, then two. A twig broke, but he did not move, for he heard nothing. Then when she was near enough, with one bound she leapt upon him, threw her arms about her lover's neck and covered his face with kisses. He pushed her back with a fearful German oath. Even when he recognized her his anger was not altogether appeased. Indignantly she drew back.

"What is it so magnificent that you are drawing that you do not want me to look at the picture?"

"Nothing." He picked up the drawing-board upon which there was fastened a sheet of white paper. He tried to hide it but he was not so quick but what Violette saw that it was a map of the valley and an exact plan of the fort. Red lines had been drawn from various parts of the fort to the highest tops at the neighboring hills. Like a flash she understood.

"Spy! You a syp! You!"

He turned deadly pale and staggered to his feet. The perspiration ran down his forehead. The expression of scorn in the girl's voice struck him like a whip lash. Suddenly he stopped, took the drawing from the board and tore it into bits. Then he turned to her and said:

"No, Violette—I swear to you—that I am not that—I am not that. Listen—listen——"

But she was suffocating. She withdrew quickly the hand he tried to take.

"Listen! I did not want to do that—But—How can I explain it to you?"

And then in a confused way he tried to tell her in his mixed language of French and German that he had come there for the purpose of drawing a piece of machinery. But the beauty of the landscape had tempted him; then he had made the plan. He remembered the fears of the foreman in regard to possible complications between the two countries and instinctively he had made some calculations and plans, for he was an artilleryman in a Prussian regiment. The red lines marked the directions in which shell could be sent into the fort most effectively. He was embarrassed, and dared not look her in the face.

"Spy! Spy! You, a Socialist!" murmured Violette. "Spy, you, a workingman!"

He defended himself with the persistency of despair. He pleaded passionately, the tears running down his cheeks.

"It wasn't I who did it. It was another. A man who is my master and whom I must obey. There was another thought probably, the memory of my father who died at the battle of Gravelotte while attacking your people, for I belong, after all, to that warlike race of Germans who in olden times destroyed the legions of the Latins. Whatever my heart may desire, whatever may be the wish of my whole soul, I am a slave to the past, I am the slave of my ancestors. It is they who, by my hand, betrayed your hospitality, my own poor love, for I could not resist the temptation of betraying your confidence—no, I could not do it."

She turned to a tree and placing her arms against it hid her face, that he might not see her suffering. When she looked up Hans had gone.

Violette went back to her uncle's house, mute, stunned, terrified. The following day the German workmen left the factory under pretext of a strike. And as they went up the hill toward the east no songs cheered their departure. The girls at the looms were very quiet.

They had no hope now but in the marvelous land they could see through the large windows, and the forest of green and gold, in the valley that was like an emerald.

A Starting New Bath

The very latest thing in Paris is the lemonade bath. It is supposed to be cooling, refreshing and beneficial. A pretty Parisian actress has instituted the fashion of letting her friends see her take her lemonade plunge. In a charming Directoire bathing dress, with her hair tied up in yellow ribbons, she sat and received her guests in a white tub draped with yellow and filled with lemonade, with pieces of lemon peel floating about on the surface. A glass of iced lemonade was given to each guest, and for those who would join in the novelty lemonade baths were arranged and Directoire bathing dresses provided. It is scarcely likely that this form of the bath will ever become really popular, but as an advertising scheme for a young actress it is certainly far better than lost jewels, and the actress who conceived the idea is much talked of as the inventor of an original scheme of entertainment.

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SAN FRANCISCO

O.L.847

Letters

New Novel by Maurice Hewlett

In "Halfway House" Maurice Hewlett has taken a new departure and given us a novel of contemporaneous English life. It is likewise the chronicle of a May and December marriage and the almost inevitable disillusionment of the parties most concerned, though had the discrepancies of years and station been less. one could hardly expect a happier conclusion from such a hasty wooing. John Germain was fifty-five, a landed gentleman and a scholar. Moreover, he was a widower whose first marriage had been anything but an ideal one and whose wife had led him through thorny paths before she finally broke her neck on the hunting field. His second choice fell upon a nursery governess, middle class and poor, whom he saw and idealized at a school fete in his brother's parish. Mary Middleham was twenty-four, quiet and eternally feminine. From almost her infancy she had had her "affairs," and even at the time when the elderly John Germain put his heart into her keeping, she was juggling with three or four swains. The breathlessness with which an English wooing proceeds is almost a matter of amazement. Within a week from the moment when the elderly aspirant first beheld Miss Middleham he had proposed and been accepted. Possibly the outcome might have been better in this case had John Germain had fewer relatives. As it is, there is a sister-in-law to reckon with, and she distinctly did not like Mary Middleham. She made no attempt to disguise her feelings, and it was owing to her deft and seemingly unintentional interference that matters shaped themselves so badly. The villain in the piece was Tristram Duplessis, one of those insufferable characters to whom women seem to gravitate as moths to a candle flame. Duplessis was a cousin of Mrs. James Germain and naturally, in her eyes, a superior personage. With Mary Middleham he played, after the manner of his kind, and Mary was nothing loth. That he should have thought seriously of her was not to be dreamed, but Mary was in her way, flattered and fascinated by his attentions. The relations between Mary and her elderly husband assumed immediately rather those of father and daughter or guardain and ward than those of husband and wife. A little more openness in the beginning, from both, might have set matters right, but John Germain's first matrimonial experience had not been such as to inspire him with confidence, and Mary, like most of her sex, was given to evasions and half-confidences. In due course of time Duplessis again appeared on the scene, and Mrs. Germain being now in his own class, proceeded to resume his flirtation where it had been interrupted. John Germain, having long schooled himself to concealment and repression, was assumed to be blind to what was going on. He providentially died in time to prevent an open scandal, but the provisions of his will showed that he had had from the first his apprehensions. Meanwhile there is in the background another person yet to be reckoned with. John Senhouse is decidedly an original conception, for while he repudiates most of the traditions and accepted usages and prefers to travel about the country with a horse and cart, painting a little, writing an occasional article for the periodicals, tinkering and doing odd jobs at primitive handicraft, he is yet neither socialist nor anarchist. His hobby is the propagation of plants, and his design is to turn every wild spot into a garden. He appears to be a sort of natural father confessor to whom all turn with their consciences and confidences, and shallow, flirtatious Mary Middleham among the rest. Senhouse must needs fall in love with her on sight too. He is the "halfway house" offered her as a choice between going forward with the elderly husband John Germain or turning back to the toying with Duplessis. Fortunately Germain died in the nick of time to simplify the choice, for one cannot feel any great confidence in the settled resolution of a woman of her make. Neither can one expect her to be long contented with Senhouse, even with the delightful prospect of five years of plant hunting and propagating in the Caucasus and the Black Forest. Perhaps Mr. Hewlett too expects nothing more than that it will prove for her but a halfway halt on her way toward the next adventure. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ohio Village Folks

"Folks Back Home" is a companion volume to "Back Home," and is devoted to the description of odd characters and incidents in a central Ohio village of other days. While there are some who affect to see in Eugene Wood's sketches only criticism and ill-natured jibes, the majority of readers who are less thin skinned and more genial, will enjoy "The Makin's of Abel Horn," and "M'ree Hutchins' Husband." If there is anything funnier than Mrs. Biddle's disciplining of her Augustus it has not yet been found in print, and there are love stories galore, grave and gay, besides some heart-breaking tragedies. Some few of the sketches have appeared in the magazines, but the majority are new in the present form. For those who can enjoy and appreciate it, "Folks Back Home" will prove interesting whether as a novelty or as awakening reminiscences of their own experiences. For those who are disposed to find fault with every word not laudatory of the good old times, one can but say they will be losing a pleasure they might have participated in by not reading it in the proper spirit. It is one of the books to be kept in mind when making lists of good things to be given away. Published by the McClure Company.

Gertrude Atherton's Latest

Gertrude Atherton has kilted up her skirts and hied her to London, where she is making arrangements for the publication of her latest novel, just completed in Munich. Mrs. Atherton is again flirting with the wraith of Alexander Hamilton, whom she all but deified in her "Conqueror." About three years ago Mrs. Atherton was quoted by a newspaper correspondent as designing a companion work which should deal just as intimately with Aaron Burr, against whom she denied having any prejudice whatever. To her he and Hamilton alike were but literary material ready to her hand. There are a good many readers who have been awaiting that volume with more interest than they usually display and wondering whether the scheme has been abandoned or only deferred. It is certain, how-



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ever, that if ever the Burr book materializes, its predecessor, "The Conqueror," will enjoy a new boom.

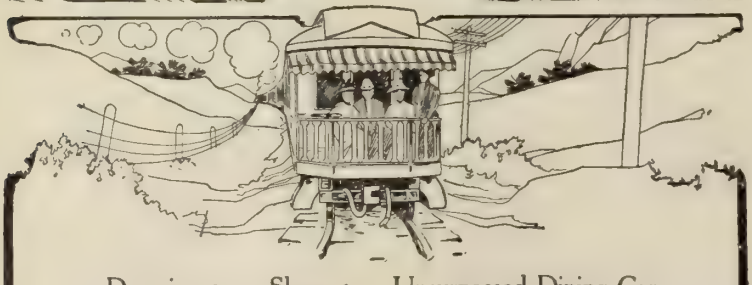
Scott's Narrow Escape

The coming celebration of the birthday of Sir Walter Scott makes it a befitting time to remind the world of the narrow escape it had from never having known him at all. When the future great novelist was a tiny infant he was left in charge of a maid at Sandy Knowe, but the girl had a lover in Edinburgh, and she was anxious to join him there, and she regarded her charge as an obstacle to be removed. She afterward confessed that she carried Baby Scott up to the Craigs, under a strong temptation of the devil, as she expressed it, intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him under the moss.

"Vera, the Medium"

It is reported that the inability of the literary critic to understand and appreciate the character of "Captain Macklin" is the reason why Richard Harding Davis has forsaken his old-time heroes and given his attention to play-writing, with the ever-present necessity for providing a happy ending. It is six years since "Captain Macklin" appeared, and now we have "Vera, the Medium." "Vera" is only a longish short story, the whole action being crowded into one day. It introduces us to an atmosphere into which we have already penetrated at greater length, led by Gellett Burgess in "The Heart Line," and it is worthy of remark that while these two authors have been exposing the shady ways of the spook manipulators, their brother novelist, Hamlin Garland, is working just as industriously and earnestly for the other side. It is a sordid drama, this in which Vera holds the center of the stage, a senile old millionaire on his death bed, surrounded by harpies intent on grasping his wealth ere the dead hand relaxes its grip. The basis of Stephen Halliwell's fortune was a patent owned by his brother-in-law, but placed on the market through his capital. No sooner was the inventor dead than the living Halliwell proceeded to defraud the widow and daughter of their rights, and now in turn he is himself the victim of a gang of conspirators, headed by his trusted friend and legal advisor. The object of the conspiracy is to persuade Halliwell to sign a will he has had drawn in which he leaves his fortune to an institute which is to perpetuate his name, the trustees of course to be the conspirators who will feather their nests abundantly. Meanwhile there is a niece who threatens suit for an accounting of her father's estate, and who is likely to contest any such disposition. Halliwell is most anxious to "make his peace," and being virtually convinced of the reality of spiritual communications, insists on a seance being held in his rooms and a materialization of his dead sister, whom he must see and question. It is Vera, who, with the assistance of the guardian-partner Vance, is to carry out the deception. Vera, we are to believe, is not only transcendently beautiful, but honest and admirable in every other respect. She comes from a family which, for generations, has dealt in spookery and to her it is only a method of making a living. She sees nothing objectionable about it and probably never would were it not for an exceedingly youthful and impetuous District Attorney who becomes unofficially mixed up in the case. As it is her slumbering conscience is awakened and the conspirators are foiled. There is a whirlwind wooing, but it is against all human probability that Vera and Winthrop will pass a conventionally happy future. Though Helen Coates, the niece, is undoubtedly being victimized, nevertheless she does not gain the sympathy of readers who involuntarily contrast her with Vera, greatly to her disadvantage. Even the slatternly, showy Mabel, credulous wife of the fakir Vance, is more to our liking. In truth, if Mr. Davis meant to heap contumely on the traffickers with the other world he has left them in hardly worse case than the learned professions of law and medicine. "Vera the Medium" is a good story, taking its limits into consideration it is a very good one, but it is not so good as Richard Harding Davis has given us the right to expect from his practiced pen. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANK WARDEN, Deceased

Thomas Wood, the executor of the estate of Frank Warden, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 12th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Thomas Wood, executor of the estate of Frank Warden, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 10th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN A. HALPIN,
Attorney for Executor,
Dean Bldg., 966 Market St.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANCESCO DESIRELLO, Deceased.

J. G. Parodi the administrator of the estate of Francesco Desirello, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 20th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said J. G. Parodi, administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 16th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JAS. C. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
912-916 Call Building.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

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PAPER

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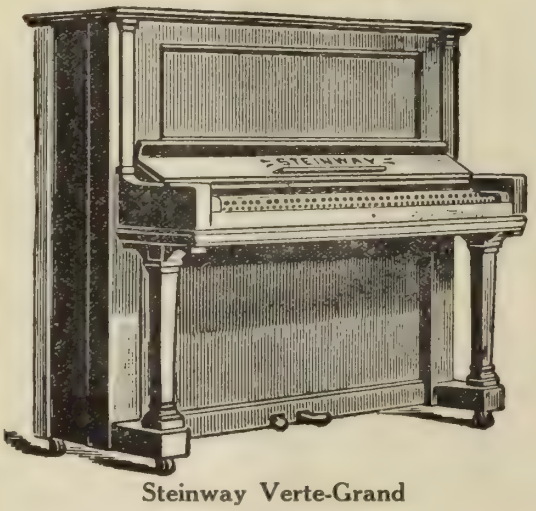
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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, October 3, 1908. No. 840.



YOSEMITE FALLS

From a recent photograph taken in the heart of the Valley which is now clothed in itt most beautiful raiment.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Without Benefit of Clergy

Politics makes cowards of them all. If Mr. Hearst had preferred his charges against the leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties at any other time than this, they would have been "treated with the contempt they deserve." The most that would have been answered to Mr. Hearst would have involved a demand for his proofs; and whether these proofs were thereafter forthcoming or not, the incident would have been definitely "closed" as far as the accused might be concerned. It is possible that in the case of Senator Foraker a "verdict" of guilty would have been rendered by the Mighty One in the White House, for that prejudice knows no brother; but if Mr. Taft were not a candidate for the Presidency it is very likely that he would go on his smiling, genial way, hoping for Foraker support in any future ambition that might arise, personally content to let bygones be bygones and disallowing for himself any interest in the quarrel between the Czar of Ohio and the Emperor of all the Americas, pro tem. If Governor Haskell had been accused by Mr. Hearst at any other time than this of treason to the State by reason of his criminal connection with the Standard Oil corporation, Mr. Bryan would have refused to throw his friend to the lions. Those who are being butchered to make a Hearst holiday are the victims of circumstance. Their kismet is in the conjunction of the political stars of the republic. It has been discovered in the casting of the horoscope that Saturn was in the ascendant in the house of Calamity at their birth. It was a cowardly necessity. The confidence of the Taft managers that was so buoyant in the morning collapsed and withered at eventide; the hope that sprang so high in the human breasts of the Bryan councillors when jocund day stood tiptoe on the mountain top came down with a dull, sickening thud when the gray gloaming, like a hooded nun, stole into the thickening shadows of night. Politicians, like children are afraid of the dark; and like the superstitious aborigines they fear the unknown and the unknowable. These politicians didn't know what else Hearst had up his sleeve, and they resolved to take no chances. And when the Olympian who abides temporarily in the White House loosed the thunder of his Jovian wrath they were more scared than ever. It was indeed time to lighten ship. Overboard with this cumbrous flotsam; into the mighty deep with this horrible jetsam. The gods are angry and destruction awaits those upon whom the divine wrath shall descend. There is but one Roosevelt and Hearst is his Prophet. Bismillah! Allah abkar; la ilah illa ilah! There is panic terror in both camps and the cry is "Save himself who can!"

Their Heads are Safe

Fortunately the bearers of the party sanjaks are safe from the anathemas of President Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst. Neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Bryan could afford to obey the behest of the Marat or the thunderous command of Danton. It is a reign of terror, to be sure; but there are two heads that may not be meat for the bloody maw of the guillotine. The tumbrils may bear their loads to the place where the journalists sit knitting in the sun; there will be no Bryan in the bunch, no Taft to smile forgiveness upon the mocking mob. Against these leaders the shafts of Hearst hurtle harmless and the brotherless spear of Roosevelt finds no lodgment. But all others must walk the plank. Be they pure as snow and chaste as ice, they shall not escape Hearst; be they as far above reproach and suspicion as Caesar would have had his wife, they shall not get out of sight of Roosevelt's all-seeing eye.

As Seen in a White Light

The most that we can say conscientiously to the credit of Mr. Hearst is that he he has done more than stimulate interest in the sordid squabble over political honors and emoluments. He has induced certain eminent citizens to expose themselves in a white light to the populace, and their nakedness is instructive if not edifying. We now see that so far as personal character is concerned there is not a great difference between the two leading candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people. The consciousness of this fact ought to be and doubtless is mortifying to our conceit. It is humiliating to realize that the next President of the United States is bound to be either a humbug or a hypocrite or a compound of both, but apparently there is no solace available except in the hope that the responsibilities and dignity of the office will have a refining and ennobling influence on the occupant. This is not a vain hope, though it may seem so in view of current experience. But Mr. Roosevelt is peculiar. In him there are vulgar traits which education has failed to polish. The old Adam in Teddy is a very ugly personage. Lodged in a bodily frame of surpassing vigor, roused by vehement appetites and sensitive to all the passions by which men are roused for offensive and defensive warfare against their fellows, he takes a childish delight in the perverted use of his power, and displays it as ostentatiously as one of the half-witted boys who were raised to the purple in the evil days of the Roman empire. Mr. Taft differs from Mr. Roosevelt in that his inclinations are generally fit and feasible to follow, but unfortunately in the stress and heat of this campaign he has been following the inclinations of his mentor, and the result is not gratifying to lovers of moral worth or to those who hate petty subterfuges and the mean artifices and deceptions of the practical politician.

Taft's Magnanimity

The Hon. William Taft, to whom we pledged our support in the early days of this campaign, has been considerably lowered in our esteem in consequence of the attitude which he and his managers assumed toward Senator Foraker immediately after and by reason of the disclosures made by Mr. Hearst. In our opinion it is impossible for any sophistry to counfound the modes of viewing Mr. Taft's conduct. That he sought to advantage himself at Mr. Foraker's expense by an artful and ostentatious display of magnanimity while secretly conniving at the calumniation of the victim of Mr. Hearst's partisan assault, can hardly be doubted. As Mr. Foraker had announced his willingness to stake his political future on the explanation that he would make of his relations with the Standard Oil Company, the decent thing for Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt to do was to wait and listen candidly to what the accused had to say. Now what did Mr. Taft do? He gave expression to this sentiment for promulgation for campaign purposes: "If it would win me every vote in the United States I cannot hit Foraker when he is down." According to a New York critic what

Mr. Taft really meant to say was this: "If it would win me every vote in the United States I cannot hit Mr. Foraker by advertising him as down until I really know that he is down." If Mr. Taft prefers the amendment he is welcome to it, but in view of his acquiescence in Mr. Roosevelt's attack on Senator Foraker we think he will have some difficulty in vindicating his magnanimity. Mr. Roosevelt joyously assumed that Foraker was down and out. He was probably exalted to the seventh heaven of delight on witnessing the spectacle of his old enemy struggling beneath a load of calumny. In a moment of ecstasy he pointed the finger of scorn at Foraker and in one of those characteristic ebullitions of his wrath, through which are always to be seen the movements of his puerile vanity, he proceeded to scourge the Ohio statesman in the enthusiastic spirit of a flagellant taming his own rebellious flesh. Never was there an instance in which vanity or spleen was more short-sighted. For whatever may be thought of Senator Foraker's clear, concise and forceful statement in vindication of his own conduct, none but ardent, myopic partisans and bigoted plutophobes will fail to apprehend the rank impropriety of President Roosevelt's precipitous effort to revenge himself on the hero of the Brownsville controversy.

Terrible Teddy's Revenge

Mr. Taft, as it appears to us, while advertising the magnanimity of his nature as exemplified in his attitude of forbearance toward Senator Foraker, connived at an indecent assault on that gentleman. If we are mistaken in this view Mr. Roosevelt is to blame. Immediately after the arraignment of Senator Foraker on the strength of letters which came into Mr. Hearst's possession in a way which he does not care to discuss, the gentleman occupying the exalted position of President of the United States, with an illiberality of sentiment which disqualifies him from being just, seized upon the incident as a pretext for vociferously celebrating the virtues of his ward and heir. It is perhaps unnecessary, as well as aside from the purpose, to point to this obtrusion as evidence of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt lacks what Dryden tells us is the dividing line between wise men and fools. We assume that the readers of Town Talk are among the reasoning mortals scattered here and there, who, unaffected by the nimbus that enchants the general eye, are not disposed merely because Mr. Roosevelt is President, to square his aberrations with standards of right behaviour. In adjudging Mr. Foraker guilty without hearing him in his own defense the President of the United States was guilty of a shameful violation of one of the most sacred principles of our government, yet in so doing he was absolutely consistent with the line of conduct which he has pursued for four years and by which he has won the applause and approbation of his countrymen. But the impropriety of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct in thus backing up a cruel partisan assault on a statesman hitherto presumed to be of unimpeachable character is not what we wish to discuss at this time, but rather the complicity therein of a candidate for President. Assuming Mr. Foraker to be guilty of improper relations with the Standard Oil Company Mr. Roosevelt called attention to the fact that the Ohio Senator had persistently opposed the policies of the Administration. He further assumed that the letters read by Mr. Hearst proved that Senator Foraker's opposition was dishonest and he asserted that Mr. Taft's hostility to Foraker in Ohio politics was due to the suspicion of an unholy alliance between the Senator and the Standard Oil Company. Then to vindicate Mr. Taft's freedom from sinister influence and his loyalty to principle he published a letter purporting to have been written by his protege to some unknown individual on the eve of the Chicago convention. From this letter it appears that it was written in answer to a letter suggesting a compromise in Ohio politics between Taft and Foraker, whereby each should withdraw opposition to the other. Mr. Taft is represented as having rejected the proposition with scorn and with having affirmed his eternal loyalty to the principles of the tutelary deity of Oyster Bay. This whole transaction is as bereft of convincing details as a sensation contrived by Detective Burns to influence a jury. Furthermore it is as tawdry in its theatrical equipment as a Belasco melodrama. Even though it could be shown that Mr. Taft's correspondent had been authorized to make the rejected proposition we should be inclined to question the motive with which the correspondence was inspired, for we know that Mr. Taft, with all the machinery of the Administration behind him, was not seriously alarmed at the hostility of Mr. Foraker. Moreover, we are perfectly familiar with the time-worn trick (quite as antiquated as the shell and pea game) of employing a dummy correspondent as a medium of airing views for the edification of the public. It was bad enough for the President of the United States to employ such an expedient, but he made matters worse when, apparently unconscious of his own depravity, he told us that he published Mr. Taft's letter without Mr. Taft's permission. We know that Mr. Roosevelt is a man actuated by no principle or process of reasoning; that he is controlled by passion and pique; we know that he has done some pretty tough things in his time, but we must with all due deference decline to believe that as the custodian of Mr. Taft's private letters he would dare to publish any one of them without that gentleman's permission. If we were inclined to accept Mr. Roosevelt's word in this instance it would be reasonable to charge us with ranking him as a moral pervert along with the man who stole the Archbold-Foraker letters from the Standard Oil Company. We know that Mr. Roosevelt knowingly quoted a stolen letter in one of his messages to the Congress of the United States; and of course we know that he sentenced Senator Foraker to dishonor before the completion of the process of weighing against a definitely formulated accusation a full and deliberately prepared reply, but still we are of the opinion that in accusing himself of publishing Mr. Taft's letter without the latter's permission he spoke as a member of the Ananias club.

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Foraker's Services

At the time President Roosevelt joined in the assault on Senator Foraker the Ohio statesman was entitled to a suspension of judgment until the last word of his defense had been uttered. He has spoken, but we doubt that he has been given an attentive hearing. In these days so far as those statesmen are concerned whose resistance of innovations on the principles of government has caused them to be designated the tools of the plutocracy, few persons are sifting facts with scrupulous integrity. Besides, a serene calmness of insight is incompatible with the intensity of feeling which prevails during a political campaign. By many Senator Foraker will be adjudged guilty on the ipse dixit of President Roosevelt. Only here and there are men who have kept in touch with controversies and contests at Washington and who know of the circumstances in which Senator Foraker wounded the pride and excited the hatred of the autocrat of the White Houes. The few that are familiar with Senator Foraker's record, that know of the luminous criticism and opposition which he has brought to bear on the hasty and absurd projects of law emanating from the White House; and especially those that know all the facts of the Brownsville controversy, and of the humiliation which Senator Foraker put upon the President by insisting on justice, even to black men—the few that are in possession of all this information will not be deceived by the imputations purporting to be inspired by a well-founded suspicion of dishonesty. If Senator Foraker has not performed his duties with conscientious independence he has at least been loyal to the Constitution and he has maintained the legal and traditional American respect for the rights of property. If he has not fallen down and worshiped the Brazen Calf of the White House, it is at least to his credit that he tried to avert many of the evils which President Roosevelt brought upon the country. Doutless it was by Standard Oil officials that his attention was called to some of the dangerous propositions advanced by Mr. Roosevelt, for those officials are naturally eager to prevent widespread industrial disturbances, but when Standard Oil officials avail themselves of the right of every citizen to enlist the services of a Senator in opposition to demagogic measures the assumption is not imperative that the deal is tinctured with corruption. And at all events the evidence against Senator Foraker is far less convincing than the documentary proofs of Mr. Roosevelt's invitation to the practical man Mr. Harriman to assist in the preparation of a message to Congress at a time when a large sum of money was needed for campaign purposes.

A Versatile Mayor

We had almost forgotten that Mayor Taylor is learned in the law. Most of us think of him as a poet and the translator of poets. We were recalled, however, with somewhat abrupt emphasis from our loftier contemplation of the first citizen of San Francisco, by announcements in the daily newspapers to the effect that Mayor Taylor has been looking up the law and the precedent in the matter of the right of the United Railroads to a franchise on lower Market street, and also that he has passed upon the validity of the city's stipulation with Secretary Garfield in regard to the water rights under Government control in the Hetch Hetchy valley. Our honorable and worthy Mayor is indeed a versatile citizen; what he knows he seems to know thoroughly; and what he does he does with neatness and dispatch. We have no fault to find with him as a municipal executive; we are willing to grant that his interpretation of the law from his viewpoint is better than could be expected from a mere layman; and we acknowledge without reservation that his poetry is more than average—which is saying much for his talent in an age when poets are so plentiful, so prolific and so mediocre. Personally we are at variance with Mayor Taylor in his opinion concerning the rights of the United Railroads and the status of the city's interest in Hetch Hetchy; but that difference need not worry the Mayor, for we are all liable to err in such matters; we are as human in this regard as Mayor Taylor; we may be wrong and we may be right, and only the Supreme Court can decide between us—a decision that may be reversed by the same court in the next similar case presented for their judgment. Nobody is infallible in the law except Judge Lawlor, and even Judge Lawlor has his limitations as he will himself admit if you mention the Appellate Court to him. Personally we would rather discuss Mayor Taylor's poetry than his opinions and decisions on legal matters, however much we may respect those opinions and decisions. We are more at home in poetry than we are in the law; we only know when a lawyer is wrong. We not only know when a poet is off his metre but we know when he is saddle-tight on Pegasus. We would rather discuss Mayor Taylor's poetry than traverse his opinion on a matter of legal import. Poetry is an exact science; the law is itself unto itself; poetry can be judged by well-defined canons and measured by laws from which there can be no appeal; the law is a libertine; poetry is a vestal virgin; the law gets on our nerves; poetry soothes our savage breast. Any Dogberry may know the law, go to; only the illuminati may be poets or appreciate poetry. We will wager that Mayor Taylor knows himself a better poet than lawyer; and we will also wager that most people think he is a better lawyer.

The Girl, the Duke and the King

After much bickering and persuasion (coupled with some little sniffling and sneering, so 'tis said) Victor Emanuel, king of divine right and good fortune over all the Italians, has granted permission to the Duke d'Abruzzi to marry Miss Katherine Elkins of West Virginia. The royal consent was only gained, however, after d'Abruzzi had advised his royal cousin that the wedding would probably take place whether he liked it or not, the royal endorsement being only a small part of the program. King Victor hemmed and hawed and gave out extensive interviews to the newspapers, tending to show that Italy was not in need of America's millions; but in the end consented to be won over by his cousin's eloqeunce, and, with a regal wave of his kingly hand, bade the ceremony "go on." Blaine Elkins, the jolly young brother of the future duchess, almost spoiled d'Abruzzi's scheme of annexation by permitting himself to appear on the business end of a breach of promise suit just at the psychological moment. Imagine the duke's consternation when, in the midst of an harangue in defense of his fiancee the whole neighborhood resounded with cries of "Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about younga da Elkins sued by da actress!" Of course Elkins, Jr., declares that it is a mistake and that he never, never promised to marry

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Miss Lonsdale at all. Of course, too, he will eventually be able to propitiate the dainty soubrette with a sum considerably lower than the $100,000 which she has asked for. So there is really no danger of her being added to the already large family of Elkins, and thus exposing Italian royalty to the dangers of the billboards and footlights. "Still, ————;" said King Victor, ominously. Here d'Abruzzi regained his composure and whispered something into the kingly ear which was not for publication. Possibly it was a reminiscence, suggestive of other footlight favorites who were not so—oh, well, that is another story. Suffice it to say that the king relented and Miss Elkins will be married with the royal consent. Rumor tells us that the wedding is a love match, pure and simple. To prove the contention rumor points to d'Abruzzi's income (which to say the least is unparalleled in the record of Anglo-European alliances) and to the difficulties which have beset the young couple ever since their courtship began. Neither America nor Italy is wildly enthusiastic over the prospects of the match. America has had too many bitter experiences with royalty, while royalty retorts with a wild wail over its lost prestige. Miss Elkins is one of the most popular heiresses in the diplomatic set at Washington; d'Abruzzi is as well liked as any nobleman can be in a land where nobility is at a discount. Each has been urged to "stay on your own side of the fence," and patronize home industry. Ah, well, why argue about it? Cash and coronet will ever be drawn one to the other, it seems—attracted by that imperceptible something which makes for romance in this matter-of-fact old world. The duke could not avoid his ancestry any more than Miss Elkins could her millions. Probably he is not a Yarmouth nor a Castellane, and probably his affection for Miss Elkins may be as disinterested as Darbey's for Joan. At least, now that the wedding is assured, let us hope so.

Perspective Impressions

Says Bryan to Teddy, I have proposed more radical measures than you have." Says Teddy to William, "You're a liar." And there you are.

Mr. Michael Casey having failed to deliver the goods is now persona non grata to the reformers and they have suddenly discovered that he is not the finest street superintendent on earth.

Senator Gore says he thinks it is "beneath the dignity of the President of the United States to try to make Haskell or any other individual the issue of this campaign." Tut, tut! see who's President! And incidentally don't question his sentiments or you'll be charged with being a crook. Moreover, the intelligent, enlightened people of the United States will know that you're a crook.

Mr. Connolly, an ex-prosecuting attorney of Butte, who is now writing for a living, has been criticizing the courts of the country in Collier's Weekly, much to the delight of the Spreckels-Phelan organs. Which reminds us that the only men who know any law nowadays are not working at it. Boke, Kerr and Connolly—an invincible trio.

Henry Ach was called a liar by Francis Heney the other day, whereupon Judge Lawlor reprimanded Mr. Ach for causing Mr. Heney to lose his temper. Tampering with Heney is a crime against the dignity of the court.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels says that he has quit the racing game because of the prominence of the betting feature. It took Mr. Spreckels fifteen years to discover the odiousness of this feature, but it should be remembered that it was only last season that his attention was called to the fact that a professional reformer with a racing stable is not a very convincing personality. Mr. Spreckels's inclinations are not consistent with his professions, but he has resolved to keep up appearances.

The question, "Shall the people rule?" appears to have been lost in the shuffle. Judging from the general character of this campaign, distinguished as it is for moral cowardice and made spectacular by a Chief Magistrate engaged in practicing the shabbiest tricks of the unscrupulous politician, it may not be amiss to suggest that we are rapidly approaching the inevitable crisis when the question, "Should the people rule?" will be up for solution, with the disgusted populace quite ready to answer in the negative.



THE BLESSINGS OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY
"Funny how doggone pop'lar a feller gits about every four years."
—Brinkerhoff in the Cleveland Leader.



WHICH?
Real Medicine or Sugar and Water
—Porter in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Drama on the Dissecting Table

By Stuart Jansen

Critics on stage conditions the world over are exercised just now over the moribund condition of the drama. European writers see ahead only a period of floundering amid wreckage. In America alone a few young dramatists are confident they discern beacon lights ahead and take an optimistic view of the situation. That the subject is being considered widely and deeply is evidenced by the many articles from eminent critics now being published in the best periodicals at home and abroad. Not only is the play itself on the table, but the learned doctors, scalpel in hand, are dissecting it with a view to discovering the fundamentals of success in order to stimulate those aenemic centers. Accordingly the author, the actor, the stage manager, the stage carpenter and the producer, nay, even the regulation theatre-goer, is each in turn passing unconsciously under the hands of the vivisectionist and the result is somewhat surprising. The surprise lies in the comments volunteered by these learned men and not in the fact that they do not agree.

One need seek no further than the cablegrams in the daily press to get an inkling of the unsettled and drifting condition of the drama. In France, where the ambitious playwrights of other lands have gone for so long to study technique, the stage is reported to be invaded by Bernard Shaw and a line of "unpleasant plays" that have upset the old standards and brought about a Babel of discussion, indicating that for the time being the blazed way is lost. Germany's dramatic centre is in turmoil over the modern movement, headed by Frank Wedekind, an actor, poet and playwright much admired by Bernard Shaw. Wedekind is anything but a nature fakir. One of his latest plays, "Spring's Awakening," is to be produced in New York shortly and critics declare that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is angel food compared with it. Wedekind is at once called an ape and a prophet. Berlin has repudiated some of his performances which leave the ordinary mortal in doubt whether he purposes eternal problems or merely scoffs at the credulity of his audience. His plays at once provoke surprise, admiration, indignation, sneers and laughter. Appeals have been made to the courts to choke him off. It is admitted that his influence is growing not only in his own country but abroad. Today he is the dominant figure in the drama of Germany. "If," says one critic, "he often offends good morals, if he blasphemes God and emperors and kings, if he drags disreputable characters upon the stage and exposes to laughter the human weaknesses of respectable ladies and gentlemen, his motive is not meanness or malice, but an irrepressible love of truth and an overflowing knowledge of the ultimate secrets of the soul, in the revelation of which he is no more merciful to himself than to others."

In Russia the defeat of the Revolutionary movement is said to have resulted in a state of chaos in which the old lines of literary and dramatic endeavor have been engulfed. Cut off from the possibility of living for lofty ideals the great mass of disappointed young writers have rushed to the other extreme and are seeking to stifle their moral sense in depicting Saturnalian revels. The worst side of Wedekind is being glorified and sensuality is rampant. The leader of the school now in the saddle is Artzbashev. Under his empire rowdyism is king.

On the English stage the man of the hour is William Somerset Maugham, who has a half dozen plays now running in the London show houses, the record since the heyday of Wilde. His dramatic success has been remarkable and some English critics profess to see in it indubitable proof of the decay of the drama. Year after year Maugham offered his carefully prepared plays to managers and to the public only to be scorned and rejected. Then he carefully studied the situation, deliberately lowered his standards and created plays intended to be merely amusing, and financial success crowned him. At least three of his plays will be produced in New York this season; two of them by such players as Ethel Barrymore and John Drew. Mr. Maugham's views on the situation are naturally interesting. "I must say," he remarked in a recent interview, "I think there is a tremendous amount of nonsense talked about the serious drama. All that high falutin chatter about ideals! A playwright's and a missionary's appear to me to be two distinct and quite separate callings, which should not be permitted to overlap. I cannot understand why a serious play should be held to be pre-eminently greater or more important than a humorous play, a comedy for instance. Nor do I admit for a moment that the former is more difficult to write or demands a consideration peculiar to itself. The author's aim should be to amuse." Mr. Maugham goes on to discountenance the egotistical, self-preening talk of those superior persons who ascribe their failure to an inability or noble disinclination to "write down" to the presumably meaner apprehension of the vast majority of mankind. It is pointed out by other London guides that two prominent English playwrights of our time, Wilde and Shaw, were forced to indulge in clownish intellectual pranks to attract a measure of notice to themselves. Wilde is said to have taken the stage as he found it and so turned out "pot boilers." According to one critic "it is not the least of the crimes of the English theatre at the end of the nineteenth century that it could find nothing to do with a fine talent such as Wilde's save to degrade and waste it."

The late Bronson Howard attributed the present low condition of the drama in this country, as evidenced in the colossal percentage of failures, to the fact that the playwrights were ignoring the public and writing to please themselves. When Percy Mackaye was in this city supervising the initial production of his new play, during the recent Henry Miller engagement, he took occasion to point out a ray of hope in Howard's discovery. "To serve the American public," he said, "the native dramatist must to a certain extent ignore it. He must turn a deaf ear to its demands in so far as those demands are prompted by an unenlightened or a misguided taste. If the public persists in making foolish demands, the fault rests chiefly with the nature of its theatrical education, and the dramatist, remembering this, must not lose faith. Our dramatists," he asserted, "cannot believe too staunchly in the inherent human worth of the public. Indeed it is precisely because they have too long ignored in the public the fine and beautiful instincts which are potential in it, and catered instead to the petty and ignoble instincts which are actual in it, that our dramatists have expressed so little that is of lasting service to the public."

The iconoclasts, or rather the radicals in the American field, hold success to be the final test, the desideratum and in dissecting the means towards this end they tell the dramatist to go way back and sit down. After carefully combing over the situation they pronounce the author the most superfluous person about the theatre. In order to insure success a play must sometimes be written about a pretty face, or a clever comedian's legs, or a happy back set conceived by an inspired stage carpenter. By this school Frohman and Belasco are credited with making the dramatic successes of many playwrights who would have failed ignominiously without a freak cast and stage management in the superb production of their plays.

(Continued on Page 31.)

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The Law of Tiberius

Being a Brief and Cursory Review of the Use and Abuse of Informers and the Spy System Under the Reign of an Infamous and Cruel Despot; and Showing by a Modern Instance That the Processes of Such Prostitution of Persecutions Has Not Materially Altered for the Better in the Course of Two Thousand Years.

By Democritus.

If Judge Lawlor will take down his dusty Tacitus, and put himself in his best judicial state of mind, reading for exemplary edification rather than for historical information, he will find much food for his thought. I address myself to Judge Lawlor in this manner, and not to the other leading protagonists of the graft prosuction, for the following reasons, to wit: (1) The Chief Prosecutor (nominally) has probably never heard of Tacitus; (2) the Real Prosecutor (Mr. Heney) has probably forgotten his Tacitus; and (3) Mr. Spreckels refuses to read Tacitus because that eminent historian approved the slaughter of the Spreckels ancestry by the Roman legions two thousand years ago on the banks of the Elbe and Weser —it is impossible for a Spreckels to mitigate or palliate an hereditory prejudice; or any other prejudice, for that matter.

Judge Lawlor, however, is of quite another sort. The real bent of Judge Lawlor's mind is philosophical; his apparent preference for the material, the obvious and the banal, is entirely the result of his association, his environment, and his affiliation with the kind of politics that Lawlorizes the judiciary. I am sure that when Judge Lawlor was reading his Tacitus with the delight that always accrues from that perusal he unconsciously imbibed a vast amount of the practical philosophy contained in the work of the great historian described by Gibbon as "the first of historians who applied the science of philosophy to the study of facts." I am convinced that although Judge Lawlor has long been unfamiliar with the text of his Tacitus, he has never departed from the precepts which were in that reading impressed on his plastic, receptive, almost supersensitive understaning. This reminder will, I have not the slightest doubt, recall the annalist's moral observation to the effect that few are qualified, by their own reflection, to mark the boundaries between vice and virtue. He will probably remember that the corrollary of this remark was a positive declaration that to separate the useful from that which leads to destruction, is not the talent of every man, and that, therefore, the example of others is the school of wisdom.

The example of Tiberius Caesar as set forth in the Annals of Tacitus is, in my opinion, the school in which Judge Lawlor has acquired much of the wisdom which he so lavishly displays on the bench. Tiberius Caesar is clearly his precedent in one of his most drastic rulings, namely, that the prosecution has the right to inquire into the character, opinions, history and private concerns of any or all citizens drawn to serve as jurymen in cases within the jurisdiction of the court over which he presides. Tiberius, we are told by Tacitus, instituted this legal procedure as one of the basic principles of his tyranny, and it proved, in the end, "the most detestable invention that ever harassed mankind."

Under the Tiberian method of procuring convictions a new trade sprang into existence—the trade of the informer. Detectives were at every man's door, spies dogged the footsteps of the most illustrious citizens, ears were in all the walls of Rome, eyes were peering through every portal. No man's life was safe, the virtue of every woman was at the mercy of a dastardly crew of sneaks and perjurers. Terror pervaded every household. Avarice goaded the son to accuse his father; greed incited the wife to betray her husband; traps were laid, snares were sprung, confidences were violated, hideous tales were invented, perjury was a fine art, and the infamous tide of prosecutions surged to the very doors of Tiberius, whose suspicion and hatred included in its dark and deadly scope even the members of his own family. The minister of all this evil was Sejanus, the emperor's favorite, whose tongue continually poured poison into the too ready ear of his master. And finally even Sejanus succumbed to the policy he had probably suggested; by which he had long prospered.

These informers were allowed one-fourth of the confiscated estates of their victims, and most of them were urged to their damnable practices by the meanest of human desires—avarice. Thus impelled Vibius Serenus accused his father of the same name. They appeared before the Senate. The father had been banished. He was now dragged from his retreat, deformed with filth, and loaded with irons; a spectacle of misery. His son came forward in trim apparel, ease in his mien, and alacrity in his countenance. He charged the old man with a conspiracy against the life of the emperor, with sending emissaries into Gaul to kindle the flame of rebellion; and thus the son in a double character, at once the accuser and the witness. He add that Caecilius Cornutus, of praetorian rank, supplied the accomplices with money. Cornutus, weary of life, and knowing that a prosecution was a prelude to destruction, laid violent hand on himself.

The father cursed his unnatural son in these words: "Restore me, just and vindictive gods, restore me to my place of banishment, far from the sight of men, who suffer such an outrage to humanity. For this parricide, may your vengeance in due time overtake his guilt."

After the condemnation of Serenus, a motion was made in the Senate that as Cornutus had dispatched himself, that whenever the person accused of violated majesty prevented judgment by a voluntary death the informers should be entitled to no reward. The fathers inclined to that opinion; but Tiberius, in plain terms, without his usual ambiguity, showed himself the patrons of the whole race of reformers; and to these words of the gloomiest, most vindicitive of all the murderous emperors of Rome in her worst days, I call the special attention of Judge Lawlor, asking him if on the ruling of Tiberius he has based his own interpretation of the privileges and necessity of informers, detectives, spies, eavesdroppers, delatores mouchaids and sneakcops to shadow talesmen and dog them, with authority to pry into their inmost concerns and their most sacred relations and confidences.

"The course of justice," said Tiberius, "would be stopped, and, by such decision, the commonwealth would be brought to the brink of ruin. It were better to abrogate all laws at once. If we must have laws, let us not remove the vigilance that gives them energy."

In this manner, comments Tacitus, that pernicious crew, the bane and scourge of society, who, in fact, have never been effectually restrained, were now let loose, with the wages of iniquity in view, to harass and destroy their fellow citizens.

When Judge Lawlor has thus refreshed his recollection of these ancient precedents, I advise him to pass the horrible thing along to Prosecutor Heney and Prosecutor Langdon, to Mr. Spreckels, the patron of the prosecutors, and to Detective Burns, the chief of the gang of informers now in the pay of the graft prosecution. I am satisfied that these square-dealing, high-minded, incorruptible, holier-than-the-rest-of-us citizens will swell to ox-like proportions with pride in the thought that they have performed their duty to the commonwealth in a manner befitting the best practices of Roman jurisprudence and with means similar to those most approved by that eminent imperial assassin, Tiberius Claudius Nero Caesar.

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The Gypsy

By Abraham Reisin

Lisa was an ordinary girl. She had black eyes and black hair; but are there so few girls likewise blessed? She is slightly above the average in height, but many of her chums are as tall. Lisa graduated from the Gymnasium with high honors, but did not her friends read the newest of books, Chekhov, Gorky and Andriev? All her friends and acquaintances are at home with these authors. Withal she was but an ordinary girl; that is, when she is present at a gathering, at a ball or wedding, she does not possess that something which might tend to single her out from her sisters. She is lost in the crowd of other girls.

Lisa knows this well, and the knowledge of it brings her pangs of sorrow. In this respect she is not ordinary. Lisa wishes to be marked out by some extraordinary trait. In an assemblage of people she does not like to be identified with the crowd, but wishes to be known apart from it. This feeling was developed in her to the extent of a disease, and if people were better able to peep within her soul, Lisa would be regarded as out of the ordinary.

Lisa did possess good qualities, but these virtues were not the superficial ones which folks could point out, but inner ones. For instance, if she found herself at a ball, or a similar public gathering, where all the company would talk, laugh and jest, she would retire to a corner in studied thoughtfulness, making herself romantically sad and pretending that she saw no one but her inward self. At such moments she was indeed extraordinary. But the crowd did not even notice her, and Lisa would become lonesome in her retreat and in her anger she would keep herself aloof from the circle. And the pain would be more intense whenever it happened that among those about her there was one who caught the eyes and attention of all. At these moments Lisa would keenly feel her unattractiveness, and feelings of hatred for the unconscious object of her jealousy would mingle with her pain. But she usually remained with the crowd dancing around the star, who was indeed proud, but gracious and friendly to Lisa.

In the circle in which Lisa found herself it was decided to give a ball. A certain happy, jolly girl, an intimate friend of Lisa, advised that it should be a costumed affair.

"A masquerade ball?" someone asked.

"No; not a masquerade ball," she exclaimed, "without masks, but in costumes."

The suggestion met with approval, and Lisa, who had black eyes and black hair, selected the costume of a gypsy, upon the advice of her many friends. Her long, black tresses she let fall loosely in seeming disorder upon her shoulders; in the center of her coiffure she placed a clasp of brilliant jewels and draped her shoulders with a deep red shawl. Thus she appeared at the ball. At the cloak-room she could not help seeing the attendant gaze upon her and her costume with a look of interest and smiling satisfaction. Lisa was frightened and at the same time overjoyed, and with this feeling she entered the ballroom.

She was met with a salutation of bravos by a whole retinue of young people. For the moment she was embarrassed, but a friend at once approached her and reassured her.

"Oh, how beautiful you are, how interesting!"

"Really?" Lisa naively asked, and her heart commenced to flutter.

"Wonderful! See how all are staring at you."

Lisa raised her eyes and met the gaze of a hundred others. She lowered her own, but soon accustomed herself to the attention she was attracting. A moment later a young man walked up to her, one of the prominent ones who had heretofore never noticed her.

"I seek the good fortune, fraulein, of the first dance with you."

Before she had time to reply, another approached her and with an admiring look, not speaking, but almost singing: "Beautiful gypsy—let me be fortunate for once in a short, foolish life—do not deny me—to dance the first dance with—"

"Already taken," the other announced in a tone of decision and pleasure.

She danced with both. Both pleased her. Both pressed her tenderly, gazed upon her lovingly. She could not dance much with these two. Others were there to claim her. They snatched her from the chair when she would sit to try to steal a minute's rest.

"Oh, how beautiful is the gypsy, how interesting!" Words like these greeted her on all sides. She wished for a moment of rest in which she could fully realize the good fortune which had so suddenly and unexpectedly come upon her. But this was denied her.

"I beg of you, beautiful gypsy, a quadrille?" Like a fairy she glided about the large dance hall. The red shawl upon her shoulders was like wings which would lift her on high; the loose flowing hair, raven black, flowed out in gypsy wildness and entangled itself in the red drapery, and all of this rendered Lisa the more remarkable and picturesque. They "devoured her with their eyes." One, of whom Lisa had never dared before this even to think, made love to her during the dance. She felt that he kissed her black hair and she caught her breath for joy.

Finally the crowd in the hall thinned out, the clock struck four, and many voices were heard in favor of ending the dance. Lisa felt as if there was coming a close to a great holiday, which perhaps would never come again. She was lost in thought.

"Adieu," spoke the one who had announced his love to her. "Thanks for the pleasure you have given me with your beautiful costume."

"Adieu," Lisa forced herself to smile, but she did not succeed. There was a cloud upon her face, and it seemed that even the red shawl paled.

Returning home, Lisa stood before the glass and once more looked at her costume. She looked and she looked and she tried to find out the secret of her recent success. She is really beautiful, really interesting in the gypsy costume. But she cannot put it on the following day; therefore tomorrow she would become again the ordinary Lisa, so like unto thousands of others. She removed the clasp from her hair, and it appeared to her as if she were casting away a fortune with her own hands. She pinned the clasp again to her hair. Fortune had come. But how can she retain it?

She cannot go around every day in gypsy costume. If she would put it on tomorrow and go out upon the street, would they not ridicule her?

What is this thing, Lisa thinks, in fear and dread. She has already grasped fortune. She possesses it, yet she cannot retain it. By accident she bounded into luck, but it lasted for a night only. How many nights, long and dreary, will she be forced to wait till fortune comes again? And will it ever come? No! The luck would never return.

How extraordinary, how strange? Her fate lies in a gypsy costume—in a clasp—in a red shawl, and loose flowing hair. She pressed her lips together in a bitter smile. "Wild and foolish are your hopes," the gypsy answered her from the glass, and angrily Lisa pulled the clasp from her hair, the red shawl from her shoulders. "Gone, fortune! Ha, ha, ha!" and she broke out in hysterical laughter.

Again she was but an ordinary girl.

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The Spectator

An Incomplete Story

The Chronicle of Tuesday last contained a report of the death in the Old Ladies' Home of Mrs. Laura Patterson, aged 77 years. According to the Chronicle Mrs. Patterson was found Thursday, September 17th, lying in her nightgown on the floor of her room, helpless, speechless and partially unconscious. And according to Dr. Rumwell, as quoted in the Chronicle, "the old lady could not have lain in her pitiful condition more than twenty-four hours and probably not longer than eight hours." From the Chronicle article it does not appear that anyone has charged that the Home authorities were guilty of negligence, but it does appear that there is some question with reference to the time spent by Mrs. Patterson on the floor, for it is obvious that the writer of the article sought to explain why there is no record of Mrs. Patterson's whereabouts from Monday, September 14th, when she reported to the office of the Home that she was going across the bay, until Thursday morning when an attendant found her on the floor. "Contrary to the rules of the establishment," says the Chronicle, " she had failed to report her return and when she had fallen helpless with the iron grip of paralysis upon her throat and limbs it was only a question of how long she would lie there before some house attendant should open the door." And further: "It is believed that having entered the Home late Wednesday night she had put off reporting her return until the following day." All of which provokes my curiosity. I am not at all satisfied with this story of the death of Mrs. Patterson. I am curious to know why it should be assumed that she returned late Wednesday night? If she did not report her return, how does anybody know when she returned? Dr. Rumwell may guess, but a doctor's guess in such a matter isn't worth much. According to the Chronicle he bases his guess on her "general condition" when found. What was her general condition? I am told that her hands and face, as a result of her writhings on the floor, were in a frightful state. Surely not from this circumstance does Dr. Rumwell conclude that the old lady was lying on the floor not more than eight hours.

Where Was Mrs. Patterson?

Until last week I never heard a word in disparagement of the management of the Old Ladies' Home, but on the death of Mrs. Patterson, even before the appearance of the Chronicle article, I heard a story of the circumstances of the old lady's death which caused me to wonder whether the inmates are receiving proper care and attention. The Chronicle article does not serve to allay whatever suspicion had been aroused in my mind. It reads as though it had been written to silence criticism, the author turning out a bad job. Evidently he lacked persuasive material. If Mrs. Patterson went across the bay on Monday, September 14th, and did not return until the following Wednesday night, where did she spend the interval of time? It seems to me that this is a question of sufficient importance for solution. The trustees of the Home ought to want to know where Mrs. Patterson was between Monday and Wednesday night. If they find out that she was at a friend's home across the bay then they will be sure that Dr. Rumwell made a good guess. Mrs. Patterson had several friends from whom it should be easy to learn the identity of her friends across the bay and it should not be difficult to trace her movements.

Another Version

According to my informant, whom I regard as a pretty good authority, the circumstances surrounding Mrs. Patterson's death are not exactly as they have been reported in the Chronicle. Mrs. Patterson had accepted an invitation to a tea which was given on Tuesday, September 15th. She did not attend the tea, nor did she send her regrets or any explanation of her failure to attend. As she was a rather punctilious woman her failure to keep her engagement caused some anxiety and the lady who invited her to the tea sought her at the Home on Wednesday. She knocked at the door of Mrs. Patterson's room, and receiving no response assumed that her friend was out, and she went away. I am told that the lady called again Thursday, and met with the same experience, and that it was not until Friday that Mrs. Patterson was found. I am not vouching for the perfect accuracy of this statement. I know how easy it is for errors to creep into versions of the simplest occurrences, but I feel that it is very important that the management of the Old Ladies' Home should be characterized by great solicitude for the welfare of the inmates and therefore I wish to awaken the zeal of the trustees and impress upon them that it is their duty to spare no effort in ascertaining all the facts with reference to Mrs. Patterson's death.

Jones—So you were successful in your first case?
Doctor—Er—yes, yes; the—er—widow paid the bill.

Misled by a Headliner

I picked up a daily newspaper published in this city the other day and I read this headline: "Savants Discuss Mystic Problems." Mystery has always interested me, especially the sort called "mystic." I am particularly interested in the investigations of the Society for Psychial Research, with one headquarters in Boston and another in London. The headline promised something in this variety of mysticism and I prepared my mind for the reception of new and startling information concerning telepathic communications between the adepts of Soho and the mahatmas of Benares; of authenticated haunted houses in the suburbs of Salem and Gloucester; of corroborated cases in which eidolons of the recently dead had appeared to friends at a distance at the precise moment of dissolution; of premonitions, presentiments, apparitions, preternaturalism and premonstrations. The "hanging head" of the article engendered the suspicion that perhaps I was barking up the wrong tree. It informed me that a "Philosophical Union" had "arranged for a series of meetings throughout the winter." The article itself was a complete disillusionment. There was nothing "mystic" in it. The announcement merely set forth that some of the leading scientists of Berkeley would discuss subjects of strictly scientific interest in a wholly scientific manner. One of the "savants" would speak on "Scientific conceptions of life and its manifestations"; another would say something concerning "the continuity of life"; still another was billed to tell what he knew of "the chemical basis of mental phenomena"; David Starr Jordan was down for a discourse on "the present status of the evolution problem"; Pliny Earle Goddard, assistant professor of anthropology at the Univer-

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sity was scheduled to trace "lines of social ascent as indicated by the study of primitive mankind." Science, not mysticism, was the theme throughout. I was not so much disappointed as disgusted to think that I had been misled by that "mystic" headline. I was glad to know that so much science was abroad in one aggregation over in Berkeley, but the thought obtruded: What did that headline artist think he was captioning when he "played up" the deceptive announcement that savants would discuss "mystic" problems? Did he think that science is a "mystic problem"? Did he confound the Philosophical Union of Berkeley with the Society for Psychical Research whose double headquarters are in London and Boston with spiritual affiliation with the Society of Advanced Philosophy and close affinity with the Universal Association for the Promulgation and Propagation of the Esoteric Doctrines of Oriental Philosophies?

Unpopular Science

I glanced through the list of subjects for discussion by these philosophers. I discovered that some of the most important "problems" of human existence would be reviewed by some of the ablest thinkers of the University. The program included nearly all that is up to date in biological science. But, I thought, how much of this would interest the average reader of the daily newspaper? how much of it will be "reported" at length in the daily newspapers? how much of it will ever be known beyond the narrow circle in which it is uttered? Alas, that Nat Goodwin's divorce suit should occupy so much space in the newspapers and Professor Ritter's exposition of life from the biologist's standpoint so little; what a pity that the reading populace should take so little interest in the significance of the biological history of man as expounded by Professor Merriam, and that this same populace should so greedily devour every detail of some "murder mystery" "worked up" by the newspapers to fill in the dearth of a dull day for news. Sad to relate that it is not the habit of the people to pay much heed to the wisdom of the Osterhouts, the Robertsons, the Strattons, the Merriams and the Ritters of the State University scientific departments; while with eager attention and absorbing credulity they pore over the pseudo-science and scientific romance of the Flammarions, the Servisses, the Teslas and the Larkins whose vain imaginings fill so much waste area of the yellow press.

Science While You Wait

My old friend Garrett P. Serviss has discovered that "our sister planet" Venus is now in the travail and parturition of the carboniferous period of its development. He says that Venus was born about a million years after the earth was evolved from chaos, and that she is now in process of laying in the material for her coal supply. When our planet shall have arrived at the period of her dotage Venus will be in the prime of her planetary career; all the clouds that lower over her now will be dissipated; all the glaciers that crawl over her damp bosom will be resolved to flowing rivers and commerce-bearing oceans; the giant ferns that now comprise her only vegetation will in that far-distant aeon be in the possession of a coal trust; and Professor Serviss is assured by his prophetic consciousness that when all this has happened on Venus there will be a race of beings there whose intelligence will far surpass that of earthly humanity. Imagination is not given to every scientific gent. Some of them are pretty good guessers if they can find a peg on which to hang their guess; but most of them guess backward—very few of them dip into the future as far as the eye of Serviss can see. Deduction is common enough with scientists of the unimaginative school, and inference is allowable in the practice of the scientific tirade; but absolute prophecy is not included among the rules of the game. Professor Serviss is, therefore, a man after the "popular" heart, like Jules Verne, Edgar Allan Poe, Gustave Flammarion, Professor Wells, the savant who prophesied how the world would come to an end, Professor Gulliver, who described the country of the Brobdignaggians and the kingdom of the Lilliputians, and Baron Munchausen, whose essays in archaeology, paleontology, ethnology and zoology delighted the youth of our grandfathers. Professor Edgar Allan Larkin is also a popular scientific idol, but his popularity is different. When we want to revel in the unknown and the impossible we read Professor Serviss; when we want to know anything from the ground up, inside out, under, over and through, we write to Professor Larkin. But between these two scientists we are able to satisfy all our yearnings for scientific lore; from Professor Serviss we get the romance of science and from Professor Larkin we get the facts. What Professor Serviss doesn't know Professor Larkin supplies on demand. What Professor Larkin does know Professor Serviss makes more knowable. Professor Larkin gives us figures of distance and measurement; Professor Serviss gives us figures of speech. I have read Professor Larkin and I have read Professor Serviss and I must confess that I prefer Professor Puddle, the eminent savant of Chicago.

The Heiress—"But why should I marry you. I don't love you."

Her Suitor—"Oh, that's all right. I sha'n't be home very much.

"Grub-Staking" the "Digs"

I was sure that my efforts to discredit the trivial "activities" of the students at the State University would bear fruit. I knew that somewhere in the great outside somebody was reading my remarks on the waste of precious time now in progress at Berkeley among the frivoling "sets," "cliques," "frats," "sororities" and "athletes"; and I was convinced that in due time this person would come to my assistance in the work of teaching the students the folly of their ways. I learn from my usual source of information that "an unknown" has presented a purse of gold to the President of the University to be given as a "grub stake" to some deserving student "working his way through college." The amount thus "donated" by my unknown coadjutor is $349, and the money will be bestowed at the discretion of President Wheeler. The young man or young woman who will receive this largess will be poor, honest, industrious, ambitious, worthy, unhonored save by the commendation of the preceptors, unsung save in the praise of those who watch the struggle approvingly. If it shall be a young man he will probably be one of those contemptuously designated

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"digs"; a "dig" who digs in his studies and maintains himself at the University by digging in somebody's garden. His name will not be found in the list of those who belong to a "frat," nor among those who are "eligible" for the football team. He will be the student who is earning his education by the sweat of his face and his brain, striving for a definite goal which he will certainly achieve. If it shall be a young woman she may be found in somebody's home where she is assisting the family to conduct the affairs of the household; humbly accepting whatever may be offered in the way of bread and shelter in return for the privilege of knowing more at the end than she would have known if she had frittered her time in the "social activities" of the sororities and the Greek letter societies whose symbols are probably better understood by this non-member than they are by those who wear the "society pins" so ostentatiously. I hope that this is only the first of these "grub stakes" for deserving students of the University. There are hundreds of generous givers who can appreciate from their own experience how hard it is for a man to get an education in an American college or university. Many of these will, I am sure, follow the thoughtful and generous example of the "unknown donor" in this instance. And some day the students who "scraped through" but emerged with "social prestige" and the right to wear a fraternity or soroity pin, will be glad to accept small jobs and gratuitous favors from the young men and the young women who were assisted by the "grub stakes." This bread cast on the waters will return after many days; and some of it will be cake for the deserving, while some of it may be crusts for those who are unworthy of even a crust.

A Startling Explanation

Periodically Berkeley furnishes proof of the advantage of higher education for women. The latest evidence goes satin-shod across the campus, for there is a determined effort to deny the public all knowledge of the affair. An austere boarding house keeper, who has more vinegar in her makeup than goes into a properly mixed French salad dressing, recently ordered the four young ladies who were settled under her roof to move. Now it is not an easy matter in the middle of the term to find suitable quarters for oneself and all the impedimenta which decorate the room of the ubiquitous college girl. The girls said that the hash served was an onioned sepulchre, but having buried their fastidiousness they preferred to stay on. However the landlady was obdurate, and ordered them out into the cold academic world, sparsely settled with good boarding houses. Promptly on hearing the ultimatum given her darling daughter one of the mothers journeyed down from her country home personally to conduct the hegira of her girl. She demanded an explanation of the landlady, of course, and it came with amazing frankness. The young ladies were ordered out because she would not shelter a band of poker players who rattled chips with the clatter of an early hour milk wagon and were always remiss in paying their board bills in consequence!

Kept the "Kitty" Quiet

Naturally the cat did not pop out of the bag without mewing at the top of its lungs. Mother investigated and discovered that the kitty engrossed more attention than the curriculum at college. As she is president of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church in her home town, her horror could have been measured by a yard stick. It was only by the practice of the fine arts of logic, rhetoric and flim-flammery that the girls induced her not to report the thing to the President of the University or the Dean of the women students. The girls promised to put such things as "diamond flushes" and "four of a kind" out of their fair young lives. A mother's tears and the repentant protestations of the young ladies finally had an effect on the landlady, and she agreed to let them finish the term under her desecrated roof.

Exchanging the Terms

From the technical knowledge which the college girls display in discussing the affair it is safe to affirm that a number of the girls are familiar with this particular branch of the manly arts. In the boarding houses open to students of both sexes quiet little games of poker are indulged in, some chap who is a "born teacher" always coming forward to instruct the untutored girls. The knowledge plays ring around the rosie until the number of girls who can play are scattered as the leaves of Vallombrosa.

He—"Yes, I always sleep in gloves, keeps your hands so soft."
She—Really; and do you sleep in your hat, too?"

Berkeley's Vexatious Problem

Berkeley is expressing its troubles just now in town meetings, family confabulations and muttered imprecations. Like many plain, ordinary, less intellectual individuals Berkeley is just now in a financial hole, some $34,000 in fact, and the meetings and the confabulations are being held to devise ways and means of scrambling out. The shortage scrapes the raw of the aristocratic town, because she is now obliged to do without street lights o' nights and the police force is cut down to such scant numbers that the anxious citizens in outlying districts are obliged to combine to do their own policing; the fire department is barely scraping along and, sad to relate, the insurance companies have raised rates on account of the lessened protection afforded homes in that beautiful but hapless burg. Mathematical heads in the University have figured out that already the raise in insurance rates exceeds the $34,000 shortage. The town Solons see all sorts of losses of this character looming up on account of this troublesome shortage. The most likely suggestion that has come out of the interminable debates on the question is a proposition to issue the necessary bonds and get back once more into the street light and police protection of a solvent town. The abject condition of

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affairs was aptly set forth by one of the discharged policemen, still in uniform, who was packing his kit along the dusty road out of town, headed for a job. "Hulloa!" grinned a taxpayer who knew him, "where are you bound for, Jim?" "For the Pinole powder works. I've got a job there." "Why, you are likely to be blown out of the place any day and lose your job." "Faith, and that's no worse than happened to me here, and I get me money."

Nat Goodwin's Explanation

Actor and mining promoter Nat Goodwin feels inexpressibly pained that the reading public should infer that his sealed complaint for divorce against Maxine Elliott, recently filed in Reno, contains anything savoring of charges of impropriety on her part. Accordingly he has just issued the following official announcement of his actions and intent in the proceedings, together with an incidental explanation of the cause of the suit: "My reason for seeking to divorce Mrs. Goodwin is that she and I have been unable to agree as to a place of abode. Mrs. Goodwin prefers England and the circle of swelldom there, to which she has full entree, while I prefer Nevada and the mines. For the past three years each of us has been trying to bring the other to an agreement on this disputed point, but as Mrs. Goodwin cannot forego her English home and friends and as I do not feel as if I should forego Nevada and my mining interests, agreement has been impossible. After repeated efforts to effect a reconciliation on this one point and finding my efforts unavailing, I brought the action for divorce.

His Correspondence With Maxine Elliott

"While this action has been started, the kindliest feelings and relations exist between Mrs. Goodwin and myself. Only a few days ago I wrote her a letter in which I expressed the kindest regards for her, wished her every success in her independent theatrical venture in New York, and made bold to propose some advice regarding the management of the theatre. Miss Elliott replied in an equally gracious manner and thanked me for my suggestions. Many of the unsavory and malicious reports regarding our domestic relations, which found their way into Eastern newspapers, have been copied by the San Francisco newspapers. These reports are one and all malicious and are totally unfounded. With the greatest emphasis I wish to express my regard for the honor and chastity of my wife. Such a thought as that she could ever be unfaithful to her marriage vows has never entered my mind. My relations with her and her family have always been, and now are, of a kindly and cordial character. I have no intention of entering the matrimonial relation at the present time, and should I ever again decide to do so, after the divorce for which I have applied shall have been granted, the public will be duly advised in advance of such purpose."

Under the Silken Robe

Within a few days Harry Melvin has had his name changed from the familiar, hail-fellow, known-him-since-boyhood, jovial-companion cognomen, to that which he received soon after his admission to the bar at which all men are called to practice in spite of their infantile protest; he is no longer addressed as "Harry"; he is now Henry Melvin when he is not "Judge" Melvin. Harry Melvin of the clubs and the gathering places of wits and bon vivants is not himself directly responsible for the change. He has borne the merry, happy, appropriate surname all his life and he is probably as conscious in his new name as those who think it fitting that he should wear it. Even as Judge of the Superior Court of Alameda county he was "Harry" to all who came to know him; but when the judicial ermine of the Supreme Court fell upon his shoulders from the hand of Governor Gillett he was at once vested with a dignity and a solemn grandeur that precluded all personal familiarity. When we write of him now we spell him Henry Melvin, and when we speak to him in the street we call him Judge Melvin. But the leopard can only change his spots from place to place; a man'a a man for a' that; the singing voice of Henry Melvin is as sweet and thrilling as the melodious baritone of the Harry Melvin that sang at Bohemian jinks or rejoiced the herded Elks; the quips, quirks, sallies and jests, the flash of scintillant humor, and the sparkle of whimsical fancy are as prevalent in this Melvin of the long robe and the woolsack as they were in the "Old Athenian Days" when a bare floor, a low rostrum and a borrowed piano were all that were required to furnish forth a symposium to delight the hearts of men who might have been welcome at Petronian revels or gladly acclaimed at wit-feasts of Attic Nights. So we who know this Melvin as he really is and as he will be to the end of the chapter are not awed by the new dignity that has been thrust upon him by an honorable ambition; he is still, for us, the old Harry; the tuneful, jest-loving, nimble-witted, playful, merry and wise lord of our misrule and master of our revels. Let him interpret the musty law for others; we will remember his interpretation of "what things have been done at the Mermaid"; let him hand down learned decisions from the high and awful bench on which he sits; we will read them between the lines of his cited precedents and his formal references to "strict statutes and most biting laws," and behind it all we shall hear the voice of the singer and the jest of the real man; we shall view him in his new role as a magistrate in masquerade—not the unfamiliar Henry Melvin of the sycophantic press, not as the Judge Melvin of the bar and chambers, but as the Harry Melvin of the "Old Athenian," the Harry Melvin of those happy days when the joy of living was what we lived for, when our cake was sweet and our ale only as bitter as we would have it; those days when we knew how to laugh and

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where to laugh and when to laugh. Let those who wish cry "Hail to Henry," we of the elder time shall not say "Farewell" to Harry.

Mrs. Holdtite—"Dearest, I ordered to be sent home today a most beautiful spring hat for five dollars. It's a perfect love."
Mr. Holdtite—"My love, your love will be returned."

Even the Reporter Nods

Something in the nature of paralysis must have afflicted the wrists of several talented reporters on the occasion of the flaying of the Hon. Francis J. Heney by Mr. Rudolph Spreckels' ex-attorney, Mr. Henry Ach. That spirited performance occurred last week in the august presence of Judge William P. Lawlor. For dramatic intensity it approximated the most memorable of the many stirring episodes of the graft prosecution—Abe Ruef's confession before Judge Dunne. When Abe, palpitant with repentance and in strict accordance with program, converted himself into a fountain of tears and told the sad story of his downfall his well-simulated emotion was infectious, but the newspaper reporters were not incapacitated by the tautness of their feelings from giving us a graphic, colorful picture abounding in human interest. It made Abe himself weep again. The picture of the Ach-Heney incident was a veritable potboiler of journalism. As an attempt to convey an idea of the thing depicted it was a prodigious failure. Not even a feeble sense of what had occurred could be derived from the composite conceptions which the reporters attempted to render accessible to our apprehension. They did little more than tell us that Heney and Ach had a verbal tilt and from the details which they supplied one might infer that it was one of the usual little scraps that enliven the monotony of the Ruef case. As a matter of fact it was unique inasmuch as Mr. Heney, who is generally regarded as an irresponsible chinster, an exhaustless source of impassioned verbiage, conducted his end of the dramatic sketch after the manner of the husband in that masterly farce, "The Silent System." For the first time in his life Mr. Heney was struck almost speechless. So sudden, overwhelming and resistless was Henry Ach's onslaught, so withering the artillery of his pervervid rhetoric, that as he thundered his denunciation into the ears of the celebrated prosecutor the latter reeled and gasped and plunged, and all the while it was evident from his feeble and incoherent ejaculations that in a euthanasia of thought he was struggling in vain to assemble the elements of a retort.

Ach's Epitome of a Patriot

What was it all about? I regret that I haven't the space to tell the whole story as it should be told. It is only for me to indicate to what extent the reporters failed. The incident had its inception in one of those brutal remarks that have become characteristic of Mr. Heney. He told the men in the jury box that Ach was "one of the ablest as well as one of the most unscrupulous men at the bar." Then it was that Ach, uncorking his vitriolic sentiments, proceeded to blister the tough hide of our renowned Bombastes Furioso. "You," he said, with emphasis on the pronoun, "you dare charge a man with being unscrupulous. You, with your record. You that were thrown out of the University of California and that fled from this State! Why did you leave? You went to Arizona, where you killed a man and where you were found guilty of tampering with a jury. You left that State. Why? You came back to this city and you signed a receipt for $30,000, about which you dare not open your mouth. According to the testimony of two clergymen you've committed perjury in this case. Because the defendant in this case wouldn't perjure himself you're prosecuting him, not to send him to jail but because you are still actuated by the sinister purpose of getting testimony which might enable you to gratify the vindictiveness of private individuals."

The Doubtful Quantity

During this impassioned recital which I have somewhat abridged Mr. Heney was struggling in the arms of Detective Burns, who was giving an imitation of a man trying to calm another. Heney, with the veins of his forehead standing out like whipcords, was trying to say something, but what it was nobody could conjecture. The man on the bench was so absorbed in the flaying of Heney that he gave the protagonists in the little drama their head, and the large audience was on edge in an atmosphere that throbbed with suppressed excitement. When Ach came to his first pause Heney attempted to interrupt. In a strident voice he exclaimed, "I—I—was—I came to this State before Mr. Ach—I—I was born—"

"I'd advise you to write the story of your life," said Ach in a tone of withering sarcasm. And he added: "There's lots of people who'd like to hear your explanation of some of the events of your career."

Again Heney struggled for an utterance, and Ach, with his forefinger waving in Heney's face, went on: "You say that you're half Irish and half German, but God only knows how much yellow there is in you." These words were uttered with superb dramatic effect, and Heney wilted. "You've probably got a gun in your pocket now," Ach continued, "but I'm not to be intimidated by you or any of your detectives. I tell you to your teeth what I think of you. I say that you're not prosecuting this case in good faith." When Heney finally recovered his power of speech he explained that he was fired from the University for horsewhipping a student who had lied about him in a college paper. And he added that if he had time he'd horsewhip the reporters in the daily papers who are employed by the higher-ups to abuse him. He said nothing of the mysterious receipt.

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The Advantage of Family Division

By the recent brief appearance of Marshal Hale in the role of an anti-machine aspirant for the nomination for Congress in the fifth district, I was reminded of the advantage to be derived from family division in politics. There is a proverb which tells us that the house that is divided against itself must fall. All proverbs go more or less beyond the strict truth, and this one is no exception. I have noticed that the house which is not united in politics, and which is able to affiliate through individual members with each faction, always prospers. Of this the house of Hale Bros. is an exemplification, as we might have seen had the life of O. A. Hale been prolonged until this fall. For O. A. Hale, one of the most admirable of men, was an enthusiastic supporter of the machine, while his brother Marshal Hale has always been an active reformer. The Hale brothers have shown how it is possible, and even advantageous, to be in perfect harmony in business and at sword's points in politics. If O. A. Hale, the anti-reformer, had lived, perhaps Marshal Hale, the reformer, would now be running for Congress in the fifth district.

Where Genius Resides

There are some families that work this division scheme systematically and effectively. One of the most successful is that to which Judge Dunne imparts the prestige of his personality. Some years ago this family comprised four brothers. Two belonged to all the Catholic and Irish societies in town and two joined the Masons. Now that's a pretty strong hand to draw to. For as there is an irreconcilable conflict between the Catholic Church and the most powerful of fraternal orders it is obvious that the family that can achieve membership in both without causing the slightest jar is possessed of more than ordinary genius. The potency of this strategic distribution of family strength is hard to estimate. The family is still advantageously divided, though death has deprived it of the warm sympathy of the Knights of St. Patrick. The brother Masons, however, one of whom is Judge Dunne, are still in good standing I believe, and so, too, is the member of the Knights of Columbus.

The Good and Bad Partner

By way of explanation it should be stated that the principle of family division in politics is exploited after the manner of the partnership conflict in commercial affairs. There are many business firms in this city consisting of a "good" and a "bad" partner. The "good" partner is always lamenting the absence of amiable sentiment in the hard-hearted member of the firm. The courteous, generous, "good" partner holds the business by his affable ways and his willingness to do things which he can never do owing to the obdurateness of his associate. Something of the same relationship existed for a long time between Schmitz and Ruef. Schmitz posed as the fellow who wanted to favor his friends, but Ruef was beyond sentimental appeal. The same principle worked to advantage in the Spreckels family. Rudolph is the saint who never did an evil thing in his life. It wasn't Rudolph that sold out to the Sugar Trust or that worked the dear public in the role of a public benefactor in the gas deal. When the graft prosecution was started all but one member of the Spreckels family stood in the background, and the good Rudolph came to the front and struck a pose while all the fawning mercenaries of the press pointed to him as the one member of the Spreckels family without a blot on his scutcheon. But what a sorry looking scutcheon it is now!

The One Just Judge

The efforts of Judge Dunne's friends to make a prodigious hurrah out of his campaign have not met with much encouragement, but the noise of the captains is tremendous and gratifying results are bound to flow from



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their ardor and perspiration. The political strategists that are managing Judge Dunne's fight are men of vast experience and they may be depended upon to avail themselves of every accessible advantage and make good use of all the familiar means of persuasion. It has been their misfortune to meet with some recalcitrants and also to find that the other candidates for the Bench are not entirely devoid of political acumen and strength, but even under adverse conditions they have done very well. It is of course unfortunate for Judge Dunne that he failed to obtain the nomination of all parties, a calamity that must be attributed to the selfishness of such men as Hunt, Sturtevant, Cook and Van Nostrand, who, it appears, were not sufficiently magnanimous to yield all endorsements to Dunne, and thus award him the just recognition of his indisputable claim to all the virtues that constitute a just judge. But failing to make Judge Dunne the universal nominee the captains contrived to withhold from Hunt, Sturtevant, Cook and Van Nostrand the endorsement of the G. Government League, thus minimizing the chances of those gentlemen as much as possible, and making it clear that it doesn't matter what kind of material we get for the bench so long as Dunne is landed safe and sound.

Seven Cents a Name

So it is evident that the captains are pretty good strategists. They know their business. The hurrah will come later. Dunne must be elected. Didn't he convict Schmitz? Of course he did. The American people love a square umpire and an honest referee, but when it comes to selecting a judge they insist on getting a man who will see that a person whose guilt is generally acknowledged is handed the proper kind of punch. Isn't Judge Dunne that kind of man? Of course he is. Even though his friends neglected to tell us so we'd know he is. But his friends boisterously assert that he stands pre-eminent among judges by reason of his disposition to make it impossible for a man believed to be guilty to escape. They praise him not for being fair but for being on their side, which is always the right side. Therefore Dunne should be elected. And the public will be convinced that he should be elected. The captains tell us that the people are crazy for Dunne, but yet the cautious captains deemed it advisable to make Dunne the universal nominee so that if by chance the people should prove fickle they'd have to vote for Dunne. By way of convincing us of the people's passion for Dunne the captains tells us that voters are climbing over one another in their mad eagerness to sign Dunne's petitions. Where this spectacle has been presented we have not been informed. But let us not doubt the captains. Judge Dunne's petitions are circulating at a great rate. They are in the hands of men who are paid seven cents for each signature and therefore it is evident that Judge Dunne is being well financed. Naturally the petition-handlers are zealous workers, but some that I have met say that the job is a tough one, for in every block they meet with miserable scoundrels who use harsh and vulgar language with reference to Judge Dunne. These scoundrels unquestionably are in the pay of the higher-ups.

Grace—Bella looked pretty last night.
Gladys—Yes, she looks more like herself today.


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"A Tribute to a Friend from a Friend"

I have been requested to publish the following tribute to Lieutenant Selfridge, who was killed in the accident to the Wright aeroplane:

"With the tragic fate that befell Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, there has been lost to use one of the noblest of young men. A man in the prime and flower of youth, he stood poised upon the threshold of fame, and in the very instrument that would have won him this fame he met his death. A most glorious cause we say, one that would serve his country in time of war; but that does not reconcile us to his end that came only too soon. Beloved by all who knew him, by his brother officers and his men, a devoted son, a good brother and a most loyal, true friend. His loss will be felt by all of those who had the privilege to know him and even by those who knew him only by reputation, for he had endeared himself to all by his manly conduct. He was one of those

'Strong men ranged on High
Who did his work, who held his peace
And had no wear to die.'"

A Poet's Dog

Poet Sterling has lost his she-dog Skeets and there is a great pother among the literati thereat. I read somewhere the other day that Skeets was an exceptional dog beloved of poets and artists and the dilletante en masse. She is intimately acquainted with Joaquin Miller and Charles Warren Stoddard, and her biographer says she was "immortalized" by Jack London. That's a big word, "immortalized." And it is questionable in my mind whether Jack London's processes for immortalizing dogs are equal to those that made "Rab" famous and conferred heroic glory on "Bob the son of Battles." I do know that Ambrose Bierce "immortalized" many dogs by calling them "snapdogs" and "damndogs," but he never mentioned them by name.

A Remedy for Skeets

The sudden disappearance of Skeets need not worry Poet Sterling beyond the necessity of writing a sonnet

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on his loss. Skeets has undoubtedly forgotten Poet Sterling by this time. The memory of a dog does not exceed the duration of forty-eight hours. We have read of dogs that grieved themselves to death over the corpse of their masters; but those tales were gross fables. A dog forgets more easily than a woman. Skeets is probably at this moment thinking of the bone she gnawed last night and longing for another. That is about the compass of Skeet's memory, and the hand that feeds Skeets is the hand that rules the affections of Skeets. Let Poet Sterling proceed with his sonnet—Skeets is asleep in her kennel, dreaming, perchance, of something good to eat. Her affections are self-centered and most of them abide in her stomach. That is the nature of dogs, and Poet Sterling's dog is only a dog and always a dog. Poet Sterling can probably sell his sonnet on Skeets for the price of another dog, and it will be easy for him to transfer his affections from one dog to another; as easy as it is for him to write a sonnet; as easy as it is for Skeets to transfer her affections from Poet Sterling to the person who is now feeding her.

"What is heredity?"
"Blaming it on the monkey."

Back to the Rivers of Babylon

Apropos my pedigreed willow which sources its ancestry in the tomb of Bonaparte a reader of Town Talk writes that the Solex Babylonica is sometimes called Pope's willow because it was grown by that poet in his garden at Twickenham, and that the Napoleon willow is a scion of Pope's willow. Thus does the pedigree of my petted willow grow with even greater energy than the vegetable itself. It grows while you wait, under the magic touch of my correspondent; thus: "The Pope willow was raised from a sprig found in a basket of Syrian figs, which carries you back within a few thousand years of the CXXXVII Psalm—

"We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion."

My recollection is that Pope was the first to cultivate the weeping willow in England. So far, so good, but my correspondent takes all the pride out of my potted plant in this fashion: "All the weeping willows in America are derived from the same parent, but the grand-children of a last-birthday baronet are none the less elated over their geneology by the reflection that we are all descendants of Father Adam."

A Protected Industry

Uncle Sam is at present in the throes of a moral spasm. Some time ago Congress enacted a law making it a felony to import a woman into this country for immoral purposes, and the local Federal authorities recently received instructions from Washington to get busy and round up and prosecute violators of the statute. The instructions are being obeyed, and henceforth the most ancient of all home industries will be vigorously protected, and the ranks of the unspeakable and most enduring of all professions will be recruited almost exclusively from American homes. While this new law apparently is pregnant with consequences not contemplated by Congress the courts have decided that it should be interpreted literally. Shortly after its enactment a man was arrested in New York for violating its provisions, and he pleaded that the woman involved was not a public character; that she was his mistress. The District Court held that in the circumstances there had been no violation of the law, but this decision was reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals, which refused to differentiate Aspasia from Phryne.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

By R. E. Mulcahy

Wall Street securities during the past week regained from seven to ten points of their decline of the week before. This was accomplished in the face of bitter political strife upon the part of both parties. That this element of war had no material effect upon prices may be regarded as showing who the real owners of securities are. It is certainly not the public. The leading features marketwise during the week have been the strength shown in Rock Island and St. Louis and San Francisco securties. Many rumors have been going the rounds as to the real cause of the upward move in them. It is more than half way sure that Harriman has been a buyer of Rock Island securities, and that it may be found at no distant date Harriman has acquired a controlling interest in the St. Louis and San Francisco property. This would prove a very good move on the part of Harriman. He would control the southwestern busines which is being threatened by the Colorado Southern and Stillwell's Oriental Lines. The Rock Island would then return to its former system, which by the way, it should never have left, and in time it would assume its old prestige. The railways of these United States are daily reaching the goal where a half dozen organizations will dominate the entire situation. The time is possibly not over ten years away, but not more than fifteen years at the latest, it will prove a good thing for the country at large. Few realize what a general change must come in transportation conditions when the Panama route is opened. It means that Western roads must build up their local territory, the interior must be developed. This particular feature may be noticed in many directions at the present time. The canal will prove a great source of education in the way of what can be occomplished in the line of building up new territory. The improved condition west of the Rockies, which will be in evidence ten years hence will surprise the most sanguine. The great empire lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean is worthy of great improvement. Eastern capital will find its way west. Local foresight seems too narrow to fully appreciate the many advantages the Pacific Coast really has in store. It will be these advantages that will soon start the building of new lines of transportation west, north and south, and eventually network the entire coast. Electrical system are bound to play no small part in developing the country. Looking at the general conditions as they present themselves at the present time, one must be dull and narrow to fail to look sufficiently into the future to see otherwise than brightness, not alone for the Pacific Coast, but the whole country. No part of these United States presents greater advantages than does the country generally called the Pacific Coast. Harriman is piloting his ship along these lines, as well he may; he is a man of the present and future, he is also a man of opportunity. When these three accomplishments are added together it speaks volumes. The political uncertainties will soon be out of the way. Crops are now assured. There were 60,000 less idle cars last week than the previous week, and forty per cent less idle engines, all of which means something. There is nothing wrong with the country. Labor will soon find employment in abundance. Farmers are discarding their old methods of transportation and are riding in automobiles. Conditions are surely changing in the greatest country on earth, the one country generally called the Pacific Coast. Harriman is the rest of the world were fenced off. With these conditions in plain view there should be no lasting panics in our security markets. Indications point to a higher range of values for a long time to come. The political situation continues to indicate Taft's election by a larger vote than Roosevelt received. All talk to the contrary is misleading and mostly put out for the purpose of scaring the stay-at-home crowd. Taft's election means a big advance in all securities.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The True Story of the Elopement

With the advent of the Orville Pratts electrifying the immediate future, it might be interesting to give a revised and correct version of their romance. The story has gone through so many editions and has certainly been the "best seller" furnished by Burlingame during the silly season. But through them all have stalked more errors than printer's ink may be able to wash out of the the public mind at this late day. However, young Mrs. Pratt will herself probably take pains to contradict some of the errors in circulation. In the first place she did not enjoy a week's honeymoon, while supposedly visiting the Josselyns at their Woodside country home, as has so frequently been stated. The day that Miss Wilson and Mr. Pratt slipped away to Martinez to be married was the fete day of the child of the Vicomtesse de Tristan, and as Emily Wilson was the most cherished girlhood friend of Josephine de Guigne, she was bidden to the birthday party. Instead she slipped away to Martinez, arriving at the de Tristans when the birthday party was past tense, and dinner ready to be parsed. A convincing story of mishaps, delayed trains and limping automobiles explained her tardiness. After spending the night with the de Tristans she returned to her mother's home in the morning. When Mrs. Chase telephoned to Mrs. Cadwalader about the marriage notice Mrs. Cadwalader sent for her mother. Mrs. Wilson, greatly perturbed, summoned Mr. Pratt and in her daughter Emily's presence demanded to to know whether they had been married. Both simulated an amazement that would have been a credit to a dramatic school performance and Mrs. Wilson accepted the proffered theory that it was merely a coincidence. Mr. Pratt was not down at the depot when the Wilson party left for the East, but he joined them at Sacramento, went as far as Reno with them, and then journeyed back to join the Sierra Club on their outing.

The Romance Uncovered

When the bomb exploded Mr. Mountford Wilson sent a telegram to Mrs. Wilson in New York. But this telegram miscarried. Another telegram was sent and it brought results. The truth came out and then followed felicitations for, after all, everybody realized that it was an ideal match. There's no better fellow than Orville Pratt and why shouldn't he have a very charming wife. With everybody pleased it was decided to hunt for Mr. Pratt and when he was rounded out of the King's River canyon he was sent scurrying to New York to join his bride. The explanation given by the family for the procedure is that Miss Emily had a notion under her marcel wave that her mother would oppose her preference to Orville Pratt and she had kept their friendship as much under the rose as possible. So confirmed was she in the idea that her mother had taken an unreasonable dislike that the young couple decided to marry to insure their union against time, chance and parental interference. During the year of travel Emily was to win over her mother and the young couple planned to be married in the usual fashionable way at the end of a year.

Why Mrs. Wilson Was Puzzled

Close friends analyze Mrs. Wilson's attitude toward Orville Pratt as a result of the way the young couple conducted their courtship. Not having been informed that Emily was engaged Mrs. Wilson thought she was wasting time on a trifler when there were eligibles suing for her hand. It was a curious misunderstanding, but not psychologically impossible.

Naming the Baby

The Oscar Cooper baby, which is said to be a beautiful little thing and which reposes in a handsome canopied cradle draped in pink which was brought by Mrs. Dow-



Genthe, Photo MRS. MARGUERITE HANFORD

ney Harvey from Europe as a present to Mrs. Walter Martin and is now doing duty in her own family, is practically named, though she has not yet been christened. She is to be called "Jane" and the numerous relatives do not care about the name. It is, however, the steadfast choice of the young mother and "Jane" it will be.

End of a Gold Braid Romance

The friends of Mrs. Wells, wife of Captain Wells, U. S. A., will be surprised to hear that she is getting a divorce. Mrs. Wells will be remembered as beautiful Lelia

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Burton, one of the interesting daughters of Inspector-General Burton, who was stationed here at the Presidio for many years. Mrs. Wells, then handsome, dashing Lelia Burton, went on the stage. Later she became a writer of some note and dropped these ambitions to marry Captain Wells. Minnie Burton, a sister, married Major Pierce, U. S. A. Kathro, another sister, is the wife of George Lee, son of General Fitzhugh LKee.

More Regrets Than Acceptances

Judging by the large number of regrets received by Mrs. Maurice Casey at her bridge party which took place on September 26th bridge is not going to be as popular this winter as formerly. Mrs. Casey sent out 110 invitations and received sixty-two regrets. As a consequence there were but twelve tables of players. When the butler appeared with his arms full of beautifully beribboned prizes there were "ohs" of delight, for Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Winship in times past have given elegant and expensive prizes. But this year Mrs. Casey is going in for the simple life and the prizes proved to be sad colored silk workbags. Every day more and more women say: "I hate big bridge parties." It is much more trouble and more expensive for the hostess, but the trend of smart entertaining is the small and dainty luncheon, and after it one or two, or at most three, tables of bridge. At these parties almost all the women play for money and sometimes quite large sums change hands.



MRS. LINDA BRYAN

Whose wedding with Mr. Prentis Cobb Hale has just been definitely set for Thursday, October 1st.

High Play in the Country

At Mrs. Schwerin's recent bridge party one lady, Mrs. Russ Lukens, lost twenty-three dollars. Several others played in almost equally bad luck. But of course somebody was a winner.

Has Entered a Convent

The daughter of Dr. Hitchock, of San Rafael, who recently embraced the Catholic religion, has now entered the convent as a nun. Dr. Hitchcock is head of the Hitchcock Military Academy of San Rafael, a strict Episcopalian, and was at one time pastor of the Episcopal church there.

Here for the Wedding

Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells of Vermont is in San Francisco for the wedding of her younger sister, Florence, which was very quietly solemnized at the Bush home, Etnemere, in Fruitvale, on Wednesday of this week. Mrs. Wells is looking particularly stunning in her black gowns. The stork, taking advantage of the Hush family mourning which had withdrawn Mrs. Tom Magee from society, will call at the Magee home some time during November. When Richard Deane Magee was born to the Walter Magees some years ago, Mrs. Tom Magee was very much excited lest her younger sister-in-law should name the bady "Tom." "That is Tom's name and nobody else can have it," she said, but it is reported that she feels differently about a "Junior" now."



Genthe, Photo MRS. WALTON HEDGES

Under the Wedding Bells

About one hundred intimate friends gathered in the home of Mrs. W. E. Norwood in Green street last Monday evening to witness the wedding of her daughter, Miss Evelyn P. Norwood and William T. Breeze. Dr. Guthrie read the service. The drawing rooms were banked with great masses of American beauty roses and soft clusters of ferns. The bride wore an Empire gown

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of cream white satin, trimmed with point lace, and a long tulle veil fastened with a spray of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of lillies of the valley. Thomas Breeze, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man, but the bride was unattended. She was preceded down the broad stairway by four boys in sailor suits, who were the ribbon bearers. They were Tom Benson, a nephew of the bridegroom, Jack McKee, Burbank Somers and Charlie Crosby, children of the bride's cousins. A reception and wedding supper followed, after which the groom and bride departed on their honeymoon into the southland. On their return they will make their home in this city.

Ross Valley Engagement

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Moore, daughter of Mrs. James Moore of Ross Valley, to Mr. Ord, a young Englishman connected with the firm of Balfour, Guthrie & Co. The late James Moore, father of the prospective bride, was one of the first residents of Ross Valley. She was born and has always lived in the house in which she will be married. She is noted as being what the artists in Europe call the American blonde, golden red hair and perfect complexion, a most unusual coloring. Mr. Ord is building a home in Ross Valley for his bride. The wedding will take place about the first of the year.

Says She Has Discovered the Culprit

A very smartly gowned young matron who recently lost some very valuable jewelry from her apartments, happened into a sociable gathering of her friends at an afternoon tea the other day. The conversation finally drifted to handsome engagement rings, when the young matron suddenly exclaimed: "You remember that jewelry that was stolen from me?" The interested chorus answered, "Yes." "Well, I've found the culprit." A babel of voices demanded the name. It was given unhesitatingly and shocked surprise ran around the group. The young matron was cautioned that it was a bold statement to make, but she defended herself by declaring that the detectives working on the case would hand in their final report in a few days and substantiate what she had said. Despite this endorsement many of those present thought the young matron would soon repent her hasty words.

The Wedding Day Set

The wedding of Mrs. Linda Bryan and Mr. Prentis Cobb Hale has been definitely set for Thursday, October 1st, at four o'clock, in St. Stephen's church. Reverend Cecil Marrack will officiate. Expectant friends will be sadly disappointed to learn that only a few of the immediate members of the family will be present. The bride will wear a very handsome imported costume of shaded green bengaline silk, her hat will be a creation of deep cream lace, trimmed with cloth of gold, and four drooping willow feathers of deep cream. After the ceremony the bridal couple will leave immediately on a motor tour through the south, stopping at Del Monte, Santa Barbara and Coronado, a roving trip that will last about three weeks. On their return they will reside in the present home of Mrs. Bryan in Buchanan street till such time as Mr. Hale finds a suitable home to purchase.

Passing of An Early Day Belle

Mrs. Elizabeth Ford, who died in Berkeley last week, celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday at the residence of her granddaugter, Mrs. Bessie Riddel, only recently. Mrs. Ford was very prominent in pioneer society. She was the wife of the late Jeremiah Ford of Baltimore and the mother of the late Mrs. Joseph Tilden. Her husband, Joseph Tilden, was a prominent clubman and was burned to death in Honolulu several years ago. Mrs. Ford was one of the three Reeves sisters of Philadelphia, all of whom became mothers of people well known in local society. Elizabeth became Mrs. Ford; Caroline married Mr. Allan Cadwalader, the father of Mrs. Robert N. Graves, while Frances became Mrs. Mrs. Alfred Slade, the mother of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

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Her Ready Rejoinder

The enthusiastic young Englishman who has shouldered his way to the front of the Socialist party has now been discovered by the Suffragists and his voice is to be

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lifted in their cause. He has a clever knack at interesting the ladies and not long ago a well known matron of established position, who was introduced to him after a lecture, invited him to dinner. Before the roast was ordered she discovered that he had a partner to his joys and sorrows, and so she wrote a graceful little note of apology for not including the wife. On its heels came a note from the ready Englishman saying that his wife was so busy, so crowded with her domestic cares that she never went about socially and he would come alone to the dinner, etcetera. The next day the lady chanced to meet the young Englishman. "Do you really mean that your wife can never accept any invitation?" she demanded, and upon an affirmative answer she replied with some asperity, "Then I shall have to withdraw the invitation to you also."

A Pricking Interrogation

There is no doubt that the Suffragists have added a dynamic force to their ranks in the conversion of this powerful young orator. But this painful interrogation pricks the enthusiasm of a mere onlooker. If he helps to gain the ballot for women will his own wife have to forego breakfast in order to vote, and still attended to her "crowded domestic cares"?

Sunday Teas at the Sequoia Club

The Sequoia Club has inaugurated a series of Sunday afternoon teas, to take place on the last Sunday of each month. The first occurred on Sunday, September 27th. The afternoon was made very entertaining by vocal and instrumental selections rendered by club members. Among those contributing were Mrs. Carrie Dexter Kling, Miss Rene Bird, and Miss Josephine Blanche. The hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. Ramon Wilson, Mrs. Martin Regensberger and Mrs. R. V. Whiting.

Miss Alexander's Debut

The Mountford Wilsons have rented their handsome home in Pacific avenue to some eastern people, and have taken apartments at the Hillcrest. The debut tea to be given to their niece, Miss Harriett Alexander, will take place in the Wilson home October 10th. Miss Elizabeth Woods, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, will also make her debut on the same occasion. Miss Woods is an only child. Her mother will be remembered as Miss Mattie Peters, one or the early day society girls. Mrs. Woods is a niece of Mrs. Schmiedell and sister of Charles Rollo Peters, the well known artist.

Rodin and the Ambitious American Woman

A story of the great French sculptor Rodin and a woman client is going the rounds in Paris. A wealthy American woman who wished to transmit her form to posterity called on the artist and commissioned him to execute a life-size statue of herself. The lady possessed a well turned figure and for hours, draped in Greek robes, she posed before the sculptor. After a dozen visits Rodin told her that further sittings were unnecessary and that he would finish the statue at his leisure. But when the fair American returned some time later to take possession of her portrait she was astonished to observe that the head of the statue bore no resemblance to her own. She was naturally very indignant and complained bitterly of the lack of resemblance. "Yes, you are quite right," replied the veteran sculptor in a dreamy, far away voice. "The fact is that your head was entirely lacking in inspiration, and at first I thought of leaving the statue without a head. But after reflection and in order that you might suffer no prejudice I preferred to replace your head by that of Mme. de N., which she once ordered from me and has never paid for. Besides, you will lose nothing by the change."

Rehearsals at Del Monte

My Monterey correspondent writes that preparations for the performance of "As You Like It" under the spreading oaks of Del Monte are progressing finely. Frank Mathieu, under whose direction the play is to be produced, came down on Saturday bringing with him other members of the cast, including Emerson Warfield, Walter H. Robinson, Alan Dunn, H. M. Spencer and Wesley Crothers. The women's roles will be taken by Mrs. J. R. Dobbins of Monterey, Mrs. Frederick J. Sutherland of



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quisite taste. The sumptuous interiors of the hotel and the unsurpasser service are rapidly filling the rooms. Among the guests who arrived October 1st were Mrs. B. F. Morris, Colonel and Mrs. Loveland, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Metzgar, Mr. R. S. Shainwald and family, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wetherby, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ach, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Snedeker, Mr. Geo. M. Pinkard and family, Dr. and Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Edward Salz and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Moore, Mrs. C. L. Maynard, Colonel and Mrs. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sims, Mr. J. H. Follies and family, Mrs. M. C. Porter and Miss Amy Porter and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Templeton Crocker have returned to San Mateo after an enjoyable trip to the McCloud River country.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, who has been suddenly called to Canada in response to a telegram announcing the illness of her mother.

Mrs. George Wells and her daughter, Mrs. Selby Hanna, who are at present visiting in Chicago as the guests of Mrs. Charles Huse, nee Wells, will return to San Francisco during the middle of October.

Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn left for the East during the week expecting to be gone several months.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, to whom society is indebted for the smart Colonial dances to be held this season, will spend the winter at the Hotel St. Francis with her son and daughter.

Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes and Mrs. Fulton Berry have taken rooms at the Hotel Stewart.

Dr. and Mrs. John Grissim and family have returned from a long residence in Tonopah and have taken rooms at Park Inn, Oakland. Mrs. Grissim was formerly pretty Irene Baker, a sister of Cleve Baker, the well-known attorney.

Mrs. Frederick Tallant, who has been visiting in the East for the past three months, will return about October 1st. It is not unlikely that she will be accompanied by her pretty niece, Miss Eloise Tallant, who has been abroad for the past two years.

Dr. Arnold Genthe will return from his trip to Japan about October 8th.

Dr. Howard S. Taylor and John Temple Graves, Independence League candidate for the Vice-Presidency, are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Edward Barron has taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter. Miss Barron left for the East this week on a short visit.

Mrs. Frank Norris is in Santa Barbara, the guest of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fox of Sacramento are at the St. Francis for a short stay.

Colonel Lucas and Mrs. Lucas, of London, England, are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helena Irwin are now in Paris and will sail for home about the middle of October.

Mrs. C. H. Mann entertained eight ladies at luncheon in the St. Francis Saturday, after which bridge was enjoyed in the green room.

Rear Admiral W. T. Burrell and Mrs. Burrell, U. S. N., have been at the Fairmont for the past few days. Admiral Burrell has had command in the Northwest at Bremerton Navy Yard for some time past. Among the other army and navy arrivals at the Fairmont are Lieutenant Haynes Ellis and Mrs. Ellis and Dr. Reginald B. Henry, U. S. N.

The patronesses of the Colonial dances were entertained informally at luncheon in the Hotel St. Francis last Friday by Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mrs. Charles W. Clarke, accompanied by her brother, Richard Tobin, will arrive home from Europe in October.

Mrs. Mary Huntington and her daughters, Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins and Miss Marion Huntington, who have been abroad for the past six months, sailed for home on October 1st.

Mrs. William Cary Van Fleet has issued cards for a dancing party which will take place in the California Club room, Friday evening, October 9th. The invitations include the younger members of society still in their early teens.

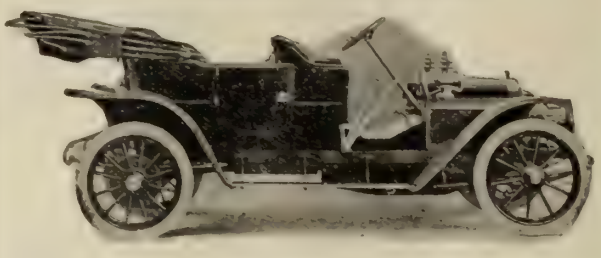
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller of Ross Valley recently celebrated their tin wedding anniversary.

Miss Linda Cadwalader, who has been the guest of Mrs. Henry Scott for several weeks, will return to the city this week and spend the balance of the winter with Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader in Devisadero street.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs from San Francisco during the past week were: Fillmore White, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Smyth, Miss Valerie Smyth, Mrs. James Shea, John Baker, Jr., D. C. Dinan and John R. Sheehan. From Oakland: Dr. John Fearn, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fossings and Miss Hazel Fossing. From Berkeley: J. W. Havens and Frank M. Wilson.

Dr. James Keeney has purchased the Wilshire house in Buchanan street and will soon move his family into their new home.

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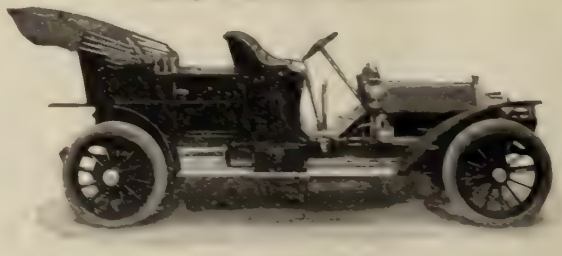
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Pacific Grove, Miss Frances Hammond and Miss Nora Hammond, who will portray respectively Rosalind, Audrey, Celia and Phoebe. Mrs. Dobbins is coaching the other three ladies and on Saturday and Sunday of this week there will be another combined rehearsal preliminary to the public presentation on October 10th. Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Bernays, who were married in Oakland last week, are here on their bridal trip. Mrs. Bernays was Miss Regula Hoffman, a sister of Miss Charlotte Hoffman, whose marriage to Professor Kellogg of Stanford University was celebrated recently abroad. Mrs. Cassius Albert Hutton made a brief visit to Del Monte last week on her return trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco in an auto. Mrs. Hutton is one of the most expert drivers in the State. Col. W. R. Parnell, U. S. A. (retired) and Mrs. Parnell of San Francisco are spending a month here. Other recent guests at the Hotel from San Francisco include Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, James W. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Houston, Mrs. Z. C. B. Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden.

Vaudeville Tea Nearly Ready

A vaudeville tea for the benefit fund of the Albert Sidney Johnson Chapter, No. 79, N. D. G. W., will take place on Saturday afternoon, October 24th, at the St. Francis Hotel. Besides tea, music and the contributions of talent of various kinds there will be a number of original vaudeville novelties. Among the ladies taking an active interest in the affair are Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Carrie Gwin, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. William Pritchard, Mrs. Louis Aldrich and others prominent in society. Many of the season's debutantes will be in the tea room presiding over the tables.

Entertainments at Pacific Grove

The banquet hall of Pacific Grove Hotel was the scene of a delightful affair last Sunday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Rolla V. Watt celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary with a dinner at which they entertained twenty-seven guests. The decorations were exceedingly pretty and appropriate to the occasion. The guests included: Dr. and Mrs. Dille, Mrs. L. J. Watt, Dr. S. D. Hutsinpillar, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Martin, Dr. W. W. Case, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Case, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Humphreys, Mrs. C. E. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lombard, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Webster, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCullough and Mrs. Calbreath. Among the interesting affairs given at Pacific Grove during the week were the card party on Monday at which Miss Sarah Parke was hostess and the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. John P. Pryor, the same day, complimentary to Captain and Mrs. Edward M. Lewis of the Presidio of Monterey, who departed on Thursday for Berkeley, where Captain Lewis has been appointed military instructor at the University of California. Miss Mary Greet, whose niece, Miss Mary Bennett, was recently married to Franklin Lieb of San Jose, has returned to the Grove and expects to make it her permanent home. Miss Constance Borrowe was in the Grove last week and had as her guest Mrs. Gaston Ashe.

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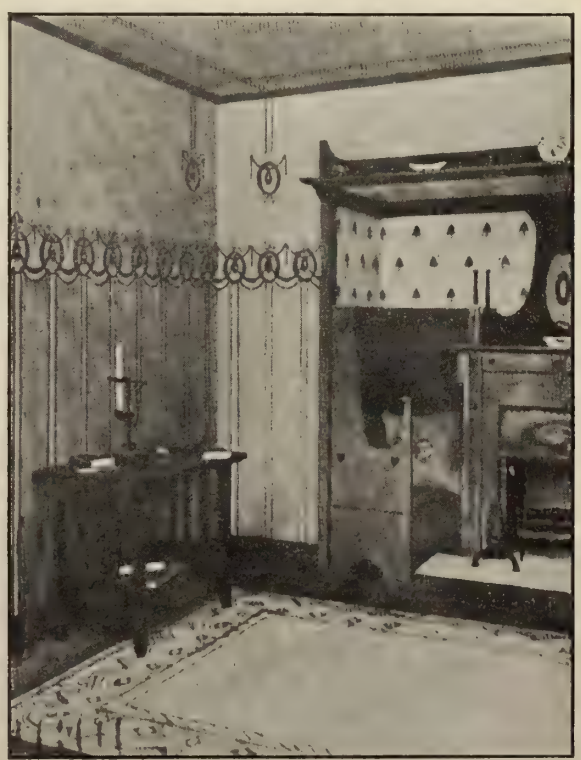
Opening of the New Granada Hotel

Quite a notable event in the new San Francisco was the splendid opening of the Granada Hotel last Thursday evening. The magnificent mural effects, the artistic decorations, the color splashes of great clusters of flowers and the luxurious furnishings offered a superb background for the handsome gowns of the ladies. The climax of the picture tableaux was the splendid opening dinner on which Manager De Wolf lavished all the incomparable arts at his command. It was served with ex-

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Interior Decorators Bush at Van Ness

Stage

The Rival "Devils"

In the light of legend, history and the tales told in the ancient tomes of Alexandria, the Devil as portrayed at the Valencia and Novelty theatres this week couldn't find a billet anywhere unless in a play planned to succeed as a catchpenny "freak" on the modern stage. He would be kicked out of any clean minded, wholesome society without a moment's hesitation. Only in a gathering of the ebullient Newport variety, with its monkey dinners and champagne baths, as depicted in the yellow press, could he find tolerant lodgment. There is nothing of the old-time red-fire and brimstone about him, nothing malignant, powerful, cruel; no clap-trap thunder and heroics; he enters the play in the guise of a well-groomed gentleman, smiling, affable, gracious, suggestive in his insinuating kindness, superserviceable in his anxiety to assist. He has a ready panacea for all desires, base desires—gratification. He represents the incarnation of sensual appetites, just as Manson, in "The Servant in the House" is the embodyment of the Christian spirit of higher endeavor. This spirit in the latter play awakened the nobler sentiments and impulses in the principals while in "The Devil" the tempter stimulates the wrongful love of his victims into debasing passions. The Hungarian author has conceived his play with judgment and has developed it with clever ingenuity. At the precise moment when it is apparent that clutching temptation is before the amatory young couple, the arch tempter appears inexplicably, and is received almost as if he was expected. Thereafter he personifies the imp of desire that really exists in their own minds, the ever ready little pandar within that furnishes the alluring arguments to whet their appetites and justify their courses in yielding to every mad impulse of illicit love. Unlike the writers who have handled this old theme in masterly fashion author Molnar presents no redeeming feature in the action of his play. He portrays the drifting lustful course of two weak, impulsive, dazed human beings to the sodden end. They hardly offer a show of feeble resistence. It is only too evident that they are completely hypnotized by the arguments of their own weak, indulgent minds, as voiced by the plausible and insinuating devil in the cast. He is everlastingly at their elbows to serve them; he never quits them from the moment their passion awakens till he closes the door behind them as they leave the scene in each other's arms. No awakening conscience summoning the invertebrate will of either individual intervenes to oppose the tempter and for this reason the action trails in the muck and grovels in the mire till the final curtain. Its moral effect is nasty. Its life will be measured by the cheap curiosity of the public. Zola might have used similar prurient effects but he would have given them a twist to arouse repugnance in the mind of the ordinary observer and drive home the lesson of disgust for such passions. Molnar has taken the Salome view of the stage as it is today and has written with his eye on the box office receipts. To this end he has introduced a number of lickerish situations evidently worked up for the butterfly minded. When he was sober old Macready used to conceive his Satanic majesty as a damnable fellow; when he was otherwise he portrayed him as a devil of a fellow, which, in a way, goes to show that the condition of the mind of the player cuts a figure in his conception of the part. The four actors playing the role of "The Devil" in the East and in the West today, Arliss, Stevens, Warwick and Hickman, are all portraying the character according to their individual ideas, Like all the incarnations of Good and Evil the role is capable of great flexibility and much fine coloring. Warwick at the Valencia Theatre conceives it on broad and bold lines. In voicing the minds of the puppet lovers, he is deeply sincere in his arguments urging them to seek the gratification of their desires. There is even a touch of camaraderie in his manner that makes him always welcome and paves the way for his insinuating sophistries. At critical moments he shows touches of latent power that gives a glimpse of the Satanic. Underlying his portrayal is force, the superior will of the demon; his frock coat and elegant ways are only a cloak. Hickman's rendition at the Novelty is of a lighter order. He represents the suave Mephistolelian type thoroughly enjoying the game of baiting hesitating sinners. He is finely suggestive, subtle, always smiling at his own sophistries but keenly alive to their appetizing influence on the hungry minds of his victims. He watches their abandonment to pleasure with all the enjoyment of a philanthropist wrapt in the delight of doing a good deed. The other roles in the two casts are colored to a great extent by the personalities of the players. Louise Brownell as the wayward wife was cast in a part unlike any of her old time roles and scored a distinct advance. Miss Willette Kershaw at the Valencia played the part in a pretty, melting fashion. Glendenning at the Novelty and von Meter at the Valencia failed to make the most of the passionate lines of the artist lover. Bessie Barriscale portrayed all there was in the thankless part of the jilted fiancee, while Blanche Douglass of the Valencia made a satisfactory showing. There was little to choose between Miss Effie Bond and Miss Neva West in the role of the artist's model, the only sympathetic part in the play. Both productions were handsomely staged.

Raymond Stock.

Musical Comedy at the Van Ness

The Time—About three hours.
The Place—Van Ness Theatre.
The Girl—Any one of the fifty.

Another collection of happy zephyrs from the shores of Lake Michigan, bottled expressly for "Johnnie" Young and a bevy of pretty chorus girls, arrived at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday evening and opened a week's engagement. They are labelled "The Time, The Place and The Girl," and Chicago took 463 spoonfuls before entrusting them to the tender mercies of "the road." Musical comedies, if not exceptionally clever or unique, are apt to pall a trifle and send some of the blase theatregoers away before the final act. There isn't a dull moment in the Hough-Adams potpourri, and no one left the Van Ness on Monday evening until the energetic ballet waved an adieu with their little golden feet. "The T. P. and G." company evidently enjoy their work, for they infuse into it a piquancy and dash which is really delightful. The chorus is one of the best drilled that has come to us this season, with the additional virtues of feature, form and clever costuming. The plot, which is properly consigned to musical obscurity in most places, is still tangible enough to be interesting, especially in a few semi-dramatic sections where some real acting is done. John E. Young, in the principal male role, has the burden of responsibility upon his shoulders—but you would never know it His vocabulary of Americanisms is startling, and as "Johnnie" would express it, "brings tears to a pair of glass eyes." Lillian Goldsmith, as "The Girl," is a dainty and wonderful little dancer, with a fair voice. Elizabeth Goodall and Mabel Melvine are well cast, and Theodore Rook does a clever bit of character work. The company works well together and provides a welcome relief for ennui.

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LARGEST AND FINEST IN THE WORLD.

Warfield in "A Grand Army Man"

"A Grand Army Man," in which David Warfield is said to have achieved his greatest artistic distinction, will be acted by the eminent player and the Belasco company all next week, beginning Monday night, and concluding Mr. Warfield's engagement in this city. The sale of seats has been very large. There will be two matinees—Thursday and Saturday. David Belasco selected "A Grand Army Man" as the play for his star to dedicate his beautiful New York playhouse, the Stuyvesant. It ran in New York all last season. It is the joint work of David Belasco, Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. From a technical standpoint "A Grand Army Man" has been proclaimed a superior play to "The Music Master." Indeed,



BLANCHE ARRAL

The famous Belgian prima donna soprano, who will appear in concert at the Van Ness Theatre, Sunday afternoon, October 11, with Paul Steindorff as conductor of a Grand Opera Orchestra.

with the genuine poetry that Mr. Belasco has woven into the structure and breathed into its "atmosphere," the little play in the hands of Warfield becomes a classic. In it David Warfield has shown powers that he has never revealed before, and while the comedy is as quaint and as plentiful as it is in "The Music Master" the tragedy of life is keener. The actor's graceful methods of comedy and gentle pathos prevail, and in one act he strikes the true note of real, human tragedy—tragedy that is expressed by the tortured soul of the player instead of the blank verse of the author. Mr. Belasco sends with Mr. Warfield the company that is the same in almost every character that supported him in the New York cast. The prominent members of the cast include Marie Bates, Veda McEvers, Isabel Waldron, Antoinette Perry, Ruth Gates, William Elliott, Taylor Holmes, Stephen Maley, William Beag, Oscar Eagle, George Woodward, Harold Mead and John V. Dailey.

Still Playing "The Devil"

So great has been the success of Belasco and Mayer's presentation of "The Devil" in the Novelty Theatre that a second week of the sensational play has been decided upon, commencing next Monday evening and concluding with the Saturday night performance. Howard Hickman's acting in the title role has proved a revelation of talent backed by intelligence, and all the other people in the cast are admirably fitted. So great is the demand to see the play at the Novelty that it could be profitable retained there a third week if the opening of the Alcazar regular stock season did not necessitate the company's removal to the Sutter street theatre, October 11th. Miss Evelyn Vaughan, who comes from the East recommended as a beautiful woman and an able actress, will play leading parts opposite Bertram Lytell during the coming season at the Alcazar, and will make her first appearance there in "The Hypocrites," a domestic drama by Henry Arthur Jones that has never been presented west of Chicago.

"The Devil" Continues at the Valencia

Owing to the enormous interest manifested in Molnar's celebrated play, "The Devil," and the fact that the Valencia Theatre has been packed to the doors at every performance this week, the management announces that "The Devil" will be presented for a second week, beginning Sunday, October 4th. Not in a long while has any play offered in San Francisco aroused such a discussion as this remarkable offering. Robert Warwick has won a great success in the title role at the Valencia Theatre, and has immeasurably advanced his standing as an actor of the first rank. This has been the great opportunity Warwick needed in his home city, and he has taken full advantage in portraying this wonderful role. His performance alone raises the Valencia production to the highest possible standard of excellence; but in addition to this he is supported by a strong company, in which Miss Willette Kershaw as the wife wins new honors for her fine, delicate handling of a difficult role. "The Devil" will positively be withdrawn after next week's performance, in order to make way a week later, most appropriately, for a gigantic production of "The Sign of the Cross."

Novelties at the Orpheum

The program for the Orpheum next week will maintain in every respect the high standard for which this



CADETS DE GASCOGNE

Celebrated French Quartette who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

theatre is famous. The Cadets de Gascogne, who will make their first appearance in this city, is one of the best and most popular quartettes in Europe. The quartette consists of one female singer and three male vocalists, all of whom wear the picturesque costume of Normandy. The Saytons, who are also new to us, have been specially brought from Europe. The press of the old world enthusiastically acclaimed them as a distinct innovation in the contortion line. They appear as alligators in the depths of a tropical forest and indulge in contortions which are wonderful. "General" Edward La Vine, who styles himself "a man who has soldiered all his life," and is an old army veteran, will introduce a remarkable and original juggling act. The performance of Belle Hathaway's "Simian Playmates," as her monkeys and baboons are called, will appeal to both old and young children. Miss Hathaway has given her pets an education that is nothing short of phenomenal. Next week will be the last of Hillarion and Rosalia Ceballos' Phantastic Phantoms, Vinie Daly, the Swor Brothers and of Jane Courthope & Company in the romance of the Sierras, "Lucky Jim." A new series of motion pictures will prove a pleasing finish to a delightful entertainment.

"Ship Ahoy" at the Princess

Of the many musical comedy successes that have been given in this city none have achieved a greater popularity than "Ship Ahoy" and its revival at the Princess Theatre next Monday night should result in extraordinary success, especially as it will reintroduce Ferris Hartman in the role of Colonel Mapleson Mulberry, manager of the Oriole Opera Company. "Ship Ahoy" has been brought thoroughly up to date. Its story has been retained, but all the musical numbers will be entirely new and very appropriate. Colonel Mapleson Mulberry starts out with his opera company to play the East Indies, but his ship is wrecked on the Island of Palms, where they are compelled to eke out a precarious existence for a year and a day, when they are rescued by the United States warship "Cuckoo." On the homeward voyage Colonel Mulberry attempts to run the ship and it is in this act that Mr. Hartman gets full scope for the display of his great comic ability. A cast which will challenge comparison with all previous presentations of this musical play has been selected. Arthur Cunningham will appear as Barnacle Duff, master at arms, and Fred Kavanagh, who played Christy, the property man, in the Tivoli production, will have the same character again. Sybil Page will have a fine chance to excel as Mlle. Auburni Erani, an American prima donna; Zoe Barnett as Madame Lulu Lalla, a disappointed musical genius, will have one of the best singing soubrette roles ever written. Sarah Edwards is most happily cast as Mlle. Georgia Carolini from the Grand Opera House, Paris (Kentucky), and



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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL, Sacramento and Scott

"INDIA," next Monday and Tuesday Evenings, October 5 and 6.
"JAPAN," next Thursday and Friday Evenings, October 8 and 9.
"RUSSIA," Saturday and Monday Evenings, October 10 and 12.
"EGYPT," Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, October 13 and 15.
"IRELAND," Friday and Saturday Evenings, October 16 and 17.

Course tickets (5 subjects), $4.00, $3.00, $2.00. Single tickets, $1.00, 75c, 50c. Box office at Sherman, Clay & Co's Stores.

Special school children's matinee, Saturday, October 10, "JAPAN." Children 50 and 25 cents.

Thursday, October 22, Beatrice Fine-Anna Miller Wood.

VAN NESS THEATRE

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 11, at 2:30

Will L. Greenbaum Presents

MME. BLANCHE ARRAL

Prima Donna Soprano (Opera Imperiale, St. Petersburg; Opera Comique, Paris), assisted by a

GRAND OPERA ORCHESTRA

Paul Steindorff, Conductor

Reserved Seats, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. On sale Thursday, October 8, at Sherman, Clay & Co's Stores

GREEK THEATRE University of California

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NEXT CONCERT OCTOBER 3rd

The PASMORE SISTERS, assisted by an Orchestra of Thirty-five on October 10th.

Admission: 25 cents. Reserved Section, 25 cents extra.

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With JOHN E. YOUNG
A Big Chorus, 12 Song Hits
Prices $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c

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BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Commencing Monday evening, Fifth and Positively Last Week of
DAVID WARFIELD
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A GRAND ARMY MAN

A new American Play by David Belasco, Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. After a season's run at David Belasco's New Stuyvesant Theatre, New York.
Prices: Evenings and Matinees, 50c to $2.00.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
Sunday Evening, October 11—Return of the ALCAZAR STOCK COMPANY. First presentation in San Francisco of "THE HYPOCRITES."

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IT HAS CAUGHT THE TOWN
Commencing Sunday afternoon, October 4th,
Second Week of BELASCO & MAYER'S Unequalled Production of

THE DEVIL

IT HAS WON THE ENDURANCE TEST
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c and 50c.
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WEEK BEGINNING THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
CADETS de GASCOGNE, Quartette Francais; THE SAYTONS; "GENERAL" EDWARD LA VINE; BELLE HATHAWAY AND HER SIMIAN PLAYMATES; HILLARION AND ROSALIA CEBALLOS' PHANTASTIC PHANTOMS; VINIE DALY; SWOR BROTHERS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week JANE COURTHOPE & CO., in "Lucky Jim."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Last Two Nights of "THE HIGHWAYMAN."
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FERRIS HARTMAN
In the Greatest of All Musical Comedy Hits,

SHIP AHOY

Arthur Cunningham and the Entire Princess Company in the cast.
Popular Prices: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c; matinees (except Sundays and holidays), 25c and 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE. Telephone Market 17

VALENCIA ST., Bet. Thirteenth and Fourteenth
Beginning Sunday Matinee, October 4th,
SECOND CROWDED WEEK OF

THE DEVIL

Robert Warwick in the Title Role, with the Full Strength of the
VALENCIA STOCK COMPANY
Matinees Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday

her glorious contralto voice will have a splendid opportunity in a new lullaby, entitled "Singing An Angel to Sleep." The words were written by the well-known local journalist John Taylor Waldorf and the music by Walton Thompson.

Mme. Blanche Arral to Sing at the Van Ness

Manager Will Greenbaum believes he has discovered another world-wonder in music. This time it is Mme. Blanche Arral, a Belgian singer who has been prima donna at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg, the Theatre Monnaie in Brussels and the Opera Comique in Paris. Mme. Arral has just finished a tour in Asia and Australia and was passing through the city en route to London without any intention of appearing in public. Mr. Greenbaum received letters from correspondents in Australia advising him to secure her for several concerts. After hearing madame sing Mr. Greenbaum immediately engaged her. The concert will be given at the Van Ness Theatre, Sunday afternoon, October 11, assisted by a grand orchestra of thirty-five instruments under Paul Steindorff. Mme. Arral will be heard in such number as the "Mad Scene" from Hamlet, "Bell Song," from "Lakme," "Polacca" from "Mignon," besides songs from the Spanish, Russian, German and English. San Francisco discovered Tettrazini, Adele Verne and others and perhaps Mme. Arral will prove another musical wonder. Seats will be ready Thursday, October 8th, at Sherman, Clay & Co's, both stores.

Sunday Afternoon Song Recital

The Half Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre next Sunday afternoon will be a song recital by the well-known blind soprano, Miss Gussie Mast, at present teacher of music in the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, from which she graduated several years ago. Miss Mast possesses a beautiful lyric soprano voice. Her program will be as follows: Sumner, Chaminade; Fruhlingsnacht, Schumann; La Gazza Ladra, Oh How eats My Heart with Joy, Rossini; Lovely Spring, Coenen; Chanson Provencale, E. Dell 'Aqua; The Lord is My Light, Frances Allitsen. Miss Mast's accompanist will be Miss Edith W. Allen, who graduated from the University in the class of 1900.

Second Concert at Greek Theatre

It seems that the longer Paul Steindorff stays with us the more popular he becomes. Last Saturday night, when he gave the first of his orchestral concerts in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, there were more than four thousand people in the big open-air auditorium among the eucalypti. It was a fine tribute to his ability as a director. The enthusiam was indicated in the generous applause that was tendered the efforts of the orchestra of select instrumentalists gathered and trained by Steindorff for the present series. The solist of the evening was Miss Lydia Sturtevant, a former member of the Royal Opera Company and the contralto who sang one of the leading roles with the Milan Opera Company shortly after the big fire. Miss Sturtevant is a Berkeley girl and is at present living in the college town. This was her first public appearance in some time, although the concert managers had made many attempts to have her sing before. She scored decidedly with the first aria from Trovatore and her singing of Annie Laurie evoked a demonstration that forced her to respond with a rendition of La Paloma. The next concert will be given on the evening of October 3rd. It will begin at 8 o'clock and will be over at 10. A splendid program has been arranged by Steindorff. The soloist will be announced later.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business September 23, 1908

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts		$13,671,926.38
United States Bonds		6,539,232.82
Other Bonds		2,907,892.73
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit		1,205,380.99
Bank Premises		1,041,048.97
Money on Hand	$6,427,377.08	
Due from Banks	6,195,557.30	12,622,934.38
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer		290,000.00
		$38,278,416.27

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 6,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,746,885.82
Sterling Credits, etc	1,205,380.99
National Bank Notes	5,586,597.50
Reserved for Taxes	23,812.05
Deposits	20,715,739.91
	$38,278,416.27

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco,

I, FRANK B. KING, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

FRANK B. KING, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of September, 1908. (Seal) O. A. EGGERS.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

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LEON SLOSS,
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The Lloyd Scott "Travel Talks"

Next Monday night at Christian Science Hall Manager Will Greenbaum will introduce the "Lloyd Scott Travel Talks" which he expects to make an annual event in this city, just as the Burton Holmes Travellogues are given in New York, Boston and other cities as regularly as the opera season. Mr. Scott is a man of scholarly attainments, a splendid speaker; the equipments of projecting machines, lanterns, etc., are the finest that can be manufactured and the views number over one thousand hand-colored lantern slides, dozens of colored panoramic effects, including snow scenes, moonlight and other illusions and thousands of feet of moving pictures. One may expect a most interesting and entertaining series of "travels in an opera chair." Each subject will be given twice; for Monday and Tuesday nights, October 5th and 6th, "India" has been selected; Thursday and Friday will be devoted to "Japan" and Saturday night to "Russia." There will be no Wednesday evening entertainment, but on Saturday afternoon "Japan" will be repeated for the benefit of school children, for whom half prices will be charged. The second week will be divided as follows: Monday night, "Russia"; Tuesday and Thursday, "Egypt," and Friday and Saturday, "Ireland." Box offices are open at both of Sherman, Clay and Company's stores. A season in Oakland will open Monday, October 19th, at Maple Hall, corner Fourteenth and Webster streets.

New Series of Minetti Concerts

The Minetti String Quartet are going to give another set of their delightful programs. They announce the sixteenth series of their chamber music concerts to take place in Century Hall, November 6th, 20th and December 4th. Notices of subscriptions are being sent in to them in most encouraging numbers, which assures success for the series.

The Coming Maclean-Etlin Concert

The concert of Donald Maclean and Henri Etlin to take place at Christian Science Hall, Saturday evening, October 3rd, is attracting much interest in musical circles, owing both to the novelty and to the excellence of the program.

In the Limelight

"The Time, The Place and The Girl" will remain the alluring attraction for a second and last week at the Van Ness. John E. Young, Elizabeth Goodall and the other forty or more principals and chorus contrive to make the musical play one of the liveliest, snappiest entertainments offered here in months. In consequence the engagement promises to be a record-breaker in point of attendance. There will be Sunday night performances. Matinees are given on Saturdays only.

Those who have seen Dustin Farnum in the star role of "The Virginian" will certainly want to attend the forthcoming performances at the Van Ness Theatre of "The Squaw Man." Farnum comes here direct from his latest eastern triumps in this splendid play, surrounded by one of the best groups of players brought together this season. Seats go on sale Thursday.

At the Beatrice Fine-Anna Miller Wood concert to be given on the 22d inst. no less than twelve songs will be heard for the first time in this city.

In the Toledo three-days reliability run, Toledo, Columbus, Cleveland, Toledo, a distance of about six hundred miles, seventeen cars were entered. Fifteen of these in class A and two in class B. Six cars in class A made perfect scores. One of these, a White 30, the only White entered, made by far the most perfect run of the contest, absolutely no adjustments whatever being made, and the car finishing in perfect condition in every respect, which was in marked contrast to the condition of some of the other cars, which were allowed perfect scores.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
MARIE K. UMLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Marie K. Umland, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Marie K. Umland.

MARIE H. UMLAND,
Administratrix of the Estate of Marie K. Umland, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 29th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Rooms 200 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
AGNES S. REILLY, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 10th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 200 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

The Drama on the Dissecting Table

(Continued from Page 8.)

Come forward the actors with claims to be heard in this controversy, and their claims are of no recent date. Some of the greatest that ever trod the stage have affirmed that the inspired player is independent of the poet, because the supreme essence of feeling does not reside in prose or in verse, but in the accent with which it is delivered. No less an authority than the Professor of Literature at Columbia, the author of a successful melodrama, regards this statement as by no means a specimen of professional vanity. A striking story in support of this plea was recounted by the great Italian tragedian Erneste Rossi. With a number of his fellows he was one day dining in a restaurant in Padua, when the conversation drifted to the possibilities of their art. One of them picked up the bill of fare and declared he could read the monotonous list so feelingly as to bring tears to their eyes. The others, hardened to every trick of their trade, scoffed at his proposal. But the boaster was a better artist and knew the tricks of his trade better than they. At first he spoke simply, gradually rounding his full tones in a dignity of utterance that concealed the commonplace syllables. Then his rich, full baritone voice began to tremble as he ran the gamut of emotional tones, till poignant agony was reached and—the tears of those at the table began to flow. Madam Modjeska was just as successful on another notable occasion. though her auditors were not cognizant of the trick played upon them. At a big social function in New York one afternoon, a group of enthusiastic ladies demanded that she recite something in Polish. She demurred for a time, but being persistently pressed, she consented. The composition she repeated was strangely rythmic, but the syllables gradually became lost as the full rounded tones of the Polish actress swept into a deeper emotional strain. Before she finished her audience was in tears. A compatriot, however, was forced to leave the room to hide his merriment. Mme. Mojeska had simply repeated the multiplication table in the Polish language.

Auto Notes

The showing made by the six-cylinder 40 h. p. Thomas car, in the recent twenty-four-hour race meet at Brighton Beach, was a surprise to the maker and created a great deal of favorabel comment around the track. The fact that the car was a new machine and was rushed to the track from the factory without any preliminary testing or tuning, and even then run close to the former world's record, demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Thomas factory as to the durability and speed of the new Thomas.

The city of Columbia, South Carolina, had its first automobile race-meet on Labor Day. The races were held on the mile track at the fair grounds and over 2000 people were present, testifying to the keen interest in automobiling in that section. The principal event, the 25-mile free-for-all for the Board of Trade cup, was won by a 30 h. p. White steamer, driven by R. D. Lambert, his time being 30 minutes and 30 seconds.

The Howard Automobile Company has shipped a Buick "White Streak" to Fresno, where it is entered in the race meet to be held Monday next, the opening day of the Fresno County Fair. Frank X. Murray will go to Fresno Saturday night to drive the car in the race.

An interesting trip of over two thousand miles has just been completed by S. O. Johnson, the well known motorist and prominent lumber dealer of this city. Johnson, accompanied by his wife and chauffeur, traveled in their 60 h. p. Thomas car from this city through the northern part of the State, up through southern and eastern Oregon to the Dalles, then to Portland, and returned via Salem, Roseburg and Grant's Pass. The party was on the road five weeks.

Word was received yester by E. P. Brinegar, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, that the Chalmers-Detroit 30, which is being given a 200 mile per day test, has entered the fifth week of the test and is running fine. Over six thousand miles have been covered by the car to date.

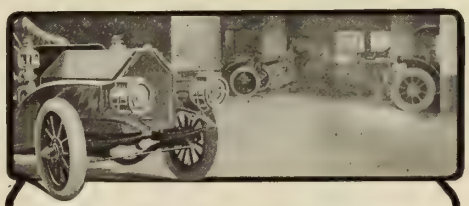
The White "Pathfinder" returned last night from a 400-mile swing around the heart of the State. The big seven-passenger White steamer was driven by William Slimmon, the well-known stunt driver. The passengers were W. Russell Cole, W. H. B. Fowler, Burleigh Davison, Harry Davids, B. D. Johnson and B. S. Allen. With the view of finding a suitable course for the second cruise of the northern division of the "White Squadron," the roads of Central California were closely studied. In the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys it was found that the highways have been badly cut up by the heavy grain wagons. In Napa and Sonoma counties the roads were found to be generally good. The levee road from Sacramento to Woodland is practically impassable for all except the most powerful cars. The White steamer made without difficulty one sandy stretch that has turned back twenty cars during the past week.

The Franklin automobile is the first in America to adopt the magneto ignition system without auxiliary batteries, this being the regular 1909 equipment. The system eliminates the coil box, making possible an unencumbered and much neater dash. The use of the magneto only is the method adopted by several of the leading foreign makers and will undoubtedly be taken up very rapidly in America. As a test of this system the perfect score Franklin automobiles in the Glidden tour were so equipped and covered the entire trip without even adjusting.

Henry C. Finkler, secretary of the Supreme Court of the State of California, has purchased from the Howard Automobile Company a Buick "White Streak."

C. J. Uhl of Vacaville was in town Wednesday in his two cylinder Buick touring car. He followed the State trotting circuit in his car to witness the performance of his phenomenal young pacer, Solano Boy. The horse finished second in both his starts in this State and won his first start at Salem, Oregon.

One of the most remarkable mileage records ever claimed for an automobile is recorded by S. G. Chapman of the Consolidated Motor Car Company. Over in Oakland there is an old 1905 model D Franklin touring car, 20 h. p., which is owned by Taylor lb Co., lumber merchants. The record claimed for the car is 47,970 miles, and it is further stated by the owners of the car that the motor has never been overhauled or needed repair until this week, when it was found necessary to secure four new piston rings. The car has been handled by the same man all the time, and his great care and the general reliability of the car are give nas the factors making possible this great feat.



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Other features of the number include:

"On the Trail of Skookum John," by Charles S. Aiken; "Taking Orders," one of Maud Younger's famous stories of her experiments as a restaurant waitress; Game Birds of the Pacific, River and Fresh Water Ducks; more timely notes of interest to the Western sportsman.





Letters

Extols "Made" Matches

In writing "Aunt Maud," Ernest Oldmeadows had a decided purpose, that of extolling the virtues of the judicious match maker and the advantages of the "made" match over those of the romantic love type. Aunt Maud, young, rich and desirable, but unmarried, had a beautiful, bewitching but poor niece. She also had a distant relative, six years older than the young lady, who, along with all the other perfections and advantages, had both wealth and position, for Richard Camber was the governor of some vague colony where Dutch traders, Indians, tropical climate and buffalo were inextricably mixed, and where English society was a minus quantity. Richar Camber was on his triennial vacation to England and he and his niece Irene, were invited to spend a month with Aunt Maud, who took niece Irene into her confidence and frankly explained her intentions and designs. Niece Irene just as promptly took Richard Camber into her own confidence. Two days after his arrival she invited him to a conference and in slang phrase, "gave away Aunt Maud," but proposed that they two should play at being engaged during the period of their visit, and at the end of the month, if either wished to withdraw, they would simply announce the termination of their agreement. Meanwhile there was to be no sentimentalizing. Aunt Maud took frequent occasion to remonstrate with her niece on the subject of her coolness and lack of appreciation of her lover, while that young lady, at first determined to wait for the ideal match, immediately proceeds to fall in love with the man at hand and to have sentimental fevers lest, after all, he should prefer some other. Meanwhile, there is provided the "awful example" in the shape of another engaged couple invited for a visit at the same time. Fanny Bates did her own match making. She "fell in love" with Norman Hastings, apparently greatly to the surprise of that overgrown baby and the indignation of his mama. Fanny is a very awful example, indeed, of a girl in love, and poor Norman is sufficiently henpecked in advance to make him seize upon any pretext of escape. Niece Irene's jealousy is aroused when she discovers that Fanny has an eye on the desirable Gamber, and foolish Norman, tired of the naggings of his fiance, tries to serve her out by proposing for Irene, all of which goes to show that wise maids will heed the advice of worldly-wise aunts and take what is provided for them without any waste of time and heroics. One really wonders what a man would think of a girl who, two days after meeting him, would be so forethoughful as to assure him that she wasn't going to marry him. "Aunt Maud" will not do any special harm. It is about as substantial as chocolate fudge and though it will not prove a substitute for a square meal, will, perhaps, satisfy a temporary craving which might otherwise be stilled by something worse. From the McClure Company.

Laura Jane's Retirement

Here's good news for the budding geniuses whose masterpieces have been sidetracked by inappreciative publishers in order that the inferior products of those who have acquired Names may claim right of way. Laura Jean Libbey is to retire from the field. Positively her last appearance is authoritatively announced. No more will she chronicle the heart-throbs of Queenie and Howard. No longer will the beautiful sales girl flee and the false villain pursue. No more will the mysterious midnight marriage and the years of weepful woes prelude the triumphal entry to the ducal demesne. Laura Jean will write no more. Hear her: "I have been tremendously successful as a novelist that I should be willing to stand back now and give others a chance. If we who have been so successful should continue to write all our lives, how could others get their work before the public?" How indeed? Here's a point to be pondered by Maurice Hewlett and Eden Phillpotts, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Wharton and Gertrude Atherton. Let Richard Harding Davis, Jack London and John Fox, Jr., take notice. Rudyard Kipling and Owen Wister, Henry James, William Dean Howells, and all the innumerable caravan are invited to halt and take stock and reform their ways. Miss Libbey recently copyrighted eighty "human life" plays. Whether these are dramatized versions of those phenomenally successful novels which have enabled her to retire from the field, or entirely new and original conceptions of her genius there is no evidence vouchsafed us. It is not to be supposed that during all these years of unremitting industry Laura Jean has written nothing which she regrets. There is always the fly in the ointment, and her remorse is deep and soulful. Were she permitted to do it all again she would improve some of her titles!

Anthony Hope's Short Stories

Under the general title of "Love's Logic" there have been collected a baker's dozen of Anthony Hope's more recent short stories. For the most part they have unexpected denouements, and the reader who has not already become familiar with them in the magazines is apt to be treated to some suprises. It goes without saying that a writer as experienced as this author will never be dull, while the variety in episode with furnish something in accord with the taste of all. The McClure Company has made an attractive volume of the collection.

Pleasant Trip Through Holland

"The Chaperon"is decidely one of the best of the Williamson collaborations. One is invited to take a delightful trip through the waterways of Holland, to obesrve customs and costumes, to take peeps into the houses of high and low, visit the art galleries, museums and markets, the places of historical interest and all the odd nooks and corners, under the guidance of a most capable and all-round satisfactory young Dutchman accompanied by a lively party of four decidedly unconventional tourists. However, all's well that ends well, and with three marriages in prospect at the end of the four hundred pages, with a sufficiency of the world's goods to keep the wolf from the door in each case. It would be a critical reader who would demand more. Though the itinerary is made in a motor boat when the party is not flying over the dykes in a car, one is not obliged to inspect the inner workings of the mechanisms. Indeed, both boat and car are admirably Dutch in that they are so admirably dependable. Of course, it was frankly incautious of Nell and Phyllis to have accepted "Lady MacNairne" simply on the word of her "nephew," just as Ronald Starr

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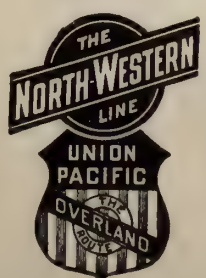
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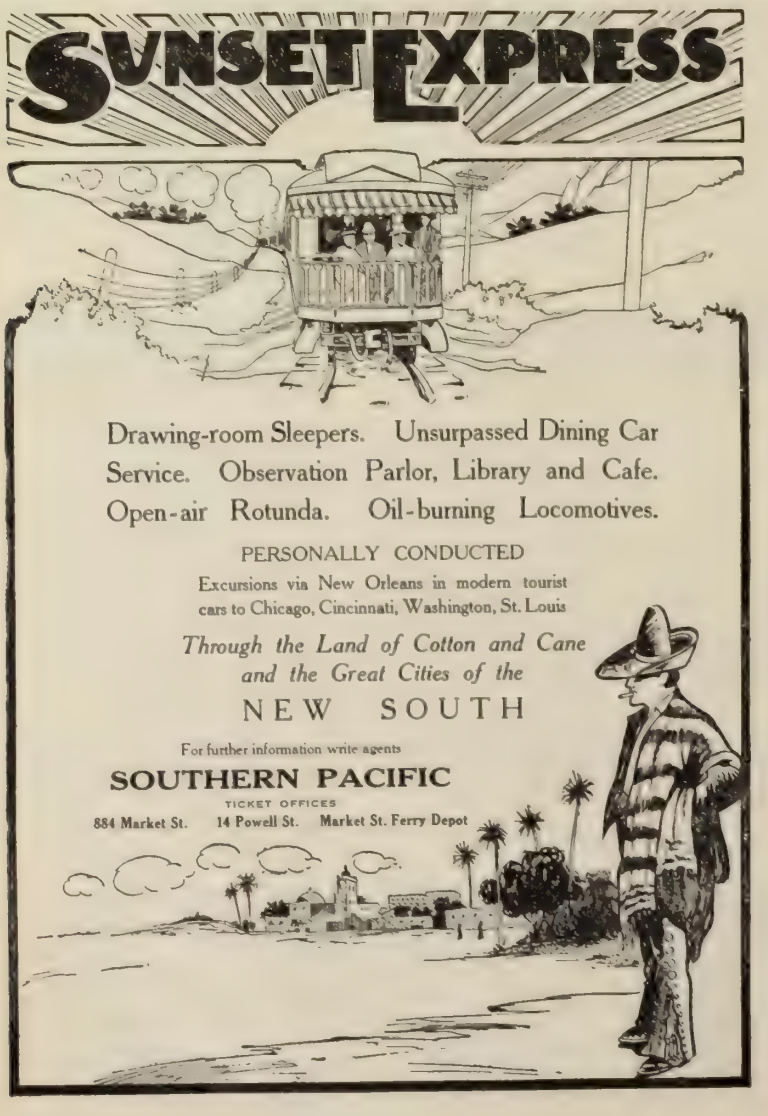
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took grave charges in hiring an "aunt" in lieu of the genuine article, not presently available; and it is extremely unlikely that a young gentleman occupying the financial and social position of Jonkheer Brederode would have put himself in the services of such a party because of a passing attraction of a girl he had seen but once. But without the complications thus engendered the triangular comedy of courtship would disappear and there would be left only a guide book.

Plan to Cheapen Books

Another device for the cheapening of books is reported from Paris. This time the scheme is microphotography, the photographing of miniature pages which will reduce proportionately not only the size of books but the space needed for libraries. There is said to be no practical difficulties in the way, and the plan is perfectly feasible. All that is necessary is the possession of a proper magnifier by each reader, and, of course, a willingness on the part of purchasers to accept the microphotographic volumes in place of those we have at present. There is a proposition to standardize the size and shape of the pages, and likewise, to make use of some fireproof substance in place of paper. The cost of the new products is estimated at about two per cent of the present outlay, and the scheme is, as usual, already hailed as a benefaction, but let us take pause. Some ten years or so ago it was assumed that photography would be immediately put into use as a reproductive agent and printing, except for the initial volume, which was to be the "sitter," would pass out of use. There were a dozen advantages enumerated, chief amongst them the entire absence of errors, and the perfection of fac-similies, but up to date the photographic book, if there is such a thing at all, is still a curiosity. Thumb dictionaries, meant to dangle as watch charms, and supplied with microscopic magnifiers, made their appearance in the late eighties, but they are neither offered prominently for sale nor advertised as conveniences in these days. The magnifier needful for a microphotographic volume would have to possess both size and weight, enough to make it an appreciable addition to vest pocket or hand bag. It would need to be protected from ordinary and extraordinary accident, else the defacements would soon render it worse than useless, and it would be quite as likely to be lost or mislaid as a watch or a pocket book. The tendency of the times is to increase, not diminish the size of type. The present generation would find a library of grandfather's books prohibitive for that reason if no other, and the Emersonian advice to read an old book every time one hears a new one commended would frequently find its practical solution in the giving up of all reading. There are many old books far better worth reading than any of the new, but between an old book and an old edition of a book there are many who are deprived of choice. It may be that the "gentlemen and scholars" of other days have bequeathed to their descendants weakened eyesight, which will not stand additional strain. It may be that the twentieth century reader is less avid of learning and less willing to proceed under difficulties. At any rate the fact remains that while,, thirty years ago, a pupil even in the high school who needed glasses was an exception, to-day there is not a receiving class which has not its little four-eyed gropers after light. Microphotography may result in the decrease of the cost of book production to an infinitessimal sum, but at the same time it would result in a corresponding decrease in the demand for books. What would it profit a man to succeed to such a degree that there would be gain in giving them away if there were no one to accept the gifts?



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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANK WARDEN, Deceased

Thomas Wood, the executor of the estate of Frank Warden, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 12th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Thomas Wood, executor of the estate of Frank Warden, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 10th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN A. HALPIN,
Attorney for Executor,
Dean Bldg., 966 Market St.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANCESCO DESIRELLO, Deceased.

J. G. Parodi the administrator of the estate of Francesco Desirello, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 20th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said J. G. Parodi, administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 16th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JAS. C. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
912-916 Call Building.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

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PAPER

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,
Plaintiff,
vs.
FRANK HOPPER,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, October 10, 1908. No. 841.



Arnold, Photo

THE OLD JENNY LIND THEATRE, MONTEREY.

The special open-air performance of "As You Llke It" under the oaks at Del Monte, on the afternoon of Saturday, October 10th, is being given by the Monterey Civic Club to raise funds for the restoration of this historical old landmark.



REHEARSAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AT DEL MONTE.

By members of San Francisco Stage Society and of Monterey Civic Club for the performance to be given Saturday afternoon, October 10th.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
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A Campaign of Cant

If not in science or literature, at any rate in politics, so far as this country is concerned, this is an age of rampant little minds,

"An age of petty tit for tat,
An age of busy gabble;
An age that's like a brewer's vat,
Fermenting for the rabble!"

For proof whereof we point to the conduct of our leading statesmen, the patriots of the hour, whose fantastic tricks are dissolving the angels in tears. A noted philosopher once said that the era of equality will bring with it as one of Time's revenges, the triumph of mediocrity, and that spleen will become the malady of the leveling age. Has the fate reserved for the democratic era overtaken us? An affirmative reply seems to be justified as we read the signs of the times in the despatches from the seat of political strife. After a century and a quarter of national existence we find ourselves constrained to select a ruler from a bunch of canting hypocrites and moral cowards, in the midst of whom we see the dignity of our common nature trampled upon and mangled before the brute image of political ambition. Surely the spectacle is pregnant with material to gladden the heart of the cynical student of political science who preaches the futility of democracy. Consider the puerility of the paramount issue in this campaign of crimination and recrimination. Is it a question of governmental policy? Not at all. It is a question entirely with reference to the affiliations of the job chasers. It is assumed that any candidate who has ever had social relations with any employe of that Gorgon of the Trusts, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, or ever had political relations with any man that squinted sidewise at the Standard Oil Medusa, will be consigned by the pee-pul

To grinning scorn a sacrifice
And endless infamy!

To save Mr. Bryan from infection Haskell had to resign as treasurer of the Democratic Committee. General Du Pont being connected with a trust received hints from Oyster Bay that he was unfit to orate for the G. O. P. Mr. Sheldon, the Republican treasurer, is reported to be undesirable because once upon a time he had a trust connection. Mr. Taft has had to explain that when he dined with a certain trust lawyer he was the guest of a decent and respectable club. "If this thing goes on," says the New York Post, "who will be left to manage the campaign? Certainly not Mr. Roosevelt, for a man shown to have been in secret cahoots with Harriman four years ago should have nothing to do with a political canvas in which only saints are to be allowed to engage." But there is no surcease. Mr. Roosevelt, the self-canonized one, the personification of the valor that plucks dead lions by the beard, has set the pace for the canting crew, and servile cringing to the mob will continue to the end of the chapter. Of course, the conduct of our leading politicians is utterly contemptible; unquestionably it is directly demoralizing, but it is, perhaps, the natural sequence of our own folly. The canting moralist has held the stage center for four years, and our applause has been continuous. Stern in his judgment of others and genial in estimating his own deficiencies, he has commanded our ardent and unwavering admiration. The rules which meet with universal observance in private affairs we have seen him set at naught in all his political actions, and instead of being revolted we celebrated his delightful unconventionality. In our affection for him we yielded all our passions to his guidance; and our hatred and envy he has directed with all the energy of his being. Under his subtle persuasion we have been prepared for just the sort of campaign we are having, and while it may be disgusting to the few that have shaken off the unwholesome obsession, there is much in it to titillate the masses.

Mr. Hearst's Impolicy

There is some doubt in the minds of friends and well-wishers of Mr. Hearst and his Independence party concerning the policy he has elected to pursue in this campaign. They question the advisability of trying to build up a new party by tearing down the reputations of individual members of the other parties. They argue that in all propaganda, political, theological and sociological the convert is lured by the promise of the doctrine, not by the wickedness of persons who may be wedded to other "doxies." By concentrating his effort upon mere personalities, Mr. Hearst, it is assumed by his friendly critics, accomplishes nothing for the cause which he advocates. On the contrary, he turns the limelight full on the political parties that he is striving to annihilate; he rouses renewed interest in those parties by men who were thinking of abandoning them to join the ranks of the Independence party; he becomes, in short, a persecutor of the established political organizations; and experience has demonstrated that as soon as persecution is resorted to by a great moral force, the thing persecuted, however iniquitous, begins to prosper even more perceptibly than it did before the persecution began. It may be true that all Mr. Hearst has charged against Senator Foraker can be corroborated by competent testimony; it is possible that Governor Haskell is all that Mr. Hearst insists he is; but what of it? The Democrats will believe all that is charged against Senator Foraker, and the Republicans will believe all that is alleged against Governor Haskell; but where does the Independence party profit by the cross-complaint of the defendants? Of course if Mr. Hearst had only attacked Senator Foraker he would have driven the Foraker men to Bryan; and if he had confined his attack to Governor Haskell he would have forced the friends of that statesman into the Republican ranks. It was better that Mr. Hearst should go gunning with both barrels; but why waste his ammunition on this sort of game? Because Senator Foraker may have committed the unpardonable sin of colaboring with Standard oil is not sufficient reason for the immediate dissolution of the grand old Republican party; because Governor Haskell has been caught in the act of allowing himself to be seduced by the octopus, is not all that is needed to blot the party of Jefferson from the pages of history. All Republicans are not like Senator Foraker; every Democrat is not a Haskell. It is not good logic to argue that San Francisco should be wiped off the map because it is afflicted with a useless and tedious graft prosecution. The Scriptures tell us that even Sodom might have been redeemed from divine wrath if ten righteous citizens could have been found among its population. Moreover, suppose the Republican party reeks with Forakers; suppose the Democratic party is putrid with Haskells—what good can accrue to the Independence party from the exposure of that condition? Is it Mr. Hearst's design to drag these Forakers and Has-

kells into the Independence party? Or will he be content with the minority of rats that may leave the old hulks when they discover the sort of cargo with which they are loaded? It must be confessed that thus far in his career as an organizer of parties for purity and reform, Mr. Hearst has shown little constructive ability—his effort has been wholly destructive; and unless it is his ultimate intention to erect a better structure from the ruined material of those he pulls down, we cannot understand why he devotes so much of his time and talent to the sort of work that he seems to have in hand.

Much Ado About Nothing

Judge Dunne's friends and enemies are working themselves into such a high state of excitement over his candidacy that one might imagine them to be under the delusion that they were witnessing "a mighty drama in the theatre of the Infinitude with suns for lamps and eternity for a background." It is almost inconceivable that there should be so much pother over so unimportant a matter. Whatever happens to Judge Dunne it can make no perceptible difference to this community. His inability to try cases according to law makes him somewhat expensive, but the city is rich enough to pay for his education. It is somewhat irritating, perhaps, to sensitive persons, to have Judge Dunne thrust down their throat at every step, and to be told that one's attitude toward him is the test of honesty, but it avails nothing to storm and vituperate. Consider, for example, the useless waste of nervous energy at the meeting of the Bar Association last week when Judge Dunne's zealous and superheated friends undertook a strategic move in his behalf whereby they expected to secure an exclusive endorsement of his candidacy. Unfortunately for Mr. Spreckels's puppet his rivals were apprized of the maneuver, and their friends rallying in sufficient number to prevent the execution of the masterly coup, made it evident that the emotions which have been quickened in the legal profession by Dunne's candidacy are as poignant as those of the most rancorous partisans. Apparently the lawyers are as deficient as the members of the Good Government League in that intellectual quality which is loosely described as a sense of humor. The meeting was a stormy one, both sides engaging in a tumultuous debate, and the more virulent of the adversaries going at each other tooth and nail, might and main, as though the fate of a nation depended on the result. Now men with a fine spirit of humor permeating them would never rage and sweat in parliamentary conflict over so inconsequential a matter as that which split the Bar Association into passionate factions, causing learned men to fume and fret and froth as though drunk with choler. What if Judge Dunne's friends did exhibit porcine proclivities? Surely they are likely to do him more harm than good by making it apparent that the only aggressive opposition to him is that which they are stirring up by their impudent efforts to sweep all other candidates aside. If the members of the Bar Association who voted down the resolution calling for the exclusive endorsement of Dunne possessed a sense of humor they would have rebuked the viper brood of canting moralists from the District Attorney's office with gentle ridicule and deftly laughed them into cognizance of their vulgar stupidity. A sense of humor makes for largeness and coolness of intellectual magnanimity, and it is the most useful of all attributes in a lawyer. We strongly recommend the cultivation of it to the Bar Association for future emergencies. And we sorely lament the lack of it on that recent occasion when it was so important that the members of the Bar Association should have had a just conception of a very grotesque situation, to which Mr. Spreckels and his gumshoe mercenary contributed much significance by peopling the vicinage while the hirelings of the uncouth millionaire were doing ward politics for his immaculate judge. Surely that was no time for rage, but rather for raillery. What if the Langdons, the Heneys and the Dwyers did attempt to convert the Bar Association into an adjunct of Rudolph Spreckels's revenge propaganda? While it was quite proper to resent the project, to fly into a passion over it was a tactical blunder. A man with a spirit of humor, who always has a sense of proportion, would have resented the movement discreetly; for the man with this divine spirit never imagines that the salvation of society depends on his carrying his point; never by him are trivalities magnified into portentous phenomena. A sense of humor makes for sanity and toleration, and it abhors frenzy as well as chicanery. It is because that sense is missing in many men that we have megalomaniacs and bigots in the world, men who take everything, including themselves, seriously. To this class belong many of the men who regard Judge Dunne as the sole issue of this campaign. They are intensely in earnest. If you tell them you are not for Judge Dunne they will believe that you are a crook. But nobody should quarrel with them. They are more deserving of amiable indulgence than of taunts. Think of the misfortune of the man who cannot see a joke, whose seat of humor has never been reached and quickened! Love is the great sweetener of life, but after love is there anything so essential to happiness in this world as humor?

Good Citizens for Dunne

Of course the leaders of the Dunne movement, the mercenaries that keep Mr. Spreckel's leg warm and his vanity inflated, are not to be confounded with the good but misguided citizens who believe that Dunne, apparently from a sense of civic virtue, vindicated his pre-eminent fitness for the bench by making of himself a partisan judge; neither are some of the small fry members of the bar, the incompetents who attribute their caseless existence to the perversity of the courts; but the majority of Judge Dunne's adherents are men of excellent intentions whose mental capacity is the mental capacity of the average citizen, and they are consequently incapable of forming an accurate estimate either of his ability or his moral worth. The average citizen—the clerk in whole-

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sale or retail store, who moves in a groove; the humble representative of a profession, who has no real sagacity for what is vulgarly known as the "low-down" of affairs; these men who are typical of the average citizen, are for Judge Dunne because it appears to them that he has antagonized the rich and powerful by his inflexible rectitude. This in their opinion, is proof irrefragable of his uprightness. At heart they are good citizens. It is because so many of our good citizens come from this class that the impression prevails that the people love to be humbugged. Of course the people do not love anything of the kind. They simply cannot help being humbugged. We confess it is unfortunate that well-meaning men should be misled by the preposterous pretensions of newspaper heroes, but we should reflect that those heroes are always draped in deceptive colors. Men with a sense of humor will never view the progress of these heroes or the things that are done in their behalf with such frenzied indignation as characterized the attitude of those members of the Bar Association who revolted at the proposition to give Judge Dunne an exclusive or any other kind of endorsement. We thoroughly realize what Judge Dunne's re-election would mean, but it would not appal us. Under a democratic form of government it is well that the people should experience the humiliation and all the minor evil consequences of their ignorance. By this process they come to appreciate the principle on which government is so constituted as to protect the people from their own folly. In the school of experience they must learn that what the majority think is not always right, and that their worst enemies are the men who play upon their passions and prejudices.

Reason and Emotion

The good citizens, who are persuaded by the artful misrepresentations of the buccaneer press, will some day, let us hope, find Judge Dunne out. Then they will be better, because less unsophisticated, citizens. They should not be expected to grasp all sides of a problem at one sitting. That is too much to expect of the average citizen. They know that the fundamental purpose of such a thing as a graft prosecution is for the civic well-being, and they argue quite logically that any public functionary who is in sympathy with so worthy an object is deserving of public esteem. And though our graft prosecution has virtually collapsed as a result of sinister influences designed to convert it into a private enterprise, which influences Judge Dunne aided and abetted, yet it is not vouchsafed the average citizen to perceive that Judge Dunne's zeal is more deserving of censure than praise. But this circumstance is one that should excite our compassion rather than our indignation. Nor should it incite us to pessimism. History proves that the world has never been right in its original estimate of men. Even Nero was beloved by the people of Rome, and his successor won the purple by reminding the people that he was the monster's confidential friend. If there are many men who believe that Judge Dunne should be kept on the bench, there to besmirch his betters, it is because their judgment, as most judgments, is determined less by intellectual processes than by feeling, and that feelings are swayed by likes and dislikes. Even the average citizen will not argue coldbloodedly that a partisan judge is better than a just judge, but his selfish feeling will prompt him to favor the partisan judge whom he believes to be on his side. Now the average good citizen believes that Judge Dunne was on his side in the graft prosecution, and it has not occurred to him that perhaps the Judge was also and principally on Spreckels's side. The fact is that Judge Dunne's adherents have the emotional part of belief without the intellectual. The case is one that presents the maximum of conviction and the minimum of reason. But the only really unfortunate thing about it is that so many good citizens, devoid of a sense of humor, have lost head and heart over it. As in all passionate controversies involving ethical principles, the men on one side believe that their adversaries are actuated by a desire to break loose from all moral obligations; and on the other, that their opponents cunningly pander to the interests of iniquity and are fit for Bedlam. How much better were it for us all to remember that nothing is so important as to live justly, to hurt no man, to give everyone his own and thus attain as close an approximation to felicity as is possible for human nature.

The Suffrage Question

As a result of the recent expression of our views on the question of equal suffrage, we are in receipt of many pamphlets, leaflets and letters setting forth information and argument in support of the cause of the women who would vote. Conscientiously and industriously we have waded waist deep into the flood of written and printed words, and now we feel that there isn't much worth knowing on the subject of universal suffrage of which we are not cognizant. We have learned among other things that there is considerable authoritative dissent from the views of the male citizen of Colorado who affirmed the failure of woman suffrage in that State. Judge Ben Lindsay, of Denver, for example, is authority for the statement that woman suffrage is a great success in Colorado. But Judge Lindsay's views, as we learned during his recent visit to this city, are sometimes misleading. We reject Judge Lindsay as an authority. With no previous acquaintance with Professor Kelly, formerly of the Iowa University, and now practicing law in Denver, him we prefer to the judge. Professor Kelly says that the experience of Colorado proves that by permitting women to vote "we get a more earnest attention to the great civilizing influences." Women, according to Professor Kelly, give dynamic force to a fresh and vital interest in the State. They are not concerned with mere partisan politics. They are interested in distinctly social questions. Now this is one of the reasons why we are not in favor of woman suffrage. While there are some social questions to which attention should be given, and to which women have given attention with most beneficent results, there are others in which there has been too much meddling. The question of private morals is one of them. We are in favor of greater individual liberty and fewer attempts to restrict the normal appetites of the many in accordance with the ideas of a wax-doll morality. We are not so dogmatic as to assert that greater restriction on individual liberty is bound to result from equal suffrage, but we say that we are apprehensive. We have observed that the most energetic women in the country are the members of the W. C. T. U., who caused the abolition of the army canteen, and we shudder at the prospect of their being permitted to vote. Nor does it affect our judgment in the least to be told that the moment we restrict the franchise we create a privileged class and that there is no argument against universal suffrage that is not a stronger argument against a democratic form of government. These propositions are not to be disputed, but we are in favor of a privileged class, and we are not

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convinced that a democratic form of government is flawless. Indeed we are so bold as to entertain the notion that our form of government may be improved by vouchsafing the right to vote only to desirable citizens. And, by the way, we are of the opinion that there are thousands of women who possess all the qualifications of desirable citizens, and who should be permitted to vote.

Utopian Upton

It is announced that Upton Sinclair is coming to take up his residence in the literary colony of Carmel-by-the-Sea. Presumably he is going to follow the customs of the country and live in some sort of stationary structure, cottage, bungalow or tent, but sometime ago he contemplated pioneering a colony of van-dwellers who were bent on putting socialism to a test by beating the landlord, the tax collector and all the other bears and bugbears that live and thrive in consequence of our iniquitous social system. The colony was to be "forever on the move," never remaining in one spot long enough to acquire a residence. The women were to be freed from the trammels and restraints of housekeeping, the children, emancipated alike from labor and learning, were to live the simple life, and illustrate the virtues of "back to the soil." In theory it was charming, but somewhat reminiscent of the large colonies of "movers" that used to roam all over the west, eternally on the search for an ideal place to settle where there would be nothing to do and everything to enjoy—the gaunt, sallow, sun-tanned and shiftless, always following the setting sun until they sank into nameless graves by the roadside or ended their days in some new "town" scarcely more stable than their own canvas schooners. There is no scheme too foolhardy not to find advocates and it is well within the probabilities that the Sinclair caravans would have grown like Coxey's army were it not that sheriffs and town constables, for once wise enough to cope with an evil before it had gathered full strength, announced their intention of looking upon the peripatetic colonies as swarms of vagrants. There are always a few dupes who sacrifice all they have to a "cause," but the majority of those who join in these enterprises usually are not averse to sharing the goods of others. Mr. Sinclair may be very much disappointed when he finds out that the Carmel colony is only a little unconventional within strict lines of conventionality.

Perspective Impressions

Delegates from seven coast cities have sounded the knell of sectional strife. But wait until some of them get back home!

The people of Stockton have been very much surprised at the discovery that one of their reformers is a faker. And yet they are supposed to be familiar with the history of the latest reform movement in San Francisco.

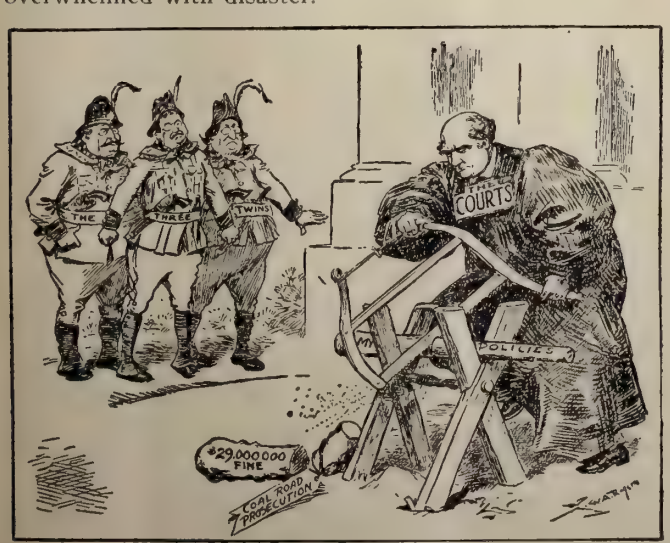
As soon as Casey failed to deliver the goods it was discovered that he appointed to office a score of men who were not eligible under civil service rules. The tardiness of the discovery was probably due to the fact that Mayor Taylor was engaged in earning his other salary.

Says Governor Hughes: "If all that Mr. Bryan has favored during the last twelve years had been enacted into law, we should have been overwhelmed with disaster." It is equally true that though less than half that Mr. Roosevelt favored was enacted into law we were overwhelmed with disaster.

There ought to be some fat pickings in the contract for the removal of the City Hall ruins, not to mention the contract for a new building. There are always some practical men among reformers.

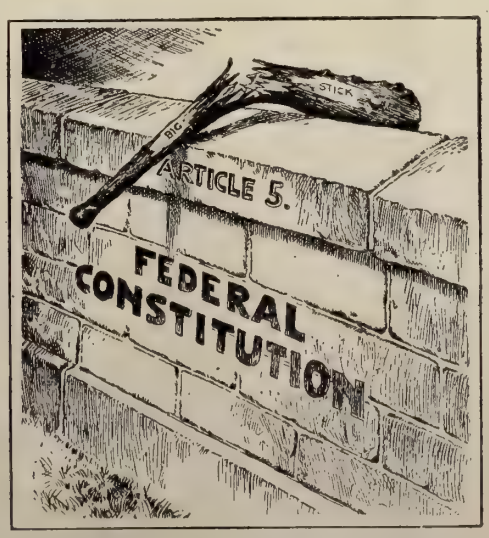
Mr. Roosevelt says that the only suit brought under the Sherman anti-trust law during Cleveland's administration was against a combination of workingmen. Quite right. It was the suit against the American Railway Union during the Pullman strike, and the result was one of the proudest achievements of one of our greatest Presidents.

"Under the Cleveland Administration," says Mr. Roosevelt, "there were no indictments against shippers for securing rebates." Of course Mr. Roosevelt knows that the Elkins' act, which made possible the punishment of a shipper was not passed until 1903. He has often officially claimed credit for the law. And yet he does not scruple at insinuating that Cleveland's Attorney-General neglected his duty in not indicting shippers.



SAWING UP THE BIG STICK.

—Rogers in the Harrisburg Patriot.



"THERE ARE RIGHTS AND LIBERTY AND PROPERTY THAT ARE SECURE AGAINST HOSTILE LEGISLATIVE ACTION."
—Judge Gray. —De Mar in the Philadelphia Record.

A Song

Thine eyes in mine eyes
Swift though the flame dies
Each to each, mirror-wise
Open infinities.
Freely without end
Light may the soul spend,
Rings of the pool blend;
So thou and I, friend.

—Herbert French.

Bestowing the Purple

Containing Historical Data from the Fragmentary Archives of Imperial Rome, Upon Which is Based a Dark Brown Hint that its Repetition is Now in Process of Tentative Application After Millennial Desuetude; to Which is Added a Personal Note Explanatory of the Author's Fear That He May Hereafter be Prosecuted for Lese Majesty.

By Democritus

Omitting a few conspicuous instances of succession to the throne or the headship of the State by nomination of the still living and reigning occupant of the office, chiefly recorded in the histories of the Italian principalities and the annals of Oriental countries, there has not been, since the fall of the Roman empire, a single example of this method of bestowing the purple.

Gibbon tells us that in elective monarchies, the vacancy of the throne is a moment big with danger and mischief. The Roman emperors, desirous to spare the legions that interval of suspense, and the temptation of an irregular choice, invested their designed successor with so large a share of present power as should enable him after their decease, to assume the remainder without suffering the empire to perceive the change of masters.

We learn from the memoirs of Velleius Paterculus and the biographies of the emperors by Suetonius, that Augustus, after all his fairer prospects had been snatched from him by untimely deaths, rested his last hopes on Tiberius, obtained for his adopted son the censorial and tribunitian powers, and dictated a law, by which the future prince was vested with an authority equal to his own, over the provinces and the armies.

Vespasian "adopted" his son Titus; Nerva, upon whom the purple was bestowed by the assassins of Domitian, nominated Tarjan, a stranger; Harian adopted Aelius Verus, a gay and voluptuous nobleman, but very beautiful, and destined never to fulfil the hope of his imperial admirer; by the basest intrigue recorded in the annals of nations Nero was named the successor of Claudius in preference to Brittanicus, the emperor's son by that monster of iniquity, Messalina; Elagabalus named Alexander Severus as his successor, and then tried to assassinate the new Caesar, thereby perishing in a vile place at the hands of the soldiers. The list of adoptive emperors is a long one but not as long as the list of Caesars vested with the bloodstained and vice-bedraggled purple by the praetorian guards. And in most cases the adoption was as fatal as the election, either for the wearer of the purple or for the leading citizens of Rome. It didn't make much difference who sat on the throne of the Caesars, the massacre proceeded just the same and the "succession" was accomplished as soon as those personally interested in securing control of the government could reach the person fortuitously in possession of the robes and insignia. Sometimes, as in the case of Nero, it was a case of cold steel, and again, as in the case of Claudius, it was a dose of cold poison. The job of governing the Roman empire was one of the most precarious that ever fell to the lot of man; it was, unquestionably, a great honor to be a Roman emperor, but it was also more frequently a death sentence than a joyous tribute.

Since the downfall of the Roman empire the system of adoption and the nomination of a successor to fill a probable vacancy on a throne or in a "chair," has been generally abandoned by civilized nations. Modern monarchies are governed by families, and the succession is determined by birth like any other inheritance. The trend of government, however, is away from the hereditary and monarchical idea. As men become more enlightened they resent the family system of directing the destiny of nations, and they have frequently rebelled against the father-to-son method of transmitting mastership.

Republics governed by a democracy are steadily becoming the rule in human affairs. And so far advanced are we of the twentieth century in this popular notion, that if anybody should propose to resume business at the old Roman government stand, he would be promptly read out of the party to which he might happen to belong. Any political party in the United States that should place in its platform a plank demanding that Congress should immediately upon convening, frame a constitutional amendment enabling the President of the republic to name his successor, he would be consigned to oblivion as fast as the voters could poll their ballots. Adoption, succession, and hereditary right to the presidency of these United States is entirely contrary to the genius of our scheme of government. If anybody should attempt to force a "successor" on us we would feel that the republic was doomed and that imperialism was in the saddle.

The only successor to the presidency that the American people will consent to tolerate is one elected by themselves to a second term in that office. We could elect a President to a third term if we so desired; there is no constitutional prohibition to that kind of "succession"; but we wouldn't do it, and no President has had the nerve to ask such suffrage from us. When we set up this form of government we removed the purple from the wardrobe of our Presidents, and we decreed that no citizen's hat shall hang on the peg of the rack in the White House more than eight years. In that time, we surmise, it will be possible to find a fit successor somewhere in the ranks of the common people. Usually it only requires four years to find a citizen whom we think available to "succeed." There is not the slightest objection to suggestions from anybody as to the best "successor," and, in fact, it is the privilege of every American citizen to make such suggestion. Moreover, the American citizen is never backward in advice of this sort. But, as I have endeavored to make plain by inference at least, the purple cannot be passed from the shoulders of one American President to another without the consent of the governed.

I assume that the moral of this little essay is entirely obvious to the dullest understanding. I also assume that the bulk of my readers are above the average of intelligence, and that these have caught the drift of my intent from the caption of my theme. These acute readers will not only penetrate the dark allusion throughout my discourse, but they will appreciate my reason for thus seeking to avoid all future penalty for the crime of violated majesty that may hereafter be enacted by order of a possible dictator wearing the purple of an adopted successor to the chief magistracy of what may some day be an imperial estate sustained by a genuine, old-fashioned, Romaneque praetorian guard. I am taking no chances on the future.

Personal Abuse in Political Campaigns

Reminiscences Showing That History Has Repeated Itself in this Year of Our Lord—The Morey and Mulligan Letters—Charges of Dishonesty Against Blaine and Garfield—The Situation in Ohio—Belief That Roosevelt Has Hurt Taft More Than Foraker.

Not for the first time have the platform issues in a Presidential campaign been abandoned on account of the paramount interest of the public in sensational letters produced with malicious intent. In this respect the present campaign bears something of a resemblance to the campaigns of 1880 and 1884. In 1880 Garfield was obliged to give his attention to attacks made upon him on account of the Morey letter which was designed to lose for him the vote of the States on this coast. Those were the days of the agitation over the question of Chinese immigration. Twelve days before the election a New York newspaper published a letter purporting to have been written by Garfield early in the year to one H. L. Morey of Lynn, Mass. The communication appeared to be a reply to a letter written to General Garfield for the purpose of obtaining his views on Chinese cheap labor, and was as follows:

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., January 23, 1880.

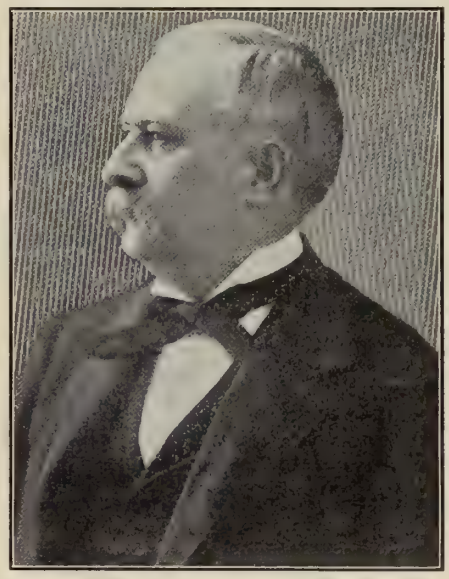
Dear Sir: Yours in relation to the Chinese problem came duly to hand. I take it that the question of employees is only a question of private and corporate economy. Individuals or companies have the right to buy labor where they can get it the cheapest. We have a treaty with the Chinese government which should be religiously kept until its provisions are abrogated by the action of the general government, and I am not prepared to say that it should be abrogated until our great manufacturing interests are conserved in the matter of labor.

Very truly yours, J. A. Garfield.

The day after the publication of the letter in New York, Garfield sent the following telegram from his home in Mentor, Ohio, to Marshall Jewell, chairman of the Republican National Committee: "I will not break the rule I have adopted, by making a public reply to campaign lies, but I authorize you to denounce the so-called 'Morey' letter as a bold forgery, both in language and sentiment. Until its publication I never heard of the existence of the Employers' Union of Lynn, Mass., nor of any such person as H. L. Morey" An investigation showed that no such person as H. L. Morey lived at or near Lynn, Mass., at the time the letter was dated, and that no such organization as the Employers' Union ever existed in Lynn.

Though Garfield triumphed in this matter he never did answer to the satisfaction of his opponents charges somewhat similar to those that have been made against Senator Foraker. The charges to which I refer are those that grew out of the Credit-Mobilier scandal. They were to the effect that when he was a member of the House of Representatives he used his influence to put through measures for his own financial benefit. Throughout the campaign he was accused of accepting Credit-Mobilier stock at a low rate as a return for his vote in Congress. The Credit-Mobilier Company was chartered in 1859 by the State of Pennsylvania, and was authorized to build houses, buy lands, loan money, etc. The company did nothing for several years, but in 1867 its chief representative, Oakes Ames, came to Washington and told several members of Congress confidentially that his purpose was to buy lands along the line of the Pacific Railroad, where they thought cities and villages would grow up. Among those with whom he talked on the subject was Garfield, and it was afterwards asserted that Garfield accepted $1,000 worth of stock, and received from Ames a dividend of $329. A committee of the House of Representatives investigated the matter, and reported in 1873 in favor of expelling certain members and censuring others. Garfield was not in either list, and he declared, before the committee, that the only money he had ever received from Ames was a loan of $300, which he had repaid. Garfield was also charged with having received a bribe while in Congress. It was shown that he received a fee of $5000 from a company that had a patent on a wood pavement. This pavement was adopted by the local authorities of Washington, over whom Congress has supreme control Garfield argued in favor of the pavement before the local authorities, and he acknowledged that he received a fee of $5000, but said that he received it as an attorney and not as a member of Congress. Yet Garfield was elected President, and Garfield's son, a member of Mr. Roosevelt's official family, is hot on the trail of the wicked trusts.

James G. Blaine, like Garfield, was involved in the Credit-Mobilier scandal, and he was investigated by Con-



SENATOR FORAKER

gress in 1876 when he was a member of the House. It was charged that he had used his influence in favor of corporations. and had profited largely in consequence. The Mulligan letters were letters produced by James Mulligan which Blaine had written to Warren Fisher, Jr., of Boston. It was claimed that they showed that Blaine had received $64,000 from the Union Pacific Railroad Company for services rendered. Blaine made a dramatic defense in the House of Representatives by reading some of the letters. His defense was satisfactory to the Republicans of his own State. A month later he was appointed by the Governor of Maine as a member of the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Senator Lot Morrill as secretary of the United States Treasury, and was elected for a full Senatorial term in 1883.

In every attempt he made to secure the Presidential nomination, however, the Mulligan letters were brought up against him. They figured in the Republican national conventions of 1876, 1880 and 1884, in all of which he was a prominent candidate. When he finally secured the nomination, in 1884, the Mulligan letters would not down. They caused the loss of thousands of Republican and independent votes. He might have been elected, even with this loss, but for the Burchard incident.

Whether Foraker will be as successful as Garfield and

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Writing in the Sand

By F. Harland Davis

I.

Sanzo sat in the temple garden, clad in the black robe of a Buddhist priest. He watched the little children playing, some racing about with kites, some demurely sitting in groups. It was one of his priestly duties to instruct these children, to teach them how to use the brush in order to make Japanese characters, and to unravel later on some of the sacred sutras in his simple and beautiful way. And Sanzo was a gentle and very loving teacher, who imparted his schooling with so much grace and charm that his small scholars delighted in all he had to say. They learnt their letters because Sanzo had told them of a great man of old who could write letters on the sky and upon running water. How delightful it would be to paint black strokes on the sky, and send honorable love to the Moon Lady, or to write upon the river at the coming of iris bloom!

Often the children in the long summer evenings when the red peonies swung like Chinese lanterns among their green leaves, would sit around Sanzo and listen with breathless interest to his wonderful stories. Little maids would weep at his whimsical fancies, and press their dolls very close to their small breasts. One by one the children departed, with a loving farewell to their master. Sanzo still sat on in the garden, watching with half-closed eyes the lotus-covered lake.

He was aroused from his reverie by the sound of a soft footfall caming from the garden of a small An-dera (nun's temple) that joined the temple in which Sanzo served the Lord Buddha and his little children. Then, very softly, came the sound of a woman singing, and these were the words of her song:

"If you want to meet me, love,
  Only we twain.
Come to the gate, love,
  Sunshine or rain;
Stand in the shadow, love,
  And if people pry,
Say that yau came, love,
  To watch who went by."

Sanzo knew the song well. It was part of a song from the Flower Dance of Bingo province. He had heard it sung by a woman he once loved, long, long ago. To more effectually bury that love he had become a priest. How haunting old songs were! Why did a Buddhist nun sing a song that was so far removed from the Peace that the Lord Buddha gives?

Sanzo rose, and fingering his beads, peeped through the pine trees, and saw the singer of the song. She was watching him, her pretty face wreathed in smiles. All the sacred sutras and all the sacred practices of her Order had not pressed out the dimples that came and went in her cheeks. Sanzo trembled as he watched her. He tried to turn away his eyes, but they wandered back to the singer of the song. He assiduously counted his beads. All in vain. The old memory of his love came back again and tingled and surged through his veins. The singer of the song was Tokiwa, the woman he had once loved, and, alas for his peace of soul, still loved now! "Go away, Tokiwa, go away!" said the priest softly. "Never sing that song again. Oh, why did you come? Pray to Kwannon, our Lady of Mercy—— I don't love you now. The past lies buried and forgotten——"

Sanzo stopped speaking. How could he speak when Tokiwas was sobbing? How could he look when her dear head was pressed close to the ground? Sanzo closed his eyes and clung for support to the branch of a tree. And when he looked again Tokiwa was gone.

The next day Sanzo made inquiries at the An-dera and learned that the temple contained no nun answering to the description of Tokiwa. Whereupon Sanzo inferred that she must have entered the garden with a view of attracting his attention. It came as a little relief to him to learn that Tokiwa had not become a nun. The gods had not made Tokiwa that way.

Sanzo went about his duties with a preoccupied air. The children were the first to notice a change in him. He would commence telling them stories and leave them unfinished. Once he nursed a doll for such a long time upside down that all the girls laughed at him, and then sucked in their breath and begged his honorable pardon for being so rude as to laugh at a holy bozu (priest). And once when he was singing ever such a funny song tears came into his eyes, and they were not tears that came from laughing.

"What is the matter with our dear bozu?" said one little follow solemnly.

"I fell asleep under a fir tree," replied Sanzo, trying to smile. "My mouth was very wide open—oh, so wide open, like a small cavern, and some pine needles came fluttering down, went into my mouth, and dug their little points right into my heart! And that is what we call pricking of the heart."

"And will the pine-needles ever come out again?" said the same little boy still more solemnly.

"No, I am afraid not, but you must not look so solemn or Jizo (the god of Japanese children) will put you in his long sleeves, thinking you are too frightened and miserable for this world. See, I will draw in the sand the figure of Hotei (the god of Contentment). He has big lobes to his ears. He is always laughing and that makes him so fat that you generally find him sitting down."

II.

One night when Sanzo was sitting in the temple garden trying very hard to think about the Lord Buddha sitting on a big Lotust flower in Nirvana, he fell asleep. So soundly he slept that he did not hear Tokiwa singing in the next garden, in such a lonesome, quivering little voice:

"If you want to meet me, love,
  Only you and I,
Come to the pine tree, love,
  Clouds or clear sky;
Stand among the spikelets, love,
  And if folks ask why,
Say that you came, love,
  To catch a butterfly."

When Tokiwa had finished singing, she peeped into the garden. "There he is!" said she. But he took no notice of my song. He pretended that he did not hear."

Then the moon rose and shed a silver glory over the still form of Sanzo. "He sleeps. Surely I may go and watch him while he sleeps?"

And Tokiwa clambered over the fence and crawled along, like a beautiful snake, with her little red mouth close to the ground. She saw Hotei in the sand, and murmured softly: "Ah, how he loves children!" For a moment she paused. Then she stretched forth one finger and wrote, "Sanzo, I love you so!"

Now she drew close to where Sanzo sat. Very carefully she raised herself till she was in a kneeling posture. She looked like a devotee worshipping the figure of some beautiful god. Her eyes shone brightly, and there was an expression of intense love on her face.

"Oh, to be able to look at him always so," said Tokiwa gently. Whether sound of her voice fashioned a sweet dream in the mind of the sleeper I cannot say; but a smile played about his lips, and Tokiwa smiled back at him. "He loves me in his sleep," she said.

In the meantime a second figure crawled along in a like manner to Tokiwa; but it was not like a beautiful

(Continued on Page 31.)

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The Spectator

How the Money Is Being Spent

One of Town Talk's inquisitive subscribers has written to me for information regarding the Relief Fund. He wants to know whether the money has been exhausted and if not to what purpose the balance on hand is being applied. Upon inquiry I learn that the Fund is far from exhausted. There is still on hand the magnificent sum of $400,000. It was the sense of the trustees that this money should be spent in endowing beds in the hospitals of the city, a sensible way, it strikes me, of winding up their trust, but for some reason the money is being spent under the direction of the Associated Charities. As a consequence it is gradually being consumed in salaries, for organized charity always involves a great deal of red tape, and red tape is never manipulated merely for somebody's health. It requires, I believe, about fifty persons to perform all the labor involved in the distribution of charity under the auspices of the Associated Charities. And of course a high priced expert must be employed to audit accounts for the trustees of the Relief Fund. It appears also that somebody deems it of great importance that track should be kept of all persons who received aid from the rehabilitation committee. And to that end men are employed to visit those who received assistance that enabled them to resume business after the fire. It is probably not very pleasant for those who were so unfortunate as to need assistance to be constantly reminded of the fact by busybodies in quest of information respecting their affairs, but the men engaged in drawing salaries must have some means of showing that they are not unworthy of their hire.

"Waiter, this bill of fare is dated ten days ago."
"Bless your soul, that makes no difference, sir; we're still carrying those things."

His Light Uncovered

Usually when a Californian goes to foreign parts and achieves distinction a thrill of pride seizes the friends of his youth, and with much enthusiasm they celebrate his merits and recount those performances of his early career that signalized his adolescent talent and presaged his later triumphs. Not so in the case of the Hon. T. Carl Spelling. I doubt whether there are three men in town who have heard of the success that has attended Mr. Spelling since his departure hence. Doubtless in the years that have elapsed since T. Carl withdrew his tireless voice from the councils of the local Democracy he has been entirely forgotten by men whose acquaintance with him was as intimate as that of Hamlet and Yorick. Doubtless there are some amongst us who have attributed the protracted silence of him to death, feeling sure that nothing short of consignment to the deep, damp vault could render him so unobtrusive as he has been. For in days not long ago Mr. Spelling was one of our most vociferous citizens. A lawyer by profession, his practice came in short gasps, for, it must be confessed, he gave no token in those days of latent ability. As a luminary of the bar he yielded more heat than light, and among the illuminati he was regarded as a flickering taper. But in the Iroquois Club he was quite as brilliant as E. P. E. Troy and almost as noisy. Today the Hon. T. Carl Spelling is one of the leaders of the bar, not generally recognized, but sufficiently so to be on Mr. Roosevelt's staff of special pleaders. I have heard it said that Mr. Roosevelt's failure as a trust buster has been due principally to his inability to distinguish a lawyer from a lobster, but he probably improved his acumen before hiring the man from California. Mr. Spelling is special counsel for the government in the commodity rate case which is being tried in Philadelphia.

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has resumed consultation practice, 246 Powell. Hours by appointment. Tel. Douglas 1419. Residence, Fairmont.

Kowalsky and Leopold

In striking contrast to the obscurity in which Mr. Spelling's performances have been conducted is the publicity which has always attended the doings of that ponderous but buoyant Californian, Henry T. Kowalsky. The bushel of sufficient size to hide the Colonel's blinding light has yet to be found. Even when he was but a provincial lawyer, engaged in supplying the San Francisco market with illegitimate children guaranteed to consume the superfluous hoardings of dead millionaires, the young orb of his budding genius cast its rays far and wide, and so well recognized was the resourcefulness of this genius that every rich bachelor in the State was in mortal dread of being Kowalskied in the Probate Court. In time the Colonel perceived that for a man of his ambition and talent the California field of industry was hardly broad enough for exploitation, and so he wandered away and established headquarters in New York, where he has become a notable character. From time to time the Colonel's triumphs have inspired the press, and the curiosity of his friends in San Francisco respecting his doings has never been starved. It is well known that long since the Colonel established social and professional relations with royalty; that he had ingratiated himself with Leopold of Belgium, and that in his occasional trips to Brussels he was entertained at the Palace where his ability as a narrator of racy stories was much admired. It is also well known that the Colonel was engaged in creating a sentiment in this country favorable to the operations of the Belgian government in the Congo State. Of the Colonel in this capacity I have lately come across some interesting news that will be appreciated by those who knew him in the days when he was establishing claims of illegitimate heirs in Judge Coffey's court.

Official Representative of Royalty

The latest news of Kowalsky's doings comes to me by way of a German weekly, the Echo, published in Berlin. The Echo recently republished a letter sent from Brussels to the Berliner Tageblatt, which exposes the methods by which Leopold cultivated European and American sentiment. It is said that the chief of his publicity bureau is Secretary Liebrechts of the Congo State, who established a press bureau in Brussels which is known as "The Committee for the Protection of Colonial Interests in Africa." This bureau, with an unlimited credit, has subsidized newspapers in several European cities and sent speechmakers all over the world. The chief representative of the bureau in this country is Colonel Kowalsky, who is described in the letter as follows: "Kowalsky was a member of the legislature of San Francisco, and besides, like all important people in America, is a colonel. He maintained a steady correspondence with the king and spoke to him of the Sisyphus-like work which he was doing in the interest of the sovereign of the Free State. These letters form the humoristical side of the Congo tragedy. They always begin with the words 'my dear majesty' and close 'with repeated assurances of my deep respect and

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my sincere friendship' or 'with the warmest wishes for the happiness and the good health of Your Majesty. Long life to the king! Always at your service.'" How typical of our breezy friend the Colonel! How absolutely conclusive of the genuineness of the letter are the sentiments and language!

His Great Love for the King

If after reading the foregoing there is any doubt in your mind that the letter was written by the Colonel read this excerpt from another letter and be assured: "Yes, I confess that have come to feel an affection for Your Majesty such as I have entertained only for my beloved, never-to-be-forgotten father. Therefore you may find in all America no person more devoted to you nor more determined to raise the banner of your Majesty to the top of the highest mast." "This devotion," says the correspondent of the Tageblatt, "will be understood when it is known that Kowalsky, in the course of time lightened 'his dear Majesty's' pocket of $45,000, equal to 225,000 francs, that is more than twice the sum promised to him, 'in the event of the American government, during the legislative session, making no declaration in disparagement of the Congo State and of Congress abstaining from an unfavorable resolution."

A Charge of Bribery

These letters and others, it is explained, are photographic copies of the originals made "by a dismissed officer of the Corgo Press Bureau named Landre. They are not all humorous. The Tageblatt correspondent makes some pretty serious charges in connection with his explanation of how Kowalsky earned his money. For example: "The American Senator Morgan had moved for an order of the day condemning the Congo government. This motion was referred to a committee whose secretary was also the secretary of Morgan. Kowalsky bribed this secretary, whereupon the unfaithful employe was discharged by Morgan. Furthermore Kowalsky corresponded with one Wack, an editor, whom he even introduced to President Roosevelt and whose usefulness can easily be inferred from one of his letters written to the king, in which he says: 'Simply take the present concessionaries by the collar and force them to share their privileges with the Americans.' As a result of this proposal, the greatest American money magnates actually received shares of the monopolies of the Congo State. Nevertheless Colonel Kowalsky failed in his mission. The vote taken by the committee on foreign affairs of the American Parliament in the year 1907 upset all calculations, and a few months later Kowalsky had ceased to be an agent for the Congo State."

The Colonel Renigged

From the foregoing it is evident that Colonel Kowalsky has been supplied with cause of action against the Tageblatt, but the Colonel is such a gay, careless soul that he is not likely to take the matter seriously. The charge that he bribed a secretary will probably have less effect on his emotions than the loss of his royal job, which must have been quite suitable to his taste. "People who ought to know," says the correspondent, "declare that he received in all nearly half a million francs from the king." And the correspondent winds up with the following good story: "The king, by the way, found it an all but easy undertaking to rid himself of the spirits he had called. One day the 'dear majesty' feared 'indiscretions,' but Mr. de Cuvelier knew a way out of it; Kowalsky was to be sent to the fever coast of Nigeria to annoy the English and to familiarize the world with the horrible conditions existing in the cotton plantations of the British Society—conditions closely bordering on slavery. Kowalsky hesitated, but finally consented. He left for London, where he bought himself clothes for the tropics, a Sudanese helmet and a gun for the elephant hunt. Thus prepared Colonel Kowalsky courageously boarded the steamer and sailed—back to New York. The New York American, which related the story with good humor at the time, finished the report with the words: 'In this manner the hippopotamus and the lions of the Niger land were saved from a sad death.'"

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"How so?"
"It's always breaking down near some wayside resort."

The Bard of Berkeley

Adair Welcker was introduced to New York last week through the medium of the Sun. I fancy that some of my readers will ask Who in hell is Welcker? Not to know Welcker is to argue yourself unfamiliar with the literature of California. But to be candid I will confess that as familiar as I am with it, for lo! these many years I had forgotten all about Adair. When I read of him in the Sun I recalled these lines addressed to the most persevering of poets by Ambrose Bierce in the days when that distinguished guardian of the Temple of the Muses was on the alert for presumptuous intruders:

> The Swan of Avon died—the Swan
> of Sacramento'll soon be gone;
> And when his death-song he shall coo,
> Stand back or it will kill you too.

From the Sun I learn that Welcker is no longer of Sacramento; that he is now known as the Shakespeare of Contra Costa. According to the Sun he has written a dramatic poem entitled "Louis XVI," which he has read aloud in various places and which has been rejected by the Century Magazine. He wrote this poem in Berkeley, where it excited many raptures. Here are a few lines from it on moonshine:

> See how the moon's soft rays come gently downward,
> As if the watchful angels up in heaven
> Had sent these cooler rays down from the sky
> To rest so softly where the hot sun blazed.

"How true," says the Sun, "how elevating! Catch that sense of direction, down-up-down." This is obviously a sneer. The critic is evidently insensible to the beauty of the imagery in the sublime conception of the angel's manipulating the lights after the manner of electricians behind the scenes. Nor doubtless does he appreciate the deftness with which Poet Welcker transformed the adjective in the first line into an adverb in the fourth. The idea of soft moonshine resting softly and ameliorating the hotness by its softness is one that can be appreciated

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only by the cognoscenti who are skilled in the subtle technique of versesmithing. Mr. Welcker, says the Sun, is offering autograph copies of his poem at $1000 a copy.

The Doctor, the Dean and the Mayor

Mayor Taylor has been acquitted by the directors of the Hastings Law College of an accusation charging him with a breach of contract. The accusation cited, in effect, that Edward Robeson Taylor had contracted with the directors of the Hastings Law College to devote all his time to the duties of the office of dean of the college; that Edward Robeson Taylor aforesaid had subsequently, by reason of his appointment and election to the office of Mayor of the City of San Francisco, utterly neglected to perform the duties appertaining to the office of dean of the college; and that, notwithstanding this neglect on the part of the aforesaid Edward Robeson Taylor to perform said duties as a dean he continued in enjoyment of the salary of $4000 per annum contributed for this purpose by the taxpayers of California. Incidentally it was announced in this connection that the salary of Mayor is $6000 per annum, a total income from the public treasury into the bank account of Edward Robeson Taylor aggregating $10,000 a year. The facts alleged were not denied. The terms of the contract were admitted. But it was stated by friends of Mayor Taylor that before he accepted the office of Mayor he consulted the directors and received their permission to earn the additional salary, nothing further being stipulated regarding the earning of the salary as dean of the college. As a matter of fact the majority of the directors were wholly ignorant of the contractual obligation binding Edward Robeson Taylor to devote his entire time and ability to the duties of dean of the college. The matter came duly before the directors of the law college in secret session and these learned attorneys after deliberating one hour and twenty minutes returned the Scotch verdict of "not proven." The directors were under no more imperative obligation to inform the public that they had arrived at this or any other decision, than they were to permit the reporters to be present at the trial of Dean Taylor. The announcement of the verdict was a condescension for which we are as grateful as we ever are when our public servants vouchsafe to tell us what they are doing with our money and what they intend to do with the remainder. The proceedings were in camera; the verdict might with equal propriety have been kept in obscura.

When a Contract is Not a Contract

Since the onus of Edward Robeson Taylor's unearned increment has been shifted from the broad shoulders of the honorable Mayor to the multi-shouldered board of directors of the Hastings College of Law it will be for them to decide whether the money paid to Dr. Taylor is from the State treasury or the endowment fund of the college. As far as the Mayor may be heerafter concerned it is a matter of personal dispute between Edward Robeson Taylor and that citizen's conscience. If Dr. Taylor is not earning the salary of dean of the Hastings College of Law, his conscience will get the better of the argument; if Dr. Taylor can convince himself that his position as Mayor and his eminence as a writer of poems is sufficient offset for a salary of $4000 from the treasury of the law college, his conscience will have to confess judgment —there is no appeal. All of which confirms the belief of the layman that it is useless to attempt to kick against the pricks of the law. Apparently the contract between Dr. Taylor and the directors of the Hastings Law College was unilateral; the lawyers of the board of directors have proved to their own satisfaction that it was bilateral. In the jargon of the legal profession it was an indeterminate contract, the terms of which cannot be fixed by all the parties acting for their true interests, because the circumstances are such that no agreement (nor acquiescence in a non-agreement) can be reached until other motives act. What those motives may be Dr. Taylor or Mayor Taylor or Citizen Edward Robeson Taylor may determine.

The Sophistry of Ethics

Since the board of directors of the Hastings Law College have exonerated Dr. Taylor from all blame in the premises, without repudiating the contract requiring Dr. Taylor to devote all his time to the duties of the college deanship, the question naturally becomes one of ethics rather than one of ambiguous legal obligation. Is Mayor Taylor committing a grave or glaring ethical wrong in accepting a salary for Dr. Taylor that is not earned by the doctor? Was Dr. Jekyll morally responsible for the acts of Mr. Hyde? Can a man serve two masters; the one actively and the other constructively? Let the casuists tackle this problem in its metaphysical aspect; the plain citizen in the street is not fit, mentally, to grasp the subtleties of a syllogism propounded by Duns Scotus. At the very outset of the contention the wayfaring man is flabbergasted by the phrase "ethical wrong." It seems to him a contradiction of terms. If it is wrong to draw two salaries and render no service for one of them, how can it be otherwise than "ethical?" What distinction does Dr. Taylor make between an "ethical wrong" and plain, ordinary, everyday immorality? In the Federal government service the ethics of official duality is clearly differentiated. It is presumed that one man cannot do two things as well as he can do one thing, and that as the government pays its employes for doing all things to the best of their ability a two-man job cannot be other than a job for two men. The economic intention in this instance is probably superior to the merely ethical principle involved; for there are not enough government offices to supply all that wish to fill them; but in the last analysis of the proposition it is a moral postulate. Mayor Taylor is psychodextrous. He is a doctor, a lawyer and a poet; he is a politician; he is a linguist; he is an orator, a philosopher and a man of affairs; his executive ability is acknowledged by everybody; his activities are as many-sided as the thoughts that inspire them; there is probably no other citizen of San Francisco who can do so many things as thoroughly as they can be done by Mayor Taylor. It came to us, therefore, as a shock to hear that Mayor Taylor had neglected his duties as dean of the Hastings Law College, for the performance of which he is paid $4000 a year. We were surprised to hear that he had concentrated his entire intellect upon the inferior duties of Mayor. Having read what Mayor Taylor had

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said in condemnation of "glaring ethical wrongs," we wondered why he had not kept his contract with the directors of the Hastings Law College to devote all his time to the college, while merely collecting his salary of $6000 a year for occupying the office of the mayorality. Why did he reverse the process? He was under no contract, lateral, unilateral or bilateral, to give himself exclusively to the performance of his duties as Mayor. A mayor of the city of San Francisco may commit no ethical wrong, glaring or otherwise, by being a dean of a law college; but a contract dean of a law college cannot, ethically, be also a mayor of a city. So let the chatechism end there; and since Mayor Taylor is unquestionably earning his salary, let us give Dean Taylor an unearned salary as an honorarium in compliment to the versatility of his genius.

"She seems to have recovered entirely from the death of her first husband."

"Yes, everyone thinks so, excepting her second husband."

Overheard at the Bohemian Club

Edgar Mizner (placing an empty glass on the table)—"I have been to three mining corporation meetings today. I certainly deserve that bracer."

Ed Morphy (as he lifts a well-filled glass to his lips)—"Well, I have tarried in twenty-nine cafes. I need this thought eraser."

Mizner (an hour later, poking his head into the door of a private room at the club)—"Say, Ed. Ned Greenway is down stairs and wants to see you."

Morphy (from the depths of a chair)—"Tell him I'm out."

Mizner—"I've already told him you were all in."

Goodwin in His Protean Role

Last week was an extremely strenuous period for Nat Goodwin. Within the six days he gave a spectacular exhibition in the local mining exchange by buying wads of his favorite mining stock in an excited pit, issued a pronunciamento that he would retire shortly from the stage and devote himself exclusively to mining interests "in his dear old Nevada," obtained an uncontested divorce decree from Maxine Elliott, turned over Rawhide to discover what developments had come to light there since his eventful visit last April, and confided to a trustful, beaming southlander that Los Angeles was destined to become the rendezvous of the world, the greatest theatre town on earth, and that when he retired from the stage a year and a half hence he was going to build a theatre there, "just because I must have something to do and a show house of my own will keep me interested."

An Ideal Part Framed for Him

He admitted that the realization of this golden dream depended on the success of his Rawhide mine. In fact Goodwin's exits and entrances just now seem to be hanging on the success of that venture. Every time he makes an excursion into outside lands where kopecks grow instead of stage money he does missionary work in trying to create a demand for its shares. On his last visit to Europe he tried to induce a number of French capitalists to come here and examine the property. The brokerage firm he represents is burning incense night and day, maintaining steadfast incantations, and holding "the thought" to get the bankers within reaching distance, for French capital is sorely needed since banker Rickey ate up all the "Dutch" savings that had sought safety in the sagebrush. Brokers in the local stock exchange think that the genial actor will top all his successes by having a play written around himself in his present role of a Western mining promoter. He dresses and acts the part to the life. No stage picture could have eclipsed the scene last week when he appeared at the pit side in the local exchange and in full-throated bellicose defiance bid up the price of his favorite stock. The famous Stock Exchange battle in Frank Norris's "The Pit" was a drowsy beer hall caricature compared with it.

Reno as a Mecca for Divorce

The record time made by Goodwin in getting a divorce decree from his wife is certain to make Nevada the Mecca of all dissatisfied married couples yearning to sever their marital ties in a jiffy. To be sure Goodwin stands close to the influential Nevada powers and all inconvenient legal obstacles were shood off the track in order to assist a good fellow to make a record run. His case will furnish a number of valuable pointers to Virginia Harned and Sothern. The ease and expedition with which the decree was granted has completely knocked the props from under South Dakota as the paradise of mismated pairs. The dream of the optimistic old Reno practitioner, as recounted in Town Talk some weeks ago, seems almost on the eve of realization: "This town'll soon be able to furnish a divorce while the applicant is stopping over between trains."

Station Agent (to couple warmly embracing on platform)—"Rush lively there; the train is starting."

Merryboy—"We don't want your train. We came here to kiss without being kidded."

Flouting St. Paul

Evidently the ancient Pauline dictum that woman shall keep silence in the churches and commanding them to be under obedience, is wholly obsolete in this year of extreme grace. No longer is it a precept in any of the churches (because most of the tabernacles are supported by women perhaps), that if women will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church as prescribed by St. Paul the misogynist in his first epistle to the Corinthians, xiv. 35. Mrs. Helen Moore is a conspicuous exemplar of womanly re-

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volt against the anti-feminine regulations of the old tax-gatherer and repentant persecutor of the early Christians. Mrs. Moore is not accused of disturbing the peace of churches, but there is ample reason to believe that she would not hesitate to do so if the occasion required, or if in her best judgment the interests of the congregation justified her loudest oratory. It is printed in the current record of the city that Mrs. Moore has objected "in no uncertain tones," or coy terms, to Governor Gillett's proposition to bond the State for $18,000,000 with which to build roads. Some of the arguments offered in this protest by Mrs. Moore are good; others are not so good and one or two quite indifferent. Her best reason for deferring the construction of the roads is based on her statement that there are 75,000 children in California who are not going to school. From this statement she deduces that the ignorance and idleness of these children begets jails and that jails beget taxes, and that if the money which it is proposed to put into roads were used for educational purposes there would be fewer jails and less taxes; or that the money saved from the jails would build the roads while it is educating the children. Who will say that woman is devoid of the logical sense, or that she is not capable of reasoning in a complete circle?

A Woman That Dared

Another point made by this lady in the forum is to the effect that good roads will not, as contended by the advocates of that kind of highway, aid the producers of fruit and garden truck; because, no matter what produce be brought to San Francisco, if it falls below a certain price, stipulated by the dealers, it will be dumped into the bay. True; 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true. But, my dear Mrs. Moore, stop a moment and reflect that as the greed of trade disposes of the overproduction of fruit and garden truck in any event, the building of good roads will neither increase the waste nor mitigate it; and that therefore the farmer will lose no more in this regard by reason of the good roads than he does now under the system of bad roads, county roads and railroads. Mrs. Moore made other objections to the Gillett project, but these are sufficient to confirm my original text regarding the antagonism of the modern woman to the Pauline definition of woman's rights. She is not learning in silence with all subjection; neither is she subscribing to the humiliating prescription that she shall not teach nor usurp authority over man. She may, for the sake of argument (in which most women delight), agree that Adam was first formed, then Eve, as the old Roman who held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen, the martyr, insists; but she can certainly find good reason for disputing the apostle's corrollary that "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." Paul is certainly a far-back number with the up-to-date woman.

"I've got a broken tooth that aches horribly," said the garden rake leaning against an old tree.

"And I've got a decayed root that nearly drives me mad," returned the tree.

A Task for Hercules

I hope that I shall never be called upon to participate in a "prize story contest" as one of the "readers" of the stories. This hope is not inspired by the thought that such occupation would be profitless, for it is the custom to pay these "readers" a sum of money somewhat exceeding the amount of the "first prize." It is the magnitude of the task and the drudgery involved that appals me. A local publication recently offered a graduated series of prizes for "the best story containing not more than eight thousand words nor less than three thousand." The announcement is now made that 1056 stories were received and that these stories will be read and judged by three competent critics of short stories, none of whom is in any way connected with the publication offering the prizes. I have been calculating the day's work of these readers. I find that if only the minimum of short story is offered the judges will read 3,168,000 words; that if the maximum is contributed they will read 8,448,000 words; and that if the probable average of 5000 words per story is submitted the aggregate will be 5,280,000 words. An average fatted "seller" of modern fiction contains about 100,000 words. According to my minimum estimate the readers of these prize contest stories would have to read a mass of verbiage equal to thirty-one "sellers" of full capacity and an excess equal to the verbal area of two "novelettes"; if the maximum is the stint they will read the measure of eighty-four "sellers" and a "novelette" of 48,000 words; on the basis of an average output of the prize story industry the readers would read something equal to the contents of fifty-two novels and two novelettes of 40,000 words each. Assuming that the readers cover 200 words a minute they would complete their task, working twenty-four hours a day on the average product, in fourteen days and twenty hours; say fifteen days. But the rules of the Readers' Union do not permit the members of that organization to work more than eight hours a day or to read more than 130 words a minutes. Therefore on this average estimate of the words submitted in this prize story contest, these readers must consume 40,615 minutes, 676 hours, or, under the union rule, a total of two months and twenty-four days. As only fifteen stories can be accepted the time expended on the reading of the remaining inferior 1041 stories is absolute alms for oblivion, wasted effort—O monstrous! but one half pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

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Blasted Hopes

No doubt the stories adjuged "the best" by these readres will be good stories; perfect in form; compact as to matter; conventional, perhaps, in the requirement that they shall have a beginning, a middle and an end; they will be "wholesome," optimistic, after the manner of the approved style of the modern magazine school of this sort of literature; nor it is expected that even the chosen fifteen shall equal a Balzac's "Passion in the Desert," a Daudet's "Siege of Berlin," Stevenson's "A Night's Lodging," Maupassant's "Horla," Poe's "Gold Bug," or Hawthorne's "Ethan Brand." But aside from the emolument accruing to the winners of the prizes, the readers and the publishers, will they be worth while? Imagine, if you can, the woe that will surge back with those rejected manuscripts! Picture to yourself, if possible, the disappointment, regret, envy, chagrin, that will gnaw like vipers at the hearts of a thousand aspiring authors —mostly feminine, largely immature, wholly incompetent but vain of a secretly nursed ambition to achieve a name in literature! The majority of these thousand rejected authors probably devoted a whole week to the composition of the thing that was rejected. They have devoted the rest of the time intervening between the sending of the manuscripts and the announcement of the lucky winners, to hopes and fears, doubts that were easily brushed aside, dreams of success that persisted vividly in waking hours, and fond yearnings that grew upon them as the time of final reward drew nearer. Then to be crushed by the verdict of the readers! I sometimes wonder why Dante overlooked the pit of disappionted authors while touring Inferno and Purgatory.

Husband—"Don't take your fit of the nerves out on me. Go wrangle with the cook."
Wife—"I don't dare to. She'd leave me."

Not So Black as Printed

The ever-authentic, always-exact, never-in-error daily newspapers of this city announced last week that Japanese spies were swarming all over the military encampment at Atascadero. These spies wore more disguises than have ever been dreamed in the wildest philosophy of Sleuth Burns; they came not as single spies, but in battalions; agents of the Japanese secret service were there in the role of cooks, laundrymen, roustabouts, valets, waiting-men at table, hostlers and groomsmen to the Colonel's prancing war steed; in the thickets roundabout lurked Japanese lieutenants and drum majors of the engineer corps busily taking furtive notes of all that was going on in the camp; on the heights commanding a view of the scene of impending strife three generals of the Japanese army disguised as vegetable peddlers and fruit pickers were distinctly observed in the very act of surveying all the movements through field glasses made in Germany. The war correspondents at the front neglected to tell us what object these Japanese spies had in acting in this manner at a time when the world was wrapped in the slumbrous apathy of profound peace, but they did say that the Japs were causing "considerable comment among the officers." What this "comment" was we are left to infer, but it must have been something serious or it would not have been so conspicuously mentioned in the dispatches from the firing line. I am at liberty, however, to publish the comment of these same officers concerning the war correspondents who discovered the Japanese spies. It sounds like "damphools," but it is spelled differently. As a matter of fact the Japanese spy or any other is welcome to swarm all over the ungory field of Atascadero. There is nothing to conceal at Atascadero. To say truth, we are rather proud of ourselves in military pomp and circumstance and would not be in the least abashed if all the world came to look at us in the full panoply of our fuss and feathers. Of course we require that the spies shall observe certain formalities—it wouldn't be a real military outfit if it wasn't tied up with a little red tape. No doubt our mimic heroes at Atascadero would not be averse from receiving a few Japanese hints from competent Japanese military spies. The cooks and waiters' union can keep the Japanese of these professions out of the loose jobs hanging around Atascadero, but there is no union to exclude the Japanese spy; he may even take service in Judge Lawlor's court under Detective Burns without protest from the labor organizations. The Japanese spy is as free to come and go, to look around and report, to mess with the non-coms and the Jackass battery, as is the war correspondent in all his glory. And when you know him the Jap spy is not a half bad sort of chap, companionable, genial, polite, intelligent and absolutely harmless. I would rather hire a Japanese spy to second-cook in my kitchen or wait on my table than pay half the money for an emancipated lady of all work. And I never think of demanding references setting forth the official rank of these spies in the regular army of Japan; it is wholly immaterial to me whether my servitor is a major of artillery or merely a captain of infantry.

Doctor—"I told you to walk every day at this hour and here I find you lying down reading, Mrs. Feebly."
Patient—"True, doctor, but it's a book on travels."

Plenty of Money Behind Him

Though Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has gone East ostensibly for the purpose of confabulating with Joe Folk, the exploded Missouri statesman, and "Battle Bob" La Follette, the most vociferous of demagogues, there is no danger of Judge Dunne's fight being neglected. Rumor hath it that Mr. Sprcekels is going East to sell a few bank bonds, but though he may be short of money his captains appear to have a large supply on hand. They are making a whirlwind fight for the one just judge, and the tenderloin is very much pleased. As enough money has been dumped into the poolrooms to make the Spreckels puppet a favorite in the betting it is evident that the Dunne boosters have a very satisfactory source of sup-

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ply. Nevertheless it is somewhat discouraging to the shouting captains to learn that despite the poolroom bluff the straw votes that have been taken along Fillmore indicate that the only untainted judge has picked up a nail and is lagging somewhat in the rear.

Clerk—"How shall I label that case in which you mixed the five and ten year old Moselle?"
Dealer—"Mark it 'extra fifteen year old Moselle.'"

"The Reconciler"

Judge Graham's success in patching up domestic quarrels and persuading applicants for divorce to abate their animosities, has made him an object of interest to the magazine editors of the East. The latest exploitation of the man who has minimized the divorce evil in San Francisco is Human Life, a magazine edited by Alfred Henry Lewis. In this magazine Judge Graham is alluded to as "The Reconciler." "Judge Graham," says the editor, "is a self-made man and he knows the hearts and impulses of the humble, which contributes no small part of his success as a reconciler, combining human insight with a natural shrewdness and kindliness."

Judge Cook Discusses His Critics

With Judge Carroll Cook patience has ceased to be a virtue, and he has taken to the platform to discuss the censures that have been heaped upon him by the men on the tripod. Judge Cook, though one of the best lawyers on the bench, is not much of a spellbinder, but what he has to say about the Spreckels-Phelan newspaper organs will hold the average audience for awhile. And what he has to say is convincing becaus it is all a matter of record. It appears that he has not only neglected opportunities of becoming a newspaper pet, but that he has had the courage to refuse to be a newspaper puppet. He tells how the vindictive Spreckels family tried to win him by cajolery and failing turned upon him in their characteristic wrath and made him a target of abuse. Judge Cook has made quite clear the animus of many of the assaults that have been made upon him, but he might have gone further and explained that the blackening of his character was essential to the designs of the graft prosecution. The District Attorney has contrived to keep all the graft cases out of Judge Cook's court, because he knows it is the one criminal court in which he would have no advantage over opposing counsel. To justify the assignment of all cases to Lawlor and Dunne, the bosom friends of Mr. Spreckels, it was deemed advisable to hold Cook up to obloquy. But as events have transpired it now appears that the prosecutors would have been better off in Cook's court, for Judge Cook would have saved them from their blunders.

Mrs. Newlywed—"My husband admires everything about me."
Mrs. Fastfriend—"And what do you admire about him?"
Mrs. Newlywed—"His supreme good taste."

To Pull Together

A movement which has been fostered for the past five years for effecting a closer relationship between the Pacific States on commercial and political lines is approaching realization. The movement was started in 1903 by The California Promotion Committee, which believed that by community work the interests of California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Utah and Arizona can be advanced in many ways. Meetings are now being held which have the furthering of this movement in view, and during the session of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress some definite plan of action will probably be formulated. It is the idea of the Committee to have each State organize as California is organized, with local organizations in various counties working through a central organization, as the local organizations of California work through The California Promotion Committee, and these State organizations to form a Pacific States organization for furthering all matters that pertain to the development of the whole region involved. Many questions that are of importance to the welfare of all of this region can be satisfactorily solved if the organizations be effected and consolidated, and the Committee believes that a combination could be thus formed that would make the United Pacific States a power that would compel recognition in political and financial circles. As a result of the proposed organization all matters requiring Federal aid for the territory west of the Rockies will have the full strength of the combined congressional delegations of six States and one territory.

One of the Old Aristocracy

The passing of Mrs. Sarah Cox in San Rafael recently reminds one that the late generation of successful hostesses is passing away. Mrs. Cox was never one of those entertainers whose constant exploitation in the society columns was so heavily scored by Mrs. Astor, Sr., in New York the other day, but she gave most delightful little dinners at which the guests were not only of social prominence but of mental distinction. Mrs. Cox was the daughter of a pioneer, Captain Johnson, who lived for years in the South Park district when that was the fashionable part of town. Her first husband was a Mr. Miller, who left her a young and attractive widow with one son, Henry Miller, who married Miss Mamie Merrill, one of the brunette beauties of the Rincon Hill set. Ernest Cox, Mrs. Miller's second husband, died a few years ago.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mucahy.

The general political scare which has for its foundation the result of the Maine election has shown itself to have been well worked so far as its effect entered into security values. The decline in stock values of from ten to twenty dollars per share was not warranted; that a reaction of a few points was anticipated and that it would have put the market values on a firmer basis cannot be contradicted. It would appear to a close observer of market-wise actions the decline was greater than had been intended by those who control the situation, no doubt they saw too much stock coming out to attempt to stem the tide until sufficient outside support was in evidence to assist in checking the crazy overthrow of holdings by scared holders. The situation was one like many others previously seen, where a flock of sheep kept jumping the fence until the last one was over, then the rebound came in no small way; the short seller was the buyer, and when he wants to buy it is not a question of price. It's buy at any price. Added to this condition was the bargain hunter; he was on hand and absorbed a large line of floating stock; again added to these conditions were the market leaders, they were busy taking back the stock they sold at higher prices; the result shows how nervous and extremely timid capital can be, especially during a presidential campaign, where one candidate has a clear walkover, and the other is doing an advertising stunt. There may be a few small setbacks in security values before November 3rd, but on all such declines stocks and bonds should be purchased. One must not lose sight of the lesson recently taught in the way of economy. Economy has been the watchword throughout every line of business and no small part has entered many of the greatest households. The lesson has been well grounded into the minds of those who are sane; of course there will always be found rattle brains who will go headlong into new ideas and commitments which will result in their being wiped out of their money and prestige; such people will never learn otherwise, and it is well that nature has provided a means whereby they are taken out of the way of the world's commercial progress. Progress and prosperity have never been so much in evidence in the history of America as they are today. Look back: When before were crops so bountiful and prices so beneficial to the producer? On all sides is heard contemplated improvements throughout the Pacific Coast. When conditions are analyzed, for instance, for the two states of California and Nevada, how astounding are their resources in agriculture, mineral and otherwise. California has a harvest every month in the year; no other state can make such a showing. California produces $1,500,000 of gold (new money) every month in the year. Think of the copper and silver also produced, then add to these advantages the vast amount of money realized for farm products. The future of California and Nevada is beyond the comprehension of the human mind. Irrigation will solve the agricultural problem for both of these states. Ten years hence will make millions of acres of the desert land of today into green fields, capable of supporting many millions of people. There are many sound reasons to advance why the greatest development for the coming ten or twenty years will be west of the Rocky Mountains and the greater part of it in California, Nevada and Arizona. Arizona is capable of growing the finest quality of cotton in the world. The market gives every evidence of advancing materially higher. It rests at present upon the political situation. If Taft is elected prices will go higher. If Bryan is elected prices will go lower; these two conditions are the barometer of the market.

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By TANTALUS

Will She Bar Him From the Dances

As if there were not enough seasoning for tea biscuits, there is another jar of pate eagerly sampled by those who cannot sip their Oolong without trimmings. It is whispered that a certain gentleman who manages the affairs of a smart apartment house by day and attends Greenway functions at night, has incurred the displeasure of a lady who has never had to combine such business with her pleasure. Last season she lived in the apartment house over whose destinies he presides and their vibrations did not travel harmoniously. It is a delicate task to have to discuss things like defective drain pipes with a man who may that very night dance with your daughter. After a great many unpleasant experiences the manager of the apartment house is said to have put a prohibitive price on the particular apartment occupied by the lady and she indignantly stormed out of the place into other quarters. Her retort courteous is to the effect that society ought to put a prohibitive price of admission that would bar out such men. It will be interesting to see whether she manages to dispossess him from the rights and privileges of the smart set.

He Faded Into the Gloaming

San Francisco has happily been called "The Coast of Chance" in a recent novel and certainly the latest tea table gossip could not penetrate the doings of a society rooted in established traditions and firm standards. On this coast of chance periodically an adventurer sails into port, puts up a good front, hands in forged credentials and is accepted by society. Then Somebody comes along from Somewhere, whispers a tale, and the ships that pass in the night carry out an adventurous soul. It would appear that a certain gallant foreigner who was made much of in a set not distantly related to Burlingame, belonged to that ilk, and now he has dipped under the horizon and is shedding the light of his presence on new worlds.

"The Broilers" Weren't On the Side

Mr. Greenway gave a luncheon the other day which may be a token of the new rules and regulations he has imposed on his followers. Last year there was not a Greenway dance that was not illumined by the presence of some fascinating actress, Fritzi Scheff and Billie Burke walking off with the honors. But it is whispered that now Mr. Greenway intends to bar the profession, though he has no objection to entertaining them on the side. As proof he gave a luncheon for the clucking little chick-a-dees in "The Girl Question" and these cunning little broilers were not the only hot birds served.

The Warfield of the Drawing Room

A faded fad laid away these many years in lavendar, has been dragged out and freshened up, to the surprise of those who thought that elocution had gone out with tatting and guessing games. But it is now very smart to part the evening on the side with a recitation or two. Nothing so overblown as "Casabianca" nor so strident "Curfew" is permitted, but providing the selection out-Ibsens Shaw and is swaddled in repression, it is well received in a drawing room. The leading exponents of this revamped parlor trick are naturally recruited from the band of amateur Thespians who had an attack of stage fever and several relapses, last winter. Mrs. Mark Gerstle has not a stout prejudice against reciting in the drawing room, between dramatic courses at the theatre, but the most energetic champion of the manly art of elocution is now Harry MacDonald Spencer. This handsome young Englishman has a dramatic sense that rarely exists outside of the syndicate. As it is there are those who regard the Josselyn sisters as a syndicate for the exploitation of the dramatic ability of their brother-in-law. "Oh, do recite something," they enthusiastically



Genthe, Photo MISS PAULINE FORE.

Miss Fore lives in Oakland, but is prominent in the smart set on both sides of the bay.

chorus, and young Spencer agreeably saunters down-center front and sprinkles the latest dripping from his own pen. He used to recite bits of Ibsen, Maeterlinck and the rest of the tucked-in-chin school, but he discovered that he had literary ability of his own that made excursions into the foreign market unnecessary and now he rarely does anything not of his own composition.

Recites His Own Compositions

An author who can voice his own wares has an advantage over the scribbler who can never be sure that even his best friends have read his masterpiece. Mr. Josselyn, pere, wrote a life of Napoleon but how many of his Bohemian Club brothers painstakinly read it? His son-in-law, on the other hand, has never published any of the

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fertile imaginings of his brain, but there is scarcely anyone in society who is not familiar with them via the happy idea of recitation. His young wife has some dramatic gifts herself, but she is content to sit in the front row of her husband's admirers when it comes to a drawing room stunt.

No Gaiety Dances this Winter

After a lively discussion of the dancing forecast of the winter the Gaiety Club has decided not to meet this winter. The club is composed of twenty-five exclusive members of the younger set and the list is never extended. Should a member become engaged she at once resigns and a new member is elected in her place. When a dance is given each member sends in to the committee the name of the man whom she desires invited and if the candidate passes the general vote an invitation is issued to him. As the members all belong to the Greenway Assembly and will also join Mrs. Alexander's Colonial gatherings, they concluded that there would be enough dances supplied for the winter, especially as a number of extra private parties are already on the cards.

The Test for Her Fiance

Miss Maud Welsh, whose wedding with Mr. Frank Dutton of San Francisco, is scheduled for the end of October, is receiving a great deal of social attention in Stockton, where her family is prominent. Her father, the late J. M. Welsh, was for many years connected with the rich milling interests of Stockton, and was personally a plain, unassuming man of the large-hearted type. Miss Welsh is the youngest of three daughters, one of whom, Grace, was married some years ago to Mr. W. E. Elliott of San Francisco, and the other, Beatrice, became the wife of Stewart P. Elliott, who is now looking after the Welsh interests in the flour mills. The two men, by the way, are not related, though bearing the same name, but both are so handsome that Miss Maud laughingly declares she knows when she presents her fiance to her Stockton friends their first thought will be: "Is he as handsome as the others?" And if the verdict is against Mr. Dutton they will feel that she is not doing her duty to her family as her sisters did. Miss Welsh is herself very petite, even fragile in appearance, and of the same quiet reticence that was so marked in her father.

Will Be Toasted by the Spinners' Club

The Spinners' Club will give a large luncheon at the Century Club on Tuesday, October 13th, in honor of the Misses Ardella and Elizabeth Mills, who will leave on October 15th with their mother to spend the winter in New York. Mrs. Harry B. Torrey will be the toastmistress of the occasion.

Under the Orange Blossoms

The representatives of the exclusive Southern families filled Trinity Church, last Monday morning, to witness the marriage of Miss Nannie Crittenden Van Wyck, daughter of Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Sr., and Rev. Austin Brockenborough Chinn. The bride never looked lovelier than in her exquisite wedding robe trimmed with rare old lace, an heirloom in the family. She carried a very beautiful shower bouquet of delicate orchids. Little Miss Elizabeth Putnam, the daughter of Osgood Putnam and a niece of the bride, dressed in a dainty pink frock, was the only attendant. Dr. Crittenden Van Wyck escorted his sister to the altar and gave her into the keeping of the groom. Sidney Van Wyck, Jr., was best man.



Genthe, Photo MRS. FRED D. STOTT.

Mrs. Stott was formerly Miss Rolla Ford, and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford. She has been widely entertaining her girlhood friends who are to be married this fall, the last being Miss Clarisse Lyon, whose wedding to Albert de Brettville will take place next month.

Owing to the sad death of Miss Laura Van Wyck, two years ago, the family being still in mourning, only the immediate members of the family were bidden to the wedding breakfast which followed at the home of the bride's mother. Bishop Nichols officiated, assisted by Dr. Clampett. After a brief wedding tour, Rev. Mr. Chinn and his bride will reside in Menlo Park, where the groom has lately been appointed pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church.

Moved by a Mother's Love

It would be surprising if the motive behind Mrs. Frank Sullivan's recent gift of the Robert Louis Stevenson home to the Carmellite Sisters was tinged more deeply with mother love than mere religious fervor. In accordance with the mother's silentwish her daughter has been sent out here to join the sisters in the spacious new home at Lombard and Hyde streets. The only occasion upon which these cloistered devotees can ever mix with the world is for the three days a new convent is thrown open to the public. I hear that Gladys Sullivan shows an inclination to follow in her sister's footsteps, and it would

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be at least some satisfaction for Mrs. Sullivan to feel that her daughters are in the same town with her, even if she can converse with them only through a screened grating.

One of the Old Regime

News was reecived in this city some days ago of the death in England of Mrs. Mary Frances Johnstone, mother of Lieutenant Ernest Johnstone, surgeon of the 14th Cavalry, now stationed in the Yellowstone Valley. Mrs. Johnstone had many friends in this city, having at one time lived here with her son and daughter-in-law. There was a strong bond of attachment between the younger Mrs. Johnstone and her husband's mother, and all three went to the Philippines together the second time Lieutenant Johnstone was ordered to the Islands. Mrs. Johnstone, by the way, was in her own right the Comtesse de Beaumont, but she never used the title here. She was the last of her branch of the family. The Beaumonts were among the "emigre families" in England. They never returned to their own country except during the brief restoration of the legitimaist line.

Preparing for the First Cat Show

The Del Monte Cat Club is the latest addition to the clubdom of the city. It is already a member of the American Cat Association and numbers among its members some of the most prominent cat fanciers on the Coast. The club will hold its first annual show at Del Monte on the 16th and 17th of October. Miss Gertrude Blaine, who is a great cat fancier and is looking after the entries here in the city, says that already more than half a hundred entries have been made and the outlook for the success of the show is exceedingly bright. In order to stimulate the interest in the show it has been decided that it will not be necessary for the particulars of pedigree to be known. In case the cat's record is not known it may be entered as such in the unknown class on the entry list. A splendid array of trophies has been provided by the club. Mrs. Norton who is one of the greatest authorities on cats in the country will come from Los Angeles to judge the show. She has donated a handsome cup for one of the premiums.

Agnes Tobin to Lecture

Miss Agnes Tobin has a cultivated pen which does not drip commercial ink. She has made a place for herself in the world of letters without the whip of necessity stinging through the air, but as her work is not the sort of hammock literature which makes a "best seller" her talent is not fully recognized out here. The other day I read a review of Miss Tobin's work in an English magazine which made me realize the importance of the project of having her give a series of lectures this winter. On October 31st she is to talk on "Celtic Renaissance" at the Vendome, and Joaquin Miller and Charles Warren Stoddard have likewise offered to lecture on favorite subjects. This affair is for the benefit of the Sisters of the Holy Family. A number of people interested along the line of thought which Miss Tobin illumines are urging her to give San Francisco another opportunity of hearing her lecture.

New Feature in Afternoon Teas

Following close on the announcement of the completion of the subway entrance on Powell Street the management of the Fairmont now announces another surprise which will be appreciated. This is the inauguration of the "Afternoon Tea Service in the Laurel Court." From 3:30 to 6 every afternoon, beginning October 15th, a special menu, with the best of service, will be given. A musical program will be given each afternoon during these hours. It is the intention of the Fairmont to make this one of the distinctive features of the winter. In the Carlton Hotel, London, the afternoon tea is one of the events of the day and brings out a crowd of fashionable people. In the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the afternoon tea is featured almost as prominently as the dinner itself. The Astor Hotel also makes a feature of this in the "Orangerie," where a service similar to the one just inaugurated at the Fairmont is rendered. It is safe to predict an immediate popularity for these afternoon teas as at present there is no place of the kind in town where a lady can take her friends. The conduct of this new department is under M. Victor Rector and will be on the

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A Forest Idyl at Del Monte

Shakespeare himself could have wished for no grander setting for his beautiful forest idyl "As You Like It" than will be given it at the open air performance Saturday afternoon, October 10th, at Del Monte. In handling this performance Frank Matthieu has made a bold stroke. The first part of the play takes place before the Ducal Castle, the balance in the Forest of Arden. In the open air, changes of settings are usually impossible, but in this instance Mr. Matthieu has conceived the idea of playing the first part on the lawn of the Del Monte Club House, which, with the natural surroundings, give the effect of the castle and courtyard. He then shifts the whole performance to the Del Monte lawn, where amid the big trees and shrubbery as perfect a forest as can be desired is found. The characters will be sustained by members of the San Francisco Stage Society and of the Monterey Civic Club, the principal male characters coming from this city and the chief female characters from the old capital of California. Mrs. John R. Dobbins is the moving spirit of the latter organization and has coached the Monterey members of the cast. The afternoon open-air performance in the Del Monte grounds will be followed by an evening performance at the Work Theatre in Monterey. The proceeds of the performances will be devoted to the restoration of the old theatre in Monterey, in which tradition has it that the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, once sang. The social features of the Del Monte Hotel centering about this event will be a dance in the ball room on Saturday evening, with the usual outdoor sports on the day following. Many motor parties have been planned to go down to the performance as well as a number of train parties, who will go down on the 3 P. M. Del Monte express, Friday.

The Coming Recital of Miss Wilson

Among the fair members of the Friday Fortnightly Dancing Club is Miss Frances Wilson, the handsome young daughter of the L. F. Wilsons of Berkeley, who will give a piano recital at Century Hall next Wednesday evening. It is an almost unprecedented event that so charming a member of a smart dancing club should go in deeply enough for musical culture to be able to do a thing of this sort, but Miss Wilson's friends will not be surprised, for they have long known her to be possessed of great ambition to develop her pronounced musical gifts. Only a few weeks since she distinguished herself by playing a beautiful program at the Greek Theatre of the University, where she pursues the social science course. The acquisition of knowledge seems to come with great ease to Miss Wilson. Since her graduation from Miss Head's school a year ago she has taken an active part in countless social events on both sides of the bay; her personality radiates far more of youthful vivacity and gayety than of sober, studious proclivities. Much interest is felt in the forthcoming concert by several mambers of the University faculty, who consider Miss Wilson an exceptionally creditable student.

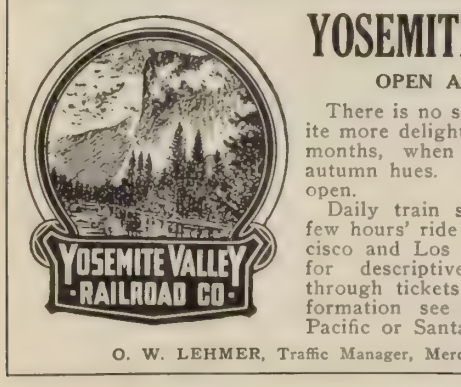
Forthcoming Debutantes Teas

Mrs. Edwin S. Newhall will give a large tea at her new home in Pacific avenue, Saturday, October 24th, in honor of her two daughters, Miss Virginia and Miss Frances, who will make their formal debut in society. This will afford the first opportunity the many friends of Mrs. Newhall have had to view her new home. After planning the house, according to her own ideas, Mrs. Newhall submitted her views to an architect. He declined to carry out the plans on the grounds that they were too "original." So Mrs. Newhall set about directing the building of the structure herself. It is said to contain a number of innovations and curious effects, but it thoroughly pleases Mrs. Newhall.

This coming Saturday, October 10, will witness the formal introduction to society of Miss Harriet Alexander at the tea given by her aunt, Mrs. Mountford Wilson. At the same function Miss Elizabeth Woods, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods, will also make her bow in the set she is sure to grace.

Miss Innes Keeney, daughter of Mrs. Charles Keeney, will join the social circle of the elect at a tea to be given later in the month in the Century club rooms.

Mrs. John McMullen will give a very large tea at the



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Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. James Allen will introduce their daughters at an elaborate tea to be given at the Fairmont some time next month.

One Bachelor Less

Dr. John Staley Hanlon, whose engagement with Miss Theresa Marks was announced this week, is the president of the Bachelors' Club, which numbers several of the young members of the medical fraternity. He is an ardent motorist and chauffs his own machine. Miss Marks is a very handsome young woman with rich coloring and large brown eyes, such as might delight an artist. Her mother was the daughter of a well-known pioneer who brought his family here when his little girl was only eight years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Marks have four daughters, of whom Dr. Hanlon's fiancee is the second, and two sons. Miss Josephine Marks, the youngest daughter, is a fine amateur violinist.

Notable Exhibit of Arts and Crafts

Much interest is being taken by artists and all lovers of art throughout the State in the announcement that an elaborate exhibit of Arts and Crafts is to be held at Idora Park, Oakland, for two weeks beginning Monday, October 19th. For a number of weeks past, collectors have been going to all of the larger cities of California gathering art treasures which will be shown at this exhibition. It is the purpose of those having the Idora exhibit in charge not only to show the public the best in local art holdings, but, at the same time, to illustrate the inner workings of craftsmanship. To this end, long rows of shops will be built in the Idora Pavilion and in these shops, workers will be seen actively engaged in the fashioning of beautiful things. Books will be bound and illuminated in the full view of the visitor; wrought iron candle-sticks will be fashioned; vases will be beaten from brass; bowls formed from clay and then burned in the kiln, banded with gold and painted. The setting of the entire exhibit will represent the streets of Nuremberg. Scenic artists are now at work reproducing the architecture and coloring of the old German village. For those who prefer the product of brush and lens, there will be a large art gallery hung with choice selections in painting, water color and photography. The patrons of the exhibit are: Mrs. P. R. Boone, Mrs. C. C. Clay, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, John Galen Howard, F. C. Havens, Miss Ethel Moore, F. M. Smith, Mayor Edward Robeson Taylor, Raphael Weill, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Theodore Wores.

Successful Opening of the Hotel Manx

When the Hotel Manx opened at Powell and O'Farrell, last week, another notable hostelry was added to those on or near Union Square. The Manx is under the management of N. M. Kellar, formerly acting manager of the Knickerbocker Hotel, New York City, and prior to that of the St. Regis and Waldorf-Astoria. This new hotel is up to the highest standards of excellence. In decorations and furnishings and what it has to offer the traveling public it ranks with the best. In charge of the culinary department is Emile Burgemeister, who was for many years sous chef to M. Bailly, now of the St. Regis. The basement cafe is now being decorated and will be one of the most attractive in the city.



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Signor Roberta Anselmi, Tenor
Signor Emanuele Porcini, Baritone

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MONDAY, JULY 27th

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Soup
Cream of Onion — Consomme

Entrees
Tenderloin of Sole, Tartar Sauce — Salmon Trout, Maitre d'Hotel
Pot Roast with Noodles — Sheep's Feet Spanish
Vienna Schnitzel, Tomato Sauce — Leg of Lamb with Spanish
Tagliarini and Cheese — Roast Beef, auJus

Dessert
Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
Swiss Cheese — Roquefort Cheese — Brie Cheese

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AFTERNOON TEA for Shoppers with Music from 3 to 5 o'clock

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Music Sundays
OPEN EVENINGS, INCLUDING SUNDAY
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CRAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Craig, deceased.

ALMA McWILLIAMS,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

CLEMENCE FOUCHY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Mrs. Samuel Knight sailed this week for the Orient to be gone several months. Mrs. Knight hopes her health will be benefitted by the trip.

Captain C. E. Clark and Mrs. Clark, U. S. N., are at the Fairmont. Captain Clark will be remembered as the gallant commander who took the battleship Oregon around the Horn under her own power in time to participate in the battle of Santiago. The record for that voyage has not yet been eclipsed. With the Clarks are Mrs. E. E. Robison and Mrs. C. F. Hughes of Seattle.

Mrs. George Peltier and Miss Jeanette Peltier of Sacramento are registered at the Fairmont.

With the coming of the Trans-Mississippi Congress the Fairmont is filled with the men who are prominent with the work of this important organization. Among them are J. B. Case and party of Abilene, Kansas. Mr. Case is the president of the organization. Among those with him are Mrs. Case and C. M. Hargan.

Since the opening of the Powell street subway, as the new tunnel entrance of the Fairmont has come to be called, it has jumped into immediate popularity. It cuts down the elevation and the incline fully one-third and makes the Fairmont with its street car lines on three sides the most accessible hotel in San Francisco. The subway is the longest entrance of its kind in the world, being almost three hundred feet long.

William Duncan has just arrived from the East on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Griffiths, of Ross Valley. His sister, Miss Duncan, is engaged to Richard Girvin.

Mrs. J. W. Shaw, wife of Professor Shaw, of Berkeley, is registered at the Pacific Grove Hotel.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Coronado last week were J. H. Hine, Edward Kendall, Mrs. L. Schwabacher and nurse, and James H. Schwabacher.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs from San Francisco during the past week were: Rev. T. R. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. James Shea, V. W. Gaskill, Mr. and Mrs. W. Chisholm, Mrs. A. McLeod. From Oakland: Hugh Goodfellow, Fred R. Sherman, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor.

Ex-Governor George C. Pardee and Mrs. Pardee, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Daniels, are enjoying a pleasant sojourn among the pines of Pacific Grove.

Miss Maye Coburn will be the guest of Mr. J. de Barth Shorb this winter.

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned to her Chico home.

The C. O. G. Millers have returned to this city for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin and Miss Leontine de Sabla are planning to spend the winter in New York. They will probably leave the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay will arrive from New York this week.

The engagement is announced of Miss Francis Reed, daughter of Mrs. Campbell of Sausalito, and Henry Rideout of Boston.

Mrs. M. H. de Young and her daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Constance, arrived from Europe this week and are resting in their San Rafael home before opening up their town house for the winter. Miss Helen de Young's marriage to George Cameron will take place next month and will be followed in a few weeks by the marriage of Miss Constance de Young to Joseph Oliver Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Neale have returned from abroad and are again settled in their attractive San Rafael home.

Mrs. W. B. Hooper has closed her handsome summer home at Mount View and has taken a house in Pacific avenue for the winter.

Buffalo Bill is easily the most picturesque looking guest now staying at the St. Francis.

Miss Jennie Crocker was hostess at an informal luncheon in the Hotel St. Francis Thursday afternoon. Her guests were Mr. Walter Martin, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe and Miss Mary Jolliffe.

W. R. Wheeler, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, has engaged rooms at the St. Francis for the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, during which time he will act as President Roosevelt's personal representative.

The opening of the Colonial ball room in the Hotel St. Francis will assist materially in inaugurating one of the most brilliant social seasons in local history. The initial dance will be given by Mrs. Henry T. Scott early in December, and the series of Colonial dances that follow, under the patronage of prominent members of the smart set, will do much to raise these social functions to a more elaborate level than they were before the big fire.

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In Edwin Milton Royle's Stirring Story of the West,

THE SQUAW MAN

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EVELYN VAUGHAN, leading woman.
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And all the Alcazar Favorites in the Cast
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LAST TWO WEEKS OF FERRIS HARTMAN
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THE AMEER

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This Friday night and Saturday matinee, "Japan." Saturday night, "Russia." Next week, "Russia," "Egypt," "Ireland." Matinee, "Egypt."

Seats, $1.00, 75c and 50c. Children at matinees, 50 cents. General admission, 50 cents.

Oakland Course, Maple Hall, commencing Monday, October 19.
Seats ready Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's Oakland store.

EXTRA! This Sunday Afternoon, October 11, at 2:30
VAN NESS THEATRE

MME. BLANCHE ARRAL

Prima Donna Coloraturo from St. Petersburg and Brussels in the GREATEST VOCAL PROGRAM ever offered in this city.

Accompanied by Steindorff's Grand Opera Orchestra and Louis Neubauer, Flute.

Seats $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Sunday at Theatre.
Baldwin piano used.
Coming—Anna Miller Wood-Beatrice Fine, joint recital.

Stage

The Belasco Brand

All over the country there are ambitious playwrights planning new scenarios and grinding out dialogue by the ream with the fond expectation of achieving fame and fortune. This expectation it seems to me, after having sat through a performance of "A Grand Army Man," should not be hard to realize, for the manager by whom this play was produced is not only avid for raw material but he is easily satisfied. I allude to Mr. David Belasco, the world's greatest hack-dramatist. All that Mr. Belasco requires is a plot containing the germ of an idea and susceptible to treatment for atmospheric effects and development of types of character. Given this groundwork he will do the rest. If by reason of simplicity of plot the complications are attenuated he will supply the exposition with atmosphere and the action with character painting. He is truly a wizard in the manipulation of atmosphere and his character painting is sometimes admirable in its minuteness. Of literary style he knows nothing, but his characterizations are often rich in those cunning touches that proclaim the keen observer, and the public is always carried away by the charm of his atmosphere and the intensity of his situations. There was a time when I supposed that Mr. Belasco required some originality of plot, but when he accepted Richard Tully's "Juanita of San Juan" and whipped it into shape for production under the title of "The Rose of the Rancho," I found I was mistaken. Not, however, until I witnessed a performance of "A Grand Army Man" did I become aware of the egregiousness of my error. This play was conceived and outlined by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, and made playable by Mr. Belasco. The plot is remarkable for its simplicity. Now simplicity is an excellent quality in drama, but it is possible for a play to be entirely too simple, to be short on motive and weak in complications. These are the fatal imperfections of the play in which Mr. David Warfield is now appealing to our emotion at the Alcazar. A youth, the protege of a Grand Army Camp, the object of the consuming and tender affection of a foster-father, misappropriates the funds of his benefactors and is committed to the penitentiary by the father of the girl he loves. He is pardoned out within a year, and he is clasped in the arms of the girl as the curtain goes down. That is all there is to the story. Somewhat hackneyed you will say. It is worse than that; it is incomplete and unconvincing. Moreover the drama is anything but plausible. The discovery of the misappropriation of funds is hastened by the judge, the father of the girl, who donates a sum of money to the Grand Army Camp sufficient to pay off its indebtedness providing there is a certain sum in the treasury. If this sum is not in the treasury the donation will be withdrawn. The money that should be in the treasury is the money that has been misappropriated. Apparently the judge had no knowledge of the embezzlement at the time he made his conditional donation. Moreover at the time he was very unfriendly to the Grand Army veterans. And he is a hard-fisted individual who excited the hostility of the veterans by his avariciousness. Perhaps the authors of the play intended that it should be understood that the judge, knowing the funds had been embezzled, offered the money for the purpose of hastening the disclosure of criminality, but if so they failed to render their purpose apprehensible. Nay, from the action of the play it appears that the judge first learns of the embezzlement some hours after he made the donation. Nor is this inconsistency of characterization and implausibility of plot the only defects in the play. While the theme of the drama is the tender and absorbing affection in which the old soldier holds the son of his dead comrade, the authors have failed to concentrate interest in the designs and aspirations of the chief character. The young embezzler commands sympathy and attention, and curiosity respecting his future is excited as the plot develops. He is an inventor intent upon perfecting some mechanical device. You find yourself fervently hoping that he will accomplish something, and it is small gratification to learn that he patented a bolt in the penitentiary. When the curtain goes down you are far from satisfied. The young man has been pardoned



SCENE FROM EDWIN MILTON ROYLE'S DRAMA, "THE SQUAW MAN."

In which Dustin Farnum appears at the Van Ness Theatre.

out of jail and that is all. You go away wondering whether he'd ever make money enough to support the girl he loves. The old veteran round whom the plot revolves is merely a lay figure at the windup. Cou know that he is happy for the moment, but there has been no great change in his condition. He had to borrow a thousand dollars to make good the amount embezzled. For all you know he still owes the money and is worse off than ever. For all you know the light-fingered youth may plunge him into sorrow again. While the close of a play is very important, it does not seriously concern playwrights who have no conscientious scruples about their art. Kill the villain and pair the virtuous is sufficient formula for them, but from the artistic standpoint a play is absolutely ruined if the close is not only the logical result of preceding action and consistent with the whole, but of such a nature as to satisfy all reasonable curiosity. The close of "A Grand Army Man" was evidently fashioned in deference to exigencies. The time limit having been reached the lovers were rushed together. The relations of all parties are about the same as they were at the beginning. The only knowledge which you have at the end which you did not have at the beginning is that the young hero has paid the penalty of his unsound morals. Here is a play that is little more than a succession of situations, round which has been woven the fascination of a tender affection, and yet it has an abundance of the qualities which please the public. Even a play that is badly constructed and that lacks substantial plot may contain human feeling and truth and life, and "A Grand Army Man" is not lacking in these elements. The difficulty in playwriting is to combine nature and art and this is what Mr. Belasco usually achieves after a fashion. The Belasco mechanism is not always shielded by the art of the dramatist so as to illude us into believing that we are in the presence of spontaneous reality, but despite his occasional bungling he makes us see and feel more intensely what we see and feel in our daily life. His major quality is his gift of lifelike characterization and he always has at least one character in every play that grips and fascinates. In "A Grand Army Man" Wes' Bigelow is the salient character, and as played by Mr. David Warfield it ranks with the most powerful of Belasco's stage portraits. Endued with an elemental passion accentuated by a liberal use of the flowers of fancy and the fruits of observation, in this homely character sadness and gladness alternate like mist and sunshine on an autumn day. And of course this character like all of Belasco's salient characters figures in a coup de theatre. The coup de theatre is inseparable from Belasco's dramaturgy, and it is never a Belasco invention. The wizard always makes use of the semi-unconscious reminiscences that float between his imagination and his memory. In "The Heart of Maryland" he made use of the incident in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." Into his California mining play he worked the shower of blood scene from "Monte Cristo," and for "A Grand Army Man" he has borrowed the whipping scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and its effect could not be more thrilling were it absolutely novel. The success of the play is of course largely due to the art of David Warfield. This actor has the faculty of imparting to his words more meaning than is inherent in them and of making his audience accept his conception in the face of a text which is beneath it. He converts bathos into pathos, and no matter how obviously theatrical the sentimentalities may be he makes them do their work.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Blanche Arral at the Van Ness, Sunday Afternoon

At the first rehearsal of Mme. Blanche Arral, the Belgian Prima Donna, with Paul Steindorff's grand orchestra, the musicians were so enthralled with the wonderful voice and marvellous technique of the artiste that several of them forgot to play, but simply stopped and listened. No greater compliment could be paid an artist. Mr. Greenbaum thinks that in Blanche Arral, San Francisco will find another case of Adele Verne and Tettrazini. The program is perhaps, the most difficult and brilliant one ever offered in this city. The singer appears six times and five of the numbers are big works with the orchestra. After the Overture to "Martha" by Steindorff's musicians, Mme. Arral will sing the great aria from "Si Jetais Roi" (If I Were King), by Adam. Then



BLANCHE ARRAL.

The Belgian soprano who will make her debut in this country at the Van Ness Theatre this Sunday afternoon with a grand orchestral accompaniment.

comes by way of contrast, the dainty "Voi Che Sapete" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"; this will be followed by the complete "Mad Scene" from Thomas' "Hamlet." Mendelssohn's "Scherzo" from "Midsummer Nights Dream" and the "Spinning Wheel of Grandmamma" will be played by the orchestra. With piano accompaniment Mme. Arral will sing "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato played by Louis Neubauer, a "Spring Song" by Offenbach and a Russian ballad "Ptitchka" by Evanoff. With orchestral accompaniment Saint-Saen's "Chanson Neapolitaine" from "Le Timbre d'Argent" will be heard for the first time in this city. The program will close with the great "Polacca" from "Mignon." Never before has a singer set herself such a task to perform at one concert. The great musical event will take place Sunday afternoon at half past two o'clock at the Van Ness Theatre.

Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man"

"The Squaw Man," in which Dustin Farnum will appear at the Van Ness Theatre for a period of two weeks, commencing next Monday night, is one of the strongest

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American dramas yet produced. Mr. Farnum himself has a role that fits him like a glove, whether he wears the red jacket of the British army officer, as he does in the first act, or the buckskin breeches and flannel shirt of the cowboy, as he does in the three other acts. The company is of the best. Mary B. Conwell is the leading woman and a better actress could not be found for the role of countess. Two Indian characters, a peace chief of the Utes and his daughter, whom the hero marries, and whose love and devotion give a new insight to the nature of the daughter of the Western plains, are played in a masterly way by Mitchell Lewis and Katherine Fisher. George Deyo, Logan Paul, Erinsley Shaw, Phillips Smalley, Matt B. Snyder, Charles Nylott, George Wender, Horace Mitchell, Harry Sedley, Cecil Kingstone, William Frederic, Ruth Lloyd, Edith Perchet and Alma Sedley with a score of others complete the cast.

New Season at the Alcazar

With a new leading woman, Miss Evelyn Vaughan, the Alcazar players return to their home theatre next Sunday evening and open the regular season with "The Hypocrites," by Henry Arthur Jones. This play has never been seen here, but is credited with seasons runs in New York and London. "The Hypocrites" tells of an incident in the career of the Reverend Edgar Linnell, curate of Weybury, who says and does what he thinks to be right, regardless of consequences. When he refuses to marry a couple of villagers because he knows that the woman was impure before she met the man and would ruin his life, the aristocratic pseudo moralists condemn his action, but when a young man of their own class betrays a virtuous girl they resolutely object to his proposal that the pair be married. Failing to dissuade the minister from his purpose to have justice done to the girl, they prevail on the distracted victim to ascribe her moral downfall to another, and their unscrupulous plan is in a fair way of succeeding when the young fellow's love is rekindled by her pitiable plight and prompts him to proclaim himself as her betrayer. Among the hypocrites thus confounded are a lord of the manor and his wife, a physician and his wife, a lawyer and a vicar, all of whom consider themselves models of uprightness and are so regarded by their humbler neighbors. Miss Vaughan, the new leading woman, was in San Francisco last year as the principal member of the road company that played "Strongheart," and her acting is pleasantly remembered by all who witnessed that stirring drama. In the cast with her are Bertram Lytell, Will R. Walling, John B. Maher, Howard Hickman, Ernest Glendenning, Burt Wesner, Louise Brownell, Adele Belgarde, Bessie Barriscale, Effie Bond, Anita Murray and the other Alcazar favorites.



EVELYN VAUGHAN.

The new leading lady at the Alcazar Theatre.

Success of La Vigne Concert

An auspicious contribution to the musical season was given last Thursday night when Noe J. La Vigne, the dramatic baritone, who sings B flat with perfect ease, gave a concert at Lyric Hall. His numbers ranged from the prologue to Pagliacci and "La Donna e Mobile" from Rigoletto to "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The fourteen songs were all applauded to the echo, particularly "The Coming of the King," by Joseph Roeckel. Schubert's "Erl King" also received splendid treatment. Miss Betty Scholtz, a telented young violinist and graduate of the Berlin Conservatory of Music, played compositions of Vieuxtemps, De Beriot and Wieniawski, in a way that won the large and critical audience and Miss Alma Rudolph and Mr. F. B. Kirwan made very satisfactory accompanists.

Success of the Maclean-Etlin Recital

The Maclean-Etlin recital, last Saturday evening, proved a notable event. Mr. Maclean's singing is remarkable for a perfect mastery and control, showing the sureness and perfection of his method. His wonderful pianissimo effects are only attained after years of study. For example, "L'Heure Exquise" by Hahn was sung entirely under the breath and yet every note penetrated to the farthest corner of the hall. In contrast to this the "Malediction d'Alexandrie" from Thais was fairly vibrant with dramatic force. Of the two Wolf songs, "Biterolf" was perhaps the best, while the English songs "I'm Wearin' awa'" and "Melisande in the Wood" seemed to please the audience. The first was sung with a simplicity and tenderness that brought his hearers very near to tears. Altogether Mr. MacLean's rendering of his fine program was most sincere and artistic. Mr. Etlin, who is a French pianist of note, showed himself possessed of a wonderful virtuosity and it would be difficult to choose the best number of his program. His playing of the Chopin Sonata reminded much of Josef Hoffmann, especially the "Funeral March." Perhaps the most exquisite was "Le Coucon of Daquin," which showed the wonderful clearness of the French school. The "Tarantelle" of Moskowsky was played with wonderful force and spirit and the "Mephisto Waltz" revealed a remarkable technique.

At the Princess

There remain but two more weeks of Ferris Hartman at the Princess. For next week the program will consist of "The Ameer," a musical comedy, which Frank Daniels first made popular. Ferris Hartman will appear as Iffe Kahn, Ameer of Afghanistan, which will be remembered as one of his most popular Tivoli performances. Joseph Fogarty will make his first appearance at this theatre and play Heezaburd, the Lord Chamberlain, and Walter de Leon will have a congenial role as Crackasmile, the Court Jester. Arthur Cunningham is splendidly provided for as Ralph Winston, captain of the British Guards. Sybil Page will be Constance, an American heiress and Zoe Barnett will be a confidential pal, Fanny. Sarah Edwards will represent oriental beauty as Mirza and the other characters will be appropriately cast. Kolb and Dill, the favorite Dutch comedians, supported by a big eastern company, will begin an engagement at this theatre October 26th.

"The Sign of the Cross" at the Valencia

Starting next Sunday afternoon, the Valencia Theatre will present an elaborate revival of Wilson Barrett's great play, "The Sign of the Cross." This drama will most appropriately follow the current offering of "The Devil," and the transition from hell to the more sacred precincts will be accomplished easily by the stock company. Robert Warwick will cast aside the cynical mask of the devil, to assume the toga of virtue as exemplified by Marcus Superbus, prefect of Rome. The barbaric settings of ancient Rome will be reproduced in all their splendor under the capable stage direction of Sedley Brown, and the full strength of the stock company will be utilized. Miss Willette Kershaw will have the best part she has yet essayed when she appears as Mercia, the Christian maiden. Miss Peggy Henree has been selected to play Stephanes, the boy, and the other roles will be in safe hands. "The Sign of the Cross" is an ambitious undertaking, for it is a tremendous scenic production, and requires the services of a small army of supernumeraries. The costuming will be unusually rich and elaborate. Incidental to the second act, showing the court of Nero, there will be a dance by Miss Evelyn Feshia. "The Sign of the Cross" will positively be seen only one week, with the usual matinees Saturday, Wednesday and Sunday.

Automobilists! Please Take Notice.

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Make Weak Watery Eyes.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes
And Affords Reliable Relief.

The Lloyd Scott Travel Talks

Lloyd Scott has certainly proved himself a splendid raconteur and the people present at his opening "Travel-Talk" at Christian Science Hall, Monday night, expressed themselves as delighted with both the speaker and his pictures. The views are most interesting and beautiful the coloring being delicate and artistic, quite different from the usual stereoptican views. The panoramic and motion pictures were exceptionally fine and one scarcely realized at the close that one had been an hour and a half in the hall. These "Travel-Talks" are unique entertain-



THE ECCENTRIC GENNARD.

Who will appear with his Venetian Gondolier Band next week at the Orpheum.

ments and most fascinating. This was demonstrated by the large number of people who surrounded the box office at the close securing seats for further events. Friday night of this week and the Saturday special matinee will be devoted to "Japan;" Saturday night Russia will be the subject. Next week "Russia," Monday night; "Egypt," Tuesday and Thursday nights, and "Ireland" Friday and Saturday nights. The second matinee will be devoted to "Egypt." School children, half rates at the matinees.

The Orpheum Bill

The Orpheum offers for next week a bill that will excel in magnitude, variety, novelty and worth any that has been given at the popular theatre in many a moon. Gennare's Venetian Gondolier Band, which created a furore in New York and other cities of the east will be the principal feature. Signor Gennare is a musician of ability whose leadership is characterized by a variety of extraordinary gesticulation which call to mind Creatore, whom he totally eclipses in the way of eccentricity. Miss Carter, a soprano of note, comes with the band. Madame Theresa Renz, the most famous equestrienne in the world, will exhibit her splendid trained horses, who are all prize winners. She executes a serpentine dance on horseback. Gracie Emmett, who will make her first vaudeville appearance here, was last seen in the dramatic success, "A Barrel of Money," several years ago. She will present an amusing farce, entitled "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband," which is described as one continuous round of laughter. The Jupiter Brothers, marvelous illusionists, who make their appearance in the guise of cowboys, will be an interesting and puzzling feature of the performance. Next week will be the last of "General" Edward LaVine, the Saytons, Belle Hathaway's Monkeys and of that delightful quartette, the Cadets de Gascogne. A new series of motion pictures will be the finale to the entertainment

Oakland to Have the Greenbaum Attractions

Manager Greenbaum will present all of his attractions in Oakland this season as the support accorded his offerings in our sister city warrant his placing Oakland on the high class musical and artistic circuit established between here and Chicago. His first offering will be a complete course of the Lloyd Scott "Travel-Talks" to be given at "Maple Hall" commencing Monday night, October 19th with "India." "Japan" will be given Wednesday night and "Russia" Friday night. The course will be completed the following week with "Egypt" on Monday night and "Ireland" Wednesday night.

This will be the first time that "Travel-Talks" have been offered in any city in the State outside of San Francisco and Los Angeles as former speakers never had the time to devote to a tour of the Coast. In November Signor Emilio De Gogorza will sing at "Ye Liberty Playhouse." Adele Verne will give a piano recital at the same place and Beatrice Fine will appear at Ebell Hall. In December Nordica and her company and Hartmann the violinist will be the attractions.



THE PASMORE TRIO

Who will give the third concert in the Greek Theatre on October 10th.



BEATRICE PRIEST FINE

Soprano who will appear with Anna Miller Wood (contralto) at Christian Science Hall, October 22d.

Pasmore Concert at Greek Theatre

The third of the four popular orchestral concerts in the Greek Theatre, on October 10th, will be a concerto concert by the Misses Pasmore and an orchestra of thirty-five directed by Mr. H. B. Pasmore. The program will be as follows: "Gloria California," Pasmore, Orchestra; Concerto in A minor, Opus 33, Saint Saens, Miss Dorothy Pasmore, 'Cellist, and Orchestra; Concerto in A minor, Opus 54, Schumann, Miss Suzanne Pasmore, Pianist, and Orchestra; Spanish Symphony, "Lalo," Miss Mary Pasmore, Violinist, and Orchestra.

In the Limelight

Thursday evening, October 22, is the date set for the joint concert of Beatrice Priest Fine and Anna Miller Wood. Manager Greenbaum promises an unusual program with no less than eleven works to be heard for the first time in this city.

The latest contract signed by Manager Greenbaum is with Mischa Elman, the violinist. Schumann-Heink will come here in February, 1910, as she remains in Europe for one year.

A young American pianist, Alfred Calzin, from Detroit, has created a sensational success in Berlin. He will tour this country in conjunction with Arthur Hartmann, the Hungarian violinist. They will appear here early in December.

Virginia Foltz is soon to play the leading role in the Boston "Merry Widow" company.

Mrs. Fiske will open her New York season this month at the Belasco theatre. Her new play is by Brewster Sheldon, and has not yet been named.

Henry Dixie is going on the road in one of "The Devil" companies, now being organized by Henry Savage.

Auto Notes

E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, received word yesterday from the Harry S. Houpt Auto Agency in New York that the entering by them of a six 40 Thomas car in the recent twenty-four race at Brighton Beach was done merely as an experiment to try the durability and strength of the new car, this being the first event in which the 6-40 had competed. The fact that the car did not lose a minute's time on account of motor trouble, and was only out of the race long enough to take on gasoline and water and to make one change of tires, speaks well for the perfect mechanism and Diamond tires on the new machine.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins, with Miss Florence Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clarke and Frank Anderson, in their '09 Packard touring car, drove from Detroit to the White Mountains and are now at the St. Regis in New York City. Mr. Hopkins reports a delightful trip and good weather.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, has just returned from a trip to the factories at Akron, Ohio, and reports unusual success with the new red automobile tube The red tube, it has been found, will not deteriorate anywhere near as quickly as the gray tube. In fact, the factory has several of the red tubes which they have been holding for test purposes for over a year and have carried around in automobiles unwrapped and left lying in the bright sunlight. In spite of all this the tubes are still as fresh and pliable as when first turned out.

Another strenuous trip in his Chalmers-Detroit 40 h. p. touring car has just been completed by J. H. Thede, the prominent motorist of Madera. This car in the last six months has traveled more than five thousand miles, and has never been laid up for repairs.

W. B. Lloyd of Petaluma was here Sunday on his faw home after an extended tour of Central California. He drove from Petaluma to Woodland, to Sacramento and then down the San Joaquin Valley to Modesto. In making the return trip in his two-cylinder Buick touring car he covered the road from Modesto to Oakland in five and one-half hours.

The record of fourteen hours and one minutes from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, made less than a month ago, has been shattered. The car to accomplish this feat was the Thomas Light Six, which was driven by George Salzman, with George T. Verreault and H. A. Carroll of the Pittsburg Dispatch, as official observer, and Elmer Huber, as mechanic, making the run in thirteen hours and fifty-two minutes from city to city. The distance of 309 1-2 miles was made in nine minutes less time than the car making the previous record, which covered a distance of but 302 miles.

Interest along automobile row was centered Saturday in the latest model of the 1909 six-cylinder 40 h. p. Thomas car, the demonstrating machine of which arrived at the Pioneer Automobile Company. Finished in dark blue with yellow running gear, the car presents an unusually graceful appearance, following as it does the latest lines of the highest grade foreign cars.

A Chalmers-Detroit "30" car, which is making a run of 200 miles a day for one hundred days, has completed the first two weeks of its strenuous tests. Four trips a day is the regular program for the "Pontiac car," as it is called by the people of Detroit. The car starts each morning at 5 o'clock from the Pontchartrain Hotel, running out to Pontiac, 26 miles, and returning in time for breakfast. Even for this early trip there are generally three or four passengers. The second trip is made at 8:30 o'clock. Two afternoon trips are made, the first at 12 o'clock and the last trip at 4 p. m. The success of the "double daily century run" is exciting much interest in Detroit, and bets are being made as to whether the car will keep it up. So far not the slightest trouble has developed, and the Chalmers people are confident that the "30" will successfully complete its 20,000 miles.

E. B. Watson, who has acquired quite a reputation as a speed-burner in his Buick "White Streak," enjoyed a ride over the Fillmore street hill one day last week. He was accompanied in the somewhat thrilling journey by M. Mohrange. The trip was undertaken by Mr. Watson to satisfy himself as to the hill climbing abilities of his car.

Dr. E. F. Donnelly of this city has taken delivery from the Howard Automobile Company of a Buick "White Streak." The car which the doctor purchased is equipped with double rumble seats.

One hundred and twenty-five miles on six gallons of gasoline is what W. Huffner claims to be a record for consumption of gas on a long distance tour. Huffner, who drives a Chalmers-Detroit touring car, says he drove from this city to San Jose, then to Alviso, back to the Garden City and home, via the Haywards and Oakland route, on six gallons of gasoline.

D. O. Church of the Warren Improvement Company, returned this week from an extended combined business and pleasure trip to Reno, Nevada, in his 30 h. p. Buick touring car. He was called to Nevada on business connected with several large contracts which his company is at work on, and took the opportunity to enjoying a short vacation at the many resorts about Lake Tahoe and in the high Sierras.



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The Writing in the Sand

(Continued from Page 10.)

snake. It was an ugly dragon. It was Amako, Tokiwa's cruel and jealous husband. His face was wet with his exertions. His crafty, half-blind eyes gleamed with bitter hatred, and the moonlight revealed a horrible leer upon his face. He, too, saw the drawing in the sand, the course, fat god laughing, laughing at the love-words of Tokiwa! But Amako did not laugh. He cursed in his heart. Nearer and nearer he crept till he knelt exactly behind his wife, bending a little so that he might not cast a shadow. So intent was Tokiwa upon watching the sleeping priest, interpreting every smile she saw, even pressing her hand upon his chest, that she was unaware of any other presence.

Amako waited for some time, then, with a shout of anger, he rolled Tokiwa over in the sand. "Faithless and wretched wife," hissed Amako between his teeth, "forsaking me at night, creeping into a temple garden, and loving a priest!"

Sanzo awoke from his heavy slumber, and laid a restraining hand upon the angry Amako as he listened to the explanation of this strange scene.

"Do you know this woman?" shouted Amako.

"Very well!" replied the priest.

"And this writing in the sand, it that yours, Tokiwa?"

"Yes," replied the woman.

"Very well, then," continued Amako, "pay your respects or your love to this priest, and join me later." Then Amako, in a terrible rage, took his departure; but before he had gone many paces Sanzo was at his side.

"What are you going to do with her?" inquired the priest.

"Is she out of hearing? Yes. When she is asleep I shall kill her!"

Sanzo groaned in the agony of his dispair as he read the writing in the sand. "What if I tell her and she does not come back again?" The veins in Amako's forehead stood out in great blue knots. "If you tell her," said he, "I shall kill you!" And Amako put his hand in his robe.

"You need not draw out your dirk. Your wife has sinned. You shall kill to-night!"

Amako went away to his home, sharpened his dirk, and then lay down upon the futon and waited.

III.

When Sanzo returned to Tokiwa, he found her weeping bitterly. "There, little one, do not weep any more." "Oh, but I am wicked, very wicked. I have wronged you, you who are a holy priest and do not love me any more!"

Tokiwa looked up into his face. "But you smiled in your sleep. Were you dreaming?"

"Yes," replied Sanzo, "but I cannot tell you what I dreamt. The ghosts of old days come back again in our dreams sometimes."

"I don't mind what happens to me now that I have knelt and watched my dear one sleeping."

"Hush! You must not speak like that. If you love me you must do just what I tell you."

"Yes, yes," answered the woman, "it is my joy always to obey you."

Sanzo slipped off his black robe, and said: "Go behind that fir tree, little one, take off your kimona, and put on this one. Then, with this knife, cut off your hair and bring it to me."

And presently Tokiwa returned with her kimona in one hand and her beautiful black tresses in the other.

"Now," said Sanzo, "I am going to put on your kimona. Ah, how funny I shall look!" Sanzo put on the silk kimona, and tied the obi round his waist. With a fine cord he piled up the black tresses upon his head, and after much contrivance it made a fair representation of a Japanese coiffure. This done, he took out his writing materials from a hollow in a tree and hurriedly wrote a letter. "When I am gone, Tokiwa, go to the temple with this letter, and they will take you in. Wait there for a little while, and all shall be well."

"Yes, yes, but all can never be well now, never, never!" And Tokiwa began to weep. Sanzo looked at her in his black robe. "I am going away now. I shall write something in the sand; but do not read it until I have gone. Good-bye, little one!"

Tokiwa, with tears in her eyes, wound her arms tightly round Sanzo's knees, and then suddenly let him go. There was a look in Sanzo's eyes that told her all she wanted to know, all that was worth knowing.

IV.

Straight to the house of Amako went Sanzo, shuffling along with small steps just as he knew Tokiwa would walk. There was a great joy in his heart as he thought of the black-robed figure sitting in the temple garden. "My priests will be kind to her, and the little children will love her when she sings to them," said he.

Sanzo tapped upon the shutter of Amako's house. A moment later he found himself in a room almost in total darkness.

"Don't speak to me! Lie down and go to sleep!" exclaimed Amako. Sanzo obeyed.

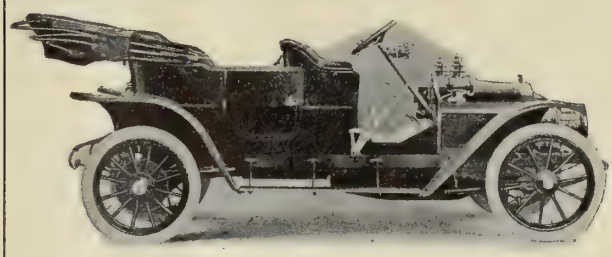
Sanzo feigned slumber when he deemed it wise to do so. He knew what was in store for him. There would be a sharp, tearing pain, and then an end. But in the temple garden sat Tokiwa, and his death meant her life. When was the blow coming? It seemed such a long time coming.

Amako turned over on his left side. Sanzo heard the sound of an arm drawn slowly over the quilt. And then the end came. At the rising of the sun Sanzo's brave soul sped on its way to a new and fuller life. At that very moment Tokiwa rose and read the writing of Sanzo in the sand, and the words were: "Such a little thing it is to die for you!"

V.

Amako completely covered over the dead body by his side. There was no pity in his heart at the sight of that silent form beneath its wrapping. Once he made as though to look at the face. Then he drew away with a shudder. He went outside his dwelling and looked down the road. Seeing two fishermen, he called them to him. "Very miserable and lonesome is my heart

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to-day, fishermen. My wife, Tokiwa, died in the night, and I have a fancy to sail with her out to sea and bury her beneath the blue waves. Will you help me carry her down? Will you lend me your boat?"

The fishermen eyed Amako suspiciously. They liked not these unusual proceedings; but money to them was more than a Buddhist funeral, and after much bargaining they consented to carry the dead body down to the sea.

The fishermen pulled down their boat, set up the white fluted sail, and pushed the prow of the craft into the water.

Amako took his seat in the stern and helped the fishermen lay the body gently down in the boat. "Bring me some of those big stones over there," said Amako.

The fishermen obeyed.

Amako took a morbid pleasure in his solitary journey with the dead as the fishermen stood on the shore counting their money.

In the meantime Tokiwa entered the temple of her lord. She gave the letter Sanzo had written to a kind-looking priest named Kuroda. When he had read it, he called his brethren together. "Sanzo, our dear brother, is dead!" said he. "But it was an honorable death. We will perform all the ceremonies befitting a great and good man in due time. This matter must be investigated at once. Come with me to the house of Amako to claim Sanzo's body and bring his wicked murderer to justice. You, Tokiwa, must remain here until our return."

The priests set forth upon their journey. Now another vessel skimmed over the water, sail and oars uniting to quicken the speed. When the boats were alongside, Amako was tying stones to the dead body with a horrible smile of pleasure upon his face.

"What are you doing?" said Kuroda fiercely.

"Alas! honorable priest, I am burying my wife who died last night. Wherefore do you come to look upon the burial of Tokiwa?"

"It is not Tokiwa! It is the body of Sanzo whom you killed last night!"

"It is Tokiwa!" shouted Amako hoarsely.

"Pull back the wrapping and look upon the face," replied Kuroda.

Amako pulled aside the wrapping, and Sanzo, the priest, smiled back at him.

Personal Abuse in Political Campaigns

(Continued from Page 9.)

Blaine it is hard to say. Even if he should fail to be re-elected to the Senate nobody will be able to say for a certainty that his failure was due to the Hearst charges, for the fact is that he had a desperate fight on his hands even before the Archbold letters were produced. And even though he should suffer defeat it would be absurd to conclude that his political career had come to an end. Men of his prodigious ability cannot be killed off so easily. He can handle himself as dramatically as Blaine or Conkling, and there are few men of that kind left in politics these days. For him there is very likely to be propitious reaction, especially when the people of Ohio begin to recall his past services and the ingratitude of the men he befriended. It was Foraker who first thrust Taft into public prominence. The latter had been an assistant prosecuting attorney and a collector of internal revenue. Foraker made him a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati. Taft was then but twenty-nine, and he had been engaged in a forensic duel with Foraker, trying, as representative of the Bar Association to secure the disbarment of a Cincinnati lawyer of the name of T. C. Campbell. The lawyer's attorney was J. B. Foraker, and he saved his client. Being elected Governor not long afterward, Foraker appointed his young opponent to a place on the bench where, twenty-two years before, Taft's father had sat before he became (as his son has also become) the nation's Secretary of War. It was Foraker also who first took up the fight against Hanna and Hanna's machine to give Theodore Roosevelt the Presidential nomination after he had filled out President McKinley's unexpired term. The whirligig of politics produces strange results. Against these two men Senator Foraker is now making the fight of his life; for his relations with both of them have disappointed the Senator. He expected, after the election of Roosevelt, to be a court favorite and to supersede Hanna as a dispenser of patronage in Ohio. President Roosevelt did not view things in the same light. And when, two years ago, the Secretary of War made a speech in the Ohio campaign that pulled down from his high horse Foraker's first lieutenant in Cincinnati, George B. Cox, the milk of human kindness in the Senator's bosom changed to gall, and it was not long after that he took to the warpath with all the Federal captains lined up against him.

While at this distance from the seat of war it is assumed that Foraker is down and out, by reading the eastern press editorials and letters from the people one may easily see that there is room for doubt. In some quarters it is believed that the effect of Hearst's attack has been minimized by the undignified and brutal conduct of the President. Some papers believe that Roosevelt has done more harm to Taft than to Foraker. Even the Republican press has taken to warning Roosevelt and the New York Sun in a fit of disgust exclaimed: "Let self respecting Americans of all political faiths unite in the fervent prayer that the unexampled frenzy or spasm of self-exhibition which is now degrading the office of President of the United States may end before the scandal invites the attention and excites the disgust of the whole civilized world. And it is not just that Taft should suffer."

And Mr. Hearst who started all the row is being reprobated for making use of stolen letters. He has openly been charged with having been subsidized by the Republican campaign managers to conduct a guerrilla warfare for the destruction of the Democratic party. Copies of telegrams sent by Mr. De Ford, one of Hearst's attorneys, to William Ullman, the representative of Charles P. Taft, have been produced and published, the purpose being to show that Hearst's disclosures were prearranged in the interest of the Republican candidate. These telegrams are not convincing.



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Letters

Success of the Chamberlain Sisters

While the death of Miss Esther Chamberlain was not entirely unexpected, it comes none the less as a shock to both personal and literary friends. She had been ill almost since the appearance of the last novel by "the Chamberlain Sisters," and now, following the announcement of the publishers that the story has been successfully prepared for stage presentation, comes the sad news that one of its authors will never know the full story of her success. It was Miss Lucia Chamberlain who first took up writing, and made a name for herself while Miss Esther engaged in the then novel occupation of supplying illustrations for advertising matter, but in 1903 the two girls, who were always inseparable from their cradle days, began to collaborate. The first fruit of their joint pens was "The Blue Moon," which appeared in Ainslie's and gave proof at once that they had no intention of following commonplace models, but were ready to strike out from the shore and swim with their own stroke. The next product of the collaboration was "Mrs. Essington," a type of the better grade of "summer novel," the scene of which was laid in San Francisco and south to Del Monte. In speaking of the story the sisters disarmed criticism by stating at once that they had no intention of picturing types or reproducing "local color." The plot simply required an atmosphere which was vital and young, and knowing both the east and the west, out of their experience they chose the California setting because it was most suitable. Similarly, though the local world has been trying most assiduously to identify the characters in "The Coast of Chance" the authors of the novel frankly stated that "it never happened; its characters never existed outside its pages." The Chamberlains are closely related to the local artistic colony, and it was hoped that Miss Esther would be led to still further collaborate by giving her attention to the illustration of future novels. Had she supplied the pictures for "The Coast of Chance," the hero, after gathering blue irises, would not have been caught presnting scarlet carnations to its heroine.

Honors for Dr. Weir Mitchell

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, was recently elected "foreign fellow" of the Royal Society of England, the oldest and most distinguished scientific body in the English-speaking world. There are but three other Americans carried on its roll. Alexander Agassiz, George W. Hill, the astronomer, and Simon Newcomb, the mathematician. Benjamin Franklin was the first American honored by an election to membership. Dr. Mitchell, though well past his seventy-fifth year, in addtion to being one of the greatest nerve specialists in the medical profession, and the originator of the rest cure, is a poet of distinction and well up in the front rank of American novelists. His "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," which preceded the flood-tide of colonial and Revolutionary fiction, and so escaped the ignominy heaped on the "historical" heap, is one of the best books dealing with that period, and his "Red City," now current in the Century, takes up the thread of the same story at the end of the war and in the days of Washington's administration. Dr. Mitchel has contributed valuable additions to scientific and medical literature likewise. He was one of the first to make a study of the poison of serpents, and he has investigated the singular nervous effects which are wrought on individual temperaments by certain animals, perfumes, etc.

Scotch and Irish Toasts

Perhaps it was flying in the face of Providence for the H. M. Caldwell Company to have chosen this year of the triumph of the Prohibition cause, to issue their "Irish Toasts, by Shan Na Gael" and "Scottish Toasts by Ivor Ben McIvor," but it's a poor heart that never rejoices and a poor spirit that cannot appreciate a kindly thought. Not all the toasts are of the convivial order. In both collections there are sentiments of patriotism, of humor, of friendship and of the social virtues. The sons of the "land o' cakes" will find done up in the bright tartan of the Royal Stuarts familiar quotations from Burns, Allan Ramsey, James Ferguson and a score or more of good stories. Equally appropriate is the dress for the companion booklet. Shamrock green, with enough of the four-leaved variety to secure good luck. Print and page decorations are of the beloved color, while Tom Moore, and other immortal bards contribute their quota to its contents. One finds extracts from "Garryowen na Gloria," which President Roosevelt says is the finest fighting tune in the world; from Lever and Lover and all the Irish world besides. The Gaelic League has not been forgotten and the old tongue figures here and there. A book of toasts is not an anthology, and in the nature of things there must be more omitted than included, yet one rather wishes that "Shan Na Gael" had given us also at least a part of that exquisite little gem by Moira O'Neil,

"Over here in England I'm helpin' with the hay,
An' I wish I was in Ireland the livelong day.
Weary on the English hay, and sorra' take the wheat,
Och! Corymeela an' the blue sky over it!"

If the author ever runs across a story by Charles Reade, "Born to Good Luck," he will find in the closing paragraph a characteristic Irish toast, "May he live till the skirts of his coat knock his brains out, and him dancing an Irish fling to 'The Wind that Shakes the Barley.'" These are the first of the holiday productions, and in matter and manner they are an augury of good things to come.

Vagaries of Mrs. Humphrey Ward

The "vagaries of genius" would be called plain bad manners and ill-breeding in common folks. Here is a story told of Mrs. Humphrey Ward some years ago, while she was sojourning in Italy. It happened that there was a house party being entertained at a short distance from the villa which she was occupying, and among the guests was an Italian statesman whom the novelist desired to meet in order to discuss certain political questions with him, so she sent an invitation to the hostess to appear at luncheon with her guests. They accepted with alacrity, and when they appeared a maid welcomed them and asked them to begin the repast, saying that Mrs. Ward would join them later. When the meal was nearly finished she came in, her gown and hair rumpled and her manner much abstracted. She placed a chair beside that of the statesman and entered into an animated conversation with him in French, paying no attention whatever to anyone else. When she had gathered the information she wanted she went back upstairs, saying that she hoped they would stay as long as they



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pleased and ask the maid for anything they wanted, "and that was the last we saw of her," says the narrator. It is said that not even her favorite daughter would dare enter a room where she is at work.

Cable's Latest Work

George W. Cable is correcting the final proofs of a new novel to be issued shortly by the Scribners. It will concern itself with the Civil War and the scene is to be chiefly laid in New Orleans and its vicinity. Mr. Cable was a Confederate soldier himself, and there is a current rumor that he became persona non grata in the South because a series of articles contributed to the Century Magazine were interpreted as being inimicably critical to his own section. If there is any foundation of truth in the story then the South must be sensitive to the point of touchiness. There was some absurd and belated abolition sentiment aroused over the same articles, particularly one in which the author reminiscing on things and times that were, quoted a strain of one of the popular war songs, "And yet, and yet, we cannot forget," adding for himself, "and we would not." Why any rational being should expect the South to blot out four years of its history and heroisms passes understanding. Forget the bitterness and outlive the sharp edge of grief they may and must, but more than that is beyond human power or reason.

In Sir Grant Duff's diary he records that Sir Walter Scott once read three chapters of "Waverley" to the brother of a peer, long before it was published, but the titled critic was not impressed. "Na, na, Wattie," said he; "that won't do; stick to your poetry."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
MARIE K. UMLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Marie K. Umland, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Marie K. Umland.

MARIE H. UMLAND,
Administratrix of the Estate of Marie K. Umland, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 29th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administartrix,
Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
AGNES S. REILLY, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

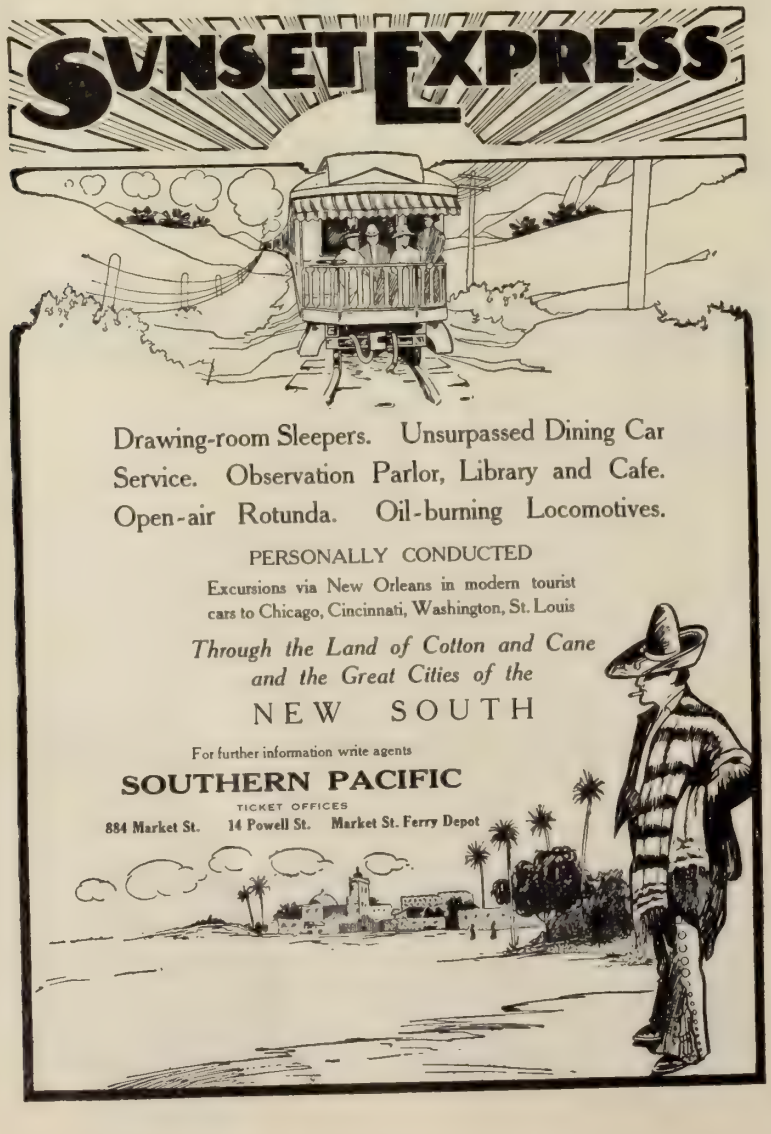
HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 10th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

WELL BRED

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"Not always.
"Why not always?"
"I hate to be impolite."



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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANK WARDEN, Deceased

Thomas Wood, the executor of the estate of Frank Warden, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 12th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Thomas Wood, executor of the estate of Frank Warden, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 10th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN A. HALPIN,
Attorney for Executor,
Dean Bldg., 966 Market St.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANCESCO DESIRELLO, Deceased.

J. G. Parodi the administrator of the estate of Francesco Desirello, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 20th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said J. G. Parodi, administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 16th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JAS. C. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
912-916 Call Building.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

PAPER

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NOTARY PUBLIC

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,
Plaintiff,
vs.
FRANK HOPPER,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908	$34,474,554.23
Total Assets	$37,055,263.31

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Mayerle's Antiseptic Eyeglass Wipers, to be used when glasses blur, tire or strain the eye, 2 for 25 cents.

Mayerle's Glasses Rest the Eye, Strengthen the Optic Nerve and Preserve the Sight.

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Vol. XVII, No. 842. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 17, 1908. PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

PALATE PLEASURE



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Crisp, dainty, delicious flakes of malted white corn—the only MALTED corn flakes made in this country. ALL the nutriment of the corn blended with pure barley malt, cooked, flaked and toasted.

If you are tired of all "the others" try it for breakfast tomorrow. It will be a pleasant surprise for your stomach.

To get the full flavor and delicious crispness of KORN-KINKS it is best to pour them into a pan or earthenware dish and warm in oven before serving; then serve in large dish with cream, piling the flakes in on one side of the dish and pouring the cream or milk in on the other side, dipping the flakes as eaten.

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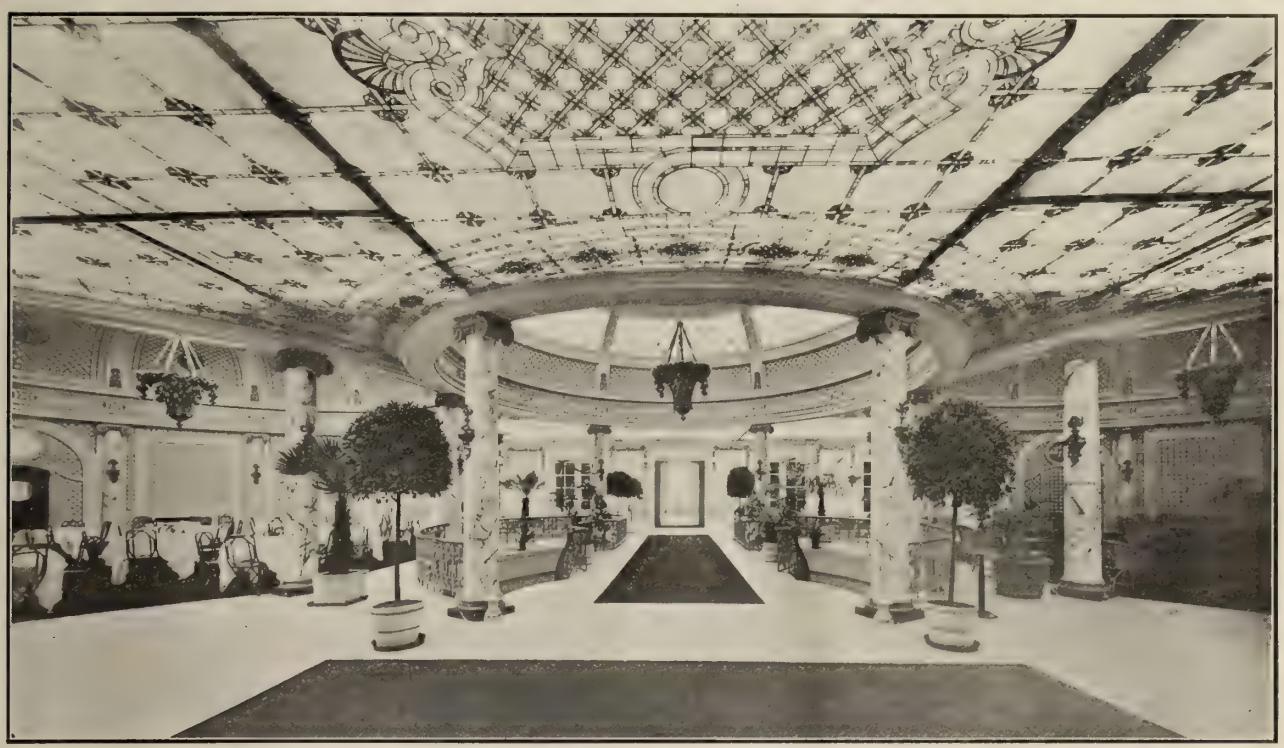
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, October 17, 1908. No. 842.



Looking Through the Laurel Court to the Dining Room.



"A Corner of the Laurel Court," Fairmont Hotel.

THE LAUREL COURT OF THE FAIRMONT HOTEL WHERE AFTERNOON TEA IS SERVED.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., corner Mission. Telephone Douglass 2612

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Regulation and Protection

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, the personal representative of Mr. E. H. Harriman at the Trans-Mississippi Congress, speaking of the need of more and better railroad facilities in this western country, said that the money needed therefor is not likely to be obtained unless confidence in the productiveness of railroad investments is restored; "until cooperation and good will become manifest in the relations of the people and the carrier and so pervades the public mind as to find expression in legislative bodies." In other words the demagogue must be suppressed and railroad-baiting must cease to be a popular pastime. In view of the great change that has taken place in public sentiment with respect to Mr. Harriman, whose name is synonymous with railroad octopus, we are inclined to the opinion that the beneficent consummation which Mr. Stubbs commends is not far distant. But you never can tell. We can be fairly certain only of this,—that there is not so much enthusiasm these days for the performances of the bull in the china shop as formerly. The dinner pail having been kicked over the achievement does not seem to be worthy of ardent approval. The hour of the man of constructive ability has come. The execration of Roosevelt is coeval with the apotheosis of Harriman. The fickle public has transferred its affections. In all sections of the country there is clamorous demand for the resumption of the work of extending railroads into growing territory, and wherever Mr. Harriman goes he is hailed as the conquering industrial hero. Terrible Teddy and "Battle" Bob being sensible of public feeling, have quit lambasting Harriman and are now dealing in glittering generalities with reference to iniquitous combinations of capital. Mr. Harriman has lately been felicitating himself in public on the great improvement that has taken place in public sentiment toward railroad management. And in New York the other day he took occasion to remark that the public will derive more benefit from protection to railroads than from regulation thereof. To that end, he said, we should have a modified Sherman act which would permit railroad managers to get together in public and make agreements in public. A year ago Mr. Harriman would have been bitterly reprobated for making such a suggestion, but since the business disturbance of last fall railroad regulation has ceased to be regarded in some quarters as essential to national well-being. It has gradually dawned upon Mr. Roosevelt that the industries of the country cannot prosper if the transportation companies are not permitted to make money enough to keep their roads in good physical condition and to meet the demand for increased facilities. And Mr. Roosevelt has learned that if the interstate commerce law had been enforced soon after its enactment there would have been no trouble; that it was not to the interest of railroad managers to engage in secret rate-cutting or to give rebates. As a matter of fact railroad managers repeatedly importuned the Government to enforce the law, and they were told that it could not be enforced and that the commissioners should have increased powers. Mr. Roosevelt himself said the law was ineffective. Yet all the prosecutions which have been successful were made under the original and not under the amended act.

Long's Glorification

Ephemeral is the glory achieved even by the most upright of our self-sacrificing heroes in public office. Take for example the case of our handsome young City Attorney, Mr. Percy Long, who was acclaimed one day last week by all the papers for his signal victory over the water octopus. It was a proud day for a gallant public servant who had fought a great battle against an enemy of the pee-pul and triumphed. It seemed as though at one bound young Mr. Long, hitherto merely an inconspicuous ornament of his profession, had taken his place among the leaders of the bar. Naturally he was flushed with elation but bearing his blushing honors with becoming modesty he expressed the delicate sentiment that not to him but to the long-suffering ratepayers were felicitations due. For as many as twenty-four hours Mr. Long occupied his pedestal with grace and gratification. Then came the pricking of his bubble glory. Analyzed by some of our unemotional, matter-of-fact lawyers, Judge Farrington's decision proved to be something entirely different from what to novices it seemed on superficial examination. Mr. Long having read the decision with a preconceived notion of what it should be, extracted from it only such juices as were pleasing to his adolescent palate. The sour pulp he rejected. It appears that there is nothing in this decision to justify the bestowal of felicitations either on Mr. Long or the ratepayers.

The Decision

Judge Farrington has not given the octopus all it asked for, but neither has he sustained the position of the octopus-baiters. Though he failed to accept the water company's valuation of its property, neither did he affirm the Supervisors' estimate to be a fair basis on which to establish rates. The company's estimate of $52,000,000 is of course exorbitant, but this probably was made on the principle on which the man who loses a finger in a railroad accident sues for $50,000 damages in the hope of recovering about $2,500. Judge Farrington estimated the value of the water plant at $27,500,000 and Mr. Long in his colossal innocence assumed that the court had determined upon this sum as the valuation of the plant for all purposes. And Mayor Taylor, who is regarded by doctors as a good lawyer and by lawyers as a good doctor, jubilantly concurred in Mr. Long's conclusion, but we hope not for the purpose of humbugging the dear pee-pul. Yet it is hardly credible that Mayor Taylor regarded as a triumph a decision that grants a fifteen per cent raise of rates and allows the claim of the company to a certain percentage of revenue for depreciation of plant. Mayor Taylor is a man of infinite variety; is the fool among the characters in the repertoire with which nature has endowed him? Surely he does not believe it to be of no importance that the water company has a brand new principle established for its benefit. And surely he knows that Judge Farrington's estimate of the value of the property is of no benefit to the people. That estimate is merely to serve as a basis on which to determine the main question involved in the suit. It is binding for no other purpose, but even though it were, in view of the fact that the city was offered the plant for $26,000,000 less than two years ago we are unable to see wherein we have gained any great advantage. Unquestionably the octopus is as well pleased with the decision as Mr. Long appeared to be during the brief period in which his curious achievement was being celebrated. As for the ratepayers it is perhaps to be hoped that their fund of optimism is not exhausted, and that they will continue to

derive much pleasure from the efforts of their servants under the guidance of Mr. Phelan to cinch the public service corporations. In time of course they will have to buy the Spring Valley plant, and the longer they wait the greater will be the sum they will have to pay, but the demagogic clicque at the helm of affairs is in no hurry to extinguish one of the most prolific sources of political capital.

"The New Bryan"

It is being remarked that the perennial candidate, who is now spoken of in some parts of the country as "The New Bryan," has become singularly moderate and reasonable. He appears to have abandoned most of his old incendiary convictions and to be eager to create the impression that he is safer and saner than he was in 1896 and 1900. But unfortunately for Mr. Bryan he postponed too long the trimming of his sails for the current breeze. The notion is firmly imbedded in the public mind that Mr. Bryan is an infallible and incurable menace to peace and prosperity. So great is the dread of Bryan that the psychological effect of his election would be a shock so powerful as to paralyze the business interests of the country. From this shock they would not recover until after Bryan was inaugurated, when perhaps it would turn out that his potentiality for evil had been greatly exaggerated. It is unfortunate for Bryan that we are still suffering from a severe shock and cannot afford to invite another, for almost irresistible is the inclination to administer to Mr. Roosevelt through his protege the rebuke that he so richly deserves. Aside from the widespread feeling of revolt roused by Mr. Roosevelt's indecent misuse of the influence inseparable from his great office in forcing the nomination of his own pet candidate, there is an almost overwhelming sense of disgust at the apparent willingness of Mr. Taft to stagger through this campaign beneath a nauseating incubus and to permit himself to be used as the proxy whereby the President will cram himself down the gagging gullet of the sovereign people. How humiliating it will be to Mr. Bryan to realize that despite the propitiousness of an unparalleled situation he was hopelessly impossible!

Bryan As a Newspaper Asset

The most unkindest cut that Mr. Hearst has made or authorized to be made against William Jennings Bryan, is the editorial statement that when Bryan was beaten the first time the Hearst newspapers hired him to write articles, "and paid him for writing them at least ten times what they were worth, in order that he might have money to live until the next campaign." This sounds like an algebraic equation of the nth degree in which there are two unknown quantities, namely, what Mr. Bryan's articles to the Hearst newspapers were worth to Mr. Hearst and what Mr. Hearst paid Mr. Bryan for the articles. Thus, binominally, it may be expressed in this manner: X plus y in the second degree is equal to the second power of x plus 2xy plus y in the second degree. The known quantity is Mr. Bryan. As a newspaper man Mr. Bryan was once worth $25 a week; but Mr. Bryan the newspaper man plus Mr. Bryan the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is Mr. Bryan the newspaperman multiplied by ten newspaper men worth $25 a week. Therefore the market worth of Mr. Bryan to a newspaper or a string of newspapers, was $250 a week at the close of his first campaign for the Presidency. If Mr. Hearst paid Mr. Bryan ten times his worth he paid him $2500 a week; but the problem does not state that Mr. Bryan was hired by the week on this basis; it expressly states that Mr. Bryan was paid by the article. Now Mr. Bryan has demonstrated in his late correspondence with Mr. Roosevelt that he can write an article of average newspaper length every day and at the same time attend to the ordinary business of conducting a Presidential campaign. Mr. Bryan's average output for the Commoner in the off years when he is not running for the Presidency is not a criterion by which to judge of Mr. Bryan's writing capacity, because his work on the Commoner is a labor of love, utterly devoid of all mercenary taint. Say, then, that Mr. Bryan wrote one article for Mr. Hearst each week at ten times its intrinsic worth, he received from Mr. Hearst $357 for each article, the presumption being that the calculation was made on a basis of six working days to the week. If Mr. Bryan wrote a thousand words per article he was paid a little more than 35 cents a word, which would put him in the Jack London class and about fifty per cent below the Kipling class as a literary asset. According to the assertion of Mr. Hearst that he paid Mr. Bryan ten times the amount of the worth of his articles, it is easy to calculate that Mr. Bryan's articles were worth to Mr. Hearst only $37.50 each, the remaining $321.30 paid for each of the articles being cold charity bestowed by Mr. Hearst to preserve Mr. Bryan from starvation from one campaign to another. It was cruel, however, to expose Mr. Bryan's utter indigence and his abject dependence on the Hearst bounty, in the manner that Mr. Hearst has done. Mr. Bryan has not deserved such humiliation at the hands of one who was once his generous patron.

The Great Commercial Contest

The Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, which has just closed its nineteenth annual session in San Francisco, has not received the consideration to which it is entitled from the commercial interests of the Pacific Coast. Like many another semi-official organization, promoted by wide-awake, far-seeing business men, the association has been deprecated and discredited on the ground that its efforts are directed by private interests and that it is used for personal aggrandizement. Nevertheless the Trans-Mississippi Congress bids fair to become one of the most potent factors in the commercial development of this western country. Its objects are apparent—the amalgamation of the cities and sections west of "The Father of Waters"; the extension of South American, Oriental and South Pacific trade; and the welding of

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those territories to the western trade channels of the United States before the completion of the Panama Canal. In these objects we are deeply concerned, and it is well to be sensible and mindful of the fact that they are not to be achieved without effort. The fact is that there is to be considerable rivalry for the trade which we hope to command. This rivalry is already in process of development. While the Trans-Mississippi Congress was in session here the Lakes-to-Gulf Deep Waterways Convention was budding forth in Chicago. This organization has for its object the widening and deepening of the Mississippi from Chicago to New Orleans to facilitate the passage of ocean-going steamers into the very heart of the middle west. Though agitated by an association much younger than the Trans-Mississippi Congress, the Mississippi movement has gained tremendous strength and influence and already shows compactness and unity of purpose. It has behind it the power and co-operation of seventeen States, all tributary to the Mississippi, whose combined population is ten times that of the Pacific Coast. They include the great granaries of Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas, the metallic wealth of Minnesota and Michigan and the vast cotton acreage of Louisiana, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Georgia and Mississippi. The bond of unity is signed by Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Memphis and New Orleans—all pledged to work in harmony for the achivement of their great purpose. What is the ultimate object of the Lakes-to-Gulf Deep Waterway? Nothing more nor less than the conquest of commercial China, Japan, India, Australia and Malaysia, made possible by the construction and completion of the Isthmian Canal This stupendous business, year by year assuming larger proportions, is to be diverted from the ports of the Pacific Coast to New Orleans and Chicago, leaving San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Los Angeles sidetracked and folorn. The traffic of the Golden Gate, that great bull's-eye of western commerce, is to be quietly but firmly removed to the delta of the Mississippi by means of the Lakes-to-Gulf Deep Waterways Association, aided by the National Rivers and Harbors Association and the federal government. An armada of merchant marine is expected to wrest from the western world the trade of the Pacific seas. Steamships plying between Chicago and Hong Kong are to divert traffic from the trans-continental railroads between San Francisco and the east. Denver and Salt Lake City, no longer needed as trans-shipping points, are to become mere trading posts. A startling picture, but the realization of it is hardly more than a dream. That there is keen rivalry ahead, however, we may be fairly certain.

The Divorce Industry

Sad days are fallen upon Sioux Falls, South Dakota, famed in song and story for a score of years as the "only reliable," "quick and painless" establishment for the relief of matrimonial dyspepsia. No longer does the happy laughter of children (whose parents have just secured their final decrees) echo down the city streets. No longer does the eager, wistful populace gather at the depot, watching for eastern and western divorce seekers. No longer does the hotel clerk, with a naughty wink, consign Mrs. Sadly-Wed to the bridal suite and send hurried messages to his lawyer-friends who gather thereabout. Alas, no—the courthouse is closed for repairs, the judge has gone fishing, the trains disgorge only milk cans and mail bags, and the good old days are gone. Competition, the life of trade, has destroyed South Dakota's chief industry. All the choice trade of the country is now divided between San Francisco and Reno. For quick action non-residents prefer the sagebrush town to the California metropolis, but the native son and the native daughter can stay at home and get results without any difficulty. Even Judge Graham can do no more toward discouraging divorce than to suggest terms of reconciliation. If you cannot get a divorce by collusion owing to the stubbornness of your erstwhile better half, you need have no reluctance to engage in a contest. Arrange a public exhibition of your family skeleton—say from two to four on Wednesdays. It is no longer fashionable to keep them in a musty old closet, along with grandfather's sword and Uncle Benjamin's duelling pistols. If your wife never thrashed you at the opera or a large reception, call the chauffeur and the kitchen maid into court and they'll give testimony that will make her blush and bring her to time. If you are a lady and your husband is stubborn, threaten to involve some of his friends. There are so many ways of getting a divorce that no one need languish in the wearisome state of matrimony.

Lady Cook's Suffragette

Lady Francis Cook has crossed the pond to take a hand in the campaign. Lady Cook is for Taft, and she is ready to put at his disposal a corps of speakers guaranteed to make the welkin ring, but—naturally there is a "but" to be disposed of before the speakers are introduced, for Lady Cook, though a suffragette, is above all things of her sex typical. "If," says Lady Cook, "Mr. Taft is willing to use his influence to bring about the emancipation of American women I shall put at his disposal the corps of speakers I have already engaged, but if he is not in sympathy with our movement then he shall receive no aid from me." So it is up to Mr. Taft to declare himself on the suffrage question, but it will not be sufficient for him merely to express his sympathy as President Roosevelt did when Lady Cook called on him. According to Lady Cook "President Roosevelt has lost the opportunity of sending his name thundering down the ages by the side of Abraham Lincoln's." When Lady Cook told Mr. Roosevelt that Lincoln had freed the black slaves and that it was for him to free the white slaves, he replied, "Lady Cook, if I thought that the women wanted the suffrage I would give it to them." How like the artful politician! How typical of the Omnipotent One who stands ready to give the dear pee-pul anything they want from anarchy to imperialism regardless of the Constitution or any other minor obstruction! But the soft answer of the President soothed not the aching soul of Lady Cook. For Lady Cook is herself no tyro at the political game. She can differentiate a hawk from a handsaw, palaver from the language of sincerity. Consequently Mr. Taft is not to win the services of her skirted spellbinders with equivocation. To get the backing of Lady Cook Mr. Taft must "pledge himself to work actively for the alteration of the Constitution in such a way as to give the ballot to women." Lady Cook, who before her marriage to the titled purveyor of India shawls was Tennessee Claflin, is very much in earnest. She was one of the most strenuous pioneers in the fight for the enfranchisement of women, and is now one of the largest contributors to the treasury of the English suffragettes. She has returned to her native country to fight for her cause and incidentally to persuade somebody to make obsolete right away the law of the land which declares that having married an Eng-

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lishman she is no longer an American citizen. "Isn't it an outrage," she said recently, "to think that I, whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower, whose parents, grandparents and great-grandparents were born here, and who lived here all my life until I was married, should be regarded as an alien and not even have the privilege of making a will in the country? I am a rich woman and I want to invest my money in my native land. I want to spend it for the advancement of my own countrywomen, and when I die I want the property I have to be used for the benefit of the objects in which I have been interested. And why can I not do these things? Simply because I have no individuality." Lady Cook, despite her foreign marriage, is evidently an American patriot, and she is surely deserving of assistance in her efforts to have the law abrogated.

The Final Lesson

By Arthur Stringer

I have sought beauty through the dust of strife,
I have sought meaning for the ancient ache,
And music in the grindling wheels of life;
Long have I sought, and little found as yet
Beyond this truth: that Love alone can make
Earth beautiful, and life without regret!

Perspective Impressions

Apparently Mr. Hisgen is running for office to boom his axle grease. The Hisgen brand is in every speech.

Wonderful is the recuperative power of the male conscience when its possessor reaches satiety.

Mr. Rockefeller boasts that he now eats three meals a day. The popular supposition is that his object in business is not to let anybody else eat one.

Mr. Hearst says that no respectable man wants to meet Mr. Heney, and Judge Melvin has given color to this invidious observation.

"Pauduveris," says Burns, "wrote the letter to throw us off the track." This is the first time that Burns has confessed to being on the Greek's track. Perhaps he's on Detweiller's track too! You never can tell.

Ostrich farming, the Chronicle tells us, is becoming a world-wide pursuit. Which reminds us that one of the salient habits of the ostrict is cultivated in all sections of the globe.

A police commissioner who has contracted the gumshoe habit caught several saloon-keepers in the tenderloin violating regulations the other night. Nothing like having a vigilant Administration for all purposes. By the way, our President was once a police commissioner and he played the detective too. And of course the President is worthy of emulation in all things.

Mr. Taft has been explaining that golf is not the game of the plutocracy, but rather the pastime of the plain people. Incidentally he has sought to mollify religious bigots by informing them that he obtained the permission of several prominent Protestant clergymen before discussing the Philippine friar question with the Pope. What an awful tough thing it is to be a candidate for President! And how easy it is to explain too much!

The Hon. James D. Phelan in the course of a speech recently in Colusa, made the statement that the loose banking methods of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company were known to bankers several years before that institution failed. As those "loose methods" were criminal methods why did Mr. Phelan withhold information which might have enabled depositors to protect themselves? Why did he give Walter Bartnett a certificate of character immediately after the failure?



SALOME

Bushnell in Cincinnati Times-Star.



THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

On shame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Bryan guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Bushnell in Cincinnati Times-Star.

Poetry and Science

Showing How a Famous Mathematician Who Is Also a Noted Astronomer, Hitched His Wagon to a Galaxy and Traversed the Depths of Immeasurable Space, at Night, With Urania, the Star-Eyed Goddess, to Pay His Devoirs to Calliope, the Mother of All the Muses.

By Democritus

Professor Edgar Lucien Larkin, the eminent savant and all-round scientist, drops into poetry as easily as our old friend Silas Wegg was wont to decline from the fall off of the Rooshian Empire into gentle dalliance with the languorous muses. Read this exquisite gem from his recent brief but comprehensive review of the "Infinite Wonders of the Galaxy": "From here the Galaxy puts on a display of supernal splendor. It is a majestic robe of night, and hangs up folds of stars in Austral skies, scarcely above the sea, and by the earth's rotation drags the careless garments in the waves." Swinburne in his most voluptuous mood could have written nothing more suggestive than this, and Swinburne, you remember, in his "Mater Triumphalis," pictured "the world as a new-born maiden," standing "virginal and splendid as at birth"; and Swinburne wrote also of "the floors untrodden of the sun's feet-glimmer, the star-unstricken pavements of the night." But Swinburne never compared the Galaxy to a star-spangled night-robe, a "careless garment" that, like a bath-robe, drags along shore in the wake of a lady just emerging from the waves at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where poets and literary folks are as plentiful as "shells on the shingle" from "seas full of wonder and peril."

Our poet-scientist tells that in the great telescope "a scene of magnificence and beauty bursts upon the startled eye beyond all power of words in description." He then proceeds to describe the "scene" by asking us to "break a diamond into a thousand minute particles, strew upon a black velvet in a darkened room and turn on a myriad electric lights." This recipe for an imitation Milky Way, he says, "would give a crude idea of the telescopic appearance of the galactic floor on a clear, dark night." Professor Larkin's description of something "beyond all power of words in description" is excellent beyond any power of my words to praise; but in all candor I must say to this poet-scientist that I prefer the description of one who was merely a scientific poet. Alfred Tennyson, by name, who many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere he went to rest, did look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West; many a night he saw the Pleiades, rising through the mellow shade, glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a sliver braid. This preference, however, is only a matter of personal taste in poetry. No doubt there are critics more competent than I am, who will rank Larkin higher than Tennyson in the art of astronomical prosody.

The stellar floor, we are informed by Professor Larkin,, is of the color of a pure pearl. Behind, or in between the points, is "a shimmer and sheen of surprising delicacy—cosmic light." The nature of this light is unknown, and Professor Larkin does not think it is gas light because he knows that gas light cannot shine "in frigid space, at absolute zero, unless nature possesses more cold light than that joined to heat." Herein we observe the conflict of science with poesy in the Larkin hypothesis. He is not content to let the "shimmer and sheen" of the cosmic universe illuminate his imagination, but he must bring his reason to bear on the phenomenon, seeking to penetrate the secret of the "shimmer," and to solve the mystery of the "sheen." The poet who is but little familiar with the doubts and guesses of the scientist wings his flight from star to star of "night's immeasurable dome," unhampered by "data," unfettered by "calculations," "spectral analysis" and the "angle of parallax." There is Poet George Sterling, for one example. I do not believe that Poet Sterling knows more of astronomy than he has learned from an ordinary manual on that science, yet in his "Testimony of the Suns" he has dreamed more things of the heavens and the sidereal universe than Scientist Larkin has observed through his "great telescope." Poet Sterling makes no vague guess as to the cause of the "shimmer and sheen" of cosmic light; but tells us in plain poetical language that it is a mist where met the random suns—"in changeless moulds of law it runs to orbs that roam anew the dark, and unto which the worlds are born, where life awakes to know again the light of stars, caress of rain, and winds of the forgotten morn." The Galaxy he says is a "dim veil of fire," "a mist upon the vassal skies," "a flare upon the midnights around Altair," "a portent to barbaric eyes." I hope that professor Larkin will pardon me for preferring the astronomy of Poet Sterling's poetry to the poetry of Scientist Larkin's astronomy.

Among other "infinite wonders of the Galaxy," Professor Larkin has discovered a lot of dark spots "startling black chasms," "rents, fissures, openings or windows, looking beyond into the unknown." These, he says, lead to inconceivable deeps, which reminds him that there are deeps in the human mind also, and that if "a non-mathematical mind could secure one momentary glimpse of the depths of a mathematical mind—a hopeless impossibility—it (the non-mathematical mind) would be filled with astonishment as great as that experienced when peering into caves in the starry floor." It is perhaps needless to add that Professor Larkin's mind is a "mathematical mind." I know from the experience of frequent effort how fruitless is the attempt to secure even "one momentary glimpse" of Professor Larkin's fathomless mind; that intellectual galaxy is striated with the most "startling black chasms" I have ever seen; yawning "rents and fissures," vast "openings or windows, looking into the unknown," immeasurable depths of the profoundest thought, illimitable areas of incognoscibility and incalculable expanses of cryptic erudition.

It is not necessary, therefore, that Professor Larkin should be a poet like Tennyson, Swinburne or Sterling; no more necessary, in fact, than that Tennyson, Swinburne and Sterling should be astronomers or even scientists like Professor Larkin. Poets are born; they are not made. Scientists are never born; they are evolved. Poets are exotic and sometimes erotic; scientists are endogenous, like the moss on the bark of a tree, deriving their vitality from the sap of ages and absorbing their wisdom from the atmosphere of material things. When a poet is also a scientist we may doubt both his poetry and his science; but when a scientist is also a poet we can only doubt his poetry. Poets have used the materials of science transmuting them in the alembic of their genius from gross tangibility into shapes of the airiest fancy; but whoever heard of a scientist whom nature had also endowed as a poet? Professor Larkin is not an exception; he writes poetry about science, it is true; but he is not really a poet. And for one I am glad that it is so. If Professor Larkin were a poet there would be no fathomless depth to his mathematical mind; it would be as shallow as a purling brook babbling to green fields—a mere shimmer and sheen of surpassing delicacy; like spangled starlight or the borrowed glory of thirty dozen moons. A poet would not as Professor Larkin has done, reveal the Galaxy in her night-robe; he would have first drawn the curtain of twilght and pinned it with a single star—a Galaxy shimmering and sheening amid folds of stars in Austral skies is not really as poetic as it sounds, the image lending itself as it does, to comparison with the scant, tinsel attire of the horselady of the circus who bestrides three proud and prancing steeds. I hope that Professor Larkin will not waste more of his time and mine in poetry; there are other more important matters in his mathematical mind that we are yearning to have lifted from that fathomless depth, and we fear that if he dallies with the wanton muse he will forget to upheave the weightier mass of his scientific lore.

The Vanishing Empire of the Turk

A Flood of Light Thrown on the Bulgarian Revolt, on the Macedonian Question, on the Character of Several Interesting Peoples, and on Austria-Hungary's Successful Experiment in Colonization.

By Victor Franko

Having recently made a trip through Turkey and neighboring countries, and being somewhat familiar with the conditions out of which sprung the political differences now agitating the European Powers, I have been asked by the editor of Town Talk to give the readers of this paper a little information on the subject. To get at once to the very root of the trouble, I will stare that the Bulgarians who have declared the independence of their country, which has been a tributary Turkish State under a Christian government since the Berlin Treaty of 1878, have been in a state of revolt for four years. When I was in Sofia in 1904 Bulgaria was in the throes of a great crisis, the people being deeply affected by the sufferings of their kinsfolks across the border, and the Macedonian question was becoming every day more acute. War at that time seemed inevitable. The Macedonian question had its root in the tribal wars most of which are provoked by the Abanians, a barbarous people who, with the connivance of the Turkish authorities, have been pillaging, murdering and driving out the Christians. Until I



ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF THE SULTAN

This is copied from a pen drawing made some time ago by Jose Engel. Those who have seen the Sultan say the likeness is an excellent one.

reached Salonica on my journey I heard of nothing but insurrections. At Salonica I found the atmosphere wholly different from that of the rest of Macedonia. The town is of great beauty, and has much to attract the traveler, even if he is not searching for political, ethical or religious problems. From the bright sunlit quays along the shores of the blue Aegean we see in the far distance the hazy outlines of the mountains of Chalcidice and Thessaly, and on very clear days even the mighty Olympus. Here and there, amid shady courts, we come upon wonderful Byzantine churches adorned with rich marbles and brilliant mosaics. Most of them have now been converted into mosques, but the mullahs are quite willing to act as ciceroni to giaours for a consideration. In the former church of St. Demetrius the Christians are even allowed to hold religious festivals, and to worship the shrine of the saint on certain days. When strangers visit the building the mullah does the honors; a Mohammedan priest reciting in Turkish the story of the miracles of a Christian saint, his words being translated by a Hebrew dragoman into French, constitutes one of the strangest medleys of religions and languages to be found even in this confused land! Salonica has also a magnificent circuit of Byzantine walls, second only to those of Constantinople in extent, somewhat like them in construction, and in certain ways finer, for they are built on a steep hillside, and plunge down to the sea from a great height. During the preceding summer and autumn Salonica was perhaps the only place in Macedonia where absolute security prevailed.

From Salonica we proceeded to Monastir, the center of the Bulgarian insurrectionary movement, a town of no great beauty, where the dogs lie about by day for you to tumble over, and keep you awake by their howling and barking by night. There are many races in Monastir. The Greeks claim it as a Greek town, but of genuine Hellenes there are very few. The Bulgarians are very numerous. I spent several months at Monastir, mingled with the various peoples and studied their ways, their



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

political views and their aspirations. I found the Bulgarians to be the steadiest and most reliable of all the Macedonian tribes. They are not brilliant, nor very attractive, but they have political insight and great strength of character.

One of the reasons that has made Western Europe so apathetic with regard to the Macedonian question is the prevailing idea that all the inhabitants of the Balkan lands belong to the category of "Levantine Christians." The type from which the idea is derived is the mongrel trader or loafer of the Mediterranean ports, who is certainly an undesirable person, and it is supposed that all the other Christians are like him, the Turk being the only "gentleman" of the lot. And yet one can hardly conceive of a greater difference than that between the sober, silent, hard-working Bulgarian and the loquacious, clever but frivolous Hellene who prates of the "Grand Idea" and the revived Greek Empire, in the streets and cafes. If people could only realize how different the Bulgarians are they would understand the Macedonian question a great deal better.

The Mohammedans form the most turbulent element in the town; some of them, especially the Turks and the Pomaks (Mohammedan Bulgarians) are very fanatical, while the Albanians think more of plunder than of the Prophet. It is not likely that they would be ready to indulge in massacre were it not for the mullahs who from time to time come to stir them up from Stambul, and for the attitude of the authorities. With regard to the mullahs, a Lazarist missionary told me that one of them

(Continued on Page 31.)

In Exile

By Henry Kistemaekers

I had made up my mind to go down into my cabin when a rather elegant but melancholy looking passenger approached me on the upper deck. "A beautiful night," he remarked.

"Extraordinarily beautiful!"

"Do you land in Alexandria?"

"Yes, tomorrow morning."

"We touch there about daybreak. As you will see for yourself, the picture of Alexandria as it takes shape in the golden and rosy glow of an Egyptian daybreak is a sight like some enchanting fairy scene. There is only one spot in the world that is more bewitching, and that is Paris! Do you know Paris?"

"It is my native city," I returned.

"Just as I thought—I felt it. Even blindfold I can single out a Parisian in any crowd."

He leaned over the ship's railing, watching the phosphorescent arabesques that formed in the wake of the moat. Then he murmured: "What a happy man you are!" He turned suddenly on me, his eyes flashing wildly and fixed his gaze steadily on me. "You are an extremely fortunate mortal—you do not realize your good fortune. You have before you a man who adores Paris; one who has Paris in his blood, in his veins—and one who will never see Paris again. Can you imagine anything more ghastly?"

"Are you exiled?" I queried.

In a tone that was most matter-of-fact he answered: "Far worse than that. I am dead!"

My features must have betrayed my sensations at such a confidence, for he answered rapidly: "Don't be frightened; you are not confronted by a maniac. Don't look up at the rigging so anxiously; you are in absolutely no danger, for I am the sanest and most peaceable man in the world. My story will prove it—of course, you must guess that there is a story to tell, inasmuch as I claim to be dead, and you see me here alive in the stern of this boat. Have you five minutes' time to give me?"

I thought it best to humor him and nodded assent, seating myself on one of the deck benches.

He lit a cigar, placed himself opposite me, and began: "Have you ever heard the name Saint Mai?"

"I know not only the name but also the works of that great master," I answered. Are you going to tell me something about him?"

"Exactly—about the famous Saint Mai, author of 'Heracles,' the thousandth performance of which took place last night; about the creator of "Marie,' and "The Woman of the Sabots'—in short, all of those works that have had such tremendous successes in the last ten years. I want to tell you about Saint Mai, who died without having tasted of fame——"

"Well, what about him?"

"Only that it is all a mistake and that Saint Mai is alive. Don't look so surprised, for it is just as true that he is alive as that I am here before you. In fact, the cases are one and the same, for Saint Mai and I are one and the same person."

"'Oh!" I cried, and my voice sounded my alarm.

"True! It was just about ten years ago that I began to vegetate. A concert of my compositions had been noticed with the most prominent indifference; my opera, 'Marie,' had flattened its nose against the portals of the Opera Comique, and bore the honor of having been the greatest failure since that of 'Carmen' was recorded in the annals of modern French music My portfolio was bulging with unpublished works, and I withdrew to a small corner of Brittany to ruminate over my fate and to economize in my expenditures. It was during this retirement that one fine morning I got hold of a Paris newspaper and discovered in it the announcement that I was dead! A laconic dispatch from some news agency brought the information that I had been shipwrecked in a bark. I have never been able to discover the motive of the news correspondent who reported me dead; but as a matter of fact this incident decided my career."

"How is that possible?"

"Let me proceed: When I read this news item the first impulse that arose in me was to race to some telegraph station and contradict the report. The nearest telegraph office was four miles from my place of seclusion. On the road there I pondered the matter and realized that it would cost me one sou per word to contradict the report, and that a telegram would have to be sent to each one of the ten prominent Paris newspapers. The total cost of all this telegraphing would have made a fearful hole in my meagre purse. As I considered these things I gazed out upon the ocean from the high cliff, and the thought flashed across my mind: It might be a very interesting thing to discover just how much of an event my death would be, and what would be said about me after my death. So I decided to wait until the following day before recalling the news.

"Without burdening you with a lot of details, let me assure you that I had a magnificent lot of press agents. Some of my intimate friends tried to besmirch me with mud by spreading some evil reports about my private life; but they only succeeded in raising me in the estimation of those people who had known me personally, and the latter praised me to the skies. Within comparatively few hours I was made an object of most tender consideration. I became the object of laudatory magazine articles—they are not very difficult to write, for the formula is ready at hand and there exist numberless phrases that were coined at the time of Bizet's death and are still available as models. In short, it was unhesitatingly asserted that I had been a genius. My opera, 'Marie,' which had been a failure, was hurriedly put on the boards again and had a tremendous success. At the Paris Grand Opera, in the archives of which the score of 'Heracles' had been slumbering, every effort was made to produce that work—and at its premiere it was frantically applauded.

"Meanwhile I was still in Brittany. I had come to realize my position and did not dare risk endangering my successes by breaking the silence. I was mightily convinced of the fact that the position of a dead composer was much easier than that of a living one—the dead composer finding a ready publisher for his works and eager manager to produce them—and thus he achieves a success that living composers can dream of tasting only after their death. I am in a position to assert this!

"And now let me tell you the rest of my story: I had a nephew who was absolutely without morals, and I determined to press him into service. Carefully disguised and with precautions of secrecy of which you can have no idea, I hunted him up, this conscienceless young man, and made him a proposition. After much deliberation we arrived at an agreement that my death was to be declared a suicide; the evidences were to be found in the letter that I had supposedly written my nephew on the evening before my death. In this letter I named him as my sole heir. Other documents that gradually came to life confirmed this disposal of my property. At the point on the coast where I was supposed to have been wrecked my nephew found some of my belongings that the sea had thrown back, and among them was my portfolio containing valuable manuscripts.

(Continued on Page 32.)

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Harvey Protests

"I hesitate to believe that Town Talk, once in possession of the fact will fail to make the amende honorable for the implied and expressed accusations against me in its issue of September 26th." Thus Mr. James Clarence Harvey in a letter to me from New York. The accusations to which Mr. Harvey alludes were not made by Town Talk. They were made by members of the Bohemian and Family clubs, and were commented upon in these columns. The comments were made on the assumption that Mr. Harvey's accusers were truthful in their assertions with reference to his playful deceptions. I inferred that the distinguished wit of clubdom, the man who had excited the admiration of Bohemia by his amazing facility in composition, had imposed somewhat on the credulity of his friends with no other incentive than an itch for adulation. While regretting that I served as an instrument for the propagation of unwarranted criticism I am pleased to learn that Mr. Harvey was guiltless of intention to create a false impression of his talents. But let us give ear to his explanation: "This is the height and depth of mine offense. I wrote rambling rhymes at random times, on current happenings, simply because they seemed to please, making no claims for merit, making no bets on spontaneity, as averred, and giving what I had to give as freely and happily as those genial California boys gave to me of their good cheer and fellowship. I was indebted to the Bohemian Club and the Family Club more deeply than I can ever repay for broad Western hospitality and constant courtesy which made California a delight. The reporters and not the facts have made it appear that a grievance exists for attempting to perpetrate a joke at the expense of the Family Club. No bet was involved in the writing of a ten-minute song. The verses were impromptu, at a previous occasion, and I believed that Messrs. Weil and Pike could duplicate a previous occurrence, which they did, to their credit and to the amusement of a band of jolly fellows, in a spirit befitting the time and place. In the affections of club members there, I feel quite secure, despite the press, but I do not care to pose as a practical joker with your readers outside the clubs."

A Tribute Not a Plagiarism

Perhaps the most serious of the accusations made against Mr. Harvey was that a poem which he read at the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club, and which was supposed to be an original production, contained lines that had been borrowed from John Boyle O'Reilly. The discovery of the plagiarism was attributed to Mr. James D. Phelan. Now comes Mr. Harvey and mildly resents the impeachment of his literary integrity. "As to the lines delivered in the redwoods," he says, "please note that:

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land,

is quoted and is followed by this:

So spake the soul of the poet, with the touch of a master hand,
The good, old, grey-haired singer is at rest, beneath the sod,
But that which was best and brightest, his song-soul, now with God,
Can never die in Bohemia, for he laid, before her shrine,
A wreath of rhyme immortal, with the burst of a thought divine.

"If," says Mr. Harvey, this tribute to the dear, dead poet is theft, it is of the kind that he would have countenanced, surely. There was no claim that the verses were written for the occasion, in fact, they are in my book, 'In Bohemia,' and many present had the book, for it sold better in California than in any other State. I made some trifling changes which, perhaps, made the lines seem to fit the hour and I was made most happy by the kindly words spoken about them. Why dilute my delight?"

Was Jimmy Sore?

It seems rather curious that in a matter of this kind echoes of the graft prosecution should obtrude. It also seems rather curious that a stranger from New York should be able to divine the motives that are engendered in a situation peculiar to San Francisco. Again give ear to Mr. Harvey: "I found Mr. Phelan most courteous and can hardly believe that he would voice thoughts to wound a fellow verse-maker. I was indebted to Mr. Pat Calhoun for many courtesies. Perhaps it was too much to hope for to please both gentlemen. In justice to the members of two of the most hospitable clubs in the world, I feel that Town Talk should assure its readers that the perpetration of a joke or an imposition of any kind upon them is the last thing on earth I should dream of attempting. It would take a brighter man than I am to pull the wool over the eyes of men who give annually such entertainments as the High Jinks and The Flight of the Stork. What I had to give, in the spirit of the moment, I gave, claiming nothing, betting nothing, regretting only that I could not make better return for countless kind words and the clasp of many a friendly hand."

She—"Do you rember that thirty years ago you proposed to me and I might have said no."
He—"That's one of my most treasured recollections."

Barrett's Fine Front

Conspicuous among the distinguished citizens who attended the Trans-Mississippi Congress was the Hon. John J. Barrett, professional diplomat, and perennial envoy to something or other. Apparently Mr. Barrett is permanently attached to Uncle Sam's payroll. Administrations may come and Administrations may go, but Mr. Barrett glides on forever. Glides is the word, because Mr. Barrett is never obtrusive or noisy. Never is there any friction caused by the movements of Mr. Barrett. He holds his job after the manner of the average man holding his breath. And through years of job-holding he has acquired experience that must be valuable to his superiors as well as to himself. At present he is Director of the American Bureau of South American Republics, which position seems to entitle him to a roving commission in the interest of the President. In time he served his country in divers capacities, and always with urbanity. He is especially successful in any mission that requires a pleasing address and a good front. I believe that Mr. Barrett was born with these qualifications. It is related of him by unofficial biographers that even when he was a humble reporter in Portland, Oregon, his front was tiptop. And during his newspaper career it is said he exhibited considerable ingenuity in sustaining his front, for despite a meagre salary he lived at the swellest hotel in

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the town. He obtained his first taste of public office during the administration of President Cleveland. He went to Washington to plead the cause of a job-chaser who had not the slightest chance of getting appointed. The Barrett front caught the Cleveland eye. "Suppose I offer you the job?" Cleveland suggested. Barrett's reply has not been recorded, but he got the job.

Fond Mama—"Gertie, dear, it's slumber time; all the little chickens are in bed."

Gertie—Yes, ma, and so is the old hen."

For the Benefit of the Octopus

The Trans-Mississippi Congress brought with it considerable disappointment. It was thought that several hundred delegates were coming to town, and the managers of the principal hotels subscribed to a fund for the entertainment of the visitors, thinking that they would derive a good deal of profit from the Congress, but only seventy-five delegates put in an appearance. A railroad official asked me if I knew the reason why there was so small an attendance. As I did not, he volunteered information on the subject. "No more passes," he said, with a smile. "Did you ever stop to think," he asked, "how good the reformers have been to the octopus?" I had never given the matter a thought. "Well, in the first place," he went on, "they've prohibited the issuance of passes. The politicians and the man with a pull must now buy their tickets. In the second place they've made it a sin for a railroad company to contribute to a campaign fund. Thus they have saved the railroads many thousands of dollars, and as a consequence all the campaign committees are broke. Mr. Harriman has no kick coming to him."

The Bishop Was Touched

Femininity in distress made a strong and successful appeal to Bishop Nichols a few weeks ago. Mother and daughter, apparently in possession of all the elements of respectability and refinement, presented themselves to the good Bishop one day, and after explaining that they were strangers in a strange land, told him of the loss of a purse containing all their ready cash. Would the Bishop appreciate their temporary embarrasment and kindly tide them over the few days that must elapse before they received money from home. To be sure he would. And to be sure he did. About fifty dollars was all they needed. But they would like the Bishop to guarantee them at a very respectable hotel. Which he also did. And a little later the Bishop paid the bill, for the ladies had disappeared without settling the account. Curiously enough the appearance of these interesting women is described in a circular which has been going the rounds of the hotels and up and down the State. It appears that they are indebted to every inn keeper in these parts whose hospitality they have enjoyed. As they carry all their luggage in suit cases they have no difficulty in getting away without serious inconvenience.

Tricked the Cub Duck Hunter

Jack Rice played a rather measly trick on one of his gun club mates on his return from the opening of the duck season. He was a new member, just initiated, a bubbling, effervescent, irrepressible young chap, with a new gun, new togs, new ideas and chipper new ways. On the first morning out he abandoned his assigned blind and slipped into a station near Rice's, and there he committed flagrantly noisy excesses in ill-timed jubilation every time he dropped a bird. Ducks were plentiful along the lower reaches of the Sacramento river and all the members got the limit. Rice, still rankling, returned to town Friday with his own bunch and with several commissions from his fellows to see to the distribution of their bags among friends, as per the cards tied to them. Among the lot was the string of the new member. Rice, with a worn smile, said that he would turn the whole shipment over to the proper delivery company when he reached town. With feelings born of what he had suffered in the blind, Rice on his arrival here obtained a number of tags of a well-known local firm of poulterers and, after copying and destroying the original tags, carefully tied them to the new member's ducks and sent them on their way. When the chipper member arrived in town, brisk and expectant of extravagant congratulations from his friends, he was hailed with a storm of chaff. In a rage he hunted up Rice. Those familiar with that individual's ready tongue know what a squelching he received. The new member distributes his own ducks now.

Scattering the Pot Hunters

The only croakings that greeted the opening of the season came from the pot hunters that infest the Klamath watershed country, where the government has recently sequestered a small principality and stopped hunting, in an effort to preserve various game birds. For years this natural haunt and breeding place of water fowl was the paradise of pot hunters. Not only did they slaughter countless thousands of birds any old way at all seasons, but they shipped them to market here by careless, obsolete methods and more than half the birds were spoiled in transit. Aside from this line of destruction many of the Indians and white people living around the lakes gathered tens of thousands of wild duck eggs each year to sell to nearby storekeepers who shipped them to manufacturers of foods, to be used in place of hen's eggs. Between the egg hunters and the pot hunters the bird life in this great breeding domain was being rapidly wiped out. The government's action in protecting this territory means added decades to the wild fowl life of the Coast.

Teacher—"Tommy, tell me the difference between the quick and the dead."

Tommy—"The quick get out of the way of the autos and the dead, they don't."

The Demon In the Army and Navy

In the light of recent developments in American army and navy circles—more noticeably those of the past eight or ten months—a course at West Point or Annapolis seems to mean proficiency in the art of accumulating "jags." Only the ability of most of the graduates from those institutions to "stand firm" under a torrid fire of highballs and rickeys, combined with the natural esprit d'corps which springs from association with mutual dangers, has prevented a hundred courtmartials within the past half-year. Of these things I have been reminded by the sad misfortune that has overtaken the son of America's "one-best-bet," Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans. Frank T. Evans, a lieutenant in the navy, is facing court-

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martial for drunkenness while on duty and disobedience of orders from a superior officer, with a possibility of dishonorable discharge from the service.

Get Rid of Them

No reasonable man desires to make prohibition the rule of the army and navy. To be sure Kipling has written:

"But when you're out for slaughter
You will do your work on water;
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots o' him what's got it."

However, there is no occasion for the officers and men of our protective forces to deny themselves a glass or so of wine. In fact, it lubricates fighting machinery in superior fashion. Dinner in the ward-room mess would indeed be "dry" without a cup to cheer. In the long watches of the night, with a cold wind a-flying and a choppy spray a-dashing, hot toddies serve an indispensable turn. But the man who cannot govern himself in the matter of liquor, and who consequently drinks too much, has no place in the executive departments of the army or navy. He cannot expect to govern his men, or a ship's course, nor the movements of an army. Hard as it may be in individual cases, these men should be dismissed from the service peremptorily. Not with a dishonorable discharge to the accompaniment of the rattle of drums and blare of trumpets, but without noise or notoriety. If their conduct is bad, their example is bad; and the efficiency of the service cannot but be impaired by the continuance of their presence in it.

Some Sample Cases

The case of Lieutenant Evans is one of many. Numerous disgraceful escapades in the army and navy have been justly attributed to drunkenness, and even a fatal disaster is believed to have been more or less due to a greater fondness for the bar than for the boilers. The story is told of a captain of coast artillery, who appeared one morning at the Presidio to inspect guard mount. He was top-heavy with liquor. His fatigue cap was blown off, and stooping to pick it up he fell to his knees and was unable to get to his feet again. No brother officer stepped forward to assist him, and finally, to the amusement of three thousand soldiers drawn up to "attention," he crawled from the parade ground to his lodgings on all-fours. He was courtmartialed, reduced in seniority, and permitted to resign. In New York City two weeks ago a member of the coast artillery was placed on trial for drunkenness, coupled with misappropriation of his company's funds. A lieutenant swore that he saw the accused take half a dozen drinks within the space of a few minutes. He could not remember ever having seen the accused absolutely sober. These instances of excessive inebriety are perhaps not commonplace in the service, but they are significant of a laxity of discipline which should not be tolerated.

"Hello, Billy, I hear the campaign is getting hot out in your district."

"Yes, we had an exciting meeting last night between a graphaphone and a phonograph."

Some Charity Questions

Apropos my recent comments on the subject of organized charity, a correspondent desires to know whether I am aware that a great deal of the organized charity in these parts is not charity at all; that, for example, the hospitals which contain "endowed beds" receive no patients that are not able to pay, and that "endowed beds" are really nothing more than beds that have been donated by generous persons. From another source I learn that Fabiola Hospital of Oakland is not a free institution in any sense of the term, and that there are hospitals in San Francisco for which "benefit entertainments" are given every year and to which no poor person who is unable to pay is ever admitted. In the circumstances it would be interesting to learn in what form the charity of these institutions is expressed. When the people are asked to contribute for the support of a hospital is it merely to the end that the managers of the establishment shall be able to give luxurious accommodations and fine service at low rates? If so then every person who avails himself of the low rates is partaking of the bounty of the people, and the people are helping to support an institution for the benefit of a privileged class—for only those persons who are not indigent. Of course it is not likely that any hospital which obtains support through the medium of "benefit entertainments," and that accepts "endowed beds" is conducted for the profit of anybody, but upon what theory are these hospitals which accept donations conducted if not for the benefit of the poor? The benighted author of these speculations is eager for enlightenment.

He Sipped From Her Slipper

Since the Atlantic fleet started on the trip around the world nowhere have the officers had so jolly a time, I am told, as at Honolulu, and in that city the gossip over the teacups is still spiced with reminiscences of the visit. Echoes of one of the most enjoyable of the many sprightly episodes that contributed to the gaiety of the battleship sojourn have lately been wafted across the waters. The chief figures in the episode were a young officer and a charming matron. The officer entertained a number of Hawaiian representative society people aboard his ship and among them were the matron and her husband. At the dinner the gallant officer presented the matron with his sword, his belt and a bunch of swagger sticks. A tallyho drive followed the dinner and the party enjoyed a late supper at a beach hotel where the lights went out. The leading feminine spirit ordered candles, which she placed in the empty champagne bottles, by the light of which the young officer attested his admiration for the matron by that crowning feat of knightly devotion—sipping champagne from my lady's slipper. The next morning when the officer awoke aboard ship and prepared for quarters, he became aware that he no longer possessed his sword and therefore could not comply with regulations. He made a hurried call on the lady of the damp slipper and found her bereft of the sword. Now, according to the gossips, the sword and the swagger sticks, broken, were found in the lady's lily pond. Query: Who threw them into the pond?

"I hope you are a regular communicant," said the pastor, kindly, to the young German.

"Yes," he replied, "I catch the 7:45 boat every morning."

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The Prophecy of de Blowitz

Toward the close of his eventful life, de Blowitz, the famous Paris correspondent of the London Times, declared that the next great European war would have its rise in Austro-Hungary. He fixed the cause either on the death of the present emperor and the disintegration of the conglomeration of states existing there, or on the contention of the great powers over the sovereignty of the petty states lining its southern border—the same territories on which the expectant eagles are ready to swoop the moment the hour of the dismemberment of Turkey is seen approaching. At the time de Blowitz ventured this prophesy there was hardly a more competent critic of European affairs. Not only was he in elbow touch with the premiers, ambassadors and representatives of the leading powers, but he enjoyed the "inside" confidence of the most of them. Proofs of this intimacy were given time and again. It was evidenced in spectacular fashion when he made his world-wide scoop by securing the clauses of the Berlin Treaty and forwarding them to his paper before it was signed. This is the same treaty which the Emperor Franz Joseph virtually tore into shreds last week when he declared the sovereignty of Austria over Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Scooped the Press of the World

This historical feat in journalism on the part of de Blowitz caused a deal of scandal in diplomatic circles. Bismarck was particularly wroth. But de Blowitz, worldly-wise courtier that the was, scrupulously and steadfastly concealed the source of his information, notwithstanding the long and secret processes taken to discover it. Years afterward it developed that a member of the Congress read each clause of the treaty to himself privately in his own room on the day it was adopted, while de Blowitz was ensconsed in an out of the way position to overhear the reading. In a Pickwickian sense it was understood that the reader was discussing the clause with himself and was not communicating with anyone or showing any paper connected with the business of the Congress. The crucial moment with de Blowitz arrived on the last day when the final clause was adopted. That clause must be obtained almost instantly on its adoption to save the scoop for any quarter hour thereafter some indefatigable correspondent might succeed in getting a general outline or the secretary might be instructed to turn the articles of the completed treaty over to the press for publication. de Blowitz had prepared for the emergency. His friend of the occasion went to a nearby hotel for luncheon and left his overcoat conveniently hanging on a rack in the hall. In a pocket of the coat was the all-important final clause. de Blowitz happened into the hotel a few moments later and hung his coat on the same rack. He ate only a snack and left hastily. In passing out he took his friend's overcoat and a few minutes later a special courier was posting to a distant town from which it was "safe to wire it to London."

Kind Lady—"Come back this evening after 8 o'clock and I will get you something from my husband."

Beggar—"Impossible, ma'am, the union forbids me to work overtime."

Bewitching Edna

Edna Wallace Hopper is once more figuring in a love affair through which she is getting valuable publicity. This diminutive actress is without a peer among the self-boomers of the stage. She is seldom out of the limelight. Twenty years ago little Edna Wallace whisked her skirts from the local promenade and started on her eventful stage career in an obscure one-night-stand company that was touring the provinces of the Middle West. She had been on the stage less than a year when she met De Wolf Hopper, who was then on tour as the star of a comic opera company. The big comedian fell desperately in love with the midget from California, and after a brief courtship they were married. Hopper did for Edna Wallace what Nat Goodwin did for Maxine Elliott—made her his co-star and exalted her among the topnotchers of the profession. The Hoppers played a very brief engagement together. Agreeably to both they were set adrift by the divorce court, and ever since, from the newspaper stories that have been propagated at brief intervals one might imagine that little Edna is always on the point of taking another husband.

Her Love Affairs

First came the report that she had fascinated Tod Sloan, who was then in the zenith of his career on the turf. Next came a Mr. Gallatin, a millionaire, who was said to be badly, madly smitten. In time he recovered, and a little later the piquant little actress was being felicitated on her conquest of the son of a millionaire, none other than the brother of the lady whose rumored engagement to an Italian Duke has been the subject of comment for months. Elkins was said to be in Edna's train on one of her visits to this city on business connected with the contest over the Dunsmuir millions. In time Elkins ardor was assuaged, and now we learn that A. O. Brown is under the bewitching woman's spell. Brown is a New York broker who recently went to smash after paying $7,500 for an automobile for his fiance. During the investigation of his affairs in court the other day it was learned that in accordance with the terms of his engagement with the fair Edna he had his life insured in her favor for $25,000. From this it appears that the actress does not neglect business opportunities even when tender sentiment prevails over her emotions.

Mrs. Caller.—"How delightfully you play. Does your husband play too?"

Mrs. Nouvean—"Oh, yes, he plays the races."

A Letter From Fighting Bob

Frank J. Symmes is the happy possessor of a letter from "Fighting Bob" Evans. The letter is in answer to a telegram congratulating Evans sent by Symmes on the day the Admiral left Washington and literally retired from public life. It is of interest in that it is virtually a message to all California and is the only word "Fighting Bob" has sent out to a grateful people since his retirement. Dated at the Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Mohonk Lake, N. Y., the letter reads as follows: "Dear Mr. Symmes: It was awfully kind of you to think of me on the 18th and I sincerely thank you for the kind words contained in your message. California people can never love me as I love them and you are the chief of them all. You will be glad to know that I am growing well and strong again and that I hope in a few weeks to be better

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than I have in many years. Now that I have joined "the Sons of Rest" I shall endeavor to become a worthy member of the society. But it will take me some time to learn to do nothing. Faithfully yours, R. D. Evans."

Ethics of the Mesozoic Age

A correspondent desires me to tell him why he never heard of Professor Merriam's recent great find until he read of it in the pages of Sunset. "Here is some more ethics," writes my correspondent; Professor Merriam is a paleontologist employed by the State to teach his science to the students of the State University. In the intervals of teaching Professor Merriam has been engaged in original research among the debris of the triassic division of the Mesozoic series. It is presumed, of course, that Professor Merriam has not defrayed the expense of this work out of his salary. This presumption, however, may be wrong; Professor Merriam himself will be excellent authority on this point. In the course of his investigations Professor Merriam made a rich find of vertebrate mammals peculiar to the period in which modern paleontologists love to rummage—the dark backward and abysm of time when ichthyosauria crawled in the slime and ooze of a pre-fossiliferous deposit of red sandstone; long before the megatherium slumped clumsily through the dense forests of Devonian ferns; contemporaneous with the machaerodus or sabre-toothed cat. It is customary, when an employe of the State University has made research and discovered something new or useful for the general public to issue a "bulletin" setting forth the main features of the discovery. I don't know whether this "bulletin" is obligatory or not; neither do I know whether Professor Merriam issued such "bulletin" regarding his excursion into the trackless wildernes of the triassic period. It is possible that the "bulletin" was issued and that the daily press took no heed of it, being engrossed with exposition and discussion of more modern themes fraught with greater human interest. Anyway, the first information that I received of Professor Merriam's very important salvage from the wreck of ancient matter was through an article in the Sunset Magazine, for which, I imagine, he was well paid. Now for our "ethics": Assuming that Professor Merriam did not issue a "bulletin" containing the particulars of his "find"; assuming also that such "bulletin" is obligatory on all employes of the State University; and assuming that Professor Merriam sold information obtained at the expense of the State; did he commit an "ethical wrong" in the sense that Mayor Taylor uses that vague and apparently contradictory term? I shall not undertake to answer my question. My data is too meager, and I am not agile enough in this instance to jump at a conclusion. If Professor Loeb should discover the source of life in the University laboratory and sell the secret to a magazine before he had reported to the Regents and the taxpayers of California, I would not hesitate to ask the great biologist to refund the amount of his fee from the magazine to the public treasury; but even in that instance I should have to be sure that Professor Loeb had profited from a "scoop" that of right belonged to the employers of Professor Loeb. In the meantime, however, I submit my assumption as an ethical hypothesis for the philosophical consideration of Professor Howison, the eminent moralist of Berkeley and of Mayor Taylor, the eminent ethicist of San Francisco.

He Did His Duty

I am pleased to report that Professor Merriman did bulletin his discovery before writing of it for Sunset. Why the news of it failed to get into the dailies is a question I am unable to understand. It is somewhat remarkable that in so important a matter a monthly magazine should have scooped the daily press. To Editor Aiken belongs the credit of having made excellent use of a tip which he received. Editor Aiken has an instinct for news and realizing that a Berkeley professor had made a great contribution to the store of scientific lore he opened negotiations for the story. The question that interests me more than the ethical one is why did the University authorities fail to spread the news of the great discovery? It is not sufficient for them to reply that their bulletins are accessible to the press. The bulletins of scientists are seldom calculated to excite the curiosity of reporters. Even in his magazine article Professor Merriam failed to gratify all legitimate and natural curiosity. The point that I wish to make is that Professor Merriam achieved something that reflects great credit on the University, far more credit I am sure than a victory of the football team, and yet no member of the faculty saw fit to exploit it for all it was worth.

First pew holder—"They're well matched; don't you think?"
Second pew holder—"Very; she's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian."

Swatting the Hayes Brothers

Charley Shortridge has been celebrating the birthday of his paper, "The Times," which he started in San Jose for the purpose, as he said, of teaching the Hayes brothers manners. It was predicted by the Hayes faction that the paper would peter out in six months, but it began its third year last week, and Editor Shortridge took occasion to remind the people on the natal anniversary of his prosperous journal that he had "driven the corrupt Hayes gang from power in the city of San Jose." He added that they are still to be driven from power in the county of Santa Clara. Meanwhile "Red" Hayes is running for Congress in the Fifth District and he is running on his record as a reformer and his opposition to Speaker Cannon. What the reform record is nobody knows, but Hayes has confidence in its drawing powers.

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Fillmore at O'Farrell Van Ness at Bush

When Willie Came to Town

The recent appearance of Mr. Hearst on the public platform in this city is very much to be regretted. Mr. Hearst has given fresh impetus to the roaring tide of dialectical ditchwater which was rapidly subsiding at the time of his arrival. Before Mr. Hearst came to town the case of Mr. Spreckels against everybody who is onto him was becoming of little more importance to the community than the suit of Bardell vs. Pickwick. All sensible men having grown weary of the greatest confidence game that was ever played on a too susceptible people the Spreckels temperament was gradually being eradicated from the body politic; the exhalations and emanations from the malodorous souls of the lackeys of journalism were becoming innocuous; locomotor ataxia was



Marceau, Photo WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

affecting the limbs of the raddled old Columbine Cant in the ballet of morality, the chief feature of the screaming pantomime of civic patriotism, when Willie mounted the bema and braved the dead cats of his shrieking enemies. And now the battle is on once more, and the Spreckels poison of hatred is being sown as industriously as ever.

The Meeting

The Hearst meeting unquestionably was a very spirited affair. Ned Hamilton's account of it in the Examiner was by far the most accurate report published. According to the organs of the Spreckels propaganda Mr. Hearst was hooted off the stage. This statement is about as true as anything that ever appears in those organs with reference to matters affecting Mr. Spreckels' interests. At the close of his speech Mr. Hearst sat down with the applause of the audience ringing in his ears. Mr. Hisgen was introduced and had ingratiated himself with the audience before Mr. Hearst withdrew. That Mr. Hearst was made the victim of a concerted organized effort to humiliate him and drive him off the stage was apparent, but it was frustrated by the audience, which was clearly in sympathy with the speaker. It is denied on behalf of Sleuth Burns that he marshaled the mob of disturbers, but he was there and his agents were in consultation with him, and they were the toughest looking lot of individuals that ever infested a community.

The Argument of Anarchy

Assuming that the reports of the reception to Mr. Hearst, emanating from the muddy source of self-interest, are true, what must we think of the mob that thus labored to gag the freedom of speech? What must we think of newspapers that would gloat over the success of the effort? Suppose it was Mr. Heney instead of Mr. Hearst who had been subjected to the treatment which the graft organs say was accorded to Mr. Hearst? Would the graft organs have approved the action of the mob? It may be answered that the attitude of these journals towards Mr. Heney is quite different from their attitude towards Mr. Hearst. Certainly if Mr. Heney had been driven from the stage with "hoots and boos and hisses and derisive laughter," the graft organs would not have applauded the display of hoodlumism; they would not have called the riot merely a "hostile demonstration"; and they would not have declared that the voice of the mob was the voice of "the people." Yet, in all fairness, Mr. Hearst was entitled as a citizen to the same treatment that the graft organs will insist should be given to Mr. Heney. Under the Constitution of the nation both are guaranteed the right to address their fellow citizens freely and in the exercise of this right they must not be "abridged" either by laws censoring their utterances or by mobs packed for the purpose of "hooting, booing and hissing" them off the stage. Hoots, boos and hisses in a free country are the only answer that anarchy can give to arguments that displease the anarchists.

Heney's Mental Affliction

Mr. Heney, we are told, issued a challenge to Mr. Hearst for a public debate upon the question: "Have the statements of the Examiner upon questions and issues relating to or connected with the graft prosecutions and on the court proceedings in the graft cases been fair, truthful or justifiable?" Since the issuance of that challenge it has been made clear that Mr. Heney is absolutely incompetent to discuss the truthfullness or accuracy of newspaper reports. For many months I have been quite sure that Mr. Heney was afflicted with mental euthanasia; that the strain of the graft prosecution has been too much for him; that he was seeing things that were not and saying things without the faintest conception of the nature of his utterances. And now comes confirmation of my judgment. In a speech delivered in the Baptist church in Oakland a few months ago Mr. Heney characterized Judge Harry Melvin as "a man no better than a boodling Supervisor." Last Saturday Mr. Heney, meeting Judge Melvin on a Sausalito ferry boat, extended the hand of fellowship and when repulsed was almost thrown off his feet by the shock. When told why his hand was scorned he seemed at first to doubt his senses. In the discussion that followed he denied having used the offensive language. He did not even know that it had been published in his favorite journal, the Call. Mr.

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Heney was not dissembling. When he denounced Judge Melvin in Oakland he was not conscious of what he was saying. I have frequently asserted that it was absolutely incredible that a man consciously would utter so many untruths in public as Mr. Heney has uttered in the last few years, and I am pleased to learn that his friends are justified in taking a charitable view of his prevarications. And now in the light of the occurrence on the Sausalito boat perhaps the suggestion will not be taken amiss that Mr. Heney be permitted to refresh his memory with reference to that memorable midnight meeting.

A String-Tied Challenge

But let us hark back to the subject of Mr. Heney's challenge for the purpose of treating it seriously. Aside from the circumstance that Mr. Hearst would be at a disadvantage in debating a question of fact with a man of Mr. Heney's peculiar resourcefulness, the challenge should be demurred to on the ground that it is ambiguous. Does Mr. Heney desire to confine the debate strictly to the graft which he is prosecuting or is he willing to include the alleged graft involved in his fee from the Contra Costa Water Company? He says that he will debate with Mr. Hearst "upon questions and issues relating to or connected with the graft prosecutions"; will Mr. Heney admit the Contra Costa fee as germane to the subject of debate? Mr. Hearst, in justice to himself, were he to accept the challenge, should demand a more specific bill of particulars. The challenge is too general. Moreover, it is permissible for Mr. Hearst to decline Mr. Heney's challenge on the ground that a debate on the "questions and issues relating to or connected with the graft prosecution" would be thrashing over old straw. Mr. Heney has had ample opportunity to "debate" these questions and issues not only with Mr. Hearst and his Examiner but with the bulk of the press of California who have been clamorously demanding Mr. Heney's reason for failure to successfully prosecute those whom he accuses of high crimes and misdemeanors. What's the use of buffeting words with Mr. Hearst on this outworn subject when everybody knows that Mr. Heney has said all that he has to say in his own defense and the defense of those whom he is serving? Does Mr. Heney want to say it all over and call it a "debate"? Perhaps that is Mr. Heney's intention, but the rest of us are heartily tired of the Heney method of explaining the graft prosecution. We were hoping that these "questions and issues" were to be swallowed, temporarily at least, in a war in the Balkans; but seemingly we have been disappointed; and we must endure our perennial affliction as long as Mr. Heney's breath and Mr. Spreckels's money hold out to burn.

Was It a Libel?

Another section of Mr. Heney's challenge to Mr. Hearst offers a libel suit against Mr. Hearst if he will "get from behind the corporation ownership and assume personal responsibility for the libelous articles published in the Examiner against him (Heney) during the past year." There is no ambiguity in this threat. It is clear that in this section of his double-headed challenge Mr. Heney is thinking seriously of the accusation that his fee from the Contra Costa Water Company was out of all proportion to any legitimate service he could have rendered to the corporation—this is the specially "libelous article" for which Mr. Heney would like to have Mr. Hearst assume responsibility. Mr. Hearst ought to gratify Mr. Heney in this regard. He cannot, of course, assume "personal responsibility" for the article, because he did not write it or cause it to be written; but he can appear in any court as the responsible publisher of the Examiner and bear with commendable fortitude any denial by Mr. Heney that he was paid more than he was worth for his service (whatever that service may have been) to the Contra Costa Water Company; a service more valuable (as he would probably show) than any rendered by John Garber and Garrett McEnerny, whose fees were infinitesimal in comparison with the Heney reward, remuneration or whatever euphonious name he may give it. In this connection I have another suggestion to make: if Mr. Heney wishes to punish Hearst and vindicate himself why not sue the Prophet of the Indepence League for slander? Mr. Hearst, from a public platform, made this announcement: "Mr. Heney would probably like to meet any respectable man, but no respectable man wants to meet Mr. Heney." Furthermore Mr. Hearst asserted that Mr. Heney "belonged not on a platform but in a pillory." The law does not permit a man to assail another in this fashion with impunity. Mr. Hearst may plead that as a man need not take up any challenge flung down to him or sweep out of his way any litter of lies that may chance to encumber it, neither should he be denied the privilege of answering a challenge in the language which he deems proper. But this plea would be overruled. Mr. Hearst might, perhaps, in disdaining the challenge, have said as Macaulay says, that there is a class which is protected against response; that the skunk is protected against the hunters because it is too filthy to handle, to noisome even to approach, but Mr. Hearst indulges in no glittering generalities. He was as specific as he was emphatic. No honest judge will refuse Mr. Heney redress. The burden is on Mr. Hearst to prove that Mr. Heney belongs in a pillory and that no respectable man wants to meet him. Of course the burden is on Mr. Hearst only in the event of his being prosecuted.

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Lighting Up "The Great White Way"

If all the plans now under way for the upbuilding of the old theatrical center of the town are consummated casual visitors will think that Aladdin has been practicing some of his transformations on a most magnificent scale. Thick as was strewn the old locality with sumptuous dining places, these new plans promise to eclipse them. Tait is negotiating to lease the site of the old Fischer Theatre on O'Farrell street and fit up an establishment surpassing in appointments anything ever before seen here. Zinkand plans to furnish something on an elaborate scale near the site of his famous cafe. And there are others, notably several well known French caterers. The Kreling Company has all the money in bank ready to erect in short time a big opera house on the old Tivoli site the day the city government gives notice that it no longer cares to lease that property for public offices. Manager Will Greenbaum, backed by several supporters, has just obtained terms on the big Parrott lot on the south side of Sutter street, above Powell, with a view to erecting an auditorium there capable of seating five thousand people. The purpose is to make it the home of grand opera and concerts, with smaller halls for musicians and studios for artists. At present the scheme is one that only a big corporation can safely swing. On the site of the old Lurline baths at Larkin and Bush streets a company is figuring on erecting a hippodrome patterned after the enormously successful New York enterprise. With the Orpheum, Columbia, Alcazar and other big theatres back in the old locality the Great White Way will be able to blazon a light that will be seen along the whole Pacific Coast.

Collector, fiercely: "This bill has been running for three years already."

Merchant, cooly: "Well, I'll bet it'll never catch Bill Bryan."

A Chance Missed by Mammy Pleasant

The report that a ranch in Santa Barbara County, once owned by Mammy Pleasant and sold last May for $600,000, is now worth $4,000,000 through the discovery of rich oil fields, will come as small solace to that poor soul, Mammy Pleasant turned over her share in the place to the Bell estate. The interest on the mortgage ran into such high figures at one per cent a month that the bank virtually took everything. At one time the shrewd old negress was rated at being enormously wealthy, but several years after the close of the notorious Sharon case she was listed among those who had staked and lost everything in that savage litigation. But all her life Mammy Pleasant enjoyed the confidence and support of very influential people here. In 1902, when she was reported to have lost everything, she was living under the protection of one of the most prominent Burlingame families. The plea of poverty on Mammy Pleasant's part was taken with considerable salt by those most intimate with her ways, for they knew that in the manipulation of her various holdings she herself frequently spread such rumors in order to deceive those pursuing her through devious law processes. Sam Davis was familiar with the final settlement of her estate and he claimed it was small. What a deal of excitement the resourceful old lady would have stirred up had $4,000,000 in oil wells been discovered on that ranch in the year before her demise.

The Lowenberg Book

The Sequoia Club, I hear, will take up for discussion, next Monday night, Mrs. I. Lowenberg's novel, "The Irresistible Current," which has excited a great deal of interest and discussion on account of the author's bold preachments on the subject of religion. The women of clubdom who love philosophic discussion have found much to inspire them in this book, and in several clubs it has already been dealt with by women of critical bent. The California Club critics have not yet undertaken an analysis of the work, but they are scheduled to do so on Thursday, the 22nd inst. Meanwhile the demand for the novel shows no signs of abating. Mrs. Lowenberg has surely been very fortunate in her first performance in fiction.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

Politics at home and rumors of war abroad have dominated security values in all markets. During the week past the fear of European holders dumping their American securities caused a sharp decline in all Wall Street shares. The war cloud was so dark that those who were trailing along trying to follow the big show gave way to weakness and threw their commitments overboard, allowing the present market leaders an opportunity to pick up the load at bargain prices. The most conspicuous buyers were brokers who are identified with the Harriman crowd; their buying was of sufficient volume to absorb all offerings and cause an advance of some importance. It is estimated that Europe sold upwards of 400,000 shares of different high priced securities. This amount, while not being enough to threaten gold exports, was sufficient to scare the small operators. The result has proved beneficial to the market, as it has placed securities in stronger hands. It has been visible to the experienced operator that very little selling of stocks has been indulged in by the large operators. It is also noticeable how their efforts are directed on the buying side upon every fair decline. We are about two weeks away from the election; the indications are daily becoming more apparent that there is but one candidate in the field. Taft will surely be elected, which means good times and high prices for all securities. The Republicans have a good deal to thank Mr. Hearst for, as he has made Bryan look like a loser from the day he opened his guns on the Nebraskan. Now that the political bugbear is practically out of the way the only unsettling condition will be the war cloud abroad; however, should a general conflict take place what argument is there to put forth that would depress American securities; would it not have a beneficial effect. It would seem so. Any trouble abroad would result in foreign money finding investment in a country where peace prevails. Our farm products would be eagerly sought after. This would turn the tide of money in our direction. Cheap money means advancing prices for stocks and bonds, and general prosperity. Money is always restless and must be continually employed. It is quite noticeable at the present time how railway earnings are gradually returning to their normal condition. We hear very little of idle cars and engines, but we are hearing of congestion of traffic. The Southern Pacific, and in fact, the Harriman lines, have no cars in "cold storage." Every wheel is moving, in other word, in actual service. They have a few idle engines; this is not because they are not needed, it is because they require a few fresh engines to meet emergencies, thereby crowding those in actual service. With the immense crops gathered this year it will take wise transportation men to move the tonnage; the traffic departments will be able to handle them. With such conditions prevailing, the railway conditions from a financial standpoint are most favorable. Security values appear to some as being high; this idea comes from the thoughtless. Securities of our transportation properties must be figured as you would real estate; the country through which they traverse is continually improving, the property gains intrinsic value just as a piece of real estate does. It is one and the same thing as regards gaining values. At present, Southern Pacific common is paying six per cent and it is pretty certain it will continue to do so, with the chances very much in favor of an increase in the near future; at 120 it would pay about five per cent, a very good investment considering the cheapness of money. There is not a railway system in this country with such a bright future as the Southern Pacific has. It was not so many years ago when the Middle West was practically where the Pacific Coast is today. Is there any reason why the present conditions out here should not equal those of that part of the United States as they are today. The foundations to build up from west of the Rockies not only equal those of the Middle West, but surpasses them. We will soon hear of many new undertakings in the transportation line which will start the wheels of progress, and make California a country equaled by none. To my way of thinking we are on the verge of one of the greatest upward movements ever seen in the security markets of this country. On January 1st over two hundred million dollars will be paid out for dividends in New York and Boston alone. This money must and will seek investment through the channel of Wall Street. Local conditions continue to show improvement.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Cupid Exceeds the Speed Limit

The engagement of Miss Geraldine Bagg and Mr. Kernan Robeson might be cited as evidence that the speed limit is no longer imposed on Cupid. Their wedding is to date just six weeks from their first meeting, which was providentially brought about. Mr. Paschal and Mr. Lucas, who have set up their bachelor Penates in Sausalito, asked Miss Maye Colburn and Mrs. Charles Mason to test their culinary powers at a little dinner party. Miss Colburn suggested that she bring along a friend, in the handsome person of Miss Bagg, and the motion was promptly put through, with Mrs. Charles Mason acting as chaperone. During the course of the dinner Mr. Robeson unexpectedly came, saw, and was conquered. It was evident to every one present that Miss Bagg had bagged another ardent admirer, even at the cost of a



Genthe, Photo MISS BLANCHE LAYMANCE

Miss Laymance is to marry Mr. Leslie Rice next month.

pun. Mr. Robeson has been named as the most promising suitor for the hand of a charming grass widow, who recently married, but he evidently did not propose to carry any stock in the syndicate of ex-admirers when here was an opportunity to enjoy the pleasure of a live interest. He suggested a ride after dinner to his own bungalow at Waldo Point, and by the time the young ladies returned with Mrs. Mason to their homes in San Rafael the courtship had passed the foreword and had finished Chapter I. The next day Miss Bagg left for Tahoe, but Mr. Robeson sent her frequent and lengthy telegrams in French and shortly after she returned he went around with a proprietary smile which argued that his suit was favorable, and prepared everyone for the announcement.

Mrs. Grundy Wide Awake

The de Young girls have established a family record of two prospective weddings, but there are those who say that the Newhall sisters will soon go them one better, for in spite of the vogue of small sleeves they are said to have three engagement announcements tucked under their snug cuffs. From the persistency with which Mr. Gale Anderton, Mr. Sydney Brock and Mr. Armsby call, and the orchids that follow in their wake, it is not surprising that Mrs. Grundy slyly pinches the fluting in her guessing cap and does not question whether it is on straight.

A Trick of the Trade

The San Rafael tradespeople are a canny sort, judging from the ruse practiced by one of them not long ago, to wring money out of a careless customer. As the lady in question always maintains a dignified financial poise, the sommersaults turned by the tradesmen seems ridiculous. The bill was overdue only through an oversight, but the tradespeople have had such a difficult time getting money from fashionable people that they do not weigh fine distinctions. So this particular merchant sent a package to the lady at her summer home near Healdsburg and carefully refrained from writing the sender's name on the outside. When a notice from the nearest Wells Fargo office informed the lady that a package with $23 charges was awaiting her pleasure, she took counsel with her maid as to the probable contents of the parcel. The maid finally set forth the ten miles to the express office with instructions to wheedle the agent into letting her see what the package contained before paying the charges. The agent had an impressionable spot, and contrary to precedent, the maid opened the bundle, which had as many wrappings as an ear of corn and was freighted with all manner of useless fillers, but at the bottom reposed a receipted bill from the San Rafael merchant for $23—the exact amount due him for goods delivered!

Has Gone East For His Bride

Mr. Osgood Putnam left last week for Boston, where his marriage to Mrs. Booern, formerly Miss Chace, will take place. Mr. Putnam has been a widower many years. His first wife was Miss Clara Van Wyck, daughter of Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck, Sr. Little Elizabeth Putnam, the dainty wee miss who attended her aunt, Mrs. A. B. Chinn upon her recent marriage, is the only child of Mr. Putnam. Mr. Putnam is expected to return to California with his bride within a few weeks.

His Misadventures With a Latchkey

A young bachelor, who has a serious business side, and yet believes that the best of life is laughter, is telling a good story on himself. The other night he was about to set forth to a stag dinner at a club when his sister, who is a talented miniature painter, remarked: "I suppose it will be an all night affair, George." Which served to remind the young man that he had mislaid his latchkey, and someone in the family promptly furnished him with a key. At 4 G. M., when the city is tucked up in a blanket of fog, the young man paid the cabman his fare, carefully ascended the steps of his Pacific avenue residence, and finally drew forth the borrowed latchkey.

REMOVAL NOTICE.—On or about October 1, 1908, the
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of California, will remove to its new offices, **corner Market, Sutter and Sansome Streets.** A general banking business transacted.
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The key and the hole refused to come to any sort of terms, a habit that both have at early morning hours; in fact, the word "fumble" and "key" pair off together as easily as ball and socket. However, on this occasion the key did not come honestly by its maladroitness. It was a fuzzy-wuzzy hour, but the young man might have passed the examination for a W. C. T. U. presidential candidate. He struck a match and carefully studied the key. It had dips and spurs and angles unaccustomed to that particular keyhole, and yet it was strangely familiar. It was the key to the country home at Mountain View! Not having an areoplane handy, the young man decided against making the trip to San Mateo county. He wrote a note, dated the exact hour, folded the latchkey in it, and depositing both under a doormat went stalking off into the soggy darkness to a downtown hotel. His mother and sister, meantime, having heard unusual sounds, finally decided to rouse a servant to see whether burglars were on the premises. The trail led straight to the front



MRS. HARTWELL C. MacCARTNEY

Who, as Miss Margaret James, was married last Wednesday to Mr. Hartwell MacCartney, of Washington.

door, but by the time the frightened band of amateur gumshoe artists reached the mat the young man had disappeared and only the note and the key remained to tell the story of his adventure.

Artist and Broker Wed

Mrs. Donald Monroe, who was Miss Laura Foster up to two weeks ago, has written her friends in this city that she is now settled in a charming apartment and is going on with her illustrating work for the Gotham papers as before her marriage with the New York stock broker. They did not go upon a honeymoon trip. Quite a few of their friends saw them married at the Little Church Around the Corner. The bride wore a brown cloth traveling suit, with hat to match, which was exceedingly becoming. Mr. Monroe is about fifty years of age and is comfortably well off, so that his bride does not need to bother about pot-boiling work for the future, but can work for art's sake alone.

The Lehr of Belvedere

Belvedere, beloved haunt of Bohemia's night owls, has its Harry Lehr in "Binky" McKinnon, club man, dilletante, bon vivant and good fellow, for years the most popular summer beau of the Corinthian village. Somebody was saying the other day what a resemblance there was between the Newport pet and him of Belvedere, and a witty woman retorted: "Oh, but 'Binky' doesn't sell champagne—he sells whisky."

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She Wanted to Know

Of late Belvedere has gone in for the horsey, doggy pose a la Burlingame, where the smart people are all versed in kennel and stable lore. One of the most aristocratic of the village dwellers, a pretty and refined young widow, thought she must do the proper thing so she set up a kennel not long ago. In conversation with Billy Leavitt, the insurance man, she referred to her new fad, and in a manner that was a very good imitation of that of Burlingame, she asked:

"Now, Mr. Leavitt, supposing I matched a Gordon setter with an Irish setter, what would result?"

Bill was so taken by surprise that he replied without thinking, but with a perceptible stammer:

"Why—why—some little setters, I suppose."

Passing Under the Wedding Bells

Very elaborate was the wedding of Miss Margaret Evans James, second daughter of Mrs. Nathaniel James, to Hartwell Craigen MacCartney, on the evening of October 14th, at the residence of Mrs. H. B. Underhill, Jr. The bride is a striking looking girl of rare coloring and a wealth of auburn hair and looked a picture in her handsome wedding robe and long tulle veil. Soft yellow was the prevailing tone; that color flushed the walls, the lights, the decorations and the gowns of the attendants. Mrs. J. B. Chace, formerly Clara Underhill, was matron of honor, and wore an elaborate robe of the deepest cream, while Miss Pansy Perkins, the maid of honor, wore a handsome dress of the same shade. The two attractive sisters of the bride the Misses Gladys and Cornelia James, were in dresses of deep yellow, making a most artistic effect. Mr. J. B. Chace was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. MacCartney will reside in Washington, where Mr. MacCartney is prominent in the law.

The New Afternoon Tea at the Fairmont

One of the largest tea parties ever held in San Francisco took place on Thursday, October 15th, when Colonel Kirkpatrick inaugurated the serving of afternoon tea in the beautiful Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel. It took one back to the days of the old Palace and the Palm Garden to see the assembly of handsomely gowned women. Everybody was there. The dainty little announcement cards which the hotel management sent out brought just such a company as one would expect to see at a fashionable gathering. The "afternoon tea" has come to be one of the features of modern metropolitan hotel life. And the service which has been introduced at the Fairmont leaves nothing to be desired. The Laurel Court is a most inviting place at all times and it took on an added fascination with the presence of so many women—the soft strains of music—the rustle of silks—and the hum of conversation. This new social feature comes as a welcome innovation and has apparently found a welcome place in the life of the ladies of this city.

FOR SALE—Finest residential lot in San Francisco, north side Pacific aveune, between Devisadero and Broderick streets, 63 feet 9 by 137 feet 7. Unsurpassed and unobstructable view of entire bay and city. Apply to owner, E. CLEMENS HORST, 215 Pine St., City.

A New Creme de la Creme

And so Los Angeles is to have an exclusive 150—not a "400"; no a "150"; a sort of cactus aristocracy, so to speak. It is the proper caper for so wonderful a city; and the twenty-five ladies who selected themselves for censors should be the recipients of the city's thanks, conveyed to them by Mayor Harper and Deputy Woolwine, with brass mountings. These twenty-five censors, who are to pick the 150, and who ruled out the wife of a lieutenant-general of the army, retired, the wife of an ex-Confederate belonging to one of the old families of Virginia, the widow of a paymaster-general of the navy, and a hundred odd other brilliant, handsome, educated, are deserving of congratulations. But, instead, I am told by a correspondent, they have provoked nothing but cynical comment and coarse derision. The knockers are rampant with their little hammers. They are calling attention to the fact that there isn't blue blood enough in the bunch to fill a thimble; that there is only one with lineage of high degree; that several of them worked for a living before their marriage, etc., etc. These are the twenty-five: Mrs. A. C. Balch, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. J. C. Drake, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Burton Green, Mrs. Frank Hicks, Mrs. Howard E. Huntington, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Mrs. Dan MacFarland, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Hugh Macneil, Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mrs. Henry O.Melveny, Mrs. George Patton, Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Mrs. Alfred Solano and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys.

A Smart Set Indispensible

Here is what a prominent member of the committee of twenty-five mentioned above thinks of the function of a smart set: "Such a set is a social necessity even in Los Angeles. You cannot throw open the doors of every man's house to every other man's family. If that were done there would be no society. People of congenial tastes and temperaments get together, and involuntarily form a clique or set. They invite each other to each other's houses, give entertainments for mutual enjoyment, and amuse themselves and live in a way to suit their particular inclinations. This is all that the 'smart set' does, here as elsewhere, and there are innumerable other sets which do the same thing. The 'smart set' is exclusive because the members are satisfied with each other, and they do not seek the privilege of moving in the other circles. There should be no prejudice against the 'smart set.' Its existence is as natural as it is necessary."

The Mecca of Motor Parties

My correspondent from Del Monte writes that the weather for the past week has been simply glorious—calm, balmy, with just a touch of fall in the air. October at Del Monte really is one of the finest months of the year and many San Franciscans appreciate it. The Hotel continues to be an objective for many motor parties who run down for the week-end. The performance of "As You Like It" given by the Monterey Civic Club on Saturday last brought down a good many. It was undoubtedly the finest thing in amateur theatricals ever given in California and was warmly received. The success of "As You Like It" means that probably next summer on the height of the gay season a similar performance will be given. Among the jolly parties who motored down from San Francisco to enjoy the outdoor theatricals was one chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth. It included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gresen, Miss Lydia Gibbons and Walter Scribner.

Social Festivities in Berkeley

The Hotel Carlton in Berkeley has been the scene of a number of delightful social affairs during the past week, one of the most charming of these being the dinner last Friday evening at which Captain John T. Nance, U. S. A., entertained in honor of Captain and Mrs. Edward M. Lewis. The dinner was served in the private dining room of the hotel and the large round table at which the guests were seated was effectively decorated with coreopsis, violets and maiden-hair ferns. Captain Nance's guests included besides Captain and Mrs. Lewis, General and Mrs. Woodruff, President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Captain and Mrs. H. H. Stout, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller. Captain Lewis has been stationed for the past year at the Presidio of Monterey and has come to Berkeley to reside. Captain Nance is Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of California. Another affair of more than ordinary interest given at this popular Berkeley hostelry was the banquet of the Unitarian Club, which was enjoyed by over a hundred members. There were toasts and speeches and much merriment on this occasion. Professor William Carey Jones, the president of the club, was the toastmaster and Professor F. F. Bunker, superintendent of schools in Berkeley, the principal speaker of the evening. His topic was "The Making of Men and Women From Our Boys and Girls." Thursday evening Mrs. and J. S. Mackenzie, who is a guest at the hotel, entertained at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. John Neville and their son, and on Sunday Mr. Henry P. Redington had as his guests Mrs. Charles

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Lyman (formerly Miss Edith Clark) and her son, who are here from Paris on a visit to Mrs. Lyman's mother, Mrs. Jeremiah Clark.

Mrs. Ronalds on English Society

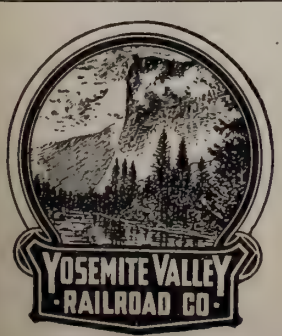
Mrs. Ronalds, who is called the American Ambassadress to the Court of St. James and who is supposed to be the most influential American woman in London society, has just returned to New York on her first visit in twenty years. Mrs. Ronalds lives abroad permanently now. Her home in Cadogan place is a favored spot of London's smartest set. The King and Queen are often entertained there informally and for an American to be invited there is to be received into the holy of holies in British society. Americans visiting London, who have letters to Mrs. Ronalds, find everything open to them. Occupying this exceptional position Mrs. Ronalds is highly qualified to speak of English society. "One must live in England," she said, recently, "to understand and appreciate it. I doubt if there exists anywhere in the world such a complete society as we have in London. His Majesty, the King, is its head, together with the Queen. The lines are not at all clearly defined. Anybody is welcome who should be welcome. Money is not the entrance key. One must be interesting, be clever, be likeable. The lines are not drawn so hard and fast as they seem to be in New York. A musician, a writer, an artist, an actor, a traveller is just as welcome in London as an earl or a baron. English country life, as far as I can judge, is the perfection of existence. English people take life more calmly than Americans. Never let anyone say that the English are not hospitable. To be sure, one must have letters to them and must be properly introduced, but once an Englishman invites you to his home you may rest assured that everything will be done to enhance your comfort and happiness."

Ethel Barrymore Denies the Interview

Ethel Barrymore has written a letter warmly denying the recent sensational interview so widely attributed to her in the daily press regarding her alleged sharp strictures on the American society woman. The original interview came out in a St. Louis paper and made Miss Barrymore say that society women, especially the New York type, were "brainless and senseless." American girls ambitious to marry foreign noblemen were unmercifully scored. Miss Barrymore says that in her interview with the young lady representing the St. Louis paper the subject of American society women was not even broached. She herself was horrified to read the interview and set about promptly to correct its evil intent. Her management has taken up the matter.

Quietly Married

Miss Georgina Rose Poultney, daughter of Mrs. Rose C. Poultney, of Sausalito, and William Petherick were quietly married in this city, Monday, October 12th. Mr. Petherick came here from England about ten years ago and is connected with the banking business. Mr. and Mrs. Petherick will be at home in Sausalito after November 1st.



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Martial Mishaps of a Countess

The reecnt death of the ill-starred Mabel, Countess Russell, recalls the extraordinary matrimonial history of her family. Her father, Sir Claude Scott, who belonged to a wealthy old banking firm, after several years of married life eloped with Lady Albert Clinton, a young and beautiful girl. Sir Claude died soon afterward in Paris, leaving $100,000 a year to his two daughters, Lena and Mabel Scott. A great part of their fortune went in litigation, however, and Lena, when in her teens, secretly married a well-known clubman named Edgar Sebright. In a couple of years Mrs. Sebright brought suit to have the marriage annulled on the ground that she married under duress, that she parted from her husband at the door of the registry office and that the marriage had never been consummated. The suit became a cause celebre and ended in the marriage being declared null and void. Next she married an importer, who was masquerading as a Prince. He abused her and she got a divorce. Mabel married Earl Russell in 1890 but within a few months they were in the divorce court. The evidence disclosed that the Earl was really in love with the mother and married the daughter, whom he hated, solely at the mother's instigation. The Countess went on the stage in musical comedy and the Earl came to America, got his divorce and married Mrs. Sommerville.

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The First Cat Show Scores a Success

Del Monte has been the scene of many notable affairs, from receptions to Presidents down to automobile races and dog shows. But no such show as the one now going on has been held there. Before the fire the San Francisco Cat Club held annual exhibitions which aroused much interest, but none have been held recently. The Del Monte Cat Club is a member of the American Cat Association and is making a big effort to stimulate interest in these pets. From the indications of the entry list and the first arrivals there is no question that it will be decidedly successful. The ordinary tabby appears in a new light when we see cats valued at $300, $450, $700 and some up as high as $3000 each. There were more than one hundred entries on Saturday last, and by special request the entry list which was to close October 10th was held open until October 14th. Besides the trophies and medals offered by the Del Monte Cat Club many handsome premiums have been hung up by the hotel and a number of individuals. The judging will be done by Mrs. Lela Norton of Los Angeles, an authority on cats. It will take place Friday and Saturday afternoon. Special attention has been given to the care of the animals received.

Social Spotlight

Mrs. George R. Wells and Mrs. Selby Hanna have just returned from visiting Mrs. Charles Huse in Chicago.

Mrs. George T. Wright is on her way home from Europe. Mr. Wright left her in New York to spend several weeks with family friends.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hoska of Seattle to First Lieutenant John Doe, of the Field Artillery, U. S. A. Lieutenant Doe was stationed at the Presidio two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Timlow and their interesting young daughter left for their home in New York last week, after a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, the parents of Mrs. Timlow. Mrs. Timlow was Eva Carolan.

The following prominent California residents left New York last week on the Hamburg-American liner "Moltke" for Italy: From San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Hazel King, Mrs. A. E. Garceau, Miss M. Hyde and Mrs. F. A. Martin. From Sausalito: Miss Kate B. Stone. From Santa Barbara: Mrs. Dixey Thompson, Miss Frances Swett, Miss Elise Wilson, Mrs. Martha Knapp, Mrs. Kinton Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bennett from Los Angeles.

Among the recent arrivals at the Granada are: Captain and Mrs. A. M. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Briggs, Mrs. A. Franklin, Mrs. A. J. and Miss M. B. Wiener, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Gould, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. Jessie A. Livernash and daughter, Mrs. Henry P. Sontag, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fuller and Mrs. Asa R. Wells.

On Wednesday last Mrs. H. D. Loveland gave a luncheon to some of the delegates to the Trans-Mississippi Congress at the Granada.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs from San Francisco are J. J. Haviside, C. J. Stoval, S. H. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Landry C. Babin and Dr. H. W. Morton. From Oakland: J. W. Stevens, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Prof. C. W. Woodworth and Drs. and Mrs. S. B. Terry.

Virgil G. Bogue and Mrs. Bogue have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Professor C. B. Blodgett of Stanford University is among the guests at the Pacific Grove Hotel. Mrs. Blodgett is located permanently at the Grove for her health.

Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Shortlidge have returned from the East and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Fife at Fair Oaks.

Among recent arrivals at The Tavern of Tamalpais from San Francisco are W. A. Cole, Dawson Mayer, M. W. Blackwell, Mrs. J. J. Crawford, W. G. Austin, M. C. Swain, Emily Ferguson, G. K. Porter, R. A. Laverty, F. A. Laverty, Harry Everett Gates, James K. Polk, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Marshall, Miss Amy Brown, William L. Goodwin, Miss Clarety, Miss J. C. Cottrell, J. I. Kean and K. E. Kean.

Mrs. Clement Bennett entertained a dozen guests at lunch at the Fairmont on Saturday last.

A beautiful ceremonial dinner in honor of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James Madison was given on Friday, October 16th, in the red room of the Fairmont. Thirty-five happy guests assembled to do honor to the gracious hosts and wish them a continuance of the happiness and prosperity which has marked their half century of married life.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall will return from the East about October 17th.

The banquet given by the Unitarian Club in the red room of the Fairmont on Wednesday, the 14th, was a large affair and the speeches were both interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Milton Pray will leave this week for New York, where she will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pissis and Miss Ethel Pissis have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Mrs. John C. Wilson entertained informally at luncheon in the St. Francis last Saturday, her guests being Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe and Miss Virginia Jolliffe.



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Odd Things in the World

Tricks in Selling Relics

The unwary visitor to the battlefield of Waterloo, if he be a collector of mementos, runs great risk of falling into the traps laid for him by the wily traffickers in spurious relics. Many of their tricks are well known, but the Paris Gaulois tells one that may be new to most curio hunters. It has discovered a happy miller's family living in the vicinity of the battlefield who have derived a regular income since 1815 from the sale of a rusty iron nail. It was not many years after the battle that an eccentric Englishman on the strength of an eyewitness's evidence discovered that Napoleon's hat had been hanging on that nail, the Emperor having rested a while at the mill during the battle. An offer for the old nail was immediately accepted by the previously guileless miller, who after the deal replaced it by another old nail and painted an inscription round it on the wall pointing out its historical value. One nail after another has gone to enrich collections as priceless Napoleonic relics. How many times the nail has been changed the Gaulois does not venture to estimate.

Nail Broken Bones Together

The latest medico-surgical discovery, announced from Paris, is the use of nails made of aluminum or magnesium, preferably magnesium, for the cure of simple fractures. For a fracture of the shin bone or the thigh bone, the nails are driven in to hold the two pieces of bone together much like two pieces of wood. Some time ago nails of ivory and bone were used, but it has been found that the aluminum and magnesium nails are absorbed by the system soon after they have done the work required of them. It is believed that the nailing of broken ends is the quickest way to repair a fracture, and it does away with the old system under which a patient had to keep in bed for three weeks with his foot attached to a fifty pound weight.

Started a Haunted House

Hull is rejoicing in a haunted house. It appears that on Friday last the brother-in-law of James Gilson, the tenant, was buried, and after the fatigues of the wake and the funeral the Gilsons retired to well earned rest. Gilson and another brother-in-law, O'Grady, were sleeping together and they were awakened about 3 A. M. by a low tapping. They believed that the sound came from their wives, who were in a lower room, but on investigation they found the women sitting on the bed in a state of great alarm. "Then," says O'Grady, "pots and pans flew across the room, and the end of it was that we all ran into the street." The screams of the women roused the whole neighborhood, and detachments of men gathered enough courage to go in couples to examine the house. They all came out horror stricken, declaring that ornaments were falling off the walls and mantlepieces and that pots and pans were careering around as if alive. At last the constables arrived on the scene. It happened that the policeman on the post was that same Constable Kelly who at the Olympic games won the championship among the heavyweight wrestlers. He came out from the house puzzled and willing to admit that there was something going on that he could not wrestle with. A teacup hit him in the face, he says, and a pebble came flying through the back door. The Gilsons and O'Gradys took refuge with their neighbors and are now looking for new quarters, as nothing would tempt them to stay in the haunted house. Mrs. Gilson is inclined to blame her dead brother for all the confusion, as she says they were not annoyed until his death. The police force are skeptical in regard to the supernatural and are keeping a constant watch on the house.

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Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*
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Stage

Some Observations On Jones

All the critics who have seen "The Hypocrites" at the Alcazar agree that it is a fine, strong play, that the performance is most praiseworthy and that the new leading lady is deserving of warm eulogy. I was quite sure that the critics would enjoy the Jones play; especially the critics that enthused over the Belasco play of the preceding week, for anyone so happily ingenuous, so wholesomely receptive toward stage illusions as to be susceptible to the appeal of "A Grand Army Man" is bound to yield his emotions to the masterly touch of Henry Arthur Jones. A critic can always laugh conscientiously at a Jones witticism, and despise heartily any of his hypocrites, and sympathize sincerely with all of the numerous married ladies he has given us, who, through curiosity, were led to the verge of infidelity and the brink of scandal. Jones is my favorite playwright. Few living dramatists have been so unerring of aim, so uniformly successful both from the commercial and artistic standpoint as the author of "The Hypocrites." And yet, singularly enough, Jones has not attained the prestige in this country that is enjoyed by some of his countrymen who have at times proved very poor judges of their own work; who have fallen far below Jones at his feeblest and who have never risen above him at his best. Why there should be more magic in the name of Pinero than in the name of Jones I am unable to conceive. Surely Jones never turned out anything quite so bad as "A Wife Without a Smile," and surely Pinero never wrote anything better than "Judah" or "The Crusaders." As for Shaw, Jones has beaten the idol of the high-brows at his own game. Shaw is nothing if not didactic, and he is often that and nothing more, whilst Jones is nearly always both didactic and delightful. Shaw is greatly admired for his ability as a writer of prefaces. So is Jones. And I think I prefer Jones, though unlike Shaw he never makes his preface more brilliant than his play. Nor does he ever, like Shaw, employ the dramatic form merely as a vehicle for a sermon. In his preface to "The Triumph of the Philistines" Jones wrote: "In my strenuous endeavor to enforce a moral I fear I did not take care to write a good play. But thus it happens when a moral purpose is allowed to get the upper hand in a work of art." It did not happen, however, in "The Triumph of the Philistines." It has not happened in any of Jones's plays, and yet Jones has never failed to inculcate a moral lesson. He is distinctly a stage preacher, but his plays may be appreciated for their truth to life as well as for their intellectual idea. And they also may be appreciated for their technique which is as notable for its thumb-touch delicacy as Pinero's. Jones always contrives his stage expedients with a true eye to illusion, he never introduces twaddle, and he always treats his audience as respectfully as he would treat his friends. In short there are few men who can so cleverly tell a story on the stage through a cumulative succession of plausible incidents. And yet, I say, Henry Arthur Jones has not attained the vogue either of Shaw or Pinero. No Chautauqua lecturer ever mentions Jones. I have never heard of Jones being studied by a student of the drama. It cannot be that it is because he is not regarded as a "literary man," for he is unquestionably an artist in letters. A distinguished French critic, M. Filon, has said of him that he has played a great part in "the resuscitation of the drama," and that he is "the most English of all living English dramatists; the one who expresses most sincerely and most brilliantly the mind of his generation and of his race." It is of record that so cultured a critic as Matthew Arnold congratulated Jones on having given Philistinism one of the hardest blows it had ever received. Mr. Arnold alluded to the satirical smash in "Saints and Sinners." Jones, by the way, has been smashing Philistines and hypocrites all his life. He has written a series of plays attacking the hypocrisies of religion, and in his preface to "The Case of Rebellious Susan" he tells us that the theatre is destined to succeed to the tottering pulpit and to teach morality to the professional moralist. Reformers he ranks with hypocritical religious bigots, and once he told the people of London something that it might be well for us of San Francisco to ponder,—that to reform London it was necessary for each Englishman to reform himself. At another time he wrote in a preface: "Looking round upon my countrymen, upon their smug and banal ideas, their smug and banal ways of living, their smug and banal terror of art, their smug and banal haste to make the best of both worlds, I concluded that the most necessary moral to drive home to Englishmen today is the wholesome one contained in a verse of Ecclesiastes: 'Be not righteous overmuch; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?'" Perhaps it is because of the sentiments, scornful of hypocrisy, that imbue all Henry Arthur Jones's work that I so highly esteem his plays. These observations on the English dramatist I offer in lieu of impressions of the performance at the Alcazar which I have been unable to attend.

Theodore Bonnet.

Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man"

After seeing "The Squaw Man," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Great Divide," and other plays of that ilk the ordinary theatregoer cannot help being impressed with the great fruitfulness of the West as a field for dramatic and literary exploitation. A shrewd critic, after spending a year's outing in Alaska, remarked on his return that that territory had not even been touched yet by writers; that a true story depicting Alaskan life had not yet been written. In a way almost the same thing may be said of California. Bret Harte was picturesque and—Bret Harte. "Ramona" touched a chord But the stuff of merit is yet to come. "The Squaw Man" is one of the many attempts to give an adequate picture of western life. It was unfortunate in its origin and was stretched badly when Playwright Royle enlarged it from a successful playlet into a four-act money-maker for the road. That stretching is responsible for the extraneous first act where for contrast he has streaked one corner of his picture with a sketch of aristocratic English society. Dustin Farnum, with his rolling walk and awkward movements, does not shine at his best in his smart officer's dress there. Among Farnum's ardent admirers his romantic success in "The Virginian" branded him an ideal cowboy, and an ideal cowboy in chaps and loose neckerchief he will always be to them. As a picture of western life in melodramatic form "The Squaw Man" has distinction over most of its competitors because it presents a unique phase of American life. The "squaw man" was a white adventurer, who for reasons of his own, married an Indian woman. Western plainsmen generally regarded this as a social downfall and looked upon the offender as a "low-down scrub," and in most instances he was. In singular contrast, across the Canadian line in the British possessions a union of this kind went unnoticed. Some of the highest factors in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, men who cut notable figures in its western affairs, married squaws and their children were accorded the usual custom and esteem. This sentiment regarding the color line is one of the interesting anomalies distinguishing society in Europe and in America. It is the American conception of this line that enables Playwright Royle to make use of some very strong stage material; the social sacrifice on the man's part by marrying the squaw for having saved his life and the squaw's sacrifice of her own life in order to restore her husband and little son to the world they loved. The sacrifice on the part of the man affords several interesting tableaux of western cowboy life, culminating in the shoot-



DUSTIN FARNUM AS JIM CARSTON
In "The Squaw Man" at the Van Ness Theatre

ing of the typical "bad man" by the Indian girl in order to save the life of the hero, all these incidents are vivid and replete with action, but their selection, order and form of presentation are questions of fine judgment. In this connection it is interesting to note the different ways in which Belasco, Moody and Royle handle the same material. The second sacrifice, that of the squaw, forms the pulsating climax of the play, rouses the deep sympathies, grips the feelings and compels all the finer shades of intense acting developed in the production. The Indian wife, silent, stoical and devoted, is possessed of only two ideas: "her man and her little boy." Her's is a speechless adoration. The little son is a lay figure and all the acting developed by the approaching separation of the family devolves on Farnum. Throughout he is simple, manly, natural and sympathetic, and, in the tenser passages where he declines his English home and prepares to send his little son back to England to be educated as an earl, he handles the deeper emotions with fine restraint. His pathos is convincing and moves his audience, the test of an actor's efforts. The Indian wife, as depicted by Katherine Fisher, fitted silently and effectively into her niche. It is a role demanding deep shades of facial expression, a pathetic part at the best, with an inevitable end in the hands of Playwright Royle. Mary Conwell has the somewhat trying part of an English beauty who has followed her heart to the western frontier. Little of the action falls to her lot except to look captivating, ladylike and patient while the drama carries her regularly and in decorous fashion into the arms of her lover. Most colorful and most effective of all in giving the typical western character to the play are the Ute Indian chief and his interpreter. There is no trace of staginess about them. Mitchell Lewis and Logan Paul enacted the parts and not only looked like Indians but voiced them with such strong personality as to make them stand out prominently. The robust cowboys, rustlers, deputy sheriffs, and greenhorns dotting the landscape are of the usual highly decorative brand and splash the production with live daubs of color.

Sidney Ramone.

Blanche Bates' New Play

Blanche Bates is said to rise to fine emotional heights in her new play "The Fighting Hope," just produced in New York. Power of purpose and determination, material devotion, great womanly sweetness, and an ultimate abandonment of overmastering hysteria are elements in the fabric of the role, and these Miss Bates embodies with complete success. The story of the play runs as follows: Anna Granger, the wife of a man who is serving a ten-year sentence in Ossining Prison for fraudulent proceedings as cashier of the Gotham Trust Company, has come, under an alias, into the home of Burton Temple, president of the company, ostensibly to serve as his stenographer, but in reality to ferret out the truth about her employer, whom she believes to be the real culprit. She has the advantage of public opinion in the matter, for Temple is a rich man and there is a general suspicion that the cashier has been railroaded to prison in order to keep the real facts from leaking out. The strength of the situation, despite the obviousness of relationships as they develop, lies in the fact that Anna, at the moment that she has saved her husband, discovers that he is in reality guilty of the crime as charged. As she has destroyed the one piece of evidence in the case it is now apparent that Temple, the financier, must go to jail. Now, as Anna by this time realizes, in a measure, the general worthlessness of her husband and has grown to love Mr. Temple very positively, a nice mental conflict is aroused. To further enhance the value of the situation, the husband appears, proves himself an unmitigated scoundrel, and so destroys the wife's last vestige of respect. In spite of the fact that Anna's growing interest in the man she has come to betray is steadily in evidence —is, in fact, the conventional and expected development of this type of play—the situation is not without the strength which develops from a natural emotional experience. It lays hold of the imagination, fixes the attention, and arouses sympathy.

Sparkling Musical Comedy at the American

"A Knight for a Day," the latest New York musical success, will follow "The Royal Chef" at the American Theatre. The first performance will be given at the next Sunday matinee, October 18th. Bobby Baving, the original Johnny Jones on the Pacific Coast, will play the leading role, supported by a cast of sixty people. No pains have been spared by the management to make this production the handsomest and best of its kind ever given here.

"Graustark" at the Valencia Theatre

"Graustark," the famous romance by George Barr McCutcheon, dramatized by Miss Grace Hayward, will be presented at the Valencia Theatre next week, beginning the Sunday matinee on October 18th. This celebrated story was for a long time one of the "best sellers," and the love romance of the young queen of a small European kingdom, with an adventurous American whom she met while traveling incog in the United States, has made many a romantic heart beat quicker. There is much that suggests "The Prisoner of Zenda" in the atmosphere of "Graustark." A breezy young American chap and his best friend are plunged into the vortex of European diplomacy and state intrigue, and not only manage to save the young Queen Yetive of Graustark from a gang of rascally scoundrels, but the American chap wins the hand

Concert pianist of European training and experience, permanently locating on the Coast, will accept two pupils of musical talent (either sex) to whom a complete musical education will be given without charge. Address T. T., 88 First Street.

of the Queen in the bargain. Of course the whole affair is delightfully impossible, but it makes an entertaining story and a thrilling play. Miss Willette Kershaw will have the role of the young Queen of Graustark, and Robert Warwick will be the adventurous American. The play will be handsomely staged, the scene in the throne room of Graustark being especially elaborate, with many rich and beautiful costumes.

"Salomy Jane" at the Alcazar

Paul Armstrong's dramatization of Bret Harte's story of the Sierras, "Salomy Jane," is to be the Alcazar's offering next week, commencing Monday evening, with Evelyn Vaughan in the title part. Of the many attempts to get the aroma of Harte's sketches over the footlights, none has been so successful as this one. The play is adroitly constructed, crisply written, vivacious, engaging and Salomy Jane ranks among the most fascinating creatures ever presented on the stage. Her bravery, resourcefuness, independence, originality, her gentleness with children, and her swift up-blazing passion when her womanly honor is questioned, render her truly a poetic figure. In the hands of such a thorough artist as Miss Vaughan this Harte heroine will surely be a characterization of very high order. Then we will have Bertram Lytell as the unnamed hero, Will Walling as Jack Marbury, the gambler; Howard Hickman as Colonel Starbottle, the lawyer-politician; Burt Wesner as Yuba Bill, and the other Alcazar favorites in well fitting roles. Three clever children have been engaged to sustain the juvenile parts, which are by no means inconsequential. Real redwood trees and genuine chapparal will make the first act setting. This production of "Salomy Jane" will surely pack the Alcazar.

The Lloyd Scott Travel-Talks

The subject for the school children's matinee of the Lloyd Scott Travel-Talks this Saturday afternoon at Christian Science Hall will be "Egypt," with over one hundred and fifty of the most beautiful colored views, moving panoramas and motion pictures. These Scott views are unquestionably the most beautiful ever exhibited in this city. Friday and Saturday night will be devoted to "Ireland," the slides for which were painted in oil by a member of the Royal Art Academy of Dublin. Next week Mr. Scott appears in Oakland at Maple Hall, on Monday night, Wednesday night and Friday he gives "India," "Japan" and "Russia," completing the course of five the following week with "Egypt" and "Ireland." The Oakland box office is at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Broadway and Thirteenth.

Beatrice Fine-Anna Miller Wood Concert

A concert of quite different character from the Arral event but one equally as beautiful and important, will be the "Evening of Song" by Beatrice Priest Fine, soprano, and Anna Miller Wood, contralto, at Christian Science Hall next Thursday evening, October 22nd. Both of these artists are native daughters; both have made splendid reputations in the East, Mrs. Fine in New York and Miss Wood in Boston; both have been out here visiting their people and both return East immediately after this concert. The program contains no less than a dozen novelties and one of them is the "Mimi Pinzon" from Leoncovallo's "La Boheme." This will be specially interesting to us San Franciscans who know our Pucini by heart. Here is the exceptionally interesting and novel progrm:

Duet, "Passage-bird's Farewell," Hildach; Aria, "Pleurez, mes Yeux" (Le Cid), Jules Massenet; "Le Sais-tu?" Jules Massenet; L'Heure d'Azur," Augusta Holmes; "In Picardie," Arthur Foote; "Pierre de Provence to Maguelone the Fair" (Mss), Edward Burlingame Hill. Miss Wood—"Let the Bright Seraphim," G. Haendel; "The Mermaid's Song," Hadyn; "Niemand hats gesehen," Carl Loewe; "Wiegenlied," W. A. Mozart; Aria, "Mimi Pinzon," (La Boheme), Leoncovallo. Mrs. Fine—"La Mer est plus belle," Mandoline," Claude Debussy; "Good Night," Anton Rubinstein; "The Enchanted Isle," Sergei Rachmaninoff; "Floods of Spring" Sergei Rachmaninoff. Miss Wood—"Like a Rosebud," Frank LaForge; "Woodland Song," Chaminade; "Boat Song," "Jay of the Morning" (words by Edwin Markham), "Sunlight" (Waltz), Harriet Ware. Mrs. Fine—Duetts (a) "Morgenroth," Tschaikowsky; (b) "It was a Lover and His Lass," Mary Carmichael.

Blanche Arral's Concert Again Deferred

Manager Will Greenbaum for the first time in his many years' experience has to beg the indulgence of his patrons for a second time in one week. Mme. Blanche Arral, his new star, has entirely recovered from what threatened to be a most serious illness, but for ten days

VAN NESS THEATRE

Corner VAN NESS AND GROVE. Phone MARKET 500.
Gottlob, Marx and Co., Mgrs.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, SECOND AND LAST WEEK
The Distinguished Star, DUSTIN FARNUM
In Edwin Milton Royle's Virile Western Play,
THE SQUAW MAN
Every Night, Including Sunday. Matinee Saturday.
October 26—"CHECKERS."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE TEL. WEST 6036

Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets. Absolutely Class "A" Building.
BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Monday Evening, October 19th, and all week, Paul Armstrong's Dramatization of Bret Harte's Tale of the Sierras,
SALOMY JANE
A Superb Scenic Production
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

ORPHEUM ELLIS STREET Near Fillmore

Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building. Phone West 6000.
WEEK BEGINNING THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
THE OPERATOR, an Intensely Interesting Playlet, with LYSTER CHAMBERS AND CLARA KNOTT; REDFORD AND WINCHESTER; LA PETITE MIGNON; McPHEE AND HILL; THERESA RENZ, World's Greatest Equestrienne; GRACIE EMMETT & CO.; JUPITER BROS.; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week, Great Musical Furore, THE ECCENTRIC GENNARO AND HIS VENETIAN GONDOLIER BAND.
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

PRINCESS THEATRE PHONE WEST 663
S. LOVERICH, MANAGER
ELLIS STREET Near Fillmore
Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building
Matinee Saturday and Sunday
Last Two Nights of "THE AMEER."
NEXT WEEK LAST OF FERRIS HARTMAN.
The Mirthful Musical Delight
THE OFFICE BOY
Popular Prices—Evenings, 25, 50, 75. Matinees (except Sundays and Holidays), 25 and 50.
OCTOBER 26th—KOLB & DILL
And their Big Eastern Company in "PLAYING THE PONIES."

VALENCIA THEATRE. Telephone Market 17
VALENCIA ST., Bet. Thirteenth and Fourteenth
Week starting Sunday Matinee, October 18th
VALENCIA STOCK COMPANY, including Robert Warwick
In an elaborate production of
George Barr McCutcheon's Famous Romance,
GRAUSTARK
OR LOVE BEHIND A THRONE.

AN EVENING OF SONG BY
BEATRICE PRIEST FINE (Soprano)
and
ANNA MILLER WOOD (Contralto)
Assisted by Fred Maurer, Jr. and Wallace A. Sabin
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL, Sacramento and Scott
Next Thursday Evening, October 22, at 8:15
An Exceptional Program Twelve New Works
Popular Prices, 75c and $1.00. Seats ready next Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Baldwin Piano used.

W. L. Greenbaum announces that in order to have the public hear her at HER BEST

BLANCHE ARRAL'S CONCERT

With Grand Orchestra will Positively be given Sunday, October 25th.
Same Seats Hold Good Box Office Sherman, Clay & Co's.



ANNA MILLER WOOD

Who with Beatrice Fine will give a concert at Christian Science Hall, Thursday evening, October 22nd.

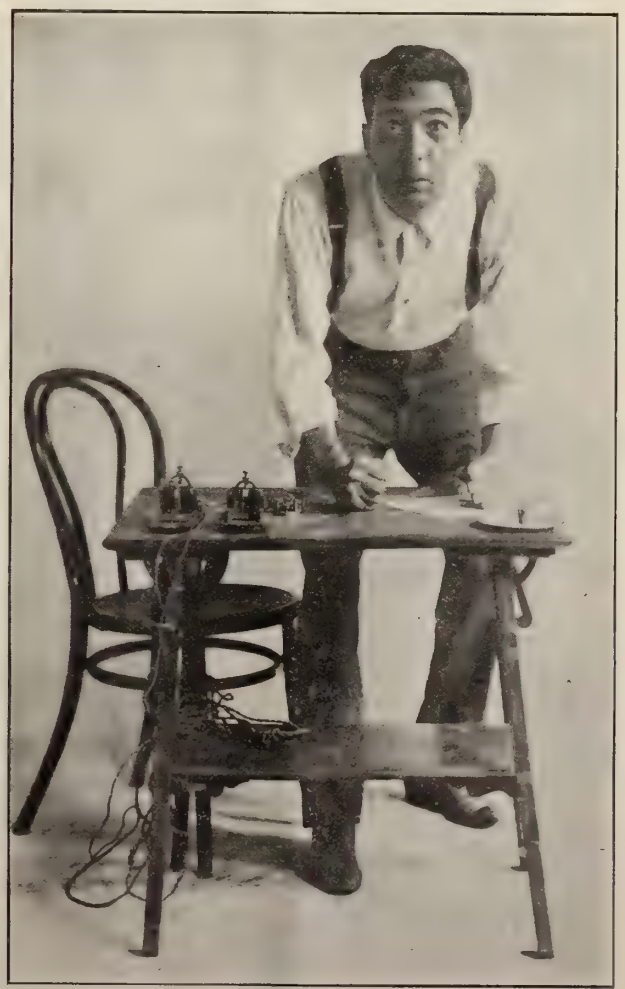
she was unable to eat any solid food and the result is that she is still quite weak. The program she had arranged was the biggest ever attempted by any singer and rather than change one number of it and rather than disappoint the public in her work Mr. Greenbaum, at the advice of the physicians, has deemed it better to risk another postponement than to have the singer appear when not at her very best. He assures the public that Mme. Arral will be in absolutely perfect condition for Sunday afternoon, October 25th. The same program, with the five great arias accompanied by Paul Steindorff's orchestra, will be given and the seats need not be exchanged, but will hold good. The box office will be open all week at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Mr. Greenbaum states that "if anyone who attends the Blanche Arral concert does not feel that it was well worth waiting for he will cheerfully refund the money after the concert."

Last Week of Ferris Hartman

Next week will be the last of Ferris Hartman's record-breaking engagement at the Princess Theatre. The program selected will be the musical farce, "The Office Boy," which abounds in pretty and catchy music and amusing lines and situations. Ferris Hartman will appear as Noah Little. Robert Litt, a particularly clever comedian, has been specially engaged to play Pythias Cheatham. The remainder of the cast is composed as follows: Damon Katcham, Arthur Cunningham; Rider Little, Walter de Leon; Tobias Van Twiller, Joseph Fogarty; Reggie Higgins, Fred W. Kavanagh; Percy Wiggins, J. Toby; McNab, Harold Abbott; Scales, Karl Formes, Jr.; Euphemia, Sybil Page; Claire de Lune, Elsie Schuler, and Paquita, Sarah Edwards. Monday, October 26th, Kolb and Dill will begin an engagement. They will be supported by a big eastern company. Their opening bill will be "Playing the Ponies."

Striking Features at the Orpheum

The headline attraction for the next week at the Orpheum will be "The Operator," probably the most dramatic play ever given in vaudeville. It is acted by two sterling players, Lyster Chambers and Clara Knott. The action of "The Operator" takes place in a remote telegraph station in the middle of the Nevada desert, and the story tells of an operator who is obliged to stick to his post for seventy consecutive hours without sleep owing to an injury sustained by the night man. Worn out by fatigue he turns on the wrong switch and sends two trains along at lightening speed to meet each other. Many stirring scenes follow. Redford and Winchester, two very clever jugglers, are also included in the program, a clever and interesting feature of which will be La Petite Mignon, the remarkable little comedienne. During her engagement at the Orpheum she will mimic Marie Dressler, Eva Tanguay, George Cohan, Anna Held, Fritzi Scheff, Eddie Foy and Harry Lauder. McPhee and Hill, phenomenal aerialists, will present a novel act entitled, "The Clown and the Tired Man." Next week will be the last of Theresa Renz, in her graceful and clever equestrienne act; the Jupiter Brothers, illusionists, and Gracie Emmett & Co. in "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband." With this bill the "Eccentric" Gennaro and his Venetian Gondolier Band, who have created a musical furore will conclude their engagement. There will also be a new series of imported Orpheum motion pictures.



LYSTER CHAMBERS

Next week in "The Operator" at the Orpheum.

Auto Notes

H. W. Lundsen of Medford, Oregon, accompanied by his family, arrived yesterday in their forty h. p. Chalmers-Detroit touring car. The travelers report the roads in fair condition in northern California, but say that north of the California line the traveling is rough and rocky. Lundsen made an easy trip, coming to this city in four days' traveling. He will leave here for San Jose, after which they expect to go to Del Monte, Santa Clara, Los Angeles and even into Mexico.

Mr. C. A. Hawkins, general manager for the White Company of the twenty-six western States, has just arrived in San Francisco from the East, and reports that the new models of the White Company are now being shipped from the factory, and the demonstrators will be in San Francisco in a few days.

The sensation of the year in automobile circles is the announcement of the White Company that their 1909 models will use California distillate as fuel, which costs six cents per gallon as against twenty-five cents for gasoline. In addition to the economy in the cost per gallon, distillate will run twenty per cent farther on a gallon than will gasoline, thus reducing the cost of automobile operation for fuel about seventy-five per cent, or one fourth the previous cost.

One of the most noticeable improvements in 1909 tires is the adoption by the Diamond Rubber Co. as their standard for 1909 of the famous Diamond Mountain Tread Type, which was originally designed for grinding the stone bruising roads of Nevada. That the tire was an absolute success is proven by the fact that fully seventy-five per cent of the business of Nevada today is done by the Diamond Rubber Company. The Mountain Tread Type is much heavier on the tread and the tread itself is brought further over on the sides as an absolute protection to the body of the tire, making a perfectly balanced automobile casing. Heretofore the perfect body of the Diamond tire has outworn the tread, necessitating one or more re-covers. This will not now be necessary as it has been found from varied experience that the Mountain Tread will give considerable more mileage, confidentially expected to go 2,000 miles more than the old type.

The San Francisco Gas & Electric Company took delivery this week of two Buick "White Streaks." The cars were purchased for the use of W. R. Morgan, superintendent of gas distribution, and George Worthington, superintendent of the electrical department. Mr. Morgan recently attracted considerable attention in the local automobile world by winning the cup for the best decorated car in the Olympic Club automobile parade.

The first shipment of 1909 Thomas cars will arrive Thursday. One of the famous six-cylinder 40 h. p. Thomas cars is included in the shipment.

In addition to the new burner and pilot light which are great improvements over previous models, the new White engine has only one-half the number of parts of the former engine. The crank shaft is a solid drop forging and by using only two very heavy bearings does away with any possibility of getting the bearings out of alignment. The larger White car for 1909 will be rated at forty steam horse-power and will sell for $4000. This is ten horse-power more than the White Company have heretofore put in any automobile. The machine is considered equal in performance to any gas car of twice the rated horse power. An entire new department for the White Company will be the taxicab which they will turn out for 1909 on the 20 h. p. chassis, it being especially adaptable to cities like San Francisco and Pittsburg, where the hilly nature of the streets makes the work very hard on the automobile.

Charles P. Hawke, who purchased a seven passenger White steam car last week, took himself out of the novice class on his first appearance at the wheel by making a successful tour of 360 miles. Mr. Hawke took his family in the White to Santa Cruz by way of San Juan and Watsonville, and made the return trip by Pescadero, Half Moon Bay and Redwood City. The road and grades of this tour are a good test of the skill of veteran drivers, and the fact that a novice made it without the slightest difficulty speaks volumes for the reliability of his car.

In Canada's greatest automobile race at Montreal on September 25th the Buick "White Streak" proved the sensation of the day, winning eight out of the nine events. The races took place over a half mile track and the best mile made was by the Buick in one minute and twelve seconds.

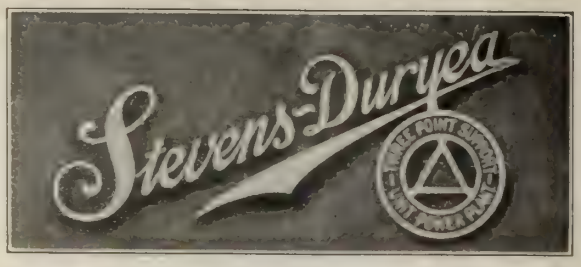
One of the most enthusiastic motorists in the State is Dr. C. F. Allen, who although well known in this city is now a resident of Napa Valley. Mr. Allen owned one of the first motor cars on the coast, and has changed cars every season. He now operates a seventy h. p. Thomas Roadster, and reports that there is nothing on wheels in his section of the State that can pass him. According to the Napa motorist, the roads in that part of the country are not all good, parts of them being cut up and rough from heavy teaming. Dr. Allen, who owns one of the finest country estates in California, says that motoring is the best sport of all.

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1909 FOUR-CYLINDER



MODEL X

$2750

In response to a demand for a larger and roomier car than our 20 H. P., 4 Cylinder, Model "R", and more moderate in price than our Light Six, we have produced the Model "X". This car represents the most advanced ideas in automobile designs.

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Manufactured by Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CRAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Craig, deceased.

ALMA McWILLIAMS,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 2970 N. S. Department 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of
CATHERINE MORRIS, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Catherine Morris, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much, or such parts thereof, as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 19th day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing the administrator to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated San Francisco, this 8th day of October, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,
vs.
MARIA ARELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The Vanishing Empire of the Turk

(Continued from Page 9.)

had come to him with a local mullah of Monastir to see the mission. Thinking that the Lazarist did not understand Turkish, the Stambuli fanatic, after asking a few question, turned to his colleague and said: "We shall kill this dog and plunder all these things when the time comes." The other, however, knew that the monk was a Turkish scholar, and replied: "No, no, he is a good man, and must not be harmed."

When I was at Monastir the town was full of soldiers and patrolled day and night, owing to the revolt of the Bulgarians against Turkish rule. Refugees from the neighboring villages which had been fired were not allowed to come into Monastir, and it was a long time before even the Sisters of Charity were permitted to go and collect a few of the wounded lying exposed on the mountain side. But owing to the representations of the consuls an exception was made in favor of the villagers of Smilevo and Gijavato, of whom about a hundred families were allowed to take refuge in Monastir. They were sheltered in the Bulgarian quarter and the Bulgarian school, huddled together on the floor of small rooms, almost without any furniture or belongings save what they could carry. In one class room I saw about two dozen; they formed a most picturesque group in their red and white and yellow costumes, but a pitiful sight all the same. On the walls were a map of the Holy Land, a large clock, and a portrait of the author of their woes, Abdul Hamid II. When I questioned them as to their experiences, they told their tales simply and unaffectedly—plain, unvarnished stories, all similar, but terrible in their very monotony. A quiet village, sounds of firing in the distance, enter the soldiers, the villagers fly, but are fired on as they try to get away, all who remain behind murdered, many women outraged, every house plundered, then smeared with paraffin and set on fire. And yet in spite of being in constant fear of their lives the Bulgarians were by no means cowed. The soldiers might burn down villages and murder peaceful villagers, but the komittadjis proved more difficult customers. In many an encounter the troops lost heavily, and more than one regiment refused to face the dynamite bombs of the enemy. In Monastir itself no Turk dared enter the Bulgarian quarter alone, and even when searches for arms were instituted, they were carried out in a gingerly and ineffectual fashion, for every one was convinced that there were stores of arms and bombs in many houses, and even the troops were afraid.

Next to the Bulgarians' declaration of independence the most interesting of recent developments in Europe is the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovina. These two provinces, formerly of the Turkish Empire, were placed under the Austrian government for administration and military occupation by the Berlin Treaty of 1878. The nationality of these provinces is mainly Servian and that is why Servia has protested against their annexation. In this connection it is interesting to reflect that Servia, too, was formerly a Turkish province, for with this reflection we remark the gradual disintegration of the power that destroyed the Byzantine Empire.

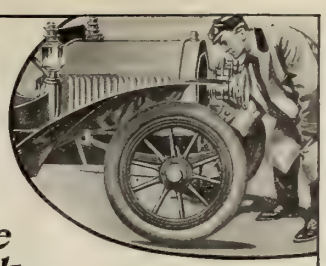
What first strikes one on entering Bosnia-Herzegovina is the sharp contrast between East and West, between the old order and the new. Austrian rule has spread a layer of Western civilization over the land, but beneath it there is a people as backward and conservative as any in the East. Our geography books may tell us that Bosnia-Herzegovina is in Europe, but the moment we cross the frontier from Dalmatia or Croatia we feel ourselves to be in another world. The natives, in fact, call any one, from the Monarchy or from other Western States, "Europeans." At Sarajevo, the capital of the occupied territory, there are modern streets, electric lights and trams, shops stocked with Vienna goods and "European" hotels. But go beyond the Franz Josef Strasse into the bazar of carsija, and you are at once in the Orient. There are wooden booths, where befezzed and beturbaned natives ply their various trades, sell embroidery, chased silver work, red slippers, gay caparisons for horses, delicious sweets, and many other strange Eastern wares. Here and there rise the graceful minarets of the mosques, whence the muezzin's weird invocation calls the faithful to prayer.

The oriental character of the country and its people is the result of over four centuries of Ottoman rule. Previously Bosnia had been, on two occasions, the nucleus of a great Servian empire, but religious dissensions made the Turkish conquest an easy task. A large proportion of the inhabitants went over to Islam, partly on account of the cruel persecutions which the Bogomile heretics had suffered and partly because the feudal nobility wished to preserve their lands and their position under the new rulers.

In all Eastern lands religion is a stronger tie than race or nationality, and Bosnia is no exception. Although all the natives belong to the Serbo-Croatian race, like those of Dalmatia, Croatia, Servia and Montenegro, religious differences have divided them into three distinct elements, hating each other with a bitter fanaticism. Each has adopted a distinct national name—the Mahommedans call themselves "Turks," the Orthodox Christians "Serbs," and the Catholics "Croatians." Austria's task in subduing and governing this unruly people has proved no light one, and order was not established until after severe fighting.

The international position of Bosnia-Herzegovina has been a very peculiar one. Though occupied by Austria-Hungary, the provinces, until last week, were nominally a part of the Sultan's dominions, but the only sign of his sovereignty was the cir-

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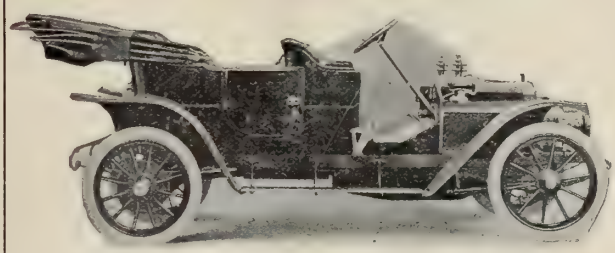
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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 5546. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
MARY ANN BUCKLEY, Deceased.

Mary A. Summerville, the Administratrix of the estate of Mary Ann Buckley, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order of sale of all or a part of the real estate of said decedent, for the reasons and the purposes therein set forth, therefore it is ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 12th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at private sale, as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 7th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

cumstance that the foreign consuls at Sarajevo did not receive their exequation from the Austrian authorities. Otherwise all the prerogatives of government were exercised by Austria-Hungary, including the imposition of taxes and the levying of troops. For several years it has been understood that annexation was but a question of time. During all the period of the occupation the government was an absolute, if beneficial despotism.

In these provinces Austria-Hungary has experimented in colonization for the first time, and, it must be admitted, with great success. People who have blamed the Catholic church for the unprogressiveness of Spain will find it hard to account for the progress that has been made in the Balkans by a Catholic ruler. In no department is the policy of the Bosnian-Herzegovinian government more instructive than in religious matters. It has guaranteed absolute freedom of conscience and treated all religions impartially. "We are equally fanatical for all three confessions," is its watchword. At the same time it has not forgotten that religions is also a powerful instrument of political influence.

The Mahommedans, although not the most numerous, are the most influential and also the most interesting section of the population. The begs and agas and the majority of the town dwellers are Mahommedans. The former are the descendants of the old Christian feudatories who became renegades after the Turkish conquest. But they preserve their Christian escutcheons and pedigrees, and are the only Mahommedans in the world who have surnames. A curious instance of this mixtures of traditions is the present mayor of Sarajevo, Mehmed Beg Kapetanovic, who has also been created an Austrian baron. Before the occupation it was said that these begs were only waiting for the advant of a Christian government to return to the faith of their ancestors. But events have falsified the prediction, and the number of conversions since 1878 does not run into three figures. On the contrary, in no country are the followers of Islam so fanatical as to this day in Bosnia. Their manners and customs are purely Oriental, their women are closely veiled and kept in rigid seclusion, they are silent, proud, dignified and hostile to all progress. They do not, however, practice polygamy. Under the Turks they were the ruling caste, and far more powerful than the Ottoman Vizirs and Valis sent to govern them. After their resistance in 1878 had been overcome by General Filipovic a number of them emigrated to Asia Minor rather than be ruled by a Christian Power, and placed on an equal footing with the despised rayahs. The Austrians, however, did all they could to conciliate them, hoping to convert them into loyal citizens. In order to show respect to their feelings guns are fired from the forts at the hours of prayer and on certain days the authorities attend the Moslem religious festivals in full state, grants are given to build and repair mosques, arrangements are made for the Mecca pilgrimage and even the howling dervishes are sustained. In the town Mohammedans are usually appointed mayors. Special law courts have been instituted for cases relating to family matters, inheritance and religion. The industries of the countries have been promoted and are thriving under Austria's rule, and education is well cared for. Today the provinces are the one part of the Balkans with the exception perhaps of Montenegro, where there is absolute security, a decent government and progress.

In Exile

(Continued from Page 10.)

"As my sole heir he was entitled to all the royalties of my works, and we agreed that he was to pay over to me three-fourths of the sums thus collected. Furthermore, I had named him as the heir to all my unpublished manuscripts and had stated that he was to publish them at his discretion. In this way it has become possible for me since my death to have written six operas, and I hope to write more. I wish to make the whole world gasp in amazement. I wish to make the universe marvel at the tremendous number of operas I had written before the breath of life departed from me! To this end I work with a fiery energy—I am a corpse of remarkable zeal.

"Since I have died I have allowed myself extravagances that were denied me during life. I own plantations in India, a palace in Rio and a harem in Damascus. All these fancies cost money, and I have to work hard; yet I am convinced that never before has a corpse enjoyed life so vividly.

"But, alas! that all this happiness should be marred by a speck of discontent! Each of us carries his own unhappiness in himself, and my misfortune is that I love Paris so dearly, that I adore the city which I cannot see again without risking resurrection. And that is my continued nostalgia. Oh, Paris! One cannot find you in Rio, nor in India, nor in Damascus—not even in Paradise! Apropos, do you happen to know the petite Evelinette, of the Theatre des Varietes?"

"I should say I do!"

"How strange! And you see her occasionally?"

"Very frequently—she is my most intimate friend."

"What a coincidence! Has she never spoken to you about me?"

"Never!"

He suddenly grew thoughtful; then, after a short silence, he remarked: "You see, there are some disadvantages in being dead. That little toad, little Evelinette, was my last love, my only one. And yet she has succeeded in forgetting me entirely!"

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY,
Of Counsel.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN,
623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

CLEMENCE FOUCHY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

Letters

Comedy of "The Little Brown Jug"

"The Little Brown Jug at Kildare" is a lively comedy built up about a resurrection of the cryptic remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, and at first glance it would seem that Meredith Nicholson had not an idea in the world but to furnish amusement for his host of readers. The story is full of whimsicalities, absurdities and improbabilities, and proceeds with the speed of a racing automobile. There is a notorious border ruffian named Bill Appleweight who runs an illicit still and carries on his depredations on both sides of the state line. He is just as much a citizen of one of the Carolinas as of the other, and it is just as much the duty of one governor as of the other to see him duly apprehended and punished. But the truth is that Appleweight and his adherents are too "useful" to both, and neither has the remotest intention of interfering with him. However, the law and order element and the women's civic leagues are either indifferent to the obvious or unconvinced of the necessities and in consequence they have forced matters to such a pitch that some action has become imperative. As an easy way out of an awkward dilemma, the two governors disappear, leaving neither trace nor tidings of their whereabouts. In addition to partisan friends, each governor is blessed with a superlatively beautiful, enterprising, ingenuos daughter and each is jealous of the personal and official reputation of her father. As soon as Miss Ardmore of North Carolina becomes certain that her father has purposely withdrawn himself she takes possession of his office, while Miss Osborne of South Carolina is not one moment behind her in assuming that in the absence of the state executive his duties fall naturally upon the shoulders of his eldest daughter. Simultaneously with the engulfing of the two officials there come upon the scene two young men, one an assistant professor of admiralty in the University of Virginia, and the other a New York multimillionaire with a craving for adventure and an intense longing to find himself in some unexpected situation where he may play the hero. These two are intimate friends who share peculiar tastes in common and it was the parting comment of Professor Griswold to Tommy Ardmore that they were both dreamers who only talked and let opportunities slip past them, which prompted Ardmore to answer in the affirmative when, on the train temporarily delayed in passing through Kildare, he was accosted by a mysterious stranger who asked if he were the governor and passed up to him a little brown jug. Ardmore discovered that ingeniously concealed in the corncob stopper was a message intended for Governor Ardmore, and in like mysterious fashion Griswold was trusted with a warning for Governor Osborne. Now the two young misses, despite their holding the keys to private offices and desks, and their access to rubber stamps and all the rest of the paraphernalia, were handicapped by their need of advice and assistance, and they dare not apply to the regular staff or the other officials lest they thereby acknowledge the absence of the governors and their lack of information as to their whereabouts; so on the principle of "any port in a storm" these two utter strangers became the advisors and to all intents and purposes the governors of the respective commonwealths, and carried on the business of government through the media of telegrams and letters, neither knowing that the other was pitted against him until near the end, and long ere that time each was too absorbed in his charming "governess" to care very much how the world wagged. Apparently the story is constructed on the same principle as the little brown jug which gave it its name and which could be made to yield either harmless buttermilk from the dairy of good Mrs. Appleweight or the fiery spirit from old Bill's still, according to the sophistication of the manipulator of the stopper. In that respect it resembled likewise the well known sentiments of the respective governors in the matter of liquor traffic generally, and their masterly eloquence on all topics. And after all, what DID the governor of North Carolina say to the governor of South Carolina? Form the denouement it is more than likely that he merely whispered: "Let's go off somewhere for a quiet game of poker and let the women fight it out between them." Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Author of "Wuthering Heights"

Though the Bronte sisters did not reap fortune nor much fame during their own lives from the production of their romances they have proved an inexhaustible mine for others ever since. Never a year passes but that some new fact or theory is not brought to light or some old one viewed from another point. One J. Malham Dimbleby has been recently enlightening readers of the Academy on the subject of the author of "Wuthering Heights," who, he has satisfied himself, must have been Charlotte, not Emily, though the younger sister was credited because it was necessary for the real author to conceal her connection in order to avoid litigation, since she had entered into a contract with a certain firm of publishers to let them have her next work. The dissolute brother Branwell has likewise been credited with the authorship on the strength of his own half-claim and the ill-supported theory that being the only son, he must of necessity, have "inherited" more genius than his sisters. There seems to be no ground whatever for doubting the authenticity of Emily Bronte's credit except the one fact of her diffident and retiring disposition which led her to make few friends and no confidants. No one but her two sisters had any idea of what she might have been capable and unfortunately she did not live long enough to give further proofs of her ability. As to Branwell Bronte and the whys and wherefores of his inclinations and the pity that is lavished upon his wasted "genius," his case becomes simple enough when his name is translated back to its original form of Patrick Prunty. The father of the Bronte children was Irish born, one of a numerous brood of very ordinary stock. They were poor farmers and none of them showed any extraordinary ability save and except that one who betook himself from the paternal acres, gained a little education by his own efforts, and in course of time became an Episcopal clergyman. He changed his patronymic from Prunty to Bronte, forgot or ignored his origin and gave his family and new friends the impression that he was of French de-

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scent. Patrick Branwell Bronte, known always in the family circle as Branwell, was possessed of a character easy of interpretation to any one familiar with the Celtic race. Had he been raised on his ancestral acres he would have followed in the footsteps of hundreds of others of his moral kin. His glibness of speech and impudence of retort would have attracted the attention of the landlord or "the young masther," and the foolish parents, instead of insisting that he should perform his share of the work, on the same terms as his brothers and sisters, would have emancipated him from labor in order that he might sport and play with his superiors. Branwell Bronte, after exhausting the patience of his overworked and under-nourished sisters, a drain on their vitality as well as their purses, finally drank himself to death, and the only matter of regret is that he was so long about it. Patrick Prunty would have come to precisely the same end if he did not meet a speedier death in some poaching escapade, but instead of absorbing the attention of moralists and philosophers half a century and more later, he would have been forgotten within a few years, for he would have taken his place in the ranks and been dismissed with no more than a passing "What else could one look for?"

Becke in His Old Haunts

In "The Adventures of Louis Blake," Louis Becke has returned to his early love, the islands of the South Pacific. Mr. Becke has always been a good deal of a nomad, but for the last three years has been settled in France. The wanderlust has again taken possession of him, and those who fell under the spell of his writings years ago will welcome his return. How many of the gushers over "dear old San Francisco" know his "Breachley, Black Sheep," and how many more know how much of ancient history it has embalmed? "Breachley" is not necessarily another form of "Becke," but it is somebody who knew the ground he trod, and knew it well, too.

Lord Beaconfield's Maxims

Everyone loves power even if they do not know what to do with it.

Very few people reach posterity. Posterity is a most limited assemblage.

As a general rule nobody has money who ought to have it.

Always have distinguished friends. Never have fools for friends; they are of no use.

To be king of your company is a poor ambition, yet homage is homage; and smoke is smoke whether it comes out of the chimney of a palace or of a workhouse.

To govern men you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
MARIE K. UMLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Marie K. Umland, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Marie K. Umland.

MARIE H. UMLAND,
Administratrix of the Estate of Marie K. Umland, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 29th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administartrix,
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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANK WARDEN, Deceased

Thomas Wood, the executor of the estate of Frank Warden, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 12th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Thomas Wood, executor of the estate of Frank Warden, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 10th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN A. HALPIN,
Attorney for Executor,
Dean Bldg., 966 Market St.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of
FRANCESCO DESIRELLO, Deceased.

J. G. Parodi the administrator of the estate of Francesco Desirello, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 20th day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said J. G. Parodi, administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated September 16th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JAS. C. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
912-916 Call Building.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
AGNES S. REILLY, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 10th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,
Plaintiff,
vs.
FRANK HOPPER,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908	$34,474,554.23
Total Assets	$37,055,263.31

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It always happens and unless you guard against it you'll have to make a sacrifice when this Steinway temptation becomes too great to resist, for then you'll bargain to trade in your cheaper piano for a Steinway and unless this cheaper piano was purchased of us you'll not get all you paid for it.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, October 24, 1908. No. 843.



VERNAL FALLS AND RAPIDS, YOSEMITE VALLEY

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
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A Lesson Out of the Past

Now that the City Hall is in process of demolition we are reminded of its past, and pondering its past we marvel at the courage of Mayor Taylor in assenting to the project in hand—that of rearing a new municipal building on the site of the old one. Experience teaches that to undertake the construction of a municipal building in this country is to tackle a problem abounding in inscrutable elements. It is impossible to say how little the building when completed will look like the original design, or by what amount the cost will exceed the original estimate or in what generation the pile will be finished. When the building that is being demolished was projected the municipal authorities were as light hearted over the undertaking as Mayor Taylor now appears to be. The first step taken toward the supplying the several departments of the city government with a home was an act of the Legislature. On April 4, 1870, the Legislature converted Yerba Buena Park, which was then a cemetery extending from McAllister street to Market, into a site for a City Hall, and a commission was authorized to construct a building at a cost not to exceed $1,500,000. This money the commissioners were authorized to raise by the sale of lots in the reservation. First they called for plans, and accepted those of Fuller & Laver, New York architects, who had designed the State Capitol at Albany, which cost the modest sum of $21,500,000, most of which went into the pockets of grafters. Fuller & Laver guaranteed to keep the cost of our City Hall within the limit. The first signs of a shortage developed when the lots in the reservation were auctioned off. They brought $953,000. Of that amount $500,000 was consumed in the contract for the construction of the foundation. The rest of the money went before the completion of the first story, and then the Legislature passed an act authorizing the supervisors to levy a tax each year to raise the money needed to complete the building. Then the people began to grumble, and the City Hall soon became a political issue. It was charged that there was graft in the sale of the lots, and Mayor Alvord in 1873 advised that the property be recovered. "It will be a lasting disgrace to the city," he said, " to erect so large and splendid a pile in the small tract reserved for it, hemmed in by the rows of inferior houses that will grow up around it. The lots should be repurchased, and the whole space should be converted into lawns. It is cheap and mean to deny ourselves and posterity an advantage of this kind." Mayor Alvord's words were unheeded. In 1877 the Hall of Records was finished, but long before this the plans were changed. With each change of administration came a new architect with new ideas. The original plans called for a three-story building with a mansard roof and a square tower. In the end there was no mansard roof and no square tower. Up to 1889, long before the building was finished, it cost $3,750,000, and in that year when Buckley was in power, A. T. Spotts, the Secretary of the City Hall Commission, sought to assuage the emotions of the grumbling taxpayers by informing them that in comparison with the City Hall in Philadelphia our municipal building was progressing nicely. Work on both buildings was started in 1870, and at the end of nineteen years neither was finished, but as Mr. Spotts proudly pointed out, while $13,000,000 had been consumed by the grafters of Philadelphia, only a little more than a fourth of that sum had been spent by the people of this city. The records do not indicate whether or not Mr. Spotts succeeded in stifling the roar of the populace, but from the history of the City Hall we learn that the taxpayers kept right on putting up till 1899 when after twenty-eight years of hard work the building was finished at a cost of $5,723,974. But as during all those long, weary years many parts of the building fell into decay, as soon as it was completed the work of restoration began and probably continued down to the day of the catastrophe. This brief recapitulation of the history of the City Hall we submit to Mayor Taylor, begging leave at the same time to suggest that it might be advisable for him to take precautions against a recurrence of the things by which the original City Hall was rendered somewhat archaic before it was finished.

Books "Readable and Unnecessary"

Speaking of novels that deal with the "follies and degeneracies of the rich," the ladies of the Papyrus Club pronounce them readable but unnecessary. This is not very substantial criticism. Nor is it quite sound. The readableness of a book is largely a matter of the capacity of the reader. Most of the current novels that deal with the follies and degeneracies of the rich are readable only to those who are able to feast on trash. Of course they are unnecessary, but what books are necessary? We have managed to get along very well without the lost tragedies of Aeschylus, and few there are that mourn the innumerable classics which have not come down to us, though all scholars believe that literature would be enriched were merely the poems of Sappho to be unearthed on Lesbos. We are of the opinion that most of the works of fiction now being issued by American publishers are both unreadable and unnecessary, but we have no objection to them on that score. They are a source of entertainment to some persons, and they do no harm. Not even to those books that are considered salacious do we object. Even pornographic publications are less mischievous and less harmful than much of the magazine literature of the day which is designed to incite prejudices and hatreds, to destroy faith in the fundamental principles of government, and confuse the public mind by instilling the notion that to discipline the corrupt plutocracy we must give the mob unlimited sway. The ladies of the Papyrus Club, we fear, are wasting their valuable time by concerning themselves with the evils of such fiction as purports to mirror the follies of society and which occasionally appeals to the prurient minded. It serves a more useful purpose to warn the general reader against publications which undermine faith in institutions that are justified by experience and principle, than against those which are contra bonos mores. Among the works of fiction "readable but unnecessary," dealing with the follies of society, is the "Decameron," which, though it was published in the days when the Index Expurgatorius was a terror to authors, it was not put under the Papal ban. It was a liber expurgandus but not a liber prohibitus, and the corrections insisted on related not to the licentious episodes but to passages reflecting discredit on ecclesiastical persons. These passages were rendered unobjectionable chiefly by substituting representatives of the nobility for members of the priesthood. What a change has come over the sentiment of the wise! It is still realized that for civilizing purposes, for the advancement of mankind, art is not less important than religion, and yet we restrict it in the

choice of its themes, put bounds to imagination, and give absolute freedom to the philosophy of the illiterate.

The Faker In Journalism

Our esteemed contemporary, the Globe, has been calling attention to some of the more notable of the fake stories of a sensational character with which newspapers in various parts of the country have been regaling their readers. And the Globe tells us the faker does not last long in journalism; that as soon as he is detected he has to say farewell "to the newspaper business wherever he is known." Not everybody will give credence to this assertion as it seems highly improbable that yellow journalism, which dominates newspaperdom, is intolerant of the habitual faker. But the assertion is true. It must not be inferred, however, that yellow journalism abhors distortion of the truth or plausible fiction. The only faker who is not wanted by yellow journals is the one that deceives the editors as well as the readers. The editor of a yellow journal has irremovable objections against being deceived or gulled by his reporters. He prefers that there shall be no faking except such as he orders; or, at any rate, none of which he is not cognizant. Though the habitual faker to whom the Globe refers, the man who cheats editors with spurious wares, is an object of aversion in newspaperdom, he is in reality one of the most harmless of journalists. By inventing plausible stories for popular consumption and fabricating colorful details to give verisimilitude to bald and uninteresting narratives he supplies a great deal of entertainment. As the incidents he describes are imaginary, and the persons are abstractions, he inflicts no suffering and impairs nobody's reputation. If by his deceptions we are led to marvel at things that never happened or sympathize with persons that never existed, no harm is done. How much better it would be were the news of much that happens suppressed and the space thus created were devoted to the preposterous yarns of the innocuous faker! The faking in journalism that works michief is that which is designed to mislead public opinion, and the extent to which it is practiced is beyond the conception of anybody who has no acquaintance with unscrupulous newspapers. And generally the most unscrupulous are those that are most vociferous in proclaiming their own rectitude and in affirming their loyalty to the cause of civic virtue. With at least one journal of this class the Globe has been having much experience ever since the day of its birth, and happily, we believe, the experience is conducive to steadfastness in the course it is pursuing since the supremacy which it has attained is due as much to popular disgust with the methods of others as to the wisdom of its own policy.

For the Public Benefit

To the voters at the coming election will be submitted an amendment to the Constitution of the State, known as Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 31. This is a proposition upon which there is no difference of opinion. Its purpose is to enable banking, trading or benevolent corporations to extend the life of their corporate franchise. The amendment was drawn at the request of several commercial and savings banks the corporate charters of which will soon expire. It will obviate the necessity of these banks being reorganized and incorporated anew, which is something that cannot be accomplished without the hazard of complications that might result in widespread injury. The amendment is commended therefore not only in the interest of banking corporations, but for the benefit of everybody whose financial affairs might be involved. Nobody need have any fear of any kind of advantage being derived through this amendment by any of the public service corporations. It is guaranteed to be jokerless. Special care was taken by the authors of the amendment to exclude the octopus from participation in the benefits which are designed to accrue.

Result of Naval Conference

Hereafter all plans of battleships must be submitted to a special board of naval officers and be subject to its decision. This is the substance of a resolution adopted at the Newport Naval Conference, at which there was abundant corroboration of the assertion that there were grave defects in armor belts, in ammunition lifts, in the location of the magazines and in other vital features of our war vessels. The whole system under which the naval department has been conducted was condemned and the methods of the construction bureau especially censured. The responsibility in the future will be where it should belong—upon the seagoing officers of the line. For years the construction department has been subject to the imperious will of Mr. Roosevelt's pet—Chief Constructor Capps, who, it appears, habitually ignored all official criticisms and recommendations. The Newport Conference approved many suggestions and remonstrances contained in communications which have been lying in Constructor Capps's pigeon holes. It is impossible to estimate accurately how many millions of dollars have been wasted during the long period in which we have been indulging the stupidity and vanity of the great man who embodied the whole system, but more disquieting than the pecuniary loss is the knowledge that our vessels are not as fit as they should be. How unfortunate that Mr. Roosevelt does not abhor fools as well as knaves!

Heney's Assault on Judge Melvin

The Berkeley preacher and the congregation of the Berkeley church from whose pulpit Mr. Heney was permitted to speak of Supreme Justice Melvin as "no better than a boodling Supervisor," have learned the worth of Mr. Heney's word, and they have learned the weight of his judgment upon the character of men. To class Judge Melvin with the "boodling Supervisors" upon whose testimony, under immunity contracts issued by the graft prosecution, Mr. Heney hopes to convict all whom the prosecution has accused, is a venemous slander upon a

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The Hub
This Label Chas Keilus & Co. Removes Doubt
San Francisco.

You don't find good, smart dressers fall for haberdashery sort of clothes. They know better; they come here to an exclusive men's clothes shop, because we know more about clothes than shirt, hosiery and neckwear dealers. When once good clothes makers deteriorate, the classy clothier refuses their products. Then they pick out haberdashers. Are you next?

KING SOLOMON'S HALL
Fillmore Street, near Sutter, San Francisco

citizen whose character has never before been impugned. Judge Melvin has grown to manhood in the community where Mr. Heney saw fit to cast upon him the slime of foul accusation. His integrity as a man has never been questioned; his rectitude as a lawyer and an attorney for the interests of his fellow citizens, has never been doubted; his faithful adherence to every principle of justice, equity and honest purpose while he was on the bench of the Superior Court of Alameda County, has been universally conceded by all who have had dealings with him in that office. The first shaft of detraction ever hurled at Judge Melvin was from the quiver of malicious libel that Francis J. Heney carries with him wherever he goes—into the hustings of partisan politics, into the law courts where he prosecutes men to whom he has promised "immunity," into the pulpits of churches that stand for "moral reform" without knowledge of the thing they ought to reform. In this instance Mr. Heney had to eat his words as he was compelled upon another occasion to acknowledge that he had no proof with which to substantiate a public accusation. Face to face with Judge Melvin whom he had so foully aspersed he denied that he had uttered the words imputed to him; denied his slanderous assault; denied the unanimous report of his libel as published in the newspapers; and accused those who heard him compare Judge Melvin to the "boodling Supervisors," of lying. There is no defense for Judge Melvin against such men as Francis J. Heney. There is no escape from their calumny. To invoke the law that would put them in jail for a cowardly misdemeanor is not worth while; to chase their lies is a waste of time; to lay hands upon them in angry violence is to touch pitch and be defiled. Judge Melvin must content himself with the esteem of his friends and the consciousness of his own integrity.

His Friend of the Pulpit

Sensible as we are of the fact that the Berkeley church in which Mr. Heney was permitted to spew venomous abuse on Judge Melvin was not the only house of divine worship in which that foul-tongued slanderer entertained and thrilled pious lovers of detraction, we now feel that it would be interesting to learn whether as an itinerant preacher of the gospel of hate he is still welcome on the circuit that is dotted with the sacred edifices where the faithful are wont to perform their spiritual exercises. We wonder whether Mr. Heney has lost caste; whether having convicted himself out of his own mouth of being a vicious and irresponsible purveyor of calumny, he is no longer considered available for pulpit-thumping purposes, or whether the high-minded clerical gentlemen with whom he has mingled in the communion of verbal thunder would still condescend with devout avidity to partake with him at the altar of partisan fury of the eucharist of evil-speaking. It would not surprise us in the least to learn that Mr. Heney is still in good standing; or, at least, that he is still enjoying the sympathy and commanding the approval of the professional exponents of Christianity, who are convinced that as crimes were committed in San Francisco and as some of the criminals are being prosecuted it is their duty as the representatives of a moral force to give aid to the prosecutors. The preacher is by habit and temperament a closet philosopher. He is so used to meditation upon abstract theology and metaphysical problems, that he cannot readily adapt himself to actual and material conditions. He reasons from theory to fact, from shadow to motive, like Bucephalus whom Alexander tamed by running him against the sun. His reasoning is by deduction from a premiss stated in the news or editorial columns of his favorite newspaper. It is seldom that the preacher gets out of his study to converse with the man in the street, or to verify what he has read in the newspaper regarding some vital question of the hour or current issue. He cannot be blamed, therefore, for any biased opinion he may utter, except, perhaps, on the ground that he has not taken the trouble or had the inclination to hear the other side. The preachers who have encouraged the propagation of slander in their pulpits are apparently factors in the moral equation of the community; doubtless they are sincere in their effort to improve what they honestly consider to be bad conditions; but in every instance they have been grossly deceived by those in whom they have placed implicit confidence; they are blind to the truth because they will not investigate for themselves; they are bigoted in a second-hand faith; they are moral reformers by proxy; they trust too much to such inspiration as they receive from the Spreckels organ and Mr. Spreckels' man Heney. And having permitted themselves to become bitter partisans in one of the meanest and most sordid feuds that ever afflicted a community, in all probability they now feel themselves constrained to herd with the cattle of their choice to the bitter end. And how bitter it will be—the inevitable end!

The Possible Determining Factor

As election day draws near the more apparent it becomes that the bulk of Mr. Taft's support is of the half-hearted variety. Even some of the influential Republican journals frankly confess that they are for Taft only for the reason that the alternative is too shocking to contemplate. The remarkable situation in which we now find ourselves is aptly described by Leslie M. Shaw, once Secretary of the Treasury. "I think it is unfortunate," he says, "that the American people now have no conservative leader; that those who cherish representative government as planned by the fathers are afforded only the opportunity of choosing between radical parties, and will have to take that one which, in their judgment, is disposed to be least radical, and whose leader is temperamentally the best calculated to preserve those institutions which were so wisely planned by the founders of the Republic." And the statesman who gave utterance to these sentiments is one of the Republican spellbinders in this campaign! Evidently he is not advocating Mr. Taft's election with much enthusiasm. Like many others he is making his choice between what he conceives to be two evils. Judging, however, from the arguments that are made in favor of Taft's election in some quarters, there are many Republicans of the opinion that to avert a recurrence of the present situation they should vote for Bryan and thus teach their party a lesson so that henceforth it will stick to the conservative principles that are enjoined by tradition. To dissuade men of this mind from their purpose it is argued that in the event of Bryan's election there will be more danger of Roosevelt's return to the White House at the end of four years than if Taft be chosen. And this belief, says one New York paper, may be the determining consideration in the election.

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A Charge

By Herbert Trench.

If having squandered years to grave a gem
Commission'd by thine absent Lord; and while
'Twas incomplete,
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—
Dismiss them to the street!

Should'st thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—
Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
And every spectre mutters up more dire
To snatch control
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd fears—
Then to the Helm, O Soul!

Last, if upon the cold green-mantling sea
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar,
Both castaway,
And one must perish—let it not be he
Whom thou art sworn to obey!

Perspective Impressions

The hardest thing to forget is that which one does not want to remember.

Senator Elkins appears to know much less than the reporters about his daughter's engagement to the Duke of Abruzzi.

Since Satan rebuked sin there has been no such paradox as a machine politician on the Harbor Commission raising his voice in virtuous indignation at machine politics.

The sensational suit against a coterie of Oakland bankers will probably make it clear that high finance on the other side of the bay is synonymous with low cunning.

"Mr. Roosevelt has no control over art," says Israel Zangwill. Nobody ever said he had. Its nature that Mr. Roosevelt has control over; all nature but his own, which is simply beyond control.

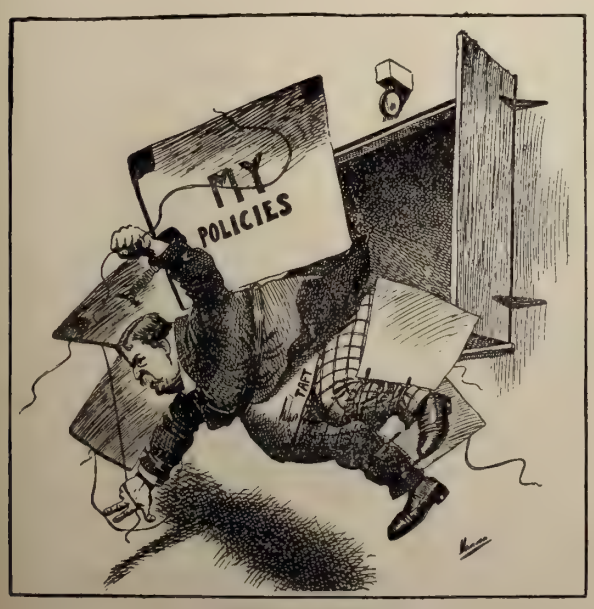
In Pittsburg, the home of frisky millionaires, the authorities have decreed that the Salome dance must not be done except in a long skirt. But they had one performance in little more than a smile which was probably considered too diaphanous. Besides there's the danger of the lady's catching cold.

Judge Lawlor is willing to try the Ruef case in a theatre of average seating capacity. Astonishing! But the judge is modest. The District Attorney should have suggested a tent and three rings.

The New York Post says that "posterity offers Mr. Bryan a place beside Demosthenes, Danton and Daniel Webster." But Mr. Bryan doesn't want a place beside any dead ones. Moreover the place he wants he wants when he wants it, and posterity hasn't a vote yet.

The lid is off in the tenderloin and not a cent is being paid for protection, but the gamblers and deadfall keepers have been enlisted in the cause of good government. All have agreed, in consideration of the liberty which they have been vouchsafed, to vote for the one just judge. Incredible? Take an hour off and find out for yourself.

"If you want to know law without loopholes," says the Rev. Dr. Rader, "you will find it in the Bible." The same Bible we suppose which the Devil can quote to suit his purpose; which tells us that David after the killing of Uriah and the seduction of his wife, exclaimed to God, "Against thee only I have sinned;" the same Bible to which Milton referred when he spoke of "dancing divines" who "came to us with Scripture in their mouths fitted for their turns with a double, contradictory sense." No loopholes therein, but barn doors a-plenty.



DARIUS GREEN.
—Munson in Coler's Bulletin (Brooklyn).



"OH, THEODORE!"
—Clubb in the Rochester Herald.

The Ruling Passion

Being a Brief and Altogether Inadequate Dissertation Upon the Extreme Antiquity of the Essentially Human Proclivity for Recording the More or Less Edifying Thoughts of Those Who Think They Are Born to Instruct Their Fellow Men, With a Shrewd Guess as to What Will Happen When There is Nothing More to Write About.

By Democritus

Man is a writing animal. He began to write about the time when his dawning intelligence taught him that he could obtain fire by rubbing two sticks together. That was the greatest discovery in all the annals of human progress; and the invention of the alphabet about a million years subsequently, was the next long stride towards the existing condition of humanity, called "civilization."

The Chinese records name Fu Hi as the eponmous founder of the empire, and ascribe to him the invention of nets and snares for fishing and hunting; he also taught the people how to rear domestic animals and was the first ruler that formulated the institution of marriage. It was in the reign of Fu Hi that Tsong Chi is supposed to have invented the Chinese characters, which are symbols, not of sounds, but of objects and ideas.

After Fu Ii it was easy sailing on the ocean of time. In the "Age of the Five Emperors" the people learned the arts of agriculture, markets were established for the sale of farm produce, the medicinal properties of plants were discovered and applied, the sages wrote ponderous treatises on diseases and their remedies, astrology and astronomy came into vogue and were formulated by "the Five Observers of the heavenly bodies; and the science of "squeeze" or graft, as the Western philologists call it, was invented and adopted as a national system of economics.

Previous to the Age of the Five Emperors the Middle Kingdom was governed by the "Three Rulers," when everybody lived in caves, ate wild fruits and uncooked food, drank the blood of animals and wore the skins of wild beasts—a period which the modern scientists have agreed to call "the Old Stone Age," in contradistinction to the New Stone Age or neolithic epoch. It is generally conceded that pleistocene man did not know how to write; he had not yet learned to plow; and it is doubtful if he could address his fellow citizens in consecutive speech for more than half a minute without exhausting his vocabulary. This would indicate that the art of oratory is a comparatively recent human acquirement. Man unquestionably wrote his thoughts on the rocks or on the sand and long before he uttered them in speech and argument. The first authentic record of oratorical expression is in the speech of the serpent to Mother Eve in the Garden of Eden; and the same record informs us that the last of the antidiluvians had developed the art from mere formal sophistry sufficiently plausible to deceive the reasoning powers of a primitive woman whose intuitions yearned to be convinced, to a high standard of satire and sarcasm which with their latest breath they hurled at Noah and his menagerie as he went on board of the ark. In the Dumb Age there were no Heneys, as there were no Achs.

The Talkative Age began with the proto-Aryans whose habitat was in the steppe region between the Carpathians and the Hindu-Kush. It has persisted with diminishing fury to the present time and will probably cease altogether after the mild clamor of the American presidential campaign. From Cicero and Demosthenes to Bryan and Taft is a far drop; and from Clay and Webster to Hearst and Hisgen is a long leap from the sublime to the ridiculous. Oratory will soon be one of the lost arts.

Few writers are good orators but all orators are writers—good, bad and indifferent. Orators are going out of fashion because there is no law compelling everybody to listen; writing is becoming universal because it is possible to write stuff that nobody wants to read. Bacon says that reading maketh a full man, conference (oratory) a ready, and writing an exact man; therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little (that is, if he is not an orator), he had need of a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not know. Bacon was the wisest of men, as he is said to have been the meanest; and from his dictum we may infer that reading is the most essential thing in human knowledge, and that the source of reading is writing—not "conference," which only maketh a man ready of speech without depth of logic or breadth of understanding.

I am aware that in thus guessing the intellectual status of our pre-historic ancestors, I am at variance with the scientific conclusions of that eminent archaeologist, Professor Jack London; but I can't help that. The facts as I find them in the records of expert investigators and authoritative paleontologists do not jibe at any angle with the deductions of Professor London as that famous ethnologist has compiled them for the magazines and book publishers. Nowhere in the works of Worsaae, Steenstrup, Forchhammer, Schliemann, Hochstadter, Larkin, Serviss, Sayce, Layard, Lepsius, Mariette, Maspero, Petrie or Peters, do I find the slightest trace of the pre-Adamites mentioned by Professor London. On the contrary, these authorities agree that pre-historic man, immediately after he ceased to be a monkey, spoke a very simple and primitive language and was utterly incapable of writing for the magazines, even if his thoroughly savage inclination had impelled him to that folly.

Man as a writing animal does not develop until about 15,000 B. C. when a few obscure Akkadian authors and a little group of pre-historic Egyptians began to put their crude thoughts into ideographs and hieroglyphs. From the Akkadian literary cult we derive the cuneiforms of the Babylonian bricks and the Assyrian tablets from which the Hebrew scribes in captivity compiled their Book of Genesis; and from the phonetic hieroglyphs of the early Egyptian novelists our "best sellers" have plagiarised the plots and characters of their tales.

By the time the Keltiberians, the Etruscans, the Libyans, the Tauergs and the Phoenicians had perfected their alphabetical systems from their cumbrous pictographic, phonogrammic, phonoglyphic, ideographic methods, all the stories had been written, all the plots had been devised, all the poetry had been recited and transcribed, all the wisdom of man had been recorded, and nothing, absolutely nothing, was left for the writers who began to swarm down the ringing grooves of change, a motley, heterogeneous mob of conscious and unconscious imitators, ranging in native ability from Homer and Shakespeare to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Laura Jean Libbey.

There were Homers before the blind bard of Chios; there were tragic poets when the site of Babylon was a waste untrodden by the feet of the conquering Elamite; the inspiration of Aeschylus and the god-like genius of Sophocles was a commonplace when the Egyptians of the fourth dynasty were welding copper and tin to make bronzes for the tombs of their kings in the pyramid of Medum; men were writing philosophy with graving tools on slabs of diorite when the ancestors of Aristotle were roving shepherds on the Iranian uplands—blue eyed Aryans and blond-haired Pelasgians.

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Thus we find that the scribbling mania is as old, or almost as old as the oldest profession. It is almost coeval with the vanity of man. And I predict that when all life and heat and sustenance shall depart from this age-weary world, leaving but one expiring member of humanity solitary on a peak in Darien, shivering in the icy blast from the glacial prairies of the frozen ocean relentlessly and remorselessly advancing with irresistible uplift to clothe the dead planet in the eternal shroud of dead worlds buried in the vast cemetery of the universe—when this last man feels the gripe of death upon the last vital part of a long-starved stomach, before he lifts his despairing eyes to the place where he thinks his God is gazing in pity upon his agony, I venture to prophesy that his last act of intelligent volition will be to write down on a sheet of paper—perhaps on the back of the envelope containing his last will and testament—a brief account of the Final Catastrophe!

Our Prosperous Landlords

How the Merchants of San Francisco Attest Their Faith in the City's Future While Being Gouged to Make Many a Holiday for the Public Spirited Citizens to Whom We Are Indebted For Our Many Beautiful Buildings.

Let us consider the landlords of San Francisco, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin; they wax fat on the unearned increment and luxuriate in the sweat of their tenants. We are very proud of our landlords, especially of the ones that have reared fine buildings and caused the world to applaud the pluck and energy of the city by the Golden Gate. In nowise does it diminish the glory of our landlords to attribute their pluck and energy to the exigencies of a situation that was not to be avoided. It was of course to their own interest to improve their property and rehabilitate the city, but the same may be said of all that plunged into save what remained of the wreck and recover lost ground. I am not disposed to detract from the credit to which it is generally conceded those men are entitled who have spent their money in the rebuilding of San Francisco, nor is it my purpose to invoke censure on some for the inordinate and unexampled greed which they are now exhibiting. I realize that the impulses and instincts of human nature do not vary much in the divers departments of human activity. My purpose is to make the San Francisco landlord serve to show that while we all feel more or less contempt for each other's selfishness, if we were to reflect we should see that none of us is entirely free from the quality which we abhor.

There is much declaiming these days against the public service corporations of San Francisco which of course are not deserving of much sympathy; but if we compare the public service corporations with the unorganized but entrenched landlords we shall find that we have been far from impartial or just in the distribution of our objurgations. We are told by our ardent and vociferous civic patriots, most of whom are bloated landlords, that it is an outrage for the stockholders of a public service corporation to expect more than five per cent on his investment; but the landlord, without a blush, will charge anything from seven to twelve per cent for the use of his property, and at the same time flatter himself that for having built an imposing pile on land which has trebled in value since the date of his purchase, he is entitled to the homage of the people to whom, as a matter of fact, he is indebted for his unearned increment. Unlike the stockholder of a public service corporation the landlord has an absolutely safe investment. No demagogue can depreciate the value of his holdings; no boodler can blackmail him out of his profits, yet he objects to rates that yield over five per cent.

Immediately after the fire the rapacity of the landlord in the residence district did more toward depopulating the city than the ravages of the catastrophe. And now the landlord in the business district is compelling the merchant to vindicate his faith in the future of the city by paying more rent than he paid in the days before the fire. Of course there are exceptions. Several of our leading merchants have entered into very satisfactory leases but the screws are being turned on the small merchant. Acting on the principle that it is the privilege of the owner of a building to charge all the traffic will bear many of our landlords are fixing their rents on the basis of a traffic far in excess of what it was in the boom days before the fire. Consequently many small merchants who are eager to move down town are unable to do so, while others are entering into leases through sheer desperation. In some instances the landlords have attempted to justify their action by attributing it to the high cost of labor and material and the high rates of interest which they are paying for the money they borrowed to erect their buildings. But on their own figures they convict themselves of gouging. In some instances no apology is offered. One gentleman, for example, who gets $300 a month for property that yielded $50 before the earthquake, regards the phenomenon as a great joke.

I have been investigating the landlord business of San Francisco and I have gathered some interesting data. For example, I have learned of a proposition made to a merchant by the representative of an estate that owns a lot 28 by 80 feet on the west side of Grant avenue between O'Farrell and Geary streets. The merchant was asked to pay $800 a month. This price was not fixed with reference to the cost of a loan or the cost of a building; for the merchant was expected to put up his own building and pay $800 a month for the land. Some months ago the Van Ness Theatre people while looking for a theatre site on Market street came across Rudolph Spreckels who agreed to build a theatre for them if they would pay him sufficient rent. The amount demanded was more per front foot than is paid for any theatre on Broadway, New York.

The hardest bargain driver among the landlords of San Francisco, I have ascertained, is that eminent civic patriot, corporation-baiter and friend of the people, the Hon. James D. Phelan. We are more proud of Mr. Phelan than of any other citizen and we point with more consuming pride to his beautiful building at the gore of O'Farrell and Market than to any other. It is a graceful structure and it beams like Jimmy himself in his happiest moments. But how much revenue do you suppose Jimmy expects to get out of that building? Just $450,000 a year, or nine per cent on a valuation of $5,000,000. The building cost $2,250,000, which sum Mr. Phelan borrowed from the Equitable Life Insurance Company at five and one-quarter per cent net. The loan with taxes and insurance will cost him seven and one-quarter per cent; so it is evident that after paying the price of the loan and incidentals our young millionaire will have a tidy sum left over; a very tidy sum considering that the land which is now worth in the neighborhood of $3,000,000 cost his father less than two hundred thousand.

Of course Mr. Phelan is entitled to all the money that he can make his property yield, but as in the role of a public spirited citizen, one that hates public service corporations on account of the way they gouge poor ratepayers, it may be worth while to inquire as to the extent

(Continued on Page 32.)

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Suicide

By Georges Maurevert

San Romano! What a delightful place! Here one fully understands the words of Flaubert, "There are some places in the world so beautiful that one has a desire to press them to his heart." What a pity that San Romano resembles an exquisite fruit whose taste is so bitter that we dare not eat it with impunity, since it causes death. Unfortunately the joyous peace that lies over the scene does not reign within the hearts of the people. On every side you meet sorrowful faces from whose lips these strange words seem to fall, "Oh, had I only placed it upon seven. The accursed rouge! Ten times in succession it won and I played noir."

They pay little or no attention to the scenic beauty of San Romano. They are Oedipus in the struggle with the Sphinx Zero. The earth to them seems but as a gigantic roulette and the sky is a slate of trente et quarante, for this is the Kingdom of Mammon, the Residence of the Demon Chance.

I, also, was a subject of his for a few months, lost a small fortune and became somewhat gray. One day, I wakened with only twelve francs in my pocket, and I owed the landlord fifteen. So I examined my pistol carefully and made sure that it was well loaded with six bullets, for these would certainly suffice to blow out a brain like mine.

I opened the window. "My last morning" was glorious —the heavens, azure blue; the waves, a shimmering green; and the air, heavy with the fragrance of the orange and the violet. I strolled down to the shore so as to once more breathe in the refreshing salt air; then I took a short walk and found that I was hungry. Before returning to the hotel, I bought a paper, the "Anti-San Romano," a sensation weekly edged in black like a mourning letter. During breakfast I hastily turned the pages. The heading, "Suicides of the Week," drew my attention to it. "Here also my death will be reported within the next few days," I thought without much emotion. I even had a desire to thank the writer of my obituary in advance.

One notice, marked with a heavy black cross, attracted my attention and I read, "Yesterday the body of Joshua Jacobson, an American, was found hanging from one of the palms that grow upon the terrace. The sum of three thousand francs was in his pocket—naturally!"

Joshua Jacobson, I had known him well—I might say that we had gambled away, side by side, one franc after the other. During the previous evening in the Casino, where he had lost his last penny, he had grasped my hand with much feeling, had looked sadly into my eyes and smiling, said in a low voice, "I am ruined, utterly ruined. Farewell, my friend—" and went out and—hanged himself.

Still, how was it possible that three thousand francs had been found on him and what the devil did that "naturally" mean? After a few moments, light began to dawn upon me. How stupid not to think of it at once! Of course the proprietors of the Casino had had the money put into his pockets so that we should not think his suicide due to his losses. That was self-evident. Then I began to wonder how much money would be placed in my pockets if I should carry out my intentions and take my life near the Casino. I think I had lost as much money as Jacobson. And then—suddenly an idea rushed into my head faster than the bullet I had intended for it. Excited, but with a light heart, I continued my breakfast. Then I went to the landlord, told him that I would pay him fifteen francs that evening, "Provided," I added, with a sad smile, "that I am still alive."

"My dear sir, we trust you implicitly."

"Then," said I, "please lend me one hundred francs until this evening. I am expecting money from Paris."

"Certainly."

I spent the afternoon on the beach where, after careful deliberation, I planned the various steps of an advantageous suicide.

That evening at nine I donned my best-fitting dress suit, tied my most elaborate cravat and went to the Casino. I made it quite evident I risked my last coin and should have been greatly chagrined had I won. I lost, and assumed first a troubled, then an angry, then a meditative mien. An attendant, who knew me, became interested in my fate. In low, sad tones I told him of my ruin. He sympathized with me, and sought to comfort me.

"You can still have your traveling expenses home, for the Casino makes it a point of honor——"

"The way that I go needs no ticket," I interrupted with deep earnestness.

He looked at me, amazed. "You are not in earnest. You are not going to be a fool, I hope."

I remained silent and turned my back on him. Looking about carelessly after several minutes, I noticed the attendants of the Casino watching me. Toward eleven the crowd of players arose. I went out among the last, hanging my head and looking thoroughly crushed.

The night was glorious. The moon bathed forest and sea in a flood of light. In the distance, I heard violins Deciding quickly, I directed my steps towards a great bush of rhododendron not far from the Casino, a place that seemed a fit setting for the joke I had planned. My hasty preparations were carried out in the presence of a marble nymph that seemed to smile, then—crack, crack, two shots rang out. I fell, not without care, upon a bench and waited. Voices in the distance came nearer and nearer, and shadows fell across my closed eyes.

"My God, it is he! How awful, pierced with two bullet!" Then the voice of the attendant whom I knew, "Hurry, hurry, before anyone comes. Oh, the rascal, couldn't he have done this somewhere else?"

He bent over me and I felt that he slipped something into my pocket.

I almost choked. I groaned twice, slowly opened my eyes, raised myself with great care and looked in astonishment at the crowd. Unconcerned, I took my hat and my still smoking pistol and arose.

The crowd looked on with increasing astonishment. They stared at me as if I were some strange animal.

"This is unheard of!" I said angrily. "One can't even kill himself without causing a sensation."

The attendant who knew me came toward me enraged. "My dear sir, I would—well,—you—?" he stammered, confused. "What do you mean by this farce? I shall have you arrested for disturbing the peace."

"Disturbing the peace!" I repeated, bitterly. "That is well said; that will become the watchword of the season." And I walked away, dignified but inwardly laughing at the crowd of people who had gathered out of curiosity.

I returned to my hotel and paid my debts out of the three thousand francs earned through my suicide.

The bank made repeated efforts to collect the money from me, but it never entered my mind to return it, for I considered that it had been legally given to me. Furthermore I believe that three thousand francs is not too large a fee for a suicide.

To vex them, I lived high for a few days upon the money, and then went to Paris. Subsequently I learned that the sum bestowed on suicides by the Casino of San Romano has been considerably reduced.

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The Centuries of the Turk

Harry Seakes.

The Sick Man of the East is in sore distress and is apparently approaching his last gasp. All that checks his tardy demise is the inability of the divided Great Powers to come to an agreement upon the division of his estate. Will the present action of Austro-Hungary, Germany and Italy force a quick dismemberment at this juncture, or is the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina but one of the score of moves in the last hundred years leading slowly toward the inevitable end? Conditions are rapidly becoming such that it does not seem possible to prolong life much longer in his weakened body.

History contains no more striking lesson than the rise and fall of nations. Today no country of standing in the world presents a more abject physical condition than does Turkey and yet for a thousand years the Turks dominated the civilized world and controlled it by sheer force of arms; their greatest leader, Genghis Kahn, ruled over the largest empire the world has ever seen, an empire reaching from the Sea of Japan across the steppes of Asia and deep into Central Europe. All Russia, Hungary, Greece and parts of Germany were under their rule. They controlled the Mediterranean and their fierce soldiers drove the Slavs, French and Germans fleeing before them across the Elbe. Their name was a terror throughout over one-half of the then known globe. Not till some three hundred years ago did their awful grip on Europe begin to relax and it has gradually been growing weaker and weaker till all that remains in the now lax fingers are the few provinces bordering the Bosphorus. In the last twenty years more than two-thirds of the Turkish territory in Europe has been wrested away.

Like all movements of people that take their origin in the Orient the rise and national character of the Turks seem strange, almost incomprehensible, to the Occidental mind. Perhaps, in a way, it is because their records are so meagre, for the Turks were soldiers above all, and made no pretensions to philosophy and letters. If in their conquests they encountered a civilization or a religion that seemed good to them they adopted it. They have given little to the world and they have taken all they could seize. In this way they embraced Christianity, Buddhism, Fire Worship and finally Mohammedanism, under another great conqueror, Tamerlane.

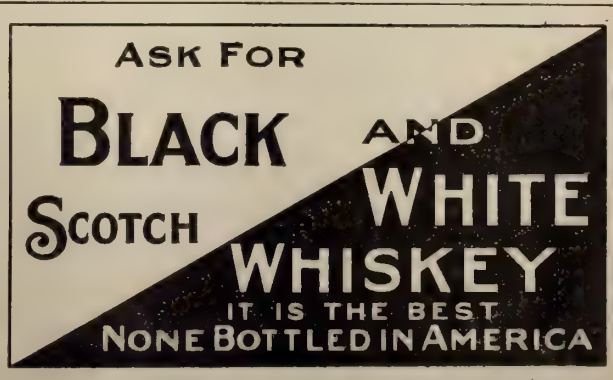
Turkish history is a record of dynasties rather than a history of nations or even tribes. The names Ottoman, Seldjuk, Mameluke, Mogul and others do not apply to the people but to the founders of the empires. The Ottoman Turks, so called after their leader Othman, entered Asia Minor early in the thirteenth century and established the present Turkish empire. They numbered only four hundred families. The Turks who were already in the country, under the rule of the Seldjuks, remained there and become Ottomans. Other Turks were constantly coming in from Central Asia. Confusion has occurred in Turkish history on account of the different names which have been given to the different sections of the Turkish race at different times. The word Tartar is perhaps the most confusing of all since it has neither dynastic nor territorial significance. It appears to be a Mogul word, which means "tributary," and it was applied to all the forces of the great conqueror Genghis Kahn, without distinction of race. His followers who invaded Europe were his tartars, his tributaries. It was never applied to the Seldjuk or Ottoman Turks because they were known in Europe as Turks long before his time (1210). It is now applied extensively to those who are or who have been under Ottoman rule, although it is not used by the Ottomans themselves.

As early as 545 A. D. these tartars or Turks, wild, nomadic, fighting tribes on the plains to the north of China, began to worry the rulers of that country. Mixed up with them were Mongols, Manchus, Finns and Huns, all fighting among themsevles and uniting occasionally to raid the rich Chinese territories lying south of them. Nothing definite is known of their origin or relationship. They were so intermingled, so clearly connected in their language, their manners, their religion and their history that they cannot be treated as different races. Whether they were all Turks or not is only a question of names. The modern Turk is probably right in asserting that the name was originally that of a great chief, the founder of a dynasty. Chinese chronicles of 500 A. D. describe these Turks as a tribe to the north, nomads, hunters, raisers of cattle, having tents of felt—good horsemen and archers, with horn bows, swords, daggers and breast plates. "They are rude and brutal, neglect the old and care only for men in the prime of life. Their writing resembles that of barbarians. They glory in dying on the field of battle. When the Turk is in the saddle he no longer knows his own father." In 569 A. D. a great leader arose among these Turks. He founded a powerful kingdom and attempted to bring together the two great civilized powers of the world, Rome and China, with himself as the connecting link to handle the trade of both nations. Death cut short his plan. Under weak rulers the Turks split up again into wandering tribes and were comparatively quiet for several centuries. Then began the lines of great organizers and conquerors of which Genghis Kahn (1283) was the most famous. He was exceptionally fortunate in his generals, and devoted his time more to organizing than to fighting, but he was himself one of the greatest of soldiers. His victorious successors wedged their way into the heart of Europe far past the locality where the present troubles are now going on in Servia and Bosnia. They conquered the territories from the Vistula to the Elbe, from the Danube to the Adriatic sea. Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Bohemians and Slavonians, Italians and Greeks, came under their sway. Sweden and Norway were so alarmed that they did not dare to send out their fishing fleets. Central Europe was under their dominion as well as all Russia, where their rule lasted two hundred and fifty years.

On May 29, 1453, after a stubborn contest the Turkish banner was at last planted over the Greek church in Constantinople, the Byzantine Empire ended and the Turk was firmly planted in Europe. Syria, Persia, Egypt, Algeria and the most of the countries bordering the Mediterranean paid them fealty. The height of his power and the glory of his later splendor was marked by the reign of Solyman, the Magnificent (1520-1566).

The empire established by Genghis Kahn is called Mogul rather than Turkish but this greatest of conquerors was of Turkish parentage and his army was composed chiefly of Turks. There was no distinct Mogul state before the twelfth century. It was called Tartar but nearly one-half of it was composed of Turkish tribes. Several of Genghis Kahn's leading generals were Christians, as was the wife of his son. As early as 334 A. D. the Turks had embraced Christianity and for centuries Christianity and Buddhism were the prevailing religions among them. It was not till their victorious banners swept towards the West that they became indoctrinated with Mohammed-

(Continued on Page 33.)



The Spectator

Our Wandering Seals

Have our old friends, the sea lions, who in panic fled from their aquatic solarium when the Cliff House was on fire, found more congenial lounging quarters, or are they eagerly waiting for "Jack" Tait to get busy again? This is a question upon which there is much speculation, and it is not all inspired with mere sentiment; for the seals are something more than objects of affection, or even than objects of curiosity. As a unique attraction they are of inestimable value not only to the owners of the Cliff House but to the whole city. The return of the big herd is therefore a desideratum of considerable importance, one that should concern us quite as much as some of the issues of the campaign. Dr. David Starr Jordan, who is an authority on seals as well as most everything else, is of the opinion, I am told, that the seals will return. The distinguished scientist reasons out the probability of their return by analogy. Once before, he says, a fire caused them to desert the rocks, and they sojourned in other parts until the lights in a new Cliff House lured them back. The instinct of the moth and not the instinct of the singed cat is what controls the conduct of the seals in the opinion of the scholar of Palto Alto who specializes in fish. But now comes Dr. McLaren, the learned botanist of Golden Gate Park, with something on his lips that resembles a sneer, dogmatizing thus for my edification: "Jordan doesn't know what he's talking about. The seals don't migrate at night. They'll return, but it will be when the sun is in the heavens. Light doesn't concern them half so much as warmth."

When Scientists Disagree

Thus we see that between two learned scientists there may be an irreconcilable conflict of opinion out of which may come unity of conclusion. Both Dr. McLaren and Dr. Jordan agree that the seals will return, but each has a different view respecting the motive of their return. Of the soundness of Dr. McLaren's view I was somewhat skeptical because I know that flora and not fauna are his specialty, whereas Dr. Jordan, I know, is a fish expert, on most familiar terms with seals; so familiar that Uncle Sam employed him many years ago to investigate the affairs of the fur-bearing amphibian in Arctic waters, and to report the measures that should be taken to ameliorate the condition of the downtrodden beast and encourage the propagation of the species. Dr. Jordan has been known ever since as the seal's friend, the kind of friend that to be delivered from is often a consummation devoutly to be wished. These things I told to Dr. McLaren, suggesting that Dr. Jordan ought to know whereof he speaks. "Well, he doesn't," snapped Mr. McLaren. "Perhaps it would surprise you to learn," he continued, "that the seals returned long ago. One or two of them show up on the rocks every day and take a sun bath. Do you know why the rocks aren't crowded with them?" I confessed that I did not. "Because there isn't grub enough out there for them. Ordinarily the seals live on fish, but when there's a big restaurant on the cliff there is considerable refuse thrown into the water, and when Mr. Seal can get that kind of grub he quits his fish diet."

Uncle Sam Their Protector

It is interesting to learn that the seals prefer the Cliff House refuse to fish for a steady diet, for the Italian fishermen have long suspected the seals of laying a heavy tribute on the tribes that infest the waters hereabouts. More than once the fishermen have shot seals on the rocks in the hope of frightening off the whole herd, and the State Fish Commissioners have advocated the extermination of the seals in the interest of the fish market. Fortunately the seals have always been protected by public sentiment. In this connection I am pleased to announce that the law also protects them. This fact I discovered by chance a few days ago. While looking through some old copies of the Municipal Reports I came across some interesting data with reference to the seal rocks. I found that in 1863 the Legislature of this State passed an act "For the preservation of seals or sea lions within one mile of the beach or shore at Point Lobos." Under this act any person caught killing a seal may be fined not less than $25 nor more than $200. At the time of the passage of this act the Legislature granted a franchise to Charles C. Butler to maintain a bridge from the cliff to one of the rocks, but a few years later Uncle Sam took occasion to remind the State authorities that they had no jurisdiction over the rocks. In 1867 by an act of Congress the rocks were granted to the city "in trust for the people of the United States, to keep said rocks free from encroachments by man and to preserve from molestation the seals and other animals accustomed to resort there, to the end that said rocks shall continue to be a public preserve and resort for seals." Furthermore according to this act of Congress "the United States may at all times control and limit or diminish the number of seals resorting to said rocks so as to protect the fisheries and fishing industries," and also, "whenever any of said rocks or the space occupied by said rocks shall be required by the United States for the erection or maintenance of any public work, or for any other purpose then as to the rocks or space so required the provisions of this act shall terminate and the United States shall be reinvested with the full title, control and possession thereof." From all this it is evident that the seals need not worry over the hostility of the State Fish Commissioners.

First Friend—"Was it a case of spontaneous combustion when your motor blew up?"

Second Friend—"Nope; auto-suggestion."

A Record Feat in Building

The "coring" of the giant pillars to the main entrance of the new First National Bank Building on Montgomery street is generally regarded by engineers as by far the greatest feat of its kind ever attempted and has excited lively interest among architects and contractors not only here but in the East and in Europe. The object of the coring is to strengthen the columns by the insertion of a steel beam and is often a necessity in these days of crushingly heavy superstructures. The four pillars bored for the local bank were eighteen feet long and two feet in diameter and are easily the largest monoliths in the world to receive this treatment. When the matter of "coring" the big shafts was broached many architects, engineers and contractors declared it impracticable. So timid were many of the contractors about attempting the job that they demanded many thousands of dollars as a bonus to insure them against accidents. The boring was finally undertaken at the quarry and was finished without a flaw. Each pillar originally weighed sixteen tons and lost just one-half its weight in the process.

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A Letter from Archbold

Ever since Mr. Hearst began reading the Achbold letters people have been curious to know how he got possession of them. If gratifying legitimate public curiosity is the principal function of a daily newspaper how prodigious is the incompetency of the journalism that made no effort to enlighten the people in a matter of such deep and absorbing interest. The first information that was given to the people of this city was a rehash of a story in Collier's Weekly telegraphed from New York. Yet long before this story appeared the whole truth came out in the New York Sun. In a copy of that paper which came into my possession even before Collier's was on sale in New York I found a letter from John D. Archbold himself explaining how Mr. Hearst obtained the sensational evidence which he has so deftly used for campaign purposes. Mr. Archbold's letter, which was addressed to the editor of the Sun, is as follows: "In response to many inquiries as to the theft of letters from my files the following may be made known: Over three years ago a report reached me that certain of my letters had been offered for sale to newspapers of this city, avowedly as stolen letters. Examination showed that some letters were missing and that they could only have been taken by some one not only familiar with the office details but highly trusted. The party on whom suspicion fell stoutly denied all guilt. A little later, however, a man who represented himself as acting between the thief and those to whom the letters had been sold proposed to return some of the letters for a consideration. His story was that the idea of the theft had been conceived by his brother, who had at one time been in the company's employ, and that his brother had induced the employe already suspected to accomplish the theft. According to the go-between's story, he had disposed of the letters or some of them to two men who purchased them on behalf of Mr. Hearst's newspaper, the Journal. Not only had stolen letters been thus traded for, but the thief was induced to carry off one or more letter copying books, many of whose pages he claims were photographed, other pages being removed altogether. The books in question were, the go-between said, returned after forty-eight hours. It is impossible to say how many letters were stolen and sold in this way. The thieves worked at their leisure. It is not thought necessary to say more at present or to mention names. Corroboration of the go-between's story of three years ago lay in his return of some of the correspondence at the time. The production of stolen letters by Mr. Hearst is further corroboration now. Obviously, among such a coterie, authenticity of their output is not to be lightly accepted. The opportunities for falsification, suppressing of context, distortion of passages are many.

"JNO. D. ARCHBOLD.

"26 Broadway, New York, September 29, 1908."

"So you made a man of your husband?"
"I did and he got a divorce."

End of a Bitter Controversy

The liveliest announcement that has come out of Goldfield in a long time is to the effect that the Florence mine will resume the payment of its regular dividends next month and that the savage and costly litigation between that company and the lessees of the Little Florence has been settled out of court. To those on the inside this means another victory for Tom Lockhart, manager of the Florence, against the secret influences that have been combating him since the big labor fight. His partner, A. D. Parker, vice-president of the Colorado & Southern Railroad, is on his way to Goldfield to hold a conference over the very promising new prospects of the property, for Florence with its extraordinary rich leases has suddenly developed into one of the few rich paying properties in Goldfield.

The Making of Two Millionaires

The rise of Parker and Lockhart, the one in railroading and the other in mining, is one of the romances of the winning of big fortunes in the West through bulldog pluck and perseverance against most trying conditions. Some eighteen years ago both men were on their uppers and working desperately for a hand-to-mouth existence; both, however, were full of that supreme confidence that impels the West to new and greater undertakings. Parker was a railroad section hand in Denver at $1.25 a day. One night he was on his way to his boarding house when he was accosted by a stranger, who said: "Say, pardner, my name is Tom Lockhart and I'm a miner and prospector. Don't you want to take a chance grubstaking me? Let's talk over a proposition." Parker said he was not making enough money to carry another man. The two men fell to discussing the chances of success. At that time Colorado was in the heyday of a great mining excitement. Denver was the center of wild speculation, all classes had caught the fever and the optimistic pair saw golden opportunity ahead providing they could find the wherewithal to do the grubstaking. At that time they couldn't dig up the necessary money, small as it was, but Parker agreed that he would hustle for a better job and a raise in wages and at the first chance he would set aside $75 a month to back Lockhart in his search for a paying mine; of this sum $25 a month was to go to Lockhart and the balance to provide for his wife while he was away. After a hard tussle Parker got the first $75 and Lockhart started on his hunt. It lasted some fourteen years. Both men faced all sorts of discouragements, with here and there a cheering find that helped to pay expenses for a while. But hope and a gritty confidence in their ultimate success never deserted the partners. By degrees Parker climbed up the ladder as a railroad man and as the years rolled by it became somewhat easier to find the money for Lockhart's grubstake.

How the Grubstake Won

Finally came the day when Lockhart joined the Tonopah rush. He located several good mines there, but sold them too quickly and others reaped the benefit. He was among the leaders in the Goldfield rush and there located the Florence, the mine that has made both himself and Parker millionaires. From the start Lockhart had all the papers drawn up in the name of the partners, Parker and Lockhart. Parker manages their joint fortune in Denver, while Lockhart looks after the development and details of their mining interests in Goldfield.

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An Envoy to Olympus

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has been lunching with the President of the United States. Any respectable American citizen can call on the President, but not every citizen, however respectable, is invited to luncheon at the White House. You may draw your own inference. Over the cold turkey and a glass of California sauterne the two statesmen discussed such important affairs of state as the proposed elimination of Francis J. Heney and Detective Burns from the graft prosecution, to assist in the prearranged conviction of John D. Rockefeller for selling Standard oil in violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided; the matter of a personal letter from his maj— from President Roosevelt to Judge Dunne boosting that Spreckels candidate for re-election; and the probability that California will indorse Emper—— President Roosevelt's plan for the Succession. Of course Mr. Spreckels denied all this when cross-examined by a reporter "at the Willard." He not only denied that he had asked the President to write a letter to Judge Dunne for publication in the prosecution organs under screaming headlines; but he expressed profound astonishment that the State secret had leaked out so quickly. He probably suspects the butler, who stood close behind his chair during the conversation relating to the Dunne letter; but one of the waiters who served during the soup course might have been a Washington correspondent for all Mr. Spreckels knows to the contrary. Anyway Judge Dunne doesn't need a letter from Kaiser Wilhelm, Czar Nicholas or the Mikado of Japan. Mr. Spreckels even went so far as to ask the reporter to mark his words that Judge Dunne will receive a bigger vote than was polled for Eugene Schmitz. What need has Judge Dunne for letters from anyone? On this authority, therefore, we may safely assume that Judge Dunne will continue to paddle his own canoe; he will receive no tow line assistance from the Roosevelt tug of State.

Behind the Arras

Mr. Spreckels was forced to admit, however, that he and the Dicta— that he and the President "talked over politics," but the matter was not of a public nature. When statesmen confer in camera their discourse is a State secret. It is not even recorded in the national archives to be culled thence by future historians for the instruction of a distant posterity. What kind of politics was discussed at that White House luncheon is known only to Mr. Spreckels, Mr. Roosevelt, the butler and God. Mr. Spreckels condescended to inform the reporter, finally, that neither Mr. Heney nor Detective Burns will be compelled to pinch down to a Government salary. This is bad news for San Francisco, but it must be endured. There is nobody in this city on sufficiently intimate luncheon terms with President Roosevelt to back fire Mr. Spreckels. Heney and Burns may continue to afflict us, for there is but one Roosevelt and Mr. Spreckels is, in this tribulation, his prophet.

Whom Spreckels Would Destroy

Then Mr. Spreckels lured the reporter into a conversation concerning the graft prosecution, and here he had the newspaperman good and tight. The reporter had sense enough to ask Mr. Spreckels if there wasn't some kind of hitch in the graft prosecution, and Mr. Spreckels promptly answered that it was a campaign lie. The prosecution was getting along all right; there was going to be no let-up; the prosecution was not doing politics since the defeat of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League; and they were going to put a lot of people in jail. The reporter was only a Washington correspondent recently promoted from the Indiana circuit assignment and therefore ignorant of national affairs. If Mr. Spreckels had been interviewed in New York where the San Francisco graft prosecution is two household words in every newspaper office, the reporter would have asked him how long the prosecution had been putting people in jail, how many people had been jailed, and how many were still at large—details that Mr. Spreckels would have been forced reluctantly to give. He would have told the reporter that the graft prosecution had been wasting itself on the desert air for more than two years; that nobody had been put in jail as yet; and that seemingly it is impossible to jail anybody even when he pleads guilty. But Mr. Spreckels is a sort of Joey Bagstock, "tough old Joe," in that, notwithstanding perennial and perpetual discouragement, he still and ever " 'as 'opes."

First Philosopher—"How do you account for the strange affinity between a negro and a chicken?"

Second Philosopher—"Easily enough; one is a descendant of Ham and the other of eggs."

Diplomacy on the High Seas

Now will the busy editor improve the shining hour by writing an editorial deprecating the order from One Who Must Be Obeyed commanding that the Pacific fleet shall proceed almost forthwith to the Atlantic ocean, there to stay until it shall be demonstrated beyond the peradventure of every doubt that our honorable friends in Japan have not the slightest intention of invading us by way of Atascadero, Pescadero of Cazadero. Talk about the subtle diplomacy of Talleyrand-Perigord or the insidious foreign policies of Richelieu and Mazarin! These were but half-baked intrigues of a measly statecraft, compared with the profound wisdom here displayed by the Roosevelt administration at its latest gasp! Behold the chain of events since the Rooseveltian method of overawing the Orient and maintaining the mastery of the Pacific began to unfold itself under the red-tapery of the navy department! A battle-fleet in being, surging onward from banquet-board to banquet-board of the hospitable Latin republics; from barbecue to panoplied pomp and circumstance of street parade and eloquent speechfest of Californian gladhanderoutazipboomah; thence as the stormy petrel flies, to the blessed isles of the dusky hula dancers, where the ylang-ylang blooms and the cocktails are made of poi; and then sou' by sou' west direct to the Austral continent where the long-headed Saxon lives in eternal peace with the dog-faced Bushman there to shake hands across the sea with our cousins of Botany Bay whose ancestors came over close-fettered by the tie that binds, but where our heroes had to go ashore with guns that wouldn't shoot; still onward to the hot and frisky land of Taft where the armor-clad diplomats didn't go ashore at all, because old King Cholera was holding high revel in the walled city and on the Malacanan; and once more, this time nor' nor' west, armada-like, across the circle of Cancer to invade and

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conquer the tea houses of Tokio and hold other and daintier hands across the sea with the giggling geishas of Yokohama; and again breasting the monsoon of the China sea en route to Singapore and Port Said, anywhere east or west of Suez where the bayaderes are agile in the Red Bazaar and other houses of mirth; always westward hoing through the Mediterranean and other banquet-bordered seas where the towns are all wide open, only pausing to eat, drink and make merry speeches about ourselves and those who are kind to us on this long and pleasant voyage; until our battle fleet is once more at anchor at the place of beginning, like the elderly naval man who sat alone on a piece of stone where the shores that round the coast from Deal to Ramsgate span, reciting in a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Where the Battle Will Be Fought

Thus the Big Stick, waving monitorially in the cryptic chancellery of Washington, casts its lambent shadow athwart the face of the earth from Hampton Roads to Plymouth Hoe, awing empires to sullen submission and making petty principalities bow the servile knee that thrift may follow fawning. This is the kind of diplomacy that counts. It may be likened to the moral suasion of the Mexican borders that preserves peace on the reservation and good will to men, but keeps its guns ready. We have frightened the Jap into good manners and our fleet may safely ride at anchor anywhere between the salons of Newport and the dance halls of the Bowery where they need the social prestige of the admirals and the red and white metal of the gun deck. Atascadero may bivouac in peace; Pescadero may chase the toothsome pompano unafraid; Cazadero may hammock in her boskage far from the madding crowd and war's alarms—there will be no invasion of the Pacific Coast by the fierce hussars and unwhiskered pandours of Nippon. There is no need for a war fleet on the Pacific. We have told the enemy that while we do not want to fight, by Jingo if we do we've got the men, we've got the ships, and we've got the money too. But let me put a flea in the deaf ear of the Boss Diplomat: It was never the intention of Japan to invade the Pacific Coast; a war fleet is indeed unnecessary on this coast as far as the Japanese are concerned, but not because the coast is safe from a warlike invasion. When Japan takes the notion to worry us with a fight they will not take the trouble to cross the ocean to open hostilities; they will make us come to them—the cock of the East will fight in his own barnyard. When Japan is ready the first blow will fall upon the Philippines and the second will land on Hawaii. Then we can do as we please; but if we resent this sort of diplomacy we will have to enter our protest under the guns of Corregidor or somewhere outside the forty-fathom line of Diamond Head. And it will take a long time to steam from Hampton Roads to the firing line. In the meantime, however, let us listen attentively to the cordial eloquence of Ito; let us applaud the brotherly sentiments of Katsura; let us shout "Banzai!" to the trade talk and commerce guff of Shibusawa. There will be no war, of course,; as long as Japan gets everything she demands; but it is quite certain that the peace of nations will not be preserved by the queer diplomacy now in process in Washington—war will not be averted by bluff, buncombe and brass band diplomacy.

RHEUMATISM
AND ALL PAIN INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY
BAUME BETULAE
THE ORIGINAL APPLICATION BY ABSORPTION
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS FOR 50 CENTS A TUBE
AND AT OWL DRUG COMPANY STORES.

Found Fortune in the East

The recent selection of Harrison Fisher, the artist, to do $3,000 "rush" work on Christmas illustrations for the Appletons, recalls the fact that some ten years ago Fisher was unable to get a position to do newspaper illustration on any of the local dailies. He was literally forced to go East in order to get work. Some time ago he was credited with making $20,000 in seven months. He easily makes $10,000 a year now, so the call of the East has proven a call to fortune in his case. Prosperous now, Fisher fell upon very hard ground when he landed in New York and for a period he encountered great difficulties, but he was full of grit and industry and buckled down to grinding work. In company with Stanlaus and several other artists down on their luck he leased a small room in the bohemian quarter and all of them led a hand-to-mouth existence for many cold, cheerless moons. All four of them have since made their mark among the top notchers.

Making "Easy Money"

When Fisher was here on his vacation a while ago he recounted several anecdotes illustrating how success begets success and incidentally furnishes ready money. The day before he left New York for California a representative of Armour, the Chicago packer, entered his studio and said that the firm was about to get out its annual calendar and wanted Mr. Fisher, among other well-known American artists, to do one of his typical woman's heads. Fisher replied that he was packing his traps to go on his first vacation, that he had planned to leave the next day, and that he wouldn't draw a head for any man at any price. "Price is no object," replied the agent, quickly, "name your figure." Fisher felt impelled to fix a price upon the drawing that would prove prohibitive and end all further discussion, so he answered "$250." "Good," replied the agent, briskly, "that's quite satisfactory. I'll make out the check right here and settle the business at once." And he did. After he had gone Fisher glanced at the check in his hand and pocketed it with a smile. Then he walked to a nearby portfolio, drew out the partly finished study of a head, bestowed several deft strokes



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ROOS BROS.

Fillmore at O'Farrell Van Ness at Bush

upon it, addressed it as requested by the agent, and then went back to his packing—all within the half hour.

Mrs. Cumso—"Here's an item in the paper that says the earth will be depopulated by using up all the water."

Mr. Cumso—"That's campaign literature you are reading, my dear, and its intended to bluff the prohibitionists."

A Clearing House for Science

Dr. Jordan of Stanford University, Dr. Wheeler of the State University, and all the doctors of the Board of Supervisors are in favor of establishing a hospital for the city's sick poor under direction of the medical departments of the two universities. In a recent discussion of the proposition Dr. Jordan mentioned three "apparent advantages" that would accrue, namely, (1) reduction of the city's expenses; (2) the best of care for the poor sick and the sick poor; and (3) material advancement of the cause of education. I am delighted to learn from Dr. Jordan (who is a well of information undefiled) that the poor are to be utilized at last. They have been with us too long already in their unproductive capacity; it is indeed time that they were made to contribute to the wealth of our city and the sum of our medical and surgical knowledge. It was unnecessary that Dr. Jordan should assure us of the tender mercy with which the freshmen and sophomores of the university medical departments will experiment on the poor sick consigned to their empirical observation and treatment; there will certainly be no woeful waste of patients in this clinical hospital by these undergraduates, these doctors in the bud, these eager, aspiring Sangrados in embryo. But it is the economic feature of the proposition and the educational aspect of the plan that will appeal most powerfully to the practical citizen. By shifting the expense of a hospital for the unfortunate from the city to the State and the endowment fund of the Stanford University, the city will be relieved of a grievous financial burden; and the money can be used for a better purpose—some of our city officials are not yet supplied with automobiles and not all of them have access to steam launches in which to reach the summer homes across the bay after the revelries that detain them beyond the hour of "the last boat." Then there are the "educational advantages," not only to the students but to the patients themselves before and after the chloroform period of instruction. How edifying for a poor beggar suffering from some incurable disease to hear his symptoms described by the learned preceptor; to listen with interested attention while his hopeless condition is diagnosed by a wise man in spectacles; to realize at last, from such fragments of discourse as he may be able to comprehend in the mass of technical disquisition, that his "heart action" is so weak and uncertain that it is extremely doubtful if he will awake from the sleep at that moment to be imposed upon him in the fumes of the ether cup! Yes, indeed, the "education advantages" of Dr. Jordan's hospital enterprise are two-fold—it is twice blest, like the quality of mercy; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. By all means let us give our poor to the learned doctors of the universities and the political doctors of the Board of Supervisors; for three good reasons, to wit: (1) that the city may grow rich from their elimination from the municipal budget; (2) that they may be preserved from a long life under the scalpels and potions of succeeding classes of nascent chirurgeons and novitiate pathologists; and (3) that the science of medicine may be advanced the space of an inch and a half.

Fool Prophets

I take occasion at this time to serve notice on the political prophets, the pre-election lightning calculators, and the soothsayers generally who are juggling with the election probabilities, that I am saving their figures, hoarding their prognostics, collecting their opinions, classifying their prophecies, and filing their predictions; with intent to put them all to scorn and confusion at the first opportunity after the event shall make so many monkeys of the oracles. I have never been enamored of the soothsaying person, be he a hindsight wizard or a foresight guesser; the seer has ever been an abomination in my sight and the sibyl has always been a stench in my nostrils. In my view the political prophet, though he column his "figures" a mile high and mass his "sure" and "doubtful" states in serried ranks, is of no more worth in the practical economy of human destiny than the fortune-telling hag that sells tips on a horse race from a greasy pack of cards. I am able, therefore, to predict vast sport from my bunch of political prophets as soon as the polls are fairly closed.

She—"His wife charges him in her divorce complaint with saying things behind her back."

He—"Perhaps he was justified; he may have been trying to button her dress."

A Landmark To Be Restored

One of San Francisco's most venerable landmarks, one that despite fire and earthquake, the shattering of it and the consuming of its vitals, will happily serve as a link between the old San Francisco and the new, is St. Mary's Church at the corner of Dupont and California streets. A noble specimen of the Gothic style of architecture, all that remains of the grand old edifice is the shell of firmly mortared brick which has all the rugged beauty of an ancient ruin. Experts have reported that it would require full a third of the original cost of the solid walls to demolish them, and it has therefore been decided to restore the building on the original lines. The Paulist fathers have many photographs of the old interior and this will be reproduced with all its characteristic features. They are now raising money to pay the cost of reconstruction and they will be given a benefit entertainment at the American Theatre on Thursday of next week. Robert Warwick and several other professionals will take part in the performance. Among the patronesses are Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mrs.

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A Monument to Alemany

Old St. Mary's was for many years the Catholic Cathedral of this diocese. When in 1853 the later Archbishop Alemany was transferred from the See of Monterey to San Francisco there were but three Catholic churches in the city. These were the Mission Dolores, then far removed from the centre of population, St. Patrick's, then on the site of the Palace Hotel, and the old St. Francis, then a small and unpretentious structure. The present site of St. Mary's was then the heart of the residence district. It was donated to the church by John Sullivan and his wife, Katherine, and their remains are buried in a mortuary chapel in the old church. The cornerstone of the building was laid on July 17, 1853, and the sonorous bell rang out for the first mass on Christmas morning in 1854. For many years the old Cathedral marked the centre of San Francisco's original tenderloin. Save for one street it could be approached only through avenues lined with brothels, a circumstance that lent particular significance to the admonition to observe the hour and fly from evil which was engraved in an oblong piece of granite beneath the clock in the graceful tower. Nobody ever heard of Archbishop Alemany urging the city authorities to improve the character of his environment. He probably felt that as his church was in the midst of the fallen it was easily accessible to those who needed it the most. On the morning of the earthquake the great cross and pediment on the front of the tower fell and crushed the granite steps of the main entrance. Several pinnacles of exquisitely carved Cararra marble were broken from the Gothic altars within. No other damage was done until the fire swept along. The priests tried to save the church, but they were driven from the roof by the soldiers and at midnight of the first day the last column of flame shot from the open top of the old tower.



OLD ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Stagey—"Here's another blow at the liquor traffic."
Blokey—"What's that."
Stagey—Why, the paper says that the tendency of the stage nowadays is toward one-act plays."

A Bad Risk

During the recent fire at the Bohemian Club a lot of clubmen ran into the street and eagerly scanned the roof whence the smoke was slowly curling. A passerby seeing the commotion said to Frank Goad, "What's the matter?" Mr. Goad looked ruminatively at the native before replying, "It's snowing." As this is the eighth time the fire department has been called to the Little Palace since the Bohemian Club has occupied it the insurance companies have cancelled the insurance, having decided that the club is "hot stuff" and a bad risk.

Mrs. Whelan Designs For Belasco

Few of those who witnessed the Warfield production of "A Grand Army Man," with its comical costumes so true to the hideous period of 1882 knew that the costumes for this play and indeed for all of the Warfield productions are designed by Albertine Randall (Mrs. Fairfax) Whelan. Mrs. Whelan left San Francisco for New York

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soon after the fire and the death of her mother, and has since been enjoying a salary of twelve thousand a year paid to her by Belasco. She designed the "Rose of the Rancho" costumes and as Belasco seems looking more and more to the West for his ideas her knowledge is of service to him. Those who know Mrs. Whelan and her whimsical sense of humor could see her deft pencil in the funny costume worn by Miss Letitia at the Grand Army reunion when the apron pockets of the ladies of the Ladies' Relief, who served the lemonade, were composed of tiny American shields. Miss Letitia herself as the Goddess of Liberty was one of the funniest sights imaginable. Hallie Andrews in her tight "pullbacks," her uncomfortable tight fur cape and her fur cap were reminiscent to many women who were the school girls of that ungraceful period.

Faint Praise for Nance

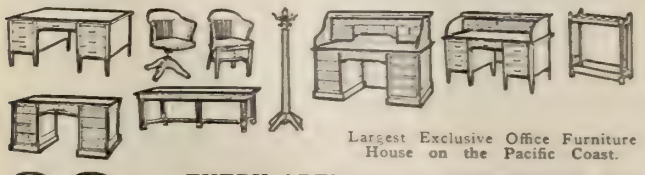
Nance O'Neill is once more in New York and with a new play, one that is filled to the brim with acting, emotion, soul harrowing situations, unexpected denouements and all the other features of the true and tried drama. If Miss O'Neil expected to compel the homage of the cynical critics in this play she has again suffered disappointment, for they have not taken the play seriously. "It is a play," says one of them, "full of strong acting scenes and the dialogue teems with long speeches filled with stress and sobs and tears. It will afford pleasure to a large part of the theatre-going public and Miss O'Neil will be praised for her emotional acting in it." Thus does the Gotham critic damn with faint praise.

The Hospital Scandal

Most of the doctors in town are taking a keen interest in the big, breezy scandal that has blown the lid off the California Women's Hospital and exposed the internal works of the management. Almost every doctor you meet will tell you he is surprised that it took so long for the explosion to occur. But occasionally you will meet a doctor who will tell you he is surprised that the explosion occurred, and he will explain that he had been of the opinion that Dr. Vowinckel was too tactful a diplomat ever to permit the kindling of hostile feelings. Dr. Vowinckel is a superb strategist, as is evident from the power that he has so long enjoyed in an institution of a quasi-public character, supported in a great measure by charity. When the hospital was founded it was intended that all the physicians in the city should avail themselves of the facilities which it afforded. And for years it was a popular institution, but since the advent of Dr. Vowinckel fewer doctors than formerly have sent their patients thither. I have heard by way of explanation that the hours in which operations must be performed at the Women's Hospital make it impossible for the average doctor to attend to patients at that institution.

Latest Freak of Fashion

The newest and latest freak of fashion is to have the thumb mark embossed on stationery instead of the crest or monogram. Gold or silver, red or blue are approved, though the metal colors are the favorites. One of the advantages claimed for the thumb mark is the ease of



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Reasons and Facts Why

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Hundreds of boys have been rescued by JUDGE CARROLL COOK from criminal careers.

By his policy of Probation for youths in first offense JUDGE CARROLL COOK has made men and good citizens of over 95 per cent of those on whom he exercised his judgment of character.

The decision rendered by JUDGE CARROLL COOK in sustaining the "Child Labor Laws" should not be forgotten; it was the first on the subject and was sustained by the Supreme Court.

The reign of terror created by Siemsen and Dabner, the gas pipe thugs, was stopped by JUDGE CARROLL COOK.

Arson, the most dangerous of all crimes, ran rampant until, by examples made by JUDGE CARROLL COOK, it ceased.

The foregoing facts and reasons are presented to you on behalf of JUDGE CARROLL COOK by the Non-Partisan Clubs, organized in February, 1908. All of the members enrolled, numbering 3,000, endorse the above.

WM. GLINDERMAN,
President.

JOS. P. STEVENS, Secretary.

identity and the familiarizing of one's friends with a sign-manual which can neither be changed nor duplicated. There are disadvantages, too, for it is often convenient not to be quite sure of a signature to a document. There would be a sudden end to short memories where absolute denial is considered too risky and acknowledgment undesirable. An absolutely unimpeachable thumb mark would be worse than an unheeded injunction to "burn this letter."

THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

By R. E. Mulcahy.

The war cloud abroad had its temporary effect and then faded away. There can be no lasting depression in American securities from causes of this character. Money will find peaceful employment, therefore trouble abroad will encourage foreign capital to seek investment in America and create a stronger demand for American food products. It is a foregone conclusion no matter what the outcome of the present conditions abroad, American securities will in no wise suffer any decline. The chief factor which will sway prices up and down for the next two weeks hinges upon the political situation which seems as certain as ever that there is only one candidate in the race. Taft has a clear walk over. We will hear some big talk in the meantime that Bryan shows gains here and there, but it will not change the result when the count is made. With Taft's election the country will start on a campaign of activity never before known, and its foundation will be solid; there will be no sky rocketing. The shake down has been most complete. The security markets have during the past week shown a remarkable undertone of strength; this shows the powers are satisfied regarding the political future. The Harriman issues have as usual carried market prices upward. Many of the leading roads are reporting good increases in their earnings. Many of the equipment companies report increased orders, also that they have conditional orders to be filled if the election goes Republican. There is from this time on only one side to the New York stock market; prices will go higher. There may be some silght recessions, but the declines will be small and will afford investors an opportunity to buy on. Union Pacific Common should sell at 200, Southern Pacific at 120, Great Northern at 200, Northern Pacific at 185, St. Paul Common at 180, Louisville and Nashville at 135. The copper stocks will do better; the demand for copper metal will show a big increase before the holidays. The demand for pig iron shows some improvement. Almost every line of trade shows a more prosperous undertone.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of DESIRE SOURIAU, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Desire Souriau, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Desire Souriau, deceased.

CLARA QUEYREL,
Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Desire Souriau, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 22, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr.,
Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

May Marry, Despite Parental Protest

The Butters family of Oakland might be divided into two groups—the "Butter" and the "Bread-and-Butter." In the latter classification belong the children of Mrs. Butters by her second husband, Mr. Edwards. These children have had to work for their bread and butter. Georgia Edwards, who married a Mr. Cooke, has not had a silk-lined career, and her friends are interested in the report that she is soon to marry Lieutenant-Colonel Lincoln Carmany and accompany him to his post in the Orient. Mrs. Butters has opposed the engagement, as her religious convictions do not countenance the marriage of a divorced person. She offered to settle an allowance on Mrs. Cooke that would remove the necessity of bread winning, if she would consent to remain in single blessedness. But Mrs. Cooke did not take kindly to the offer and according to her friends will soon change her name to Carmany.



MRS. CAROL BUCK.

Mrs. Buck has been detained unexpectedly in the Philippines and will not be able to resume her social duties here till November.

Blue Print Plans of Matrimony

Mrs. Grundy's alert eye has been trained on Mrs. Jennie Whittier Bothin for some time, and if Mrs. Bothin should for the second time slip under the yoke of matrimony Mrs. Grundy has an "I told you so" at the tip of her tongue. A young architect, who resigned his lieutenantship in the artillery, is said to have made blue print plans and specification of a happy married life which Mrs. Bothin has favorably considered and the contract will be recorded before long.

Was Surprised by the Answer

There is a tension in certain smart quarters brought about by an unwitting maid who has learned the error of her ways. Mrs. Edwin Newhall has always had a reputation for tact so that her rebuke to the wife of a well known attorney is taken as the intentional retort discourteous and society is divided on the question of whether the punishment fits the crime. The attorney's wife called at the handsome new home of the Edwin Newhalls and was told that madame was out. "I am so anxious to see the house," said the caller. "I wonder whether you could show me through?" "If you wish," responded the maid and unfolded all the original delights of the house beautiful, many of the features of which were planned by Mrs. Newhall herself, to be shown to her friends on the day that her two daughters were presented to society. The lady who thus took the first excursion without waiting to be personally conducted met Mrs. Newhall at a tea the next day and showered her with a nosegay of compliments about the house. "I hope that I did not overstep the bounds of propriety in asking the maid to show me through the house," she added. "The maid nearly lost her position through the act," coldly responded Mrs. Newhall, and a thrill ran over the tea tables at the neatness and dispatch of the rebuke.

Champions the Rebuke

Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, who was Miss Marjorie Josselyn, is one of those who outspokenly champions the rebuke. She has a similar grievance against a young lady from San Rafael who called at her apartment not long ago and asked the maid to let her explore its charms in her absence. The Rathbone's apartment is considered one of the handsomest in town. Their wedding gifts alone would lift it out of the commonplace and Mrs. Rathbone has besides some wonderful pieces of furniture which she began to collect while her engagement cups were still pouring in.



Genthe, Photo

MISS BESSIE AMES

Who has gone abroad to study music.

Gave Her a "Soul Kiss" at the Altar

Conservatives in society would like to have ministers instruct candidates for matrimony that "soul kisses" are

not good form. At a recent fashionable wedding they were shocked to see the bridegroom and bride extend their osculatory performance into the limits of time allowed for a Nethersole kiss on the stage. Earlier in the ceremony the groom dropped the ring and when he picked it up very prettily kissed it before placing it on the bride's finger. Then she dropped her handkerchief and that was saluted in like manner by the gallant groom before handing it to his bride. Practice gives courage and by the time his turn came to deal with animate material he held the guests in suspense for several breathless seconds. This is not the first time recently that the prudish guests have seen reason to protest against the passing away of the tidy little peck of yesteryear for the delicious "soul kiss."

On To the East

Mrs. Milton Pray accompanied Mrs. Efl Walton Hedges to New York and will share her apartments on Fifth Avenue during the winter. I hear she will remain some time in the East. Mrs. Pray is a very handsome woman, with the same wealth of canary colored hair which distinguished Mrs. John Siebe, now Mrs. Largey of Montana Mrs. Pray and Mrs. Siebe used to be seen everywhere together until Mrs. Hedges' advent.

Said Commander Casey

The Milwaukee sailed into port and then sailed out again without giving the matchmakers half a chance at Lieutenant Commander Casey B. Morgan. Lieutenant Morgan is as good a fish as there is in the sea for he has a private fortune that makes his position very snug. He is related to the Van Ness family and has more than once been rumored engaged to a girl in that set. Unfortunately he has an idea and one that cannot often be tailored over to fit the average woman. She must be broad minded, a bridge expert and have as tiny ankles as ever twinkled up a ship's ladder. He is an exquisite, whose quarters on shipboard are famous in the navy. Last year at target practice the Milwaukee did not make a dent in the record and some of the junior officers authored the slogan

"Boom—one gun!
Boom—two guns!
Boom—three guns!
Three shots fired!
Not one hit!"

"But, ah, not one scratch on the linoleum," said Casey.

Never Touched the Wilson Wit

The Robert Coleman's gave a dinner at Burlingame the other night which oddly enough was a "frost." The Colemans are tremendously popular and do things handsomely so it sounds like fiction to date any of their entertainments in the glacial period. However, it is now a historical fact that the memorable night was colder than the calendar would suggest. Further chronicles must narrate that every method of heating apparatus in the house went on strike at once. The furnace sat up, sizzed and gave notice that it had quit; the fireplace refused to draw either wood or coal and the sparkling electric lights and dimly shaded candles could do little toward melting the icicles. Some of the girls put furs over their frapped shoulders and Mountford Wilson sadly lamented that he could not send a wireless to the blizzard country and order a pair of fur trousers. The dinner was a great success in spite of the freezeout.

A Bit Mixed on the Books

The other day a well known society woman rang up a Van Ness avenue book shop and ordered a perttily lettered hymnal sent to oen address and a copy of "Three Weeks" delivered to another. The bill came and was



THE ASSEMBLY ROOM IN THE COLONY CLUB, NEW YORK.

This is one of the many rooms, famous for the simplicity and beauty of effect, that have been decorated by Miss Elsie de Wolfe.

promptly paid, but happening in at the devout old lady's for whom the hymnal was ordered, the lady found that it had never been delivered. Inquiry at the book shop developed the fact that the hymnal had been ordered from the East and had not yet arrived. "You see we have so few orders for hymnals," naively explained the clerk, "but we keep up a good stock of 'Three Weeks.'"

Everybody Was Delighted

The dinner and theatre party given by Mr. Athol McBean last week was in celebration of the birthday of Miss Margaret Newhall. After the theatre supper the guests motored down to Burlingame chaperoned by the Lawrence Scotts, and it considered plausible that Cupid rode postillon with the chauffeur.

Among the Illuminati of Alameda

Alameda society is presenting a number of "candidates for illumination." In other words a psychic wave called the Doctrine of Physical Immortality has rolled into the little town and tucked up its feet under some very important door mats. A Madame de Something is priestess of the cult, and her remarkable personality has evidently made an impression upon a number of women. To be a "candidate for illumination" is to understand the laws of life that the body shall become etheralized and be one with the soul. So, at least, one of the ardent pupils puts it, but I am wondering whether the real explanation of a "candidate for illumination" might not be found in the answer to the riddle, "Why is a commuter?"

Mrs. Pillsbury's Will

It was not until after the death of Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury that any except their most intimate friends knew of the very ardent sentimental relation which had bound them. Every day from the day of his marriage Mr. Pillsbury sent to his wife, just at the noon hour, a bunch of lillies of the valley. These were Mrs. Pillsbury's favorite flowers and she always wore them. In her will, which was singularly fair and discriminating, Mrs. Pillsbury left her home in Montecito, of which she was inordinately fond, to her husband. Her jewelry and wearing apparel except a pearl necklace given her by Mr. Pillsbury, she left to her mother and the pearl necklace to Mr. Pillsbury's only granddaughter, Olivia Pillsbury, eldest child of the Horace Pillsburys. After remembering generously all the orphan asylums and the Children's Hospital, which always get the bulk of the bequests, Mrs. Pillsbury made a small bequest to her sister-in-law, bequeathed her San Mateo property, which was part of the old Kohl homestead, to her brother, and then divided the remainder of her real and personal property among her husband, brother and mother.

Honors for the Season's Debutantes

Miss Helen Jones will be formally introduced to society at a large tea to be given by her mother, Mrs. Clinton Jones, at her home in Buchanan street, on November 7th. The dainty young lady will be assisted by a number of matrons as well as by the other debutantes of the season.

A number of debutantes have been invited by Miss Louise Boyd to an informal luncheon at her home, Maple Lawn, in San Rafael. The motif of the occasion is Miss Alice Oge, who recently returned from Europe and who is to be introduced to society this winter. The guests of the occasion will be Miss Lolita Burling, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Kate Brigham and Miss Harriet Alexander.

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Reception to Miss Fleming

A dinner and reception was given at the Hotel Victoria last Sunday evening in honor of Miss Gertrude Fleming, the fifteen year old girl whose marvelous voice has gained her the title of "Child Patti." Covers were laid for fifteen. The entire lower floor of the hotel was thrown open for the reception which followed. During the evening an impromptu entertainment was given in the banquet hall. Charles Turner, the artist, acted as director and a very good program of song, music and recitation was given by the clever guests. Miss Fleming, as the star of the occasion, rendered several difficult selection which showed the wonderful range and high quality of her voice. Miss Fleming will leave the last of the month for Paris, where she will become the pupil of the great tenor, Jean de Reszke.

Still Harping on the Marriage

The visit of Prince George of Wales to Canada has been the occasion for the sentimentalists to resurrect the story of his early marriage to Miss Seymour, daughter of the British admiral, and to indulge in speculations as to what ought to have been, and why fish is flesh and flesh fowl where royal blood is concerned. The simple, fact is that Prince George of Wales had broken a specific law of England in contracting his secret marriage, and no amount of publicity or acknowledgement on his part would have altered that verity. It is possible, although extremely improbable, that neither he nor the young lady were aware of the specification of the Royal Marriage Act, passed in 1872, which expressly forbade a descendant of the King to contract matrimony without the royal consent. At the time that Prince George entered upon his "experimental marriage" there was no immediate prospect of his suceeding to the throne. Queen Victoria was in vigorous health, and there intervened both the present king and Prince Edward, Duke of Clarence, through whose children the line of succession would have been diverted.

The Wife Liberally Provided For

The plain ugly truth is that the union, or whatever one may choose to call it, which was in existence between Prince George and the daughter of his chief in the naval service was not marriage under the English law, and there was only a remote chance that the disabilities could be overcome under the most favorable circumstances. Circumstances were anything but favorable, for, as all the world is aware, Prince Edward died on the eve of his marriage and Queen Victoria, determined to provide liberally for her favorite relative, issued her mandate to Prince George to step into his dead brother's place, and there was no choice but for him to obey. Other monarchies provide that a member of the royal family who marries below his rank may set aside his morganatic wife, or if he proves more loyal than the average, forego his title and expectations. The English prince is given no alternative. There is no marriage recognized and the woman in the case has no standing before the law. As a matter of fact, Miss or Mrs. Seymour, as she was called, was liberally provided for during her lifetime, and the future of the children secured. They will be a charge on the exchequer as long as they sur-

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vive, whether their provision takes the form of some well-paid sinecure or an out and out pension. The chances are, however, that there is an ironclad contract which will prevent them from trading on their royal connection a sRex-Norman, Rex-Georges, Rex-Guelphs, or any similar aliases, and it is not too much to expect that they may possess enough native good sense to know that they are well off indeed and accept their lot with becoming dignity and thankfulness.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ethel Hartshorn and Captain Thomas Caldwell Turner, U. S. M. C. Miss Hartshorn comes of an old Southern family that settled here in the pioneer days. The date of the wedding has not yet been determined.

Big Vaudeville Tea for Charity

A vaudeville tea for the charity fund of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter No. 79, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will take place on Saturday afternoon, October 24th, at the St. Francis Hotel. The hours are from three to seven. Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield, Mrs. George Theobald and Mrs. D. Lisberger will preside over the several refreshment tables. A varied and most attractive program has been prepared. Special features will be furnished by professional talent. Among the artists who will contribute are Arthur Cunningham, who will sing "My Own United States"; Robert Warwick, Miss Willette Kershaw and Mrs. James Gamble from the Valencia Theatre. Among the prominent society ladies who will take part in the program are Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Gerald Anthony, Miss Grattan Dickman, Miss Ellen Page, Miss Grace Bromfield and Miss Ruette Lynch. Cecil Cowels, Mr. Elliott and W. J. Hynes are billed for several captivating specialties. The patronesses of the affair are Mrs. Selden S. Wright, President of the Chapter, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. William Keith, Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. William Craig, Mrs. H. T. Ferguson, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. E. P. Cole, Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, Mrs. Frank Angelotti, Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Mrs. S. J. Churchill, Mrs. Prentis C. Hale, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. William B. Prichard (a daughter of Albert Sidney Johnson), Mrs. Louis Aldrich, Miss Carrie Gwin, Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. James C. Sims, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mrs. S. P. Adams, Mrs. I. Loewenberg, Miss Martel, Mrs. C. J. Stovel, Mrs. George Maynard, Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mrs. Mark McDonald, Mrs. C. C. Clay, Mrs. John P. Pryor, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. Alexander McCracken and Mrs. Frederick Kohl Tickets may be obtained at the St. Francis Hotel and at the stores of Sherman, Clay & Co. Price, one dollar.

Innovation at the Hotel Manx

The table d'hote dinner, ever popular in San Francisco, has been inaugurated at the new Hotel Manx by Manager Kellar and promises to be one of the distinct novelties of the fall season. Chef Burgomeister, lately of the Ritz in Paris and the St. Regis in New York, is at the head of the dining room and kitchen, which assures unusual excellence in the preparation and service of the dinners. This innovation has been made in order that discriminating diners and others may see the new hostelry and become familiar with its advantages. The Manx is located at O'Farrell and Powell streets, just one block below Union Square.

Hotel Peninsula a Winter Resort

Friends of the Hotel Peninsula at San Mateo will be pleased to learn that the cosy inn is to be open all winter and that unusual preparations are being made for the accommodation of guests. Assistant Manager Miller, who has assumed charge of the hotel for the winter, expects to take care of many a jolly week-end party, in addition to the regular all-winter guests. To that end he has prepared a series of delightful innovations which will tend to make the Peninsula a lively pleasure-point during the coming months.

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Fresh Crab — Sliced Tomato

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Pot Roast with Noodles — Sheep's Feet Spanish
Vienna Schnitzel, Tomato Sauce — Leg of Lamb with Spanish
Tagliarini and Cheese — Roast Beef, auJus

Dessert
Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
Swiss Cheese — Roquefort Cheese — Brie Cheese

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Doubtless the cultured element in this city who delight in artistic interiors have heard of the remarkable success of Miss Elsie de Wolfe of New York in this line of work. This original young woman without question stands at the head of her profession today. The first work of note to which her name was attached was the famous Colony Club of New York City, designed by the late Stanford White. The interior decoration of this club embodies elegance, simplicity and comfort. Among many beautiful residences in the country upon which she is now engaged are the Duke house in New York, the Ogden Armour house in Chicago, Senator George S. Nixon's house in Nevada, the residence of Samuel Newhouse in Salt Lake City, and the W. H. Crocker house in Burlingame. It is of interest and pleasure to know that Miss de Wolfe has opened a branch office in San Francisco to handle her work here on the coast, and will be represented here by Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe, who has studied in Europe for some years and is admirably equipped for beautiful work of this character.

Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis are at their Burlingame home for a month, after which they will visit their Bakersfield ranch.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen returned from Europe last week and has taken a home in Lyon street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Helen Trent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamartine C. Trent, to Harold M. Power, a mining man.

Mrs. Manana Coyle left last week for Europe to visit her aunt, who is seriously ill in London. She expects to return by Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht of New York have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies will leave for the East next week. She goes as a delegate from the Albert Sidney Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., to the National Convention, which is to be held in Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Edith Lincoln will leave this week for a visit of a few weeks in New York.

Mrs. John Boyd of San Rafael and Mrs. Lawrence Poole will leave this week on a short visit to New Cork.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Starr Keeler have returned from the East and have taken the Harrison Dibblee home in San Rafael for the winter.

The Army and Navy have formed a little colony at the St. Francis and add materially to the evening color in the foyer. In the past few days there have arrived Captain and Mrs. George Reed, U. S. M. C., Mrs. George Grant Mitchell, wife of Lieutenant Commander Mitchell, U. S. N., and Miss Elizabeth Mitchell; Captain David T. Cordray, U. S. A.; E. C. Hammer, J. S. Beecher, Lieutenant and Mrs. R. C. Davis, Lieutenant and Mrs C. S. Fries, Lieutenant and Mrs. G. A. Bissett, all of the army; and H. E. Collins, F. W. O'Hern and C. S. Martin, of the navy. Colonel Maus and Major and Mrs. McKinstry have permanent apartments at the hotel.

Baron Frederick Von Schroeder has arrived at the Hotel St. Francis. He comes to visit his brother, Baron Heine Von Schroeder.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs from San Francisco during the past week were J. F. Plagemann, Charles F. Zinkand, Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Coffey, S. H. Woodruff and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Robinson.

The afternoon tea which was inaugurated last week in the beautiful Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel has jumped into fashionable popularity from its inception. With its crowds of handsomely gowned women, charming debutantes and buds, it takes one back to the days in the Palm Garden of the old Palace. It also presents just such a sight as may be seen any afternoon in the Orangerie of the Astor, New York, or in the tea room of the Plaza.

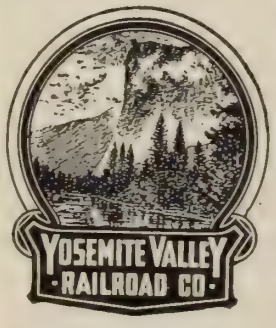
Among the arrivals at the Tamalpais Tavern last week were: David S. Buchanan, J. A. Rogers, Mrs. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houghton, Miss C. Sherman, E. Cerf, Mrs. T. S. Bowens, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting, Kendig Beane, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Burnham and Dr. Guy S. Millberry and family.

The arrival of the Siberia from the Orient brought a large number of travelers to the Fairmont. Among them were G. S. Jackson, Yokohama; Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Baldwin, Honolulu; R. Uchida, Tokio; L. A. Spence, Chicago; A. Mackay, Scotland, and Albert Stevenson, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin of Burlingame are stopping at the Fairmont Hotel.

Among those who have recently engaged rooms for the season at the Fairmont are the A. P. Reddings, Mr. John C. McMullen, Mrs. C. H. Simpkins and Herbert Fleischacker and family.

Mrs. Paul Freygang entertained about twenty-five guests at her home last Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Freygang's birthday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Raisch, Mr. and Mrs. Sewell Dolliver, Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Wetmore, Mrs. C. Jones. Miss Katherine Booth, Mrs. Charles Turner, Mr. Adolph Cashlan, Dr. Vietzke, Mr. W. A. Grubb and Mr. Bettancourt.



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Odd Things in the World

Ideals in Boys and Girls

An interesting communication is made to the Brussels Archives de Phychologie by M. Varendonck, a Belgian school teacher, who has collected and classified answers from 800 children of Ghent to the question what person they admired most, with the object of gaining an insight into a child's ideality. It appears that up to the age of seven the great majority of children admired their father or their mother most. After that age a sudden change sets in and at the age of nine the number of little parent worshippers has undergone a reduction of sixty per cent. At the age of thirteen only one child remained out of 100 for whom father or mother still represented the ideal of perfection. Eight-year-old children possessed no historical or legendary heroes; those they admired most being persons of their own surroundings. Girls were especially enthusiastic in their admiration of such persons up to the age of twelve. At thirteen a sudden revulsion was noted, and only four per cent of the girls remained who still found their ideal in some person of their own set. Boys, on the contrary, did not change with such rapidity. While ninety-six out of 100 girls of thirteen confessed themselves as completely disillusioned as regards their former idols, forty-seven out of 100 boys of the same age had remained true to them. Another interesting point is the sex of these idols. In early youth girls admire women and boys men, although even at the age of eight the inquirer found still ten per cent of the boys idolizing women. This percentage grew gradually smaller until at thirteen ninety-nine out of 100 boys had forsaken their woman idol for a man, living, historical or legendary. The girls on the other hand, became almost without exception confirmed man worshippers from their twelfth year.

Ingenious Act of Revenge

An act of revenge hard to beat for impish ingenuity has been committed, according to a Berlin message, by an Italian laborer working on the great tunnel which the Grand Ducal Government of Baden is constructing through the Black Forest mountains. Actuated by some grievance, he altered the position of a row of stakes, and when the excavators, who were working upon two sections of the tunnel, approached from the north and south, were about to complete the connecting bore they found to their astonishment that instead of the sections being directed to the same point they were twenty-six feet apart. The northern half of the tunnel will now have to be resurveyed entirely, while an expensive series of supports will be required to sustain the framework already built but now useless. The expense is estimated at $875,000.

The Latest Musical Prodigies

News of the latest thing in musical prodigies comes from Berlin. The Berlinos, aged nine, five and four, and playing the piano, violin and violincello, having conquered the Kaiser, are considered certain this winter to take London by storm. The mother, a German by birth, married an American and lived in New York till her husband's death. She then returned to Berlin for the sake of her childrens' musical education. The general intendant of the royal theatres having heard of them induced the Kaiser to send for them. Baby Clarence, a born democrat, gravely saluted the Emperor with a "Good day, dear brother," to which the Emperor replied with a hearty laugh. He was so impressed with their performance on piano, violin and 'cello that he commanded them to appear before him for a second recital, and afterward presented the mother with 1,500 marks and offered to her free of cost the Royal Opera House for their first public concert, which is to take place next session. In addition to this he gave them free admission to the Royal High School of Music, where they will receive further musical instruction.



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JUICE

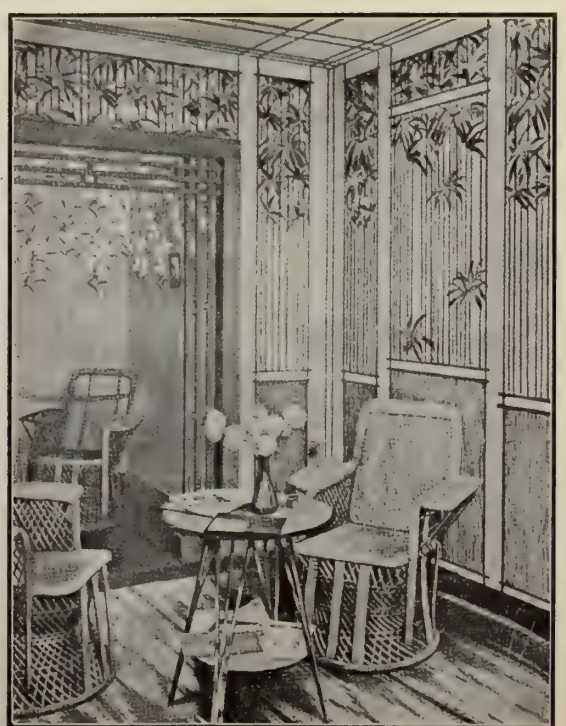
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Stage

"Graustark" at the Valencia

"The Prisoner of Zenda" pioneered an attractive way for the modern romancer when he turned his perilous course through the petty kingdoms of modern Europe. His exploits opened up a field that had lain fallow through several literary periods, a field superlatively attractive whenever the fanciful mind of the world turns to the extravagant in adventures and in love. "Graustark," a dramatization of Robert Barr McCutcheon's well thumbed romance, offered a splendid vehicle for the Valencia stock company in an action of this character, as was attested by the warm reception with which it was greeted. That the courting of a Queen by a strenuous, red-blooded American adventurer was somewhat incongruous apparently made no difference to the sympathetic, generous audience. "Amuse your audience" is the watchword of the present popular school of playwrights, led by William Somerset Maugham, the London rival of Clyde Fitch as producer of box office successes. Measured by this dictum the production of "Graustark" certainly won its way on the score of its love story alone. By all the rules of the game, neglected by Homer and the troubadours but mangled into use by the authors of the "six best sellers," the action careened along its thrilling way at full and sure swinging passionate pace to the captivating climax—where the venturesome hero mounted the throne in the empty room to make love to the Princess on the historical chair from which her royal ancestors had delivered their edicts. Time was when the top of romantic endeavor was reached the moment the king courted the simple beggar maid, as in the good old ballad, but the resourceful up-to-date author is more original and a far better business man; he modernizes the action and captures the enthusiasm of his audience by portraying a hustling, free born American hero pausing long enough in his rush to fame and fortune to raise a lovesick Queen to his own proud estate. Mr. Warwick possesses the personal address and the manner to shine in this sort of role. He expresses a warm sentiment, an impressive earnestness and a daring spirit in his love-making in these transcendentally romantic scenes that appeals in a particularly nice fashion to the candied taste of the discriminating matinee girl. Tales still slumber in his old home here to the effect that he took a course in Cupid's court before he went East to study for the stage. Thereby he very prudently followed the adage of the French school: Get experience in life before you attempt to express feelings on the stage. Miss Willette Kershaw was attractive as the Queen and played the role with her commendable skill, a skill that renders her unusually valuable in an all-round stock company.

"Checkers" Again at the Van Ness

"Checkers" will be the attraction at the Van Ness Theatre for one week, beginning Monday night, and its return will be welcomed by the many theatregoers who enjoyed the comedy last year. The play is unique, a story of American life told in a crisp, clean cut dialogue, with cleverly devised situations and one scene with a thrill that leaves the audience breathless. The hero is named Campbell, but nobody ever calls him that. He is "Checkers" from the moment he appears in the rotunda in a Hot Springs hotel till the last act curtain leaves him with his sweetheart in his arms. He is a gentleman sport, spending his money as he chooses until he meets "Pert" Barlow and hears her beg Arthur Kendall, the dissipated son of the rich Clarksville merchant, to come home. Incidentally he finds out how a sport looks to a girl like Pert and turns his back squarely on his old life. The second act finds him in Clarksville clerking in the Kendall store and adoring Pert without hope. In one of the daintiest and quaintest love scenes ever played he finds out that Pert cares for him, and her father sends him away, refusing consent to his suit till Checkers can show $5,000, earned in a year. What Checkers does to get the money and what he does with the money when he gets it develops two acts of unflagging interest. The management of "Checkers" has kept the original com-



PAULINE EBERHARD.

A member of the "Checkers" company at the Van Ness Theatre, commencing next Monday night.

pany intact as far as possible. Hans Robert plays "Checkers" again this year, and Dave Braham "Push" Miller. Lydia Dickson still has the role of Cynthy, the laughter compelling servant girl, and "Pert," "Checkers" sweetheart, is played this year by Helen Ormsbee.

Sparkling Comedy at the Valencia

The last performance of "Graustark" will be given at the Valencia Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening and at the Sunday matinee "His Excellency, the Governor," will have its first stock presentation in San Francisco. This delightful light comedy is by Captain Robert H. Marshall, the English officer who discovered several years ago that his pen was sharper than his sword and took to playwrighting as a permanent occupation. The action of the comedy takes place on an island in the South Pacific, and governed by a very serious gentleman, Sir Montague Martin. The governor is about to receive a visit of inspection from one of his superiors, who comes to the island with his mother and sister. A steamship puts in unexpectedly and Sir Montague also receives an unexpected call from a distant cousin, Stella de Gox, a French connection who has taken up the concert hall stage as a profession. Her arrival at this critical time annoys the Governor, but he is forced to receive her and introduce her as the Countess de Gox. Just at this time a yellow flower, the aloe, bursts into bloom, and a yellow dust pervades the island. According to a native legend this makes everybody fall in love and instantly a series of affairs of the heart between oddly assorted couples complicates matters. Robert Warwick will have a capital part as the Governor and Miss Willette Kershaw will find a most congenial role in Stella de Gox. Commencing at the Sunday matinee Herman Heller, the distinguished violinist and director, with an orchestra of picked men, will furnish the music at the Valencia Theatre. The management feels assured that the entre act music will be the best in the city. The critical competition inaugurated last Sunday afternoon at the Valencia is meeting with high favor among the patrons. On blank forms, distributed by the ushers, criticisms on the performance are solicited from patrons, and those esteemed the best entitle the writer to a handsome cash reward. Last Sunday a prize of $25,one of $15, another of $10 and ten of $1 were awarded fortunate writers. "His Excellency, the Governor," will also be open for criticism at the Sunday matinee.

Blanche Arral Will Positively Sing on Sunday

The twice postponed concert with grand orchestra by Blanche Arral will positively be given this coming Sunday afternoon, October 25th, at the Van Ness Theatre. The artist is fully recovered and the impresario expects her to make a sensational success. The remarkable program of five grand arias with orchestral concert will be given as originally announced and Mme. Arral will sing selections with piano accompaniment and one number with flute obligato played by Louis Neubauer. Musical Director Steindorff has selected an orchestra of exceptional talent for the occasion. The great "Mad Scene" from Hamlet will be given in its entirety. Mr. Greenbaum desires to express his thanks for the kindness and patience shown him in the many difficulties that have beset this event and he hopes the public will be more than repaid by the excellence of the concert.

The Beringer Musical Club Concert

The Beringer Musical Club, under the direction of Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer, will give its ninth piano and vocal recital, Tuesday evening, October 27th, at Lyric Hall. The program will include several of Professor Joseph Beringer's compositions for two pianos, and works of several modern composers will be heard for



MEMBERS OF THE BERINGER MUSICAL CLUB

Who will be heard in concert Tuesday evening, October 27th.

Miss Anna Fritz, Miss Frances Westington, Mrs. Agnes Burrell, Miss Sadie Bultman, Miss Anita Moore.

the first time in San Francisco. The following members of the club will take part: Miss Anita Morse, Miss Anna Fritz, Mrs. Agnes Burrell, Miss Sadie Bultman and Miss Frances Westington. The latter will play Mozart-Liszt's Don Juan Fantasie, one of the most difficult and fascinating compositions of modern pianoforte literature.

Stirring Drama at the Alcazar

"Strongheart," best of the plays of college life, will be the Alcazar's next offering, commencing Monday night. Its serious theme, unobtrusively sustained throughout the four acts, is the impossibility of the dominant white race meeting the civilized red man on a footing of social equality. We may educate him and treat him as one of ourselves, but if he presumes to woo or wed one of our women folk he finds the line drawn. In the play Strongheart is the son of an Indian chief and by his innate manliness has earned the esteem of his fellow students at Columbia College. He is the most valued member of the football team and in his studies none of his fellows outstrip him. In all situations where his manhood is tested it shines resplendently, yet when he falls in love with the sister of one of them and she gives her heart to him the racial barrier is raised. His patience and philosophy have been sorely tried when a messenger from his people arrives with the intelligence that by his father's death he has been made chief. As the laws of his tribe prohibit a chief marrying a Caucasian he bows to the decree and goes to rule in semi-savagery. Bertram Lytell will have the title part, which was created by Robert Edeson and played here a year ago by Ralph Stuart, with Evelyn Vaughan, the Alcazar's new leading woman, as the girl in the case. She will have the same role in the coming production, and all the other Alcazar favorites will be suitably cast.

Program of the Minetti Quartet

The Minetti String Quartet announces the first concert of its sixteenth season to take place at 3:15 p. m. Friday, November 6th, at Century Hall, Sutter and Franklin streets. The program will be as follows: Haydn, String quartet in D major, op. 20, No. 4; Bach, Duo for two violins and piano accompaniment; Beethoven, string quartet in F major, op. 18. Miss Marie Storey, pianist.

Concert by the Conservatory of Music

An interesting concert will be given by the pupils of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music under the direction of Professor E. S. Bonelli at Christian Science Hall on Thursday evening, October 29th. The varied program is made up of promising selections for the piano, violin and voice. The pupils and their friends are enthusiastic over the affair and no pains will be spared to make it a great success.

Kolb and Dill at the Princess

Next week will mark the appearance of Kolb & Dill at the Princess, in their latest success, "Playing the Ponies." The story of "Playing the Ponies" is admirable in its humor. Kolb and Dill appear as two Germans, Pluckus and Pickus, who in previous years formed an enduring partnership and have increased their capital from "half of nothing" to "something," till they are "bankers and brokers." In their "salad" days they both entered into matrimony at the same time and by a coincidence each of their wives died after giving birth to a son. Both children were placed in the same cradle and one of them died. As the surviving boy grew up he became the subject of great controversy to Pickus and Pluckus, as neither of them was able to decide whose son he was. Finally the boy ran away and joined a racing stable owned by Tom McGinnis, where he becomes a protege of his employer, takes his name and turns out to be a crack jockey. Vera Montfort, an adventuress and race track follower, makes desperate love in turn to Pickus and Pluckus, and wheedles each of them out of his cash, diamonds and bank book, leaving them broke. They start out on a still hunt for her and also for their runaway son. They disguise themselves as policemen and all kinds of comical situations ensue. After a stormy scene with Miss Montfort Pickus and Pluckus arrive at a modus vivendi and everything ends satisfactorily. Kolb and Dill will have the advantage of the support of an excellent eastern company. The cast will be as follows: Pluckus and Pickus, C. William Kolb and Max M. Dill;

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs. Phone Market 500

Return Engagement Limited to One Week.
Beginning Monday, October 26, the Great Racing Play,

CHECKERS

By Henry Blossom.
Same Big Cast as Last Season. Hans Robert in the Title Role.
Prices, $1.50 to 50c.
To follow—"THE CLANSMAN."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE Cor. Sutter and Steiner. Class 'A' Building. Phone West 6036

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Monday evening, October 26, and all week, William C. De Mille's Great Play of College Life,

STRONGHEART

Robert Edeson's Great Success
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

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WEEK BEGINNING THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
HOPE BOOTH & CO., in George M. Cohan's "THE LITTLE BLONDE LADY"; VALADON, the Magician; LEWIS AND GREEN; McPHEE AND HILL; BLACK AND JONES; REDFORD AND WINCHESTER; LA PETITE MIGNON; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES; Last week of LYSTER CHAMBERS AND CLARA KNOTT in the thrilling success, "THE OPERATOR."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

PRINCESS THEATRE PHONE WEST 663. S. LOVERICH, MANAGER. Ellis Street, near Fillmore. Absolutely Class 'A' Building. Matinee, Saturday and Sunday

Last Two Nights of Ferris Hartman and "THE OFFICE BOY."
Beginning Monday night,
KOLB AND DILL
And Big Eastern Company, in the latest success,

PLAYING THE PONIES

Popular Prices, Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (except Sundays and Holidays) 25c, 50c, 75c.

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. Phone Market 17

Saturday Evening, Last Time of "GRAUSTARK."
Beginning Sunday Matinee, October 25,
The Delightful Comedy,

HIS MAJESTY, THE GOVERNOR

By Capt. R. H. Marshall, author of "A Royal Family."
ROBERT WARWICK, and the full strength of the Valencia Stock Company.
Matinee Wednesday. All seats 25c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c; box seats, $1.00.
NEXT—A NAVAJO'S LOVE.

BLANCHE ARRAL

The Belgian Prima Donna, accompanied by Steindorff's Orchestra and L. Neubauer, flute, in the greatest vocal program ever offered in this city.
SURE! THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 25, at 2:30
VAN NESS THEATRE
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MISS HOPE BOOTH

Who will appear next week in George M. Cohan's "THE LITTLE BLONDE LADY."

Bill Welch, a book maker, Charles Sinclair; Mamie, his daughter, Lucy Monroe; Bud, a jockey, Albert E. Duncan; Hal Merritt, a trainer, Billy S. Clifford; I. M. Onne, a Pinkerton, Charlton Chase; Vera Montfort, Maud Lambert; Grace Honey, Leola Maye; Coloney Honey, Josh Fogarty; waiter, Harris McGuire; Manager Luna Park, Tom Clarke. "Playing the Ponies" is rich in musical numbers and among them are "The Lily and the Bee," "The Queen of the Boulevard," "Dreamland," "Paraguay," "Easy Money," "Summer Girls," "Gaming," "It Looks Like a Big Night Tonight," "Something Seems to Say You Love Me," "Telephone Me, Dearie," "Some Players I Know."

Capital Features at the Orpheum

The Orpheum program for next week will contain five new acts, all of which are of exceptional merit. Miss Hope Booth, a remarkably clever and winning actress will present George M. Cohan's bright and snappy comedy, "The Little Blonde Lady." Mr. Cohan has provided Miss Booth with a role that fits her to a nicety. It is that of a young authoress who fears being roasted by a dramatic critic and who secures a position as his stenographer. After fascinating him by her conversation and brilliancy she reveals her identity and a favorable notice of the play is the result. Another particularly entertaining feature of the coming program will be Valadon, recently the associate of the famous Kellar and for five years a sensation at the Egyptian Hall, London, where he produced a series of startling illusions. Lewis and Green will present a laughable sketch, entitled, "Engaging a Cook," by Oscar Lewis, which is full of witty and pointed dialect, humorous complications and several very catchy numbers. McPhee and Hill, skillful aerialists, will present an original act entitled "The Clown and the Tired Man," which is a combination of laughs and thrills. Black and Jones, colored eccentric dancing comedians, will also contribute to the success of the program. Next week will be the last of Redford & Winchester, La Petite Mignon and of Lyster Chambers and Clara Knott in the thrilling sketch, "The Operator."

"Monna Vanna" Turned Into Opera

"Monna Vanna" has been made into an opera, with music by Henri Fevrier, and is announced for production at the Paris Opera immediately following "Gotterdammerung," but Maurice Maeterlinck has raised his usual objection—an objection which has always made difficulties when his plays are staged as operas. He insists that the title role be sung by his wife, Georgette Le Blanc. In spite of the bad feeling, the directors of the Opera have decided to mount the work in October, as originally planned, with Mme. Maeterlinck. This is the third time that the author has insisted on having his wife as the interpreter of his ideas. First it was when Claude Debussy set "Pelleas et Melisande" to music. When Maeterlinck found that Mary Garden was to have the title role in the production of the opera at the Opera Comique he promptly wrote an open letter to the Paris papers disclaiming all responsibility for the work and hoping



BLANCHE ARRAL.

The famous singer as she appeared in "Lakme," at the Royal Opera in St. Petersburg.

that it would be a failure. When his "Ariadne et Barbe-Bleue" was produced at the Opera Comique, Michel Carre, the director, yielded, and Mlle. Le Blanc sang the title role. As the composer of "Monna Vanna" prefers Mlle. Breval as his interpreter, it is likely that Maeterlinck may express himself violently again.

Early Works of Wagner Brought to Light

Following the recent resurrection of Richard Wagner's unknown opera, "The Wedding," German musical explorers now have brought to light four of the great composer's hitherto practically unfamiliar overtures, written during what is described as Wagner's overture period, which ran between the years 1830 and 1839. Two of the most interesting compositions among the four are entitled "Christopher Columbus" and "Rule Britannia." The first-named was played to the great delight of those who heard it by the Chemnitz Philharmonic Orchestra. It is described as abounding in powerful passages interpretative of the longing of men of Columbus's time for new worlds and new civilizations, which resulted in the discovery of America, the land of the future. The other political work, "Rule Britannia," Wagner wrote at Konigsburg in 1838, while eking out a wretched existence as the leader of a local theatre orchestra. In addition to these original manuscripts there also has been found a memorandum in Wagner's own handwriting which contains the remarkable statement that he was so poor that he lacked funds for postage with which to procure the return of the two overtures from Paris and London, where he had sent them for possible publication.

D'Albert's New Opera "Iseyl"

Eugen d'Albert has altered only the title of the play Armand Sylvestre wrote for Sarah Bernhardt and will call his opera "Iseyl" instead of "Izeyl," as he considers his spelling more euphonious. The plot will give opportunity for brilliant spectacle, as the action passes in India three centuries before the Chirstian era and is a thinly disguised version of the legend of Buddha. A young prince, who with his colleagues is devoted to the courtesan Izeyl, robs the temple of the sacred tripod that he may present it to her. Indignant at such sacrilege, the people demand that she be punished. The reigning princess, mother of the young man, answers that courtesans are not to be honored with punishment, merely despised. Izeyl swears to revenge herself on the princess as the first act closes. The second act shows the coronation of the new ruler of the land. A yogi appears and warns the people against the futility of all earthly ambitions. The ruler hearkens to his word and follows the saint into the desert. To bring him back to the pleasures of this life Izeyl goes after him into the wilderness. But she too is converted to a hatred of her own life. She repulses all lovers. One alone refuses to go and in a struggle she kills him. He is the thief of the tripod. His mother, the princess, condemns Izeyl to be buried alive. As she is about to be sealed in the tomb the ruler who renounced his kingdom returns to find Izeyl. The only earthly feeling in his breast is his love of her, but he comes back only to have her die in his arms.

In the Limelight

The dramatization of Dixon's two novels, "The Clansman" and "The Leopard's Spots," under the title of "The Clansman," will be the attraction of note at the Van Ness Theatre following "Checkers." It will be played by the original eastern company.

Manager Greenbaum's next star will be the Spanish baritone, Signor Emilio De Gogorza, who will open a season of three concerts Sunday, November 8th. He will sing at one matinee in Oakland at Ye Liberty.



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Auto Notes

A business move of considerable interest to the automobile trade of California has been inaugurated by Charles S. Howard of the Howard Automobile Company of this city. Mr. Howard has controlled agency for the Buick automobiles in Northern California for the past two years and has met with wonderful success. He has now secured the agency for this popular line of machines for Southern California and will hereafter control the entire State. The Buick line was heretofore handled in Southern California by the Western Motor Car Company of Los Angeles. Mr. Howard will open a sales agency and garage in the City of the Angels immediately after the first of November.

With the demonstrating car only sixty days in the city, the Pioneer Automobile Company report the number of sales for the Chalmers-Detroit cars as having passed the 150 mark. This is more than twice the number of sales of the same date last season, and is looked upon by the local representatives of the Chalmers-Detroit cars as being the best proof of the return of good times.

Mr. A. Dalton Harrison has just returned from Europe and he reports a very successful trip of some 6218 miles with a light six Stevens Duryea six cylinder car.

F. A. Gilley of the Gilley-Schmid Company of this city enjoyed a mid-week excursion to Mount Hamilton in his Buick White Streak. He was accompanied by two friends and excellent time was made from San Jose to the summit of the mountain.

The Consolidated Motor Car Company report the sale of a '09 Franklin "G" touring car to W. H. Lawrence of the Spring Valley Water Company. Mr. Lawrence has been the user of a Franklin car for several seasons past.

A fast trip from Los Angeles has just been accomplished by Thomas H. B. Varney and family in their 60 h. p. Thomas car. Leaving Los Angeles Saturday morning the local motorist arrived here Sunday night. Good roads most of the way allowed of the terrific pace which the tourists accomplished. This was especally true on the roads north of Santa Barbara where the big Thomas car showed at times as high as sixty-five miles an hour. Varney says his machine stood the trip fine.

Mr. J. J. Bullock has purchased a new '09 Stevens Duryea car, which he is using in his campaign work for Judge of San Mateo County.

W. F. Hunt of San Jose spent the major part of the week in this city. He made the journey from and to his home in his Buick White Streak, being accompanied by his friend, Mr. O'Brien.

Senator Bob Douglas of Nevada, probably the best known motorist of the sagebrush country, arrived here last week. Douglas, who has owned and driven a 40 h. p. Thomas-Detroit car for two years, reports the conditions for motoring in Nevada as being favorable only for high powered cars. "I have driven my car over ten thousand miles," said Douglas, "and it is still running fine." According to Douglas there were few cars sold in Nevada last year owing to to the financial stringency, but he looks for a better season next year, a number of high-grade cars being booked for prominent mining men.

A Pope Hartford touring car has been ordered of the Consolidated Motor Car Company by W. G. Richard of Oakland. Shipments of Hartford cars will begin arriving about the middle of November.

Valentine G. Hush, who is well known in San Francisco and Oakland, and who has been located in Nevada in the mining district for the past three years, has associated himself with the sales department of the Pioneer Automobile Company, with headquarters in San Francisco and Oakland.

One of the best known motorists in this part of the State is S. H. Johnson, who has just placed an order for a sixty horse power Thomas 1909 car. Johnson has owned several cars in the past ten years and has in that time toured every part of California. This is his second Thomas car.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Stacy, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and Miss Lewis of Claremont left Friday for a run through Sonoma and Napa counties in Mr. Lewis' Oldsmobile. Their route will be limited to Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Ruttierford, Napa, Vallejo and way towns.

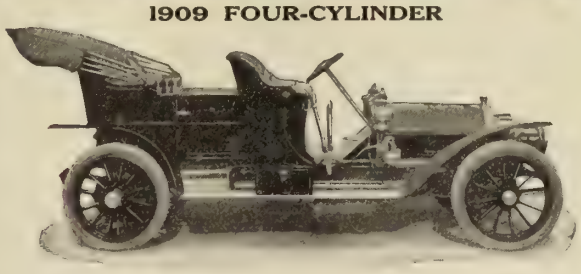
An impromptu exhibition of speed was given Wednesday on the Oakland Boulevard by E. Bullis and the 60 h. p. Thomas Flyer. The transbay representative of the Pioneer Automobile Company had a prospective customer out in the 1909 model of the Thomas car, and was requested to turn her loose. According to Bullis he let her out until the speedometer reached the sixty-five mile an hour mark, when his people became nervous and said that they were perfectly satisfied the car could go.

Sacramento is rapidly becoming an automobile center, according to S. M. Phillips, representative in that place of the Chalmers-Detroit and Thomas lines of cars. Phillips reports having placed eleven orders for Chalmes-Detroit machines in the last sixty days. He took a 40 h. p. Detroit-Chalmers Roadster home with him and shipped four of the 30 h. p. cars for immediate delivery.

Automobilists! Please Take Notice.
Exposure to Strong Winds and Dust
Make Weak Watery Eyes.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes
And Affords Reliable Relief.

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1909 FOUR-CYLINDER



MODEL X. $2750.

In response to a demand for a larger and roomier car than our 20 H. P., 4 Cylinder, Model "R", and more moderate in price than our Light Six, we have produced the Model "X". This car represents the most advanced ideas in automobile designs.

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Our Prosperous Landlords

(Continued from Page 9.)

to which he lives up to his own sentiments. In this connection it must be borne in mind that landlordism, as Henry George called it, is a factor in the economics of a community as much to be reckoned with as a corporation dealing in water or light. It is an axiom of political economy that high rents for land means low wages for labor. When the landlord takes the lion's share of profits he raises the price of commodities and reduces the wages of employees. It was said by one of Henry George's disciples—the late Kate Kennedy—that the devastation produced by the ravages of a barbarous invasion are insignificant in comparison to the misery entailed on humanity by the persistent robbery of landlordism. Mr. Phelan is getting from his stores an average of $70 per front foot, and what he expects to get from the upper floors may be estimated from the fact that his pull at Washington, through obvious San Francisco connections, as I have learned, has obtained Uncle Sam as a tenant for him on the top floor at an annual rental of $25,000. The whole floor is to be occupied by the Army Department. Before the fire Mr. Phelan was receiving an average of $50 per front foot for the ground floor. It is supposed that property increases in value as a result of the increase of population, but not so in the case of Mr. Phelan's property. This magic property has probably increased in value on the same principle on which the property of that other vampire—the Water Company—increased after the fire. What the principle is I have no means of ascertaining, and in my ignorance I can only feebly speculate. It may be said that while I have a right to speculate, to make complaint I have none. In this dictum I do not concur. I have as much right to protest against the rapacity of landlordism which is bound to raise the price of living, not to mention anything worse, as Mr. Phelan has to demand that a public service corporation be compelled to reduce its rates. If I be asked why I single out Mr. Phelan I shall make answer that Mr. Phelan has singled himself out. In this era of prosperous landlordism Mr. Phelan stands conspicuous in a class by himself. He has set the pace for all other property owners in the retail business district. While Mr. Phelan is charging $70 a front foot in the building at the gore of O'Farrell and Market, the owners of the building at the gore of Ellis and Market are charging $37.50 a foot. For store space in the Pacific Building at Fourth and Market streets, which has the enormous depth of 145 feet, the tenants are paying $38 per front foot. In a substantial building on Market opposite the Phelan building the price charged is $33 per front foot. One of the choicest corners in San Francisco is at Post and Kearny, formerly occupied by the White House. This property was recently leased at $50 a front foot for the ground floor. The store in the Calleau building at Geary and Grant avenue is to pay $30 per front foot. The White House lease for the property at Sutter and Grant avenue calls for $30 per front foot.

A shrewd capitalist informed me the other day that though the rents were very high throughout the retail district, the weaker merchants who had to meet the exorbitant demands or go out of business will be able to pull through all right because the city is greater than ever and will soon be booming as never before. He admitted that in many cases landlords have demanded for their property every dollar which their tenants can at present earn beyond the margin absolutely necessary to cover expenses. But my capitalist friend is a fine optimist. He says that while rents are being established on prospective values the many leases that have been made attest a firm confidence in the future of the city. Therefore the landlord who is responsible for this expression of confidence should be felicitated.

New National Hymn

King Leopold recently commissioned the composer Gervaert to write a national hymn for the inhabitants of the Congo State. Gervaert begged to be relieved of the responsibility on the ground that such a song must arise from some crisis in the lives of the people and that to compose deliberately what shall be the hymn of a nation was not easy to do. The King of the Belgians insisted that he do his best and the result is said to be a much better national anthem than the Congo Free State deserves. It was recently performed in public under the title "Expansion Belge." The composer used as its main theme an air taken from one of his earlier cantatas, which was originally founded on an old Flemish folk song, and is therefore admirably suited to its present purpose.

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Parlor, bedroom and bath $3.50 per day and up.

W. JOHNSON QUINN,, Prop.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY,
Of Counsel.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN,
623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

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The Centuries of the Turk

(Continued from Page 11.)

anism. Marco Pole, the greatest traveler of his time, who visited China and spent many years at the court of Kubla Kahn, the son of Genghis Kahn, declared it to be the most brilliant and luxurious court in the world.

For many centuries the Turks and their kindred were a terror to Europe and contemporaneous European writers naturally represented them as enemies to the human race. As soldiers these old Turks have never been surpassed. They were brave as the bravest, perfectly amenable to discipline, admirably organized, and capable, under great leaders, of conquering the world. The race has given to the world its full share of great men, who could not only conquer great empires but rule them. Although they were originally nomads of different religions, no race has ever developed a stronger national feeling. They finally accepted Mohammedanism, but they never loved the Arabs or the Persians, never rested until they had a Turkish Caliph. They adapted themselves to the civilization of China, Persia and other countries which they conquered, but it cannot be said they made any general contribution to the civilization of the world. They have given us nothing which is peculiarly Turkish.

One of the most astute students of the East, a man who has given fifty years to watching the changes of Turkey, had this to say two years ago regarding conditions there: "Two hundred years ago Count Choiseul made a report to Louis XIV that the Ottoman Empire was tottering on its base and yet it still exists (1906). Nobody doubts that the empire is shaken to its very foundations and the tottering edifice is held up mainly by two pillars, the strength and soundness of which do not depend exclusively on the Turks themselves, but rather upon their fierce enemies, who very naturally, are bent upon a steady weakening and final removal of these means of security. The first of these props is the rivalry of the Foreign Powers and neighbors of Turkey in Europe and Asia, who owing to the fat morsel which has kept their mouths watering for centuries, will hardly permit any one of them to become the heir of the deceased. It is often assumed that England, having got possession of Egypt, Malta and Cyprus, will not care much about Constantinople, and that her rivalry with Russia on this point has ceased to exist. But this is quite a mistake. It is not Constantinople alone but the mastery of the Mediterranean which forms the bone of contention. England will hardly acquiesce in a Russian occupation of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, still less will Italy, France and Austro-Hungary remain indifferent to the arrival of a new power in these waters. As regards Turkey's land neighbors it requires a large measure of naivete to imagine that Austro-Hungary and Russia have renounced forever their old aspirations for ascendency in the regions bordering upon the Ottoman Empire. An extraordinary change will and must take place as soon as the question of mine and thine comes to the fore, when the pacificators of today (1906) will be found at each other's throats.

"The second pillar which holds up the tottering empire is the lack of unity and national aspirations which characterize the various non-Turkish elements which make up the population of the Empire. Although these various nationalities are one in their hatred of the common enemy, they are quite at variance and at loggerheads when it comes to their own affairs. The detestation of Greeks for Slavs, and of both for Armenians, is undoubtedly more pronounced than that which the Christian subjects feel for their Mohammedan masters. And the animosity is of old standing; it dates from the seventh century. Furthermore we must take into account the jealousy that exists between Bulgarians and Servians, and between these two taken together and the Rutzo-Wlachs; so that, however effete the political and military power of the Sultan may be, his disunited and quarreling Christian subjects will always be an unequal match for his army.

"From the moment the Turks lost Bude, in 1682, began the process of crumbling off in small pieces, which, with momentary interruptions, has continued ever since. This process will go on also during the near future. During the nineteenth century Greece, Roumania, Servia and Bulgaria fell away from the empire. The twentieth century will begin with the breaking off of Macedonia, to be followed by that of the district of Adrianople. But as regards Constantinople, this most coveted and most precious heirloom, it is destined to play the same part in Turkish rule in Europe that it played under the history of the Byzantine Empire, with this difference—that it would be premature to try to foretell at present when this change of masters will come about.

"The death struggle of the Sick Man can be hastened by only one important incident: the steady deterioration of his financial condition, the disease from which he is suffering most. With the increasing poverty of the Turkish nation and with the dire emptiness of the Turkish exchequer, it is impossible to rule over divers and inimical populations, and with Turkey's absolute lack of credit in Europe, it is inconceivable how the present from hand to mouth policy can go on for any great length of time."

Gifts to Hospitals

"Many witticisms fell daily from the lips of our late King," said a Portuguese Consul.

"The King was, you know, a splendid shot. At a dinner the rather inferior shooting of an English visitor was praised and some one said:

"'And Lord Gadabout, you know, sends everything he shoots to the hospitals.'

"The King laughed, and taking the long, black cigar from his lips, he said:

"'Naturally, since he never shoots anything but gamekeepers.'"



Down Town Now

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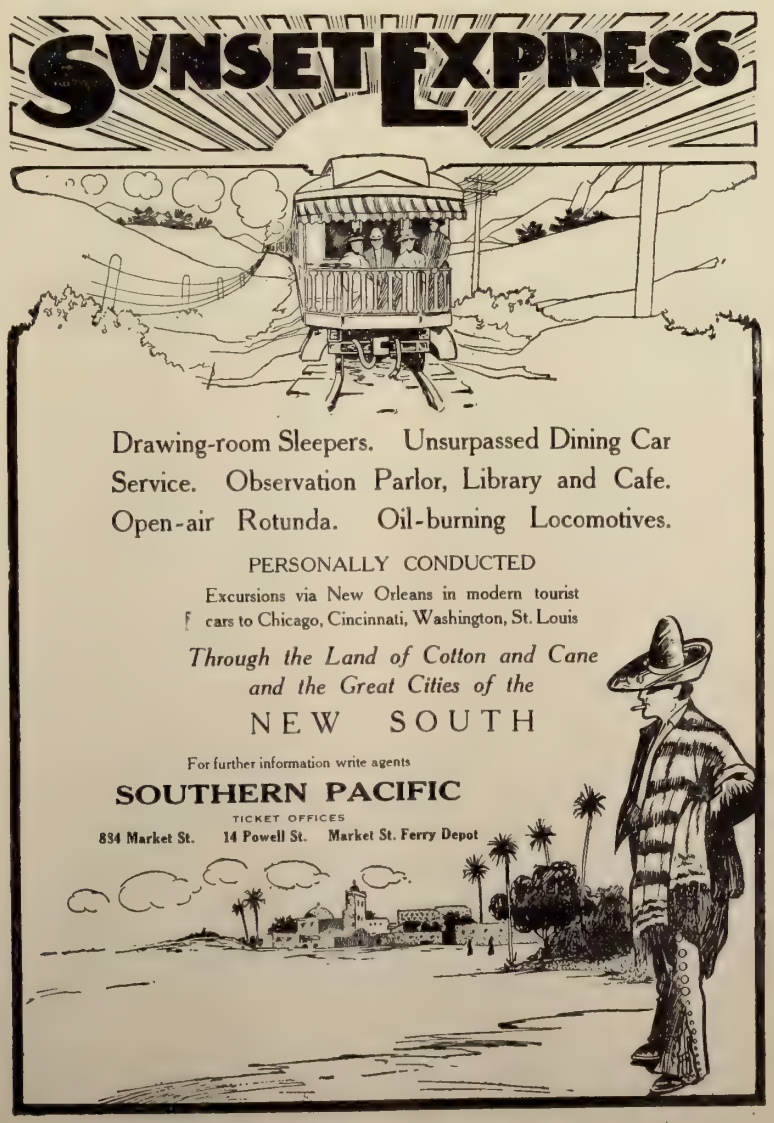
PAPER

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Letters

An Inspiring Olympic Story

From J. B. Connolly one expects good work and good workmanship as a matter of course, but it will surprise his most ardent admirers to discover how completely he has laid aside the manner with which he treats his Gloucester fishermen, and how admirably he has caught the point of view of the modern Greek. "An Olympic Victor" is scarcely longer than the average short story, and though it is built about the first revival of the Olympic games, the real interest is centered entirely in the Marathon race. Perhaps only the professional athletes and the competitors in the contest could tell today who was the victor in 1894, but Mr. Connolly has chosen to give the honor to a Greek youth, Loues, whose term of service in the army had but just expired. This Loues was the godson of one Euripides, a lame shoemaker who in spite of his poverty and humble station, kept alive all the traditions of his ancient race and all the pride in their past achievements. He had fed the youth on the tales and legends, and kept alive in him the spirit of patriotism. It was the ambition of Euripides to see some Greek the victor in the great contest, by preference his own beloved Loues, but if not him then some other. Mr. Connolly was himself an Olympic victor, and is an athelte of no mean powers, yet he is singular in this respect, that he has not chosen for his victor a professional athlete fed and trained like a prize animal, nor one who has spent the best years of his life in matching his muscles and neglecting his mind, but this simple, clean, wholesome, generous youth whose strength has been developed unconsciously in walking the roads and climbing the hills about his native village. Unlike the professional athlete, whose head is turned and who becomes a useless parasite, eventually ending his days a pensioner on the bounty of his friends, Loues speedily tires of the adulation lavished upon him. The wealthy widow who has published her intentions of marrying the Olympic victor may look elsewhere for a spouse; the banquets and balls, the gifts and glorification are all very well for a few days, but Loues asks but the privilege of returning to usefulness in a humble capacity. As for the fifty thousand francs, "I ran not for gold." Though he probably had no such conscious intention, Mr. Connolly has done more in this simple, straight story to reconcile the ordinary, average citizen to the perpetuation of athletic contests than have all the football nightmares and college tales of the last two decades. It will do no harm to call attention to two other apparently little known books by the same author, boys' stories in which hard work and patient application, not dissipation and idle sport, are the themes. "Job Hutton" and "On Tybee Knoll" should take the place of the conventional story of the preparatory school in which oversmart youngsters play practical jokes on their teachers and mates, and win honors in football and hurdling though their Latin and mathematics are relegated to the background. "An Olympic Victor" ought to prove equally acceptable to readers of seventeen and seventy and every age between. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Call of the City"

A delightful volume of miniature essays entitled "The Call of the City" will find its favor among the elect few. Charles Mulford Robinson gently directs attention to the kindly aspects of city life, its beauty, its fellowship, its human interest, its comforts, its historical charm, its opportunities, its entertainment, and its other attractions which of late have been passed over and belittled. The essay itself has fallen into disrepute in these times. It has become the vehicle of prosiness, of labored style and platitudinous word-piling, something to be avoided by the cautious and openly shunned by the intiated. Mr. Mulford has succeeded in bringing back something of Ik Marvel, George William Curtis and others of that ancient school who wrote intimately to the hearts of their readers. Most of these have appeared as contributions to monthly periodicals and the assidious reader of the magazines will recall with pleasure, and if he be a true lover hasten to secure in permanent form these unconventional bits of cheerful optimism that have reminded him that cities are not all slums and the unemployed, joy is not confined to camps and picnic grounds, and that the "pleasure in the pathless woods," the "rapture of the lonely shore," the "society where none intrudes," are heightened by a return to the companionship of mankind and participation in the wholesome activities of commerce and trade. An attractive little volume of comfortable coat pocket size, from the Paul Elder Co.

Hard Work for the Angels

A Danbury gentleman ate two mince pies before retiring Sunday night, and about two o'clock the next morning was picked up by eleven bald-headed angels and pushed through ten yards of lead pipe.—The Danbury News Man.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
CATHERINE MORRIS, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Catherine Morris, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much, or such parts thereof, as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 19th day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing the administrator to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated San Francisco, this 8th day of October, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

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ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,

vs.

MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of MARY CRAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Craig, deceased.

ALMA McWILLIAMS,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
MARIE K. UMLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Marie K. Umland, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Marie K. Umland.

MARIE H. UMLAND,
Administratrix of the Estate of Marie K. Umland, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 29th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administartrix,
Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,

vs.

LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,

vs.

ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
AGNES S. REILLY, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 10th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,
Plaintiff,

vs.

FRANK HOPPER,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)
H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
MARY ANN BUCKLEY, Deceased.

Mary A. Summerville, the Administratrix of the estate of Mary Ann Buckley, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order of sale of all or a part of the real estate of said decedent, for the reasons and the purposes therein set forth, therefore it is ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at private sale, as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 7th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

CLEMENCE FOUCHY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, October 31, 1908. No. 844.



SCENE ON THE PICTURESQUE SEVENTEEN MILE DRIVE, MONTEREY.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First Street, San Francisco.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Politics in the Closet

Some hubbub has been aroused in academic Berkeley where Lincoln and Roosevelt are hitched abreast in the shafts of the political cart, by the remarks of Lieutenant-Governor Porter upon the practical result of performing a political duty as compared with the inutility and futility of attempting to reform conditions for which the reformers themselves are largely responsible. The Lincoln-Roosevelt reformers thought that the Lieutenant-Governor was taking a side wipe at them, and their resentment was expressed in many subsequent caucuses of the "league," which has so completely "reformed" Berkeley that there isn't anything else, politically, in the town. Lieutenant-Governor Porter advised in the spirit of the practical politician; he told the students that mere theory of "reform" is absurd when it comes in contact with an organization of "performers." That was all; yet the wise men of Berkeley took exception to the practical politician's candid exposition of a principle in politics as old as the science of government. Many things are taught at Berkeley; but it is safe to assume that Machiavelli is never mentioned there; that Talleyrand is unknown; that Walpole is only a name in English history; that Jefferson and Clay and Jackson and Taft and Bryan are classed with the heroes of the Greeks; and that Roosevelt himself is observed as through a glass, darkly, in the aspect of a reformer and not in his real guise as a performer. We are sorry for these closet politicians, who are so wise in the lore of books and so ignorant of the ways of men. We are sorry for them because they seem so sincere in their effort to preserve the youth in their care from the contamination of a sordid, practical, selfish world, and because these young men will lose their respect for their teachers almost as soon as they come into the world and are themselves of the world worldly—sordid, practical and selfish; learning to "perform" and realizing the absurdity of taking seriously reformers who are in need of reform.

The Bigotry of Reformers

Even the reformers of this city have taken exception to Lieutenant-Governor Porter's sentiments, and they have done so with a copious outpouring of what the reporters describe as "caustic verbiage." On this side of the bay the language of indignation has yielded for the castigation of the unhappy Porter many of the choicest epithets of contumely and opprobrium. If Horace Greely, who once asserted that nothing so enrages a reformer as to be asked to settle his board bill, or dear old Ralph Emerson, who observed the inclination of some reformers to hypocrisy, have witnessed from the other world the grilling of Porter they must be convulsed with laughter. How deeply rooted in human nature is the persecuting impulse; how strong the indisposition to vouchsafe liberty in the expression of opinion! Opinions of course are evidence of the character of those who hold them; and we have a right to discountenance a man for holding opinions which we know to be inimical to social order, but surely there is nothing dangerously heterdox in the opinion that there are practical politicians who are preferable to wild-eyed reformers. This is one of the opinions to which the politician from Watsonville gave expression for the edification of the students of Berkeley. He was merely deducing principles from his own narrow experience. It is not to be claimed for him that he displayed either the philosophic resources of an original thinker or the large sagacity of a great statesman. As a matter of fact he did nothing more than hash up a large assortment of time-honored platitudes, absolutely harmless and of no consequence. Even the salient sentiment of the harangue, the one that excited the rage of the reformers, if not an insipid truism is at least a commonplace of popular conversation and it has been doing service since the days of the Prophets of Israel. Reformers always have been more or less under suspicion. Comparatively few of the world's great reformers have been even partly disinterested. Most of them were desirous of the reward of goodness, and to get that reward there was no violence too appalling for them. Greater men than Warren Porter have swatted reformers. Reformers have never been popular; nor have they always been right. To assume that a reformer is right merely from the circumstance that he is a reformer is to set up an absurd postulate, for we learn from history that the principles of reform often have been at variance, and that reformers have at times striven to reform one another, the result being a great deal of bloodshed. Reformers have frequently hanged men for trifles and banished them for things not worth mentioning. In advising the students of Berkeley to abjure reformers Lieutenant-Governor Porter doubtless had in mind the representatives of the Lincoln-Roosevelt and Good Government Leagues and Graft Prosecution, who appear to be typical of the worst and most generally despised variety of the species. It is not likely that he would advise the students to be intolerant of all reformers. Surely he is aware of the fact that to reformers we are indebted for the greatest triumphs of civilization. In all probability he assumed that the students of the State University know that we must look to the reformers, as Emerson tells us, for the harmonization of the Real and Ideal. He did nothing more than set his face against selfish schemes of morality and against those reformers from whom the cause of reform suffers more than from machine politicians. Even though it should be felt that his creed has flaws, since there is much evil in machine politics which should be abated, yet we should commend him for disdaining that road to truth in political morals which leads through the commonplaces of cant. To traduce him for his sentiments is to exhibit the characteristic spirit of the benighted bigot of reform who cannot bear discussion, who has neither forbearance nor charity, and whose favorite pastime is loading people with reproaches. "You are suffering," argued Job's friends, "therefore you are guilty." "You are not with us," argues the pin-headed reformer, "therefore you are a crook."

A Dream of the Optimists

Mrs. I. Lowenberg's admirable purpose novel, "The Irresistible Current," is still a subject of discourse and controversy among the cognoscenti and the illuminati; which speaks well for book and author. The central idea, as it was discovered recently by the Optimist section of the California Club, is the necessity of a universal religion which shall promote a love of God and the brotherhood of men. The only difference of opinion upon this postulate expressed by the Optimists was whether this religion should emanate from the heart or the head; but the published reports of the discussion failed to announce the final decision of the majority of those who

debated the momentous question. After all it doesn't matter in the slightest whether a "universal religion" shall exercise its influence on the emotions of women and susceptible men, or appeal to their intellects; for such a thing is impractical and ultimately impossible. Religion and the utter absence of religion are strictly and entirely the result of personal feelings. Faith is a natal proclivity, predilection or predisposition; like the aptitude for the arts or a talent for mechanical pursuits. In some it is no larger than a grain of mustard seed; in others it is as big as a mountain. Religion based on faith can be no more "universal" than a genius for music or the ability to drive a nail straight. The highest development of Chinese art is not comparable with the best product of the western masters; yet 400,000,000 human beings prefer Chinese art. A sonata by Beethoven would be discord in the ears of millions whose standard of concord has not been assisted by the method of Beethoven. Even those who are accustomed to the Beethoven harmonies differ in their appreciation of their beauties; and one Wagner rejected them altogether; instituting a new cult in musical taste; whereupon the world of music is at this moment trying to adapt itself to the new dispensation, with but meager success, the heretics far outnumbering the faithful. Nothing can be "universal," and least of all, a religion. It is easy enough to theorize on the possibility of a "religion" that shall recognize one God and include in its basic principle "the brotherhood of man"; but the "one God" would be in the image of its maker, and the "brothers" would still insist upon proving "their doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks; as if religion were intended for nothing else but to be mended." Let the Optimists of the California Club make what effort they may on behalf of a project to promote universal politics; but also let them give up the idea that they can compel or persuade their neighbors to accept the "universal religion" they have formulated. How would they like to have their neighbors instruct them in the sort of "universal religion" that should be promulgated by the Optimists? Mrs. Lowenberg's novel is a very readable book, and it contains much "food for thought"; but it is only a novel, nevertheless, and can never displace the Vedas or the various versions of the Bible as a compendium of what men should believe, disbelieve, or pretend to believe; what they should worship or how much brotherly love they should bestow on their fellow men.

The Fatal Flaw in a Political Drama

A character actor of many innate gifts, Judge Dunne has attacked the role of a martyr with good intentions, but there commendation must stop. Unconvincing in his mimetic efforts, his failure however is not due altogether to his own shortcomings. The Martyrdom of the One Just Judge is a play without motif, and the atmosphere being more suitable to a farce than to a tragedy, the principal character labors under disadvantages which it is impossible to offset. Conflict is essential to tragedy, and this important element is lacking in the Dunne play. Apparently the forces of evil have all lost interest in Dunne's aspirations. They have done nothing to animate his sedate and jovial campaign. There are no indications of a concerted effort to deprive the great, good natured and indulgent public of his distinguished services. Naturally the apathy of his despised and loathsome enemies is disconcerting and aggravating to his friends, for the latter confidently expected to be supplied with a pretext for shrieking their heads off, and here they are, without an incentive, going through their paces and striving desperately to make it appear that they are thwarting a conspiracy of titanic proportions. In the circumstances their sheet iron thunder is ineffective; their finest ecstasies simulated in vain. With all their strident vocabulary they have failed to set men by the ears. But notwithstanding the failure of Judge Dunne's martyrdom the situation is far from hopeless. A sufficiency of audacious proclamation and ingenious insistence may yet win the imbecile classes, for when a political crime is projected, they are easily made an accessory after the fact. Despite the apathy of the wise who are intolerant of Judge Dunne for reasons unnecessary of enumeration, if the rogues to whom he prays can sufficiently propagate the delusion that he is really a terror to bad men they may succeed in fastening him on the bench for another term. There is only one thing for them to fear, and that is that in their zeal they have unconsciously exposed their paramount interest in Judge Dunne's election. From the signs of the times we infer that the reactionists who are beginning to view newspaper puppets with aversion, and who are realizing that political puppetry is a species of harlotry, are every day becoming more numerous; incidentally, that it is dawning on the public mind that newspaper-owned officials are gradually converting this nation into a government by journalism, which, considering the state of journalism, is not a consummation devoutly to be wished. To many persons of keen perceptive faculties already it has been made obvious that Judge Dunne's claim to public confidence are based principally on the alertness which he has shown in executing the designs of a little band of self-anointed individuals whose motives have come to be misunderstood or unappreciated. Maladroit in their methods these individuals affirm that the pliant but durable judge has vindicated his pre-eminent fitness for the bench by his uniform concurrence in their whims and caprices. Though they exalt him above all other judges they do not insist it is because of the texture of his morals or the fineness and compass of his understanding that he is immeasurably beyond his contemporaries. In their eulogies and rhapsodies they do not impute to him the qualities of an impartial judge. So great is their appreciation of the qualities by which he is endeared to them that inadvertently they make clear their absorbing personal interest in his welfare. This in our opinion is folly, and it may prove disastrous to Judge Dunne. These misguided boosters go so far as to claim him as one of the units of the Graft Prosecution, oblivious of the fact that if this claim be established the final appraisement of him must accord

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with the ultimate judgment upon the whole conduct of an enterprise inspired by Rudolph Spreckels, blessed by Frémont Older, perfumed by William J. Burns and bungled by Francis J. Heney. Now, we submit, Judge Dunne's friends are not pursuing a wise course. If Judge Dunne should suffer defeat, we shall have no hesitation in charging up his misfortune to the fatuity of the men who, putting too much of the odium of responsibility on their puppet, have in a great measure confirmed the suspicion that he presided over the Schmitz case according to programme and is open to fresh engagements. These men actually seem to be unaware that the Graft Prosecution has lost its hold on the public imagination and that everybody connected with it is believed to be in urgent need of fumigation. Nor apparently are they capable of perceiving that even though the Graft Prosecution were above reproach it would not be to Judge Dunne's credit that he acted in a dual capacity on the bench, combining the offices of judge and prosecutor. Yet from all that is being urged in his behalf the impression is irresistible that his election is being advocated by Mr. Spreckels' lackeys in journalism solely on the strength of the uniformity of his obedience.

The Idol of the Masses

From the campaign bureau presided over by Mr. Roosevelt has emanated a document presenting a comparative exhibit of the number of prosecutions and other proceedings directed against "organized labor" by the Department of Justice under Democratic and under Republican rule. The purpose of this exhibit is to show that the Roosevelt Administration has been more lenient to labor unions than was the Cleveland Administration. In the comparative statistics there is to be found charged against Democratic rule the suit instituted by the order of President Cleveland against Anarchist Debs at the time of the great railroad strike, fourteen years ago. To this same case President Roosevelt made reference in his recent controversy with Mr. Bryan, and for the express purpose of disparaging the Democracy among workingmen. Whether or not he accomplished his purpose, we can be fairly certain that he lowered himself in the esteem of such men as are able to perceive the contemptible character and mischievous effect of the motive which prompted the discrediting of an act that stands out in American history as a signal triumph of devotion to constitutional principles, an act that will serve as a precedent for guidance in possible emergencies of direful portent—an act that stifled anarchy, averted bloodshed and vindicated the genius of American institutions. Perhaps none of the innumerable inept instances of self-revelation which from time to time have enabled us to glimpse the impulses of our idolized ruler stampeded so vast a number of the dwindling army of his worshippers as that in which he suggested that Mr. Cleveland should be execrated by organized labor for quelling a revolution that threatened to engulf the nation. And yet the full depravity of that suggestion, which is now repeated in the campaign document issued by the Department of Justice, was not hitherto apparent. While the meanness of the motive was apprehended, it was hardly conceivable that the President appreciated the importance of Mr. Cleveland's achievement. It was reasonable to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt was insensible of the gravity of the crisis brought on by the strike; and as for the inspiring and inspiriting effect on the public mind of prompt demonstration of the adaptability of the machinery of our government to an unprecedented and appalling exigency, that, presumably, was something which had never occupied Mr. Roosevelt's thoughts. But now comes proof positive that the man who has been appealing to class prejudice by pointing to the Debs case as evidence of Democratic perfidy, apprehended perfectly the whole situation and applauded Mr. Cleveland for the course which that statesman pursued. In February, 1895, only six months after the strike, there appeared in the Forum an article from the pen of Theodore Roosevelt on "True American Ideals," from which we have made the following excerpts:

"Of course the worst foes of America are the foes to that orderly liberty without which our republic must speedily perish. The reckless labor agitator who arouses the mob to riot and bloodshed is in the last analysis the most dangerous of the workingman's enemies. This man is a real peril; and so is his sympathizer, the legislator who to catch votes denounces the judiciary and the military because they put down mobs. We Americans have, on the whole, a right to be optimists; but it is mere folly to blind ourselves to the fact that there are some black clouds on the horizon of our future. During the summer of last year every American capable of thinking must at times have pondered very gravely over certain features of the national character which were brought into unpleasant prominence by the course of events. The demagogue, in all his forms, is as characteristic an evil of a free society as the courtier is of a despotism; and the attitude of many of our public men at the time of the great strike last July was such as to call down on their heads the hearty condemnation of every American who wishes well to his country. It would be difficult to overestimate the damage done by the example and action of a man like Governor Altgeld of Illinois." * * *
"Had it not been for the admirable action of the Federal Government Chicago would have seen a repetition of what occurred during the Paris Commune, while Illinois would have been torn by a fierce social war; and for all the horrible waste of life that this would have entailed Governor Altgeld would have been primarily responsible. It was a most fortunate thing that the action at Washington was so quick and emphatic. Senator Davis of Minnesota set the key of patriotism at the time when men were still puzzled and hesitated. The President (Cleveland) and Attorney-General Olney acted with equal wisdom and courage, and the danger was averted. The completeness of the victory of the Federal authorities, representing the cause of law and order, has perhaps been one reason why it was so soon forgotten; and now most of our well-to-do shortsighted people actually forget that when we were in July on the brink of an almost terrific explosion the Governor of Illinois did his best to work to this country a measure of harm as great as any ever planned by Benedict Arnold, and that we were saved by the resolute action of the Federal judiciary and of the regular army."

Such were the words of the man who is now trying to make political capital out of the contrast between his official attitude of pusilanimity and forbearance toward organized labor and the courageous and conscientious attitude of Grover Cleveland. They are the words of the most vociferous moralist of the day, of whom it is said that though occasionally his conduct may arise from mistaken motives of right there can never be any question of the simplicity and sincerity of his character.

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A Plaint of Dry Places

By H. W. B.

Solemn and silent are our solitudes,
  Voiceless and lithe the lizard rustles by;
Death is his penalty, whoe'er intrudes
  Upon this unwalled privacy.

At night the shameless moon, unveiled, undim,
  No sound of water in the wady hears,
Each morn upon the sharp horizon rim
  The disc-divided sun appears.

The hills, dry breasts that ne'er will suckle, lie
  In virgin loneliness, unkissed by rain;
Dry are the valleys, dry the heights, and dry
  The air that quivers o'er the plain.

Rare miners, on the utmost edges, bore
  Our flinty sides, and, far above, the kite
Fast flees on fear-struck pinions, when we roar
  In anger at the dynamite.

Miles may not measure us or leagues attain
  Our boundless boundaries; only from the sky
The stars can scan the length of all our plain,
  The breadth of its intensity.

Mists know we not, nor clinging fog, nor dew,
  That washes out at night the sins of noon,
Sands only hot and brown, sky hot and blue;
  Tearless we weep and crave a boon:

Bless us, O God, with Noah's curse, when he
  Saw battling clouds subdue th' insistent sun,
Throw wide thy sluice gates, Heaven, that thence
    a sea
  Descending merge the seas in one.

Perspective Impressions

Whatever happens on Tuesday we shall all be glad when it is over.

The Hon. James D. Phelan is stumping the State ostensibly for Bryan. Jimmy is still chasing his Senatorial rainbow.

Now that catering to the mob is considered the most profitable kind of journalism the poor appear to enjoy a monopoly of whatever principle remains.

Headline in a local daily: "Roosevelt Spends His Birthday Working Hard at Desk." Astonishing, it appears, is the condescension of His Imperial Majesty.

Reputable alienists assert that insanity will, ere long, touch the majority of our population with its blight. Then we shall have a government of the crazy, by the crazy and for the crazy, and Bryan will probably have a chance.

"Standard Oil is not the only interest that names judges," says the Bulletin. To be sure it isn't. There's Mr. Spreckels of the Sugar Trust. He'd like to name the whole judiciary for the beneficent purpose of keeping is as clean as a Spreckels.

"The real issue of the campaign," said Mr. Taft at Baltimore, "is whether you think the Republican party by what it has done in the last twelve years is entitled to your confidence." Bill is hedging. A little while back he was willing to stand on the lean years of Teddy's service.

Would it not be well, before going to the polls, to reflect that the newspapers that are making most of the noise in this campaign and that seem to have on hand an inexhaustible supply of personal abuse, are the papers that were similarly clamorous for the election of the Automobile Twins and all the rest of the current dispensation?



THE ENTHRONED HOG

A campaign poster issued by the Democratic National Committee.



GET UP

-McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune.

Feeding on Wind

An Elaboration of the Roosevelt Method of Utilizing the Apt Allusion Based Upon the Singularly Pertinent Biblical Quotation Employed in a Recent Campaign Document with the Purpose of Confounding a Political Opponent and Confusing a Political Issue

By Democritus

"Ephraim feedeth on wind." So quoted the Lord Roosevelt on Bryan and Gompers, to indicate that these men were chasing unsubstantial things. How forcible are right words! but what doth your arguing reprove? For, lo, he that formeth the mountains to chase bobcats therein, and createth the wind for the purpose of declaring unto man what is his thought; that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth—what shall we say of him? Ephraim, it is true, did make a covenant with the labor unions of Assyria, and by them is Standard oil carried into Egypt; but how about him who hath ascended into heaven? who hath gathered the winds in his fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? what is his name, and what is his son's name, if thou canst tell?

The Lord Roosevelt hath also a controversy with Judah the nature faker, and will punish Jacob Foraker according to his ways. Is it meet that one who walks with the wind saying I will prophesy unto thee of my politics, shall rebuke another for the thing that is not save in the mind of him who uttereth the vain saying? For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the saying of many words about nothing in particular by one who sits in the seats of the mighty; this also is vanity.

Ephraim Bryan and Ephraim Gompers are not, verily, like unto a pair of turtle doves for pulchritude, nor as two young pigeons offered for sacrifice; and it may be that they are speaking smooth things unto the face-sweating multitude of those that toil and spin, and prophesying deceits to those who hold their thorny hands for hire; for what availeth the wrath of the Lord Roosevelt thereat, if he shall write five columns of his wrath to say that which could have been said within the compass of a cub reporter's record of a dog fight? Yea, verily, it is like unto a fig tree which casteth her untimely and unnecessary figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind; for it is written, even in the Book wherein it is also written that Ephraim feedeth on wind, that the Lord passed by, and a great strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice! And that was the voice of the Lord, making outcry over a matter so small that the thing concerned had to be read between the narrow lines of a party platform to be discerned even by the vivid imagination of the Lord Roosevelt.

But the reign of the Lord Roosevelt cometh to an end in the fullness thereof and Jehu Taft the son of Nimshi Taft shall be anointed king over Israel, as it was spoken in the convention of the G. O. P., and the two Ephraims shall be cast into the outer darkness of Nebraska, yea, into the gehenna of Oklahoma. Thus much do I prophesy unto you; and more. Mine eyes behold the day when the Lord Roosevelt shall print his words in a book month by month throughout all the months of the year even from Sebat to Thebet and from Nisan to Adar. And in that day, Ephraim, which is the son of Bryan, shall say, Behold, mine adversary hath written a book; surely I will take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown of gold to me—when thistles grow instead of wheat and cockle instead of barley. And the common people that toil not more than eight hours nor spin at all if they can help it, preferring to wear fine linen like Solomon in his glory, under a high protective tariff, will read the books which the Lord Roosevelt will write and forget to read the books that shall be written by Ephraim the wine-fed.

And in that day when the Lord Roosevelt shall write his monthly book it will be useless to strive against him, for he giveth not account of any of his matters, but maketh his account with the publishers like the seller which is the best. Moreover I see the Lord Roosevelt Nimroding in the uttermost parts of the earth, in the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia; and he will stretch out his hand to smite the lions and the bobcats of Egypt with all his wonders which he will do in the midst thereof, to be written thereafter in his monthly book of marvels more miraculous than any related by the nature fakers or the muckrakers; for the Lord Roosevelt is not like unto the tribe of mollycoddles, though there be some who say that he is the President of the Ananias Club by lack of veracity in the writing of adventures with the wild animals he has known. And for all that he shall write in his monthly book he shall receive a wage in shekels exceeding the price paid to Kipling the scribe. For the words of the Lord Roosevelt will be worth more than the words of Ephraim, even in the ratio of sixteen to one.

Wherefore it is my prophesy that whereas Ephraim now feedeth on wind, in that day the Lord Roosevelt shall feed on the increment of wind, not unearned, but gathered as the children of Israel gathereth manna in the wilderness and as Elijah the Tishbite was raven-fed with bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening, while hiding from Ahab the son of Omri by the brook of Cherith, that is before Jordan. In that day which my vision bringeth clear to my understanding the Lord Roosevelt will care not overmuch for the shekels of the Philistine tribe of publishers, but for the joy of standing perpetually in the limelight. Not for the bread and flesh of his ravenous providers will he write the words of his tumultuous thought out of the depths of the spirit of his mind. As praise with the sound of the trumpet; as praise with the psaltery and harp; as praise with the timbrel and stringed instruments and organs, shall it be to the Lord Roosevelt in the day when he shall print his words in his monthly book; yea, even as praise upon the loud cymbals; praise upon the high sounding cymbals.

This is to show that with a Cruden Concordance and a King James version of the Bible anyone can pretend to imitate knowledge thereof. Mr. Roosevelt wrote that quotation from the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Hosea as glibly as if it had been familiar to him from his youth upward. I doubt this intimate acquaintance with Ephraim and their diet of wind. I fail to see the appositeness of the allusion, but I suppose Mr. Roosevelt wanted to make very emphatic his opinion that even if Bryan and Gompers should attempt to legalize their supposititious law for the regulation of injunctions, they would fail because the Supreme Court would declare all such laws unconstitutional. Now, nobody knows what the Supreme Court would do with laws that have not yet been formulated, except by hypothesis in the mind of

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Mr. Roosevelt. Of course Mr. Roosevelt, in the hurry of his dictation did not follow his opinion to this logical conclusion, but he did follow it as far as the logic applied to Mr. Bryan and Mr. Gompers, which brought the complete letter writer to the word "sham." His active mind at once sought for a synonym for the word "sham," which he uses immediately after his quotation. A sham is an illusion, an illusion is something intangible, elusive, unsatisfying; and what is more intangible, unstable and uncertain than the wind. There you have the key word of Mr. Roosevelt's thought in this section of his discourse —wind. A moment, Mr. Secretary; let us see what the good Book has to say about wind; the Concordance, if you please; ah, now we have it—where was I? ah, yes; "but there is another account against Messrs. Bryan and Gompers in the matter"; insert right there, "Ephraim feedeth on wind," never mind the chapter and verse or the quotation marks; we haven't time for the one, and perhaps the reader will think I invented the phrase.

By deduction I arrive at this analysis of the Roosevelt process of thought and if I had time I could analyze the rest of the Roosevelt mental output in the same thorough and satisfying manner; but I am growing old, Molly darling. I would suggest, however, as an excellent exercise in Biblical research, that those who have read Roosevelt and now read me, trace my allusions in the foregoing travesty to their original source in the Scriptures via Cruden's Concordance.

The Master

By Pierre Audibert

When the symptoms of appendicitis had declared themselves for the third time, Dr. Quercy, the celebrated surgeon, decided to perform the operation upon his wife himself. To assist him and administer the chloroform, he called in his favorite pupil and friend, Paul Grondel.

She lay there, stretched out on the long nickel table, a white cloth drawn over her, exquisite under the strong light that came from above. She was sleeping, very quiet and very pale, on those sheets that might yet be wound like a shroud about her fair body, which seemed to shrink from the cold, cruel searching of the steel knives. Without a tremor the surgeon examined his instruments, each in its place, dumb servants awaiting the call of the master.

Grondel had his finger on the patient's pulse, but his eyes were turned to the place where, invisible, death was knocking at the door of life. He closed his eyes and turned deathly pale.

Suddenly, from that still face which looked as if it were carved in Carrara marble, there came a voice, as if from afar.

"Paul, I am not suffering . . . . it seems to me that I am wandering about immense blue plains . . . I hear bells ringing . . . I am so happy . . . Yet how can I be happy without you? . . . . Why are you not here with me? . . . . This is the happiness you promised me . . . . that we both yearned for . . . . You know . . . . how I love you. . . . . I knew nothing of love until I met you. He, he was so cold, so serious . . . . frozen, you called it. I did not know that I had any feeling . . . . I was just like a good little girl. Now I hate him, I hate him . . . and I belong to you, you know . . . only to you. I did not want to be in the same room with him . . . . I told him so . . . . He did not seem to mind. I don't know that it made him suffer. . . . . I would have been . . so . . happy."

The words were lost in a sob. Grondel saw a hand upon the smooth, white skin, moving swiftly; there was a gleam of steel and then a long red line. The surgeon had made the first incision. His face was an intellectual mask, cold, impenetrable, intent only upon the work at hand.

Without looking up, he said quietly: "Is the pulse normal, Paul?"

"Yes, master," Grondel answered firmly.

The surgeon continued his work with the mechanical precision of a machine. The forceps clicked as he laid them down on the metal table. He rolled plugs of antiseptic cotton slowly, methodically.

Grondel's eyes followed the nervous rise and fall of the breast, and not another drop of the anesthetic fell upon that death-like mask from which now issued only inarticulate sounds. He was thinking only of his ruined happiness, of his professional career which had now probably come to an end, of this fair body now spotted with blood, which but a few days before he had held in his arms, breathing, glowing with life.

Would not this man, whom he saw before him moving slowly, methodically, push the lance but the fraction of an inch beyond the danger line, angered thereto beyond the endurance of man? Was he not the master of both destinies, was not death his servant, quickly obedient to his mandate? What would Grondel do, alone in life, without her? Oh, God!

The muscles of the patient contracted and the surgeon remarked very calmly: "Give some more chloroform, Grondel."

Then the drops fell like rain, and little by little the heaving of the breast subsided. The operation was finished. Quercy brought together the edges of the wound, and from right to left the needle went in and out along the red seam.

Now there came a sound as of some one strangling. Grondel continued pouring the poison and the sound became sharper.

"Careful," the surgeon said, "her tongue is affected."

But Grondel, gray-white, continued pouring the liquid, the lurid light of madness in his eyes. He gripped the frail wrist of the woman as if he would crush it.

The surgeon drew the sheet back over the body of his wife. Then he came toward Grondel, and firmly, but always quietly, he unclasped the student's hand and put aside the poison. Then, with a bitter, cynical smile upon his lips, he took the forceps and seizing the patient's tongue began the slow, rhythmic movement to restore the action of the lungs.

Grondel had fallen into a scare and his tightly compressed lips showed his struggle to control himself.

There was silence in the room for a few moments and then the master turned, and looking his pupil fill in the face, said:

"Courage, Grondel; I will give her back to you."

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Abruzzi as a Matrimonial Catch

By Wallace Sievers

Considered from the viewpoint of genealogy the alliance of Miss Elkins and the Duke of Abruzzi is the best purchase of a title ever made by an American heiress. Princes and counts are quite common in sunny Italy; so common in fact that a traveler can hardly enter an ordinary hotel without meeting a half score of them. They are the prolific product of a generous system of title descent. But in Italy as in all other countries governed by the Almanac de Gotha there are dukes and dukes and of these Abruzzi is of the best, for he is a nephew of the king. According to the register Prince Luigi Amedeo Giuseppe Maria Ferdinando Francesco, Duke of Abruzzi and captain in the Italian navy, is a lineal descendant of the House of Savoy, now reigning in Italy, a grandson of King Victor Emanuel II and a nephew of the present king, Emanuel III. He has two brothers, Emanuel, Duke of Aosta and Victor, Count of Turin, so he is of sound royal extraction, as far as the reigning House of Savoy goes. He is the son of Amadens, Duke of Aosta, who died in 1890 and the Princess Marie del Pozzodella Cisterna. Unlike most dukes Abruzzi has sought exercise for his robust powers in a life of endeavor. His chief success has been in the field of geographical exploration where he has attained a world-wide reputation. He ascended Mt. St. Elias in 1896 and four years later succeeded in penetrating nearer to the North Pole than had ever been done before, beating Nansen's previous record. Two years ago he led an expedition to Mt. Ruwenzori. He has just published his own account of the wonders of that unusual trip. On account of his high birth, his interest in affairs outside of society and his daring in leading adventurous exploring expeditions he is regarded by the public as the most romantic figure among the members of the ducal houses of Europe. Miss Elkins and Abruzzi met abroad last year. Later the Duke came to America incognito and took occasion to spend the most of his time among the resorts of southern Florida, where Miss Elkins, accompanied by her mother, was then sojourning. It was not till last January that the intimate social friends of the family awoke to the fact that the Duke was a serious claimant for the hand of Miss Elkins and thereafter the pursuit was watched with lively interest. This interest was intensified and broadened immeasurably when the secret leaked into the public prints and the daily press began to publish surmises on the probable course of events. For reasons of their own the Abruzzi and the family refrained from squarely admitting the engagement. Even as late as this week the formal announcement had not been made, although it was well known that the bride's trousseau had been selected and the bridesmaids chosen.

American brides have married dukes of high standing before, as did Consuelo Vanderbilt, Helen Zimmerman and May Goelet, but they are not the descendants of a reigning house. Even the title of princess does not always gain entrance into a royal family or convey international distinction as witness the marriage of Julia Grant with Prince Catacuzene of Russia, and of Clara Huntington with Prince Hatzfeldt. Glorious Betsy Paterson married her prince and, could she have had her way doubtless would have made a man of him, but Napoleon the very eccentric Man of Destiny decided otherwise, and destroyed an alliance that would have ranked for decades as the most illustrious match made by an American girl with the wearer of a foreign title. Since that unhappy event the very highest title that has come courting to this country is that worn by Abruzzi.

Very nearly two hundred American heiresses have married into the European aristocracy during recent years, and a big percentage of them have been divorced. It is estimated that barely ten per cent of the British peerage have chosen their brides on this side of the water. These dozen or more American born peeresses have succeeded generally in creating so favorable an impression upon English society as to convey the idea that they are far more numerous than is really the case. Of these the three Duchesses, the wearer of the coveted clover leaf, have attracted by long odds the largest share of public attention. They are the Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt; the Duchess of Roxburghe, Miss May Ogden Goelet, and Helen Zimmerman, the Duchess of Manchester.

Others there are who have cut prominent figures not only in society but in the politics of the British realm, notably Jennie Chamberlain of New York, who married the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Daisy Leiter of Chicago as the wife of the Earl of Suffolk was a figure of consequence during the period that her husband was viceroy of India. Mary Endicott of Boston was one of the ruling matrons in London salons in the heydey of the career of her husband, Joseph Chamberlain. Julia Grant as the Princess Catacuzene of Russia, Gladys Vanderbilt as the Countess Ladislas Szechenyi, Alice Thaw as the Countess of Yarmouth were quietly lost in the foreign society they joined. It requires either superior brains or extraordinary wealth for the American girl to maintain any prominence in the land of her marriage adoption. Jennie Chamberlain dominated her sphere through her wit and tact. In contrast the present pale, golden haired Countess of Craven, daughter of the very wealthy Bradley Martins, supports her position in the most lavish manner and is courted extensively in consequence.

The California heiresses and others who have contracted marriages with titles have scarcely created a ripple on foreign shores, though several have allied themselves with princes. Time has kindly curtained the seamy side of the romances in the lives of several of them. The match of Eva Bryant Mackay with Don Ferdinand Colonna, Prince Castigliano, was once considered a brilliant one and so it was as far as the gilding of a title with great wealth was concerned; so was the unfortunate alliance of Clara Huntington and Prince Francis Hatzfeldt. Among the other California women who mated with titles are Louise Bonynge, who married Major General Sir John Maxwell; Virginia Daniel Bonynge, who became the wife of Viscount Deerhurst, Fanny Fithian of Santa Barbara, who married Count Arthur de Gabriac, Amy Green, who graced the home of Sir James Howe, Margaret Hamilton, who became Lady Sidney Waterlow, Elizabeth Sperry of Stockton, who married Prince Andre Poniatowski, and Florence Sharon, who became the bride of Sir Thomas Fernor Hesketh. Not the least happy of the number in her conquest of a title was little Margaret Mooney, the vaudeville actress, who won the boyish heart of Lord Sholto Douglas.

Those students of society who have watched the venturesome sailing abroad of the matrimonial crafts of American heiresses and foreign titles all agree that the conditions are quite different in the several countries. When one considers the mental and temperamental contrasts of the Latin, the Teutonic, the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon races this judgment is not surprising. The home life is naturally different. Mary King Waddington, who spent many years in the intimate study of home life abroad, commented not long ago on Italian marriage life as follows: "Italian marriages are quite different from those in France and England. Italians are just as easy-going with their wives as with anything else in their

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lives. They don't in the least wish them to be very intelligent, or very cultivated, or to take a great interest in their career. As a rule they haven't any career except politics and diplomacy (the army is not considered at all the brilliant career it is in other countries—the pay is small and promotion slow.) As long as the wife is amiable, nice to her husband's family and friends, makes his home pleasant and doesn't expect too much of him in the way of attention, or great intellectual effort, he is satisfied. I can imagine nothing so unlike an Italian as an Englishman or an American. What makes the Italian's great attraction, the absolute lack of self consciousness, the vivacity, exuberance of speech and gesture, quick changes of feeling most forcibly expressed, great artistic sensibility of sound and color and a fond and extraordinary insonciance (not absolute indifference) to what goes on around him, is such a perfect contrast to the practical, self-controlled, self-contained Anglo-Saxon, that one wonders how such perfectly different elements ever merge into anything harmonious—but they do."

The Spectator

Not Social Rivalry This Time

Our perennial social leader, Mr. Edward Greenway, has returned to town from a business trip up the Coast, and though he is soon to pull off his annual birthday dinner and dance his big heart is troubled and his massive brain is agitated by misgivings. It is not his crown that is the cause of his current uneasiness. That crown has been threatened scores of times without affecting Mr. Greenway's composure in the slightest degree. A social butterfly seemingly never so well satisfied with himself as when flitting from debutante to debutante with dainty compliments on his lips, yet he is above all things a man of business, and commercial competition quickens his emotions far more than social rivalry. Ned has a far better memory for the number of cases of champagne of each brand consumed at the last midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club than for the pedigree of the belle of his last ball. Don't imagine for a minute that Mr. Greenway permits himself to become absorbed by the petty trifles of the social whirl. All of which observations are by way of breaking the news that Ned is up against the wine fight of his life. And at this time of life with a rebellious liver threatening to go on a strike Mr. Greenway has reason to be discomposed. Almost as soon as he got off the train he learned that the Clicquot people had made a new deal, and that Willie O'Connor had been engaged to carry the war right into the heart of Burlingame. Now Mr. O'Connor is not only equipped with a young liver and the open sesame to the inner circles heretofore dominated by Mr. Greenway, but he is also popular wherever good fellows get together. O'Connor has joined forces with Frank Thompson, the Family Club's crack vocalist, and between the two of them with a wine that isn't a test of friendship, a pretty, if not heartbreaking pace, will be set for the gallant dictator of the thirsty 400.

Gebhardt Selling Wine

Speaking of wine agents I am reminded that in a recent letter from New York I was informed that Freddy Gebhardt is now stimulating the flow of champagne for hire. Along the great white way and wherever life is fast, furious and frolicsome he is booming his employer's brand. As this means of course a great reversal of fortune for the millionaire who was once famous for his racing stable and notorious for his relations with the Jersey Lily, it is somewhat surprising that the Sunday Supp. writers have not exploited the story with the usual pictorial concomitant illustrative of the lights and shadows of a career of exceptional color and interest. But Gebhardt has been out of the limelight so many years that perhaps he has been forgotten. It was when Lily Langtry made her first tour of America in the early eighties that Freddy Gebhardt came into prominence. He was then known as the best dressed man in America. He accompanied Mrs. Langtry to this city, where she lived for a time intent upon establishing a residence for the purpose, it was said, of obtaining a divorce and marrying the rich New Yorker. The ranch which she bought at that time in Lake County was said to have been presented to her by Gebhardt. Some years after their separation Gebhardt married a Baltimore belle from whom he was divorced four or five years ago, later marrying one of the innumerable original Florodora Sextette. Mrs. Langtry, by the way, who has been having ups and downs all her life, was reported last week to have won another fortune on the turf.

Nurse—"Willie, the stork has brought a little baby sister. Would you like to see her?"
Willie—"Nope; I've seen babies. Show me the stork."

The "Latest Shortage"

Expert accountants have figured out that the latest shortage in the City Treasury amounts to $60,000. Though this is called the "latest shortage," it is far from certain that the appellation is accurate. As experience of municipal affairs teaches that it is usual, whenever anybody helps himself to public money, for a considerable length of time to elapse before the theft is discovered, we should not feel sure that since Treasurer Bantel retired to private life there has been no felonious abstraction of loose change from the capacious sieve into which the coin of the taxpayers is deposited. The chronology of the history of municipal defalcations must ever be in a state of confusion. This is very much to be deplored, for we can never know with any degree of accuracy how far it is safe for us to go in indulging the official taste for luxuries. For all that we know the money that is being consumed by the automobile habit and the private detective fad will be needed later on for sewers and street lights. It is earnestly to be hoped that the officials who take our money surreptitiously are not depleting the public funds as rapidly as Mayor Taylor and District Attorney Langdon, but you can never tell. It was demonstrated in Mayor Phelan's time that "hefting" is not an infallible method of finding out how much money there is on hand, but notwithstanding the Widber defalcation apparently no servant of the people has deemed it worth while to devise a system for ascertaining beyond doubt at any time the total amount of money in the treasury. We are still doing business in the old haphazard fashion conducive to the temptation of our servants, and we can only speculate blindly as to whether we are cutting according to our cloth. Who knows but at this very moment we are bankrupt? Not Mayor Taylor, I'll wager.



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Yerkes the Wine Mocker

I have not the infelicity of an acquaintance with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. I have heard that his name is Yerkes and that he is a citizen of the State of Kentucky. Commissioner Yerkes, however, is no stranger to the wine growers of California, and his recent attempt to throttle one of their subsidiary industries by forbidding the use of American sweet wines in patent medicines, does not commend him to their most ardent affection. It is said that the Commissioner's ruling was inspired by the distillers of whiskey whose product would be used exclusively to fortify the proprietary cure-all if a prohibitory edict could be made to operate against domestic wines, the price of which to the consumer is less than that which the distillers would charge for their hotter stuff. The circumstance that Commissioner Yerkes is a citizen of Kentucky lends color to the suspicion that he is "standing in" with the whiskey interest. A sort of demurrer has been entered on his behalf in the statement that his official prohibition does not extend to imported wines; but as no thrifty manufacturer of a patent medicine would dope his panacea with port of Alto Duoro or sherry of Spain or any of the high-tariff vintages of the Rhine and the Moselle, his ruling must be accepted as evidence of his high-proof affiliation, and his consequent inimical attitude towards the American wine grower.

A Giant and a Pygmy

If the whiskey interest is behind Commissioner Yerkes in this effort to deprive the viticulturists of America of a share of the bibulous trade, it is rather small business on their part. The total wine product of the United States does not exceed 40,000,000 gallons, while the total production of distilled spirits is in excess of 150,000,000 gallons. Surely there ought to be sufficient profit from the whiskey trade on this enormous product, without seeking to filch a measly $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 from the wine trade. A thimble-full of red liquor sells over the bar for ten cents; a bottle of California is included in the price of a fifty-cent dinner. Wine may be a mocker (when it masquerades under a foreign label), but strong drink is raging. If the suspicions of the wine-makers are accurate, perhaps the whiskey men are striving to back fire the prohibition movement that has swept so fiercely over so many states; perhaps they are so hard hit that they are compelled to count every nickel of profit and loss, fearing that the next move will be reactionary in the direction of true temperance in the use of fermented liquor. It is certainly plain that universal prohibition cannot prevail perpetually in a country as cosmopolitan as is the United States. The present attitude of the communities where prohibition has been voted or enacted is due chiefly to the belief that much of the crime and misery of the people is the result of unrestrained and intemperate use of alcoholic beverages in the form of whiskey and the stronger distillations. There is reason to believe that if the prohibition could be confined to these liquors, wine and malt liquors would be permitted in every State in the Union. There is a flavor of mediaeval fanaticism in the present prohibition movement that must eventually work its own palliation. In the meantime it is unfair, unjust and absolutely uneconomic to cripple an industry that contributes so largely to the general wealth of the nation, and at the same permitting the import of foreign wines aggregating upwards of $12,000,000 in value per annum. I hope that by the time these remarks appear in print President Roosevelt will have called Commissioner Yerkes down with a dull, sickening thud, as requested by the California Grape Growers' Association.

"I hear that O'Brien is going to win his campaign with flying colors."

"Sure. He's never stopped waving the 'long green' since he was nominated."

History in the Making

During the past half century memorable dates have been of almost daily occurrence in the history of Japan. The most recent of these events was the audience granted by the Japanese Emperor to Admiral Charles S. Sperry and the officers of the American battle fleet on October 21, 1908. This audience to Admiral Sperry may be regarded, historically, as a sequel to the audience forced by Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry from the Shogun of Japan on March 31, 1854—an interval of exactly fifty-four years, six months and twenty-one days. Also note the similarity of the names of the Commodore and the Admiral. When Commodore Perry's fleet anchored off Uraga, a port at the entrance of Yedo Bay, in July, 1853, and delivered to the representatives of the Shogunate the letter from President Fillmore demanding the establishment of international relations between Japan and the United States, the dark-featured, heavy jawed, slow-spoken potentate who gave such cordial welcome to Admiral Sperry last week, was an eight-months' infant, mewling and puking in his nurse's arms, thick-swaddled in royal silk, himself and his family prisoners to the feudal lords, in the imperial palace of Kioto. Admiral Sperry's host was eight months older when Comodore Perry returned for an answer to that letter; he wore a long kimona of Hachioji silk, and was eating two-crop rice of Tosa fed to him with silver chopsticks fashioned from ore of the mines of Innai by the best enamel and repousse art of Nagoya. What Admiral Sperry was doing at that time is not definitely recorded, but it is possible that he was engaged in the same absorbing occupation after the manner of the democratic American infant. Anyway these two men met after all these years, and, apparently, they were very glad to be acquainted. No doubt the admiral's imperial friend will speedily confer upon him the usual decoration—that of the Order of the Rising Sun, now proudly prized as a unique curio by every consul and vice-consul whom the accident of politics or the exigencies of any diplomatic service has grafted upon the grateful remembrance of the Japanese Foreign Office.

A Hollow "Ovation"

For myself, I am not wholly assured of the sincerity of this Japanese "reception," royal or popular. I read in my favorite newspapers that by order of the Japanese authorities the populace of Tokio turned out en masse in a "grand torchlight procession" to manifest the peace and good will of the Japanese nation towards the American nation. It is written by the historians on the

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spot that this mob, numbering thousands, gathered in the Daimyo Quarter, a section of Kojimachi containing the residences of the foreign diplomats, to banzai the American ambassador. Mr. O'Brien didn't happen to be at home, but Mrs. O'Brien and the ladies of her court responded to the ovation and remained in view of the enthusiastic assembly until their maids announced that it was time to dress for dinner. All of which impressed Admiral Sperry (as it will impress the unthinking American publicist) with the idea that all these hands are firmly clasped across the sea; that nothing can now sever the friendly relations existing between Japan and America. I am of another opinion. The Japanese are a volatile, show-loving, noisy, lip-serving, banzai-shouting, paper-lantern-bearing, utterly untrustworthy folk. They are as likely to throw bricks at the American legation as they are to throw compliments. Let them hear that we have refused to admit their peasant laborers to this country as freely as we admit the "scum of Europe," and the action of that Tokio mob would be quite different, I am convinced. In that contingency those "hands across the sea" would be converted into fists along shore, and the samurai police with their spectacles and their notebooks would have to be called out to quell the disturbance; the gens d'armes, with their German caps and their clanking swords would be ordered to guard the approaches to Kojimachi. It must never be forgotten that the Japanese are a "proud and sensitive" people, and that it requires as little to arouse them to anger as it does to please them with a rare show. I wouldn't trust the smile of a Japanese farther than I could see it through an ordinary field glass, and that is farther than I could toss one of their iron gods with one hand tied behind my back.

Circus Manager—"What's all that row about over in the side show feeding tent?"
Bouncer—"The sword swallower is choking over a fish bone."

Taft the Father of a Hero

It is related in the record of current history that Robert Alphonso Taft, son of the Republican presidential candidate, junior student at Yale, put out a fire in Vanderbilt Hall by pouring a pitcher full of water upon it, thereby reducing the flames to a smother of smoke easily disposed of by the chemical engine that soon arrived in response to the alarm that had been sounded. Accompanying young Taft in this perilous enterprise was Henry Payne Bingham, the Yale quarterback; but as Bingham's father is not a candidate for the presidency, or any office, in fact, he plays only second fiddle in this heroic adventure. The limelight is all on the son of the Republican standard bearer, and the classmates of the young man whose glory before he became a hero was reflected from that of his distinguished parent, are demanding that a Carnegie medal shall be conferred upon him. I hope that young Taft will live up to the traditions of his family, which include a long record of modest performance of duty and generous self-sacrifice. I hope that when that medal is presented to the son of the prospective President of the United States and former Governor of the Philippines, he will pass it over to his companion in peril, the sturdy quarterback of Yale. Then will a nation of eighty million hero worshippers lift their united voices in one glad acclaim; and, if the act of self abnegation can be accomplished before next Tuesday and properly heralded in the newspapers it may serve to swing all the "doubtful States" into line for the hero's father; and it is not beyond all impossibility that even the solid South may contribute some of its more chivalrous States to the Taft column. Unfortunately for Mr. Bryan that candidate has no son to play hero on his behalf. He has a daughter who might be used as a heroine, but if the Peerless Leader should attempt to play that game it is a two-to-one shot that his friend Roosevelt who has daughters to spare would retort in kind with more spectacular effect. Perhaps Bryan had better fight it out to the bitter end with his saddest words of tongue and pen.

"Daisy, is it true that cucumbers will remove freckles?"
"Yes, Mollie, if the freckles are on the cucumbers."

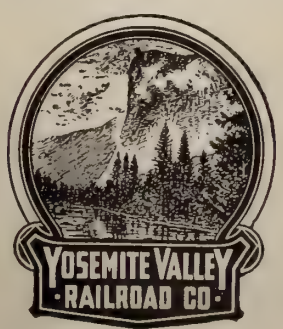
The Villifying of Cook

The solicitude for Judge Dunne that is being exhibited by Mr. Spreckels's employes and admirers is equaled only by their hostility to Judge Cook. In discussing Judge Cook they wanton in virulence and calumny. For them no slander is too debasing, no invective too intemperate, no imputation too foul. Is Judge Cook really so depraved and licentious as Judge Dunne's passionate boosters would have us believe? If so, how shall we account for the support which the man whom they are so frenetically villifying is receiving from many upright citizens? The fact was disclosed at a recent public meeting that among the men whose esteem and confidence Judge Cook enjoys are the Hon. Daniel Ryan and the Hon. Hiram Johnson, to whom special reference is made for the reason that they are beloved by the Spreckels organs which would have us belive that none but the corrupt commend the man whose defeat they are eager to compass.

A Clergyman's Objection

One of the very mildest of Dunne boosters is the Rev. C. N. Lathrop, of the Good Government League, whose assault on Cook, he tells us, is based on a decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Pons vs. Wittman. In that decision, says the reverend purveyor of personal abuse, the Court grilled Cook for granting an injunction. "I do not want to make any personal references to any candidate," says the distinguished clergyman, "but that report speaks for itself"; and then despite his professed repugnance to personal reference he adds: "To re-elect Cook would be a dishonor." I am glad to know the specific ground of Lathrop's objection to Cook. I am glad to know that his objection is a conscientious one; that it springs from honest conviction. Incidentally I am glad to know that he has faith in our Supreme Court; that the opinion of the judges of that high tribunal is by him deemed worthy of respect. All this I am glad to know because I have been laboring under the delusion that no man who considered it an honor to be identified with Judge Dunne's cause regarded our Supreme Court as anything but an abomination. If all of Judge Dunne's boosters are of one mind with the irreproachable Mr. Lathrop then I have misapprehended the issues of this cam-

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paign, and should meekly confess my fatal fatness of mentality. Judge Dunne as I supposed is being urged for re-election mainly on the strength of his brutal assaults on all appellate judges who have not agreed with him. To approve of Judge Dunne, I have assumed, is to express impatience with the tribunals above him, and to testify acquiescence in his unsupported aspersions on the judges who have overruled him. It is absolutely beyond my mental powers to construe the honoring of Judge Dunne as anything but the dishonoring of the judges who rendered a decision which he attributed to corrupt motives.

What His Honor Said

So that nobody will be vexed with doubts as to what a vote for Judge Dunne means, I will quote from the court records. On March 14, 1908, Judge Dunne said in open court, referring to Abe Ruef: "The defendant would be sentenced to the maximum term provided by law if the Supreme Court had not come to his relief." The mean innuendo is surely apparent enough. Abe Ruef pleaded guilty before Judge Dunne May 20, 1907, and he appeared for sentence every two weeks until March 14, 1908, when Judge Dunne used the foregoing insulting language. I am not now inquiring why in all that long period Judge Dunne failed to sentence Ruef. I believe everybody knows there was a promise of immunity, though Judge Dunne swears there was none and swears that two rabbis are liars. I only desire that those who believe it an honor to vote for Judge Dunne shall be reminded of his efforts to slander the highest courts of the State. To that end I quote again, this time from a statement signed by Dunne for publication: "I am satisfied the opinion was written to protect Ruef instead of Schmitz and to keep him from testifying against the friends and relatives of the judges of that court. . . . I think the decision was hurried by my action in sending Ruef to jail. The fear was that he would there weaken and tell all he knew. . . . Such a method of decision seems childish, and any court that indulges in such special pleadings must be animated by motives of malice or interest. . . . I believe that if I had had the power to appoint an elisor for that court and had been able to protect it from outside influence it would have rendered a decision more in conformity with the law and the evidence."

He Will Investigate

Far be it from me to assume that the Rev. C. N. Lathrop would accept the Supreme Court as a witness against Judge Cook and refuse to accept it as a witness against Judge Dunne. I prefer to believe that he abhors disingenuity and is quite as fair as he is logical. Assuming therefore that he is sincere in objecting to Judge Cook on the ground that he was once grilled by the Supreme Court for misinterpreting the law I must also assume that on reading his Town Talk this week he will withdraw from Judge Dunne's club of boosters. For here is some information that will surely alienate Mr. Lathrop's honest affections: whereas Judge Cook has been scored once or twice for misinterpreting the law, the scoring of Judge Dunne has been a continuous performance. Being a lover of truth the Rev. Lathrop unquestionably will start out tomorrow to seek either corroboration or rebuttal of this my gratuitous testimony. To facilitate his quest I will direct him to Chief Justice Beatty, a gentleman much honored in this and neighboring States. Justice Beatty has had much experience of Judge Dunne and of Judge Dunne's peculiar relations with the law. I believe he has had other experience from which he was able to judge of Judge Dunne's moral character. Whether he will care to discuss Judge Dunne is a question I cannot answer, but when a man is in search of the truth he should go to the best available source. Justice Beatty is a good citizen as well as a good judge, and I am inclined to the opinion that he will not refuse to answer questions which he is able to answer with accuracy touching the disqualifications of a candidate for office.

Mrs. Wiggs—"Would you believe my husband was so dreadfully jealous of me?"

Mrs. Waggs—"I'd never believe he was such a flatterer."

Where Are Heney's Convicts?

Will it be deemed impertinent if I inquire how many criminals are now wearing stripes at the behest of Francis J. Heney? I am not minutely familiar with the Arizona and Oregon records of this famous professional prosecutor; and if some one better informed than I am will kindly send me a tabulated statement I shall be much beholden. Would it be asking too much of Mr. Heney himself? Have you ever sent anybody to a real, permanent, impregnable, non-appellative penitentiary, Mr. Heney? There now, we've had enough of what you intend to do; it isn't your good intentions that I require for this hell pavement, but your actual performance that I would file for record with the heavenly chancellor. We know from day to day what you have failed to do; now tell us what you have really done. I ask these questions in justice to Mr. Heney. He has been rebuked, admonished, advised, reproached and even abused for his failure to convict anybody in California of anything. Now let us give the famous prosecutor a chance; let us balance the entire account; let us know all

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about the folk he has sent to the penitentiary—who, how, when, where? If necessary let us offer a reward for the discovery of a Heney conviction that stuck. If Mr. Heney will produce incontrovertible proof of a convict of his making who can't get out, it will go far towards palliating his failure to convict anybody in California.

Advice to the Immunity Bunch

A number of the talesmen summoned in the Ruef case escaped jury duty by announcing that they would not believe Mr. Heney's immunity witnesses under oath. I wonder why? These witnesses have confessed that they received bribes from the agents of public service corporations. Is that the reason why their testimony is worthless in the opinion of potential jurymen? It is also notorious that they have been bribed by the graft prosecution with immunity from the penalty of their confessions. Is that another reason why they are discredited by jurymen? Is it because, in the estimation of decent citizens, an informer is the most despicable of creatures? Is it because the entire graft prosecution is gangrened with the taint of the Burns method of convicting those accused? Perhaps the reason is dependent upon all of these possibilities. Perhaps these talesmen think that a confessed criminal's testimony is as suspicious as that of a convict who suffered the penalty of his crime because he refused to "squeal on his pal." Perhaps the discarded jurymen were moved to their bias by contemplation of the utter cowardice of a "confession" under duress, extorted in the shadow of prison walls and within call of the turnkey. Perhaps these honest, upright, law-abiding citizens argued that a coward, an informer, a near-prison bird, is also, and of consequence, on occasion, a liar. Certainly a man that would accept immunity from a prosecutor seeking to reach his enemy would not hesitate to lie at the behest of the prosecutor. That is part of the infamous bargain. A refusal to commit any perjury that might be required of him would set the prison gates ajar for him and be the cue for the turnkey whose duty it would be to stalk behind him. Is it any wonder that such men are regarded as pariahs and probable perjurers? And what will become of them after they have served the only purpose for which they are fitted? Where will they hide their shame? I suggest that they drown themselves; that is an easier way out of it than hanging.

"Why did he sell his air ship to a foreign power?"
"Through pure patriotism. Sixteen foreigners came to the ground on first trial."

Sullivan's Latest Ebullition

That impulsive gentleman, the Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, who recently assured us from a public platform that he is cultured and educated to the brim, hired a hall the other night for the purpose of declaiming against Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 31, which is designed to enable banking, trading or benevolent corporations to extend the life of their corporate franchise. This amendment was drawn at the request of several commercial and savings banks, the corporate charter of which will soon expire, and it has been endorsed by nearly all the commercial organizations of the city, including the Mutual Savings Bank, of which Mr. Sullivan is a director. Mr. Sullivan's objection to the proposed amendment is that among the institutions which will be able to avail themselves of its provisions is the Hibernia Bank, of which he is not a director, and he has made it quite clear that he does not approve of the Tobins, who, in all probability, are not among his admirers. Mr. Sullivan is a very sensitive individual, easily inflamed, and somewhat misanthropic, for despite the wealth he inherited his ambitions have been thwarted so often as to render him sensible of the fact that notwithstanding his many graces of person he is unappreciated. Years ago he ran for Congress and was defeated, and he contested the election of his successful opponent and was again defeated, though, according to report current at the time, he assured the members of Congress that for pulchritude he had the other fellow lashed to the mast, or words to that effect. Recently he was a candidate for election before the Democratic State Convention, and met his usual fate, his soul again being filled with anguish. Still more recently he publicly affirmed his superior culture, and embarrassed Judge Coffey, we were told, by telling that gentleman to his teeth in the presence of a large audience that he was the only honest man on the bench. At the present time he is achieving fame as an obstructionist being a plaintiff in a suit the effect of which will be to prolong the life of the shattered City Hall. Mr. Sullivan is a lawyer of infinite leisure, a circumstance that may be significant of his opposition to an amendment designated to obviate the necessity of going to law to extend the life of a corporate charter. However, the ways and designs of Mr. Sullivan are as inscrutable as those of Providence.

The Great Specialist Was There

The Hon. Frank J. Sullivan is not the only distinguished citizen who hopes to embarrass the Hibernia Bank by campaigning against a proposed Constitutional Amendment. Associated with him in the campaign, eager to lend him moral support, is Dr. Gibbon, a medical practitioner who advertises that he is "the most successful specialist," and "continues to cure all"; also that "persons at a distance may be cured at home" of debility and other things. He even guarantees his cures. This eminent specialist sat on the platform the other night while the cultured Sullivan did the talking. Dr. Gibbons agrees with Mr. Sullivan that as he has a grievance against the managers of the Hibernia Bank the Constitutional Amendment should be beaten.

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ROOS BROS.

Fillmore at O'Farrell Van Ness at Bush

Greenbaum's Judgment Vindicated

Will Greenbaum was one of the proudest men in town this week. And not without justification. He had staked his reputation as a connoisseur of music on his judgment of the vocal ability of Blanche Arral, the Belgian singer, who made her first appearance here last Sunday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre, and she made good. There were scoffers about town, who, hearing that Greenbaum had pronounced Blanche Arral a coloratura singer of the first rank, with a voice of top-notch quality and absolute proficiency in all the intricacies of the art, suggested that generous allowance should be made for the impressario's habitual enthusiasm and self interest. Many of these scoffers attended the concert in a spirit of defiance. They challenged the singer from the moment of her entrance, and she compelled their homage. Unquestionably she is a great artist, with a voice of rare sweetness and the ability to use it effectively. Her numbers were chosen with a view to the display of the wide range of her art and at no point did she fail of achievement.

"How can I stop my husband from talking in his sleep?"
"Don't try; I wish mine had the habit."

Great Quartz Discovery

Frank Berry of Berry Bros., the largest individual operators in Alaska, who recently returned from that territory, says that paying quartz has been discovered in so many places in the interior that it is certain to become one of the great permanent mining regions of the world. Rich quartz veins have been discovered in the Innoko. Before leaving Fairbanks he met John Bonnifield, the pioneer of that section of Alaska, in the range of mountains which bears his name, and Bonnifield told him of a ledge which he had traced for two thousand feet on the surface. He found it from eight to twelve feet in width.

Big Boom Predicted

"All I have seen," says Berry, "astonishes me and confirms the idea that a placer country always leaves something behind it besides bedrock on the surface. I was therefore not surprised when I reached Dawson to find that a new quartz district had been found near Five Fingers in the Yukon territory. I examined the ground and found ore that carries big values in copper and gold and enough of it to make every man rich who is on the right ground. Taking it all in all I believe that interior Alaska is on the verge of a boom that will end in seeing that territory produce more gold than all the rest of the United States combined, and that the day is not far distant."

Bound in Marriage "For Fun"

The recent decision of a Los Angeles judge to the effect that a marriage entered into "for fun" is binding is one which will commend itself to the thoughtful. Two years ago the lady in the case went through the ceremony in full legal form on the strength of a dare. Now, having found some one more to her liking, she is anxious to have the first marriage set aside in order that she may contract a second, and no doubt, in due time, a third and fourth on her showing that she would like another change of partnership. There have been quite too many of these so-called jokes perpetrated and judges in general have been too often inclined to regard them as humorous. A girl who is temperamentally inclined to enter into a marriage "for fun" is not apt to make a satisfactory wife. Neither is a man who will accept a wife on a dare apt to possess many of the qualities which make for successful husbandhood, so that, being a pair of fools, they are well mated, and as long as they are held fast bound to each other they are restrained from spoiling the happiness of two others who, conceivably, might otherwise become their respective spouses. When people marry in good faith and make diligent effort to live in concord there is seldom need to consider judicial separation. When they have done their best and yet find that they cannot live in reasonable harmony it is a misfortune for which divorce is the desperate remedy to be resorted to only in such extremity as would, in case of accident, justify an amputation. But when men and women at an age at which the law recognizes their right to marry, and, presumably, not being feeble minded, they have at least a rudimentary knowledge of the meaning of the contract, have no more common sense than to make a mock of it, they have proved themselves unfit for marriage. They have had their chance and misused it and they should be held in such restraint as to prevent a repetition.

He—"I hope you'll think of me when I'm far away."
She—"How can I ever forget how very close you have been."

Planning a Big Balloon Race

The disaster to the big air ship in Berkeley checked for a time the rampant fever for aereonautics in California but signs are plentiful that it is breaking out again and more vigorously than ever. The California Aero Club and a number of enthusiastic air sailors in Los Angeles, among them Dick Ferris, are at present planning a big aerial race from that city to the Atlantic seaboard, or as far eastward as they may sail. It is expected that at least a dozen amateur balloonists will join in the contest. Already some very notable balloons have been entered in the race. The "United States," in which Lieutenant Lahm won the James Gordon Bennett Cup, is now owned by Ferris and he proposes to attempt to win the prize in that famous vessel. Mrs. Ferris says she will accompany her husband on the voyage. The "American," which finished second in the great St. Louis race and which is still owned in that city, has also been entered for the contest. J. S. Erbe, president of the Aero Club has an entry for the race; so has W. H. Leonard, another member of the club.

HUMANITARIAN ANNOUNCEMENT

Mountain resorts are now robbed of terrors. "ANTI-OAK," the absolete chemical and physiological antidote to Poison Oak and Ivy has been discovered. Put a fifty-cent bottle in your kit and feel secure. Distributers: Oriental Incense and Perfume Company, 424 W. Seventh street, Los Angeles, Cal.

SOME OTHER GOOD THINGS WE HAVE.

"Instant Hair Dryer," a boon to bathers; 10c for three applications; Occult, Vibratory India and Egyptian incenses and perfumes, rare, exclusive, entrancing! If your druggist or dealer won't supply you, say "Adieu" to him and write us.

O, yes, our Balm O'Gilead will rest tired, burning, sweating, aching feet; large bottle 50c.



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To Stimulate Aeronautics in California

The contestants are banking on the great trade wind which sweeps easterly from Los Angeles to carry them well into the interior of the continent, says Mr. Zerbe. Weather bureau officials and balloon experts have closely studied the air currents of the region and have guaranteed an ideal sailing course and a steady air current till the contestants are over the Rockies. Only one point holds any threatening weather and that is a region of storms with Santa Fe as the center, but the eight hundred miles to that point cannot be beaten for ideal balloon weather, and once that point is safely passed comes another stretch of excellent sailing space. Correspondence is now going on to interest well known eastern balloonists in the race. Through this venture the originators hope to stimulate interest in aeronautics among wealthy local amateurs and build up an interest in the sport that will place California on the plane of the influential Aero clubs in New York and the big European citiies.

A Letter from Drew

John Drew has written to a friend in this city that next season will be the last for some time that he will be seen in the modern society drama with which his name and personality have been identified ever since his Augustin Daly days. He will act in one other modern piece and then abandon society drama. His intention is to revive two or three of the old comedies such as "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal," and then he will be seen as Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." In December Mr. Drew will leave New York and play straight across the country to this city, in "Jack Straw," the comedy in which he has been delighting New York audiences for several months.

Didn't Know His Wife's Name

Nat Goodwin is back in New York and from that city comes the news that he has been joshed unmercifully by his friends of the Lamb's Club for being ignorant of the name of his most recent wife. In his complaint for divorce filed in Reno the little comedian misstated his wife's name, a circumstance it is said, due to the fact that Maxine Elliott has strewn the pathway of her interesting life with a tangle of names so complicated that even a husband might be pardoned for not remembering them all, especially if he had been married before and had other names to remember. But Goodwin insists that he knows his most recent wife's name. Moreover he declares emphatically that there never was a time since he married his most recent wife that he didn't know her name. Nevertheless in his complaint Mr. Goodwin alluded to his wife as Bessie Hall Goodwin. The judge on examining the papers scratched out the Hall, inserted Dermott and substituted Jessie for Bessie. With these few exceptions he decided that Mr. Goodwin knows the lady's name. The judge had correct information on the subject as he had before him Mrs. Goodwin's power of attorney.

The Star Spellbinder

From reports received at the headquarters of the Republican State Central Committee the strongest drawing card of the present campaign is Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge. If the enthusiasm and size of the throngs that have attended his meetings in all sections of the interior may be taken as an index to political sentiment up and down the State, then Taft will carry California by a tremendous majority. But political meetings are not to be

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Reasons and Facts Why

JUDGE CARROLL COOK

(INCUMBENT)

Should Be Re-elected

When you cast your ballot for Superior Court judges be sure that JUDGE CARROLL COOK is one of the four judges for whom you vote.

Vote for a tried, honst, fair and courageous judge; such is JUDGE CARROLL COOK.

Twelve years' faithful service to all the people should be rewarded by re-election.

Always fearless and fair, is JUDGE CARROLL COOK.

JUDGE CARROLL COOK is controlled by no individual or corporation and is independent of newspaper dictation.

In the hundreds of criminal cases tried before him during his twelve years on the Bench, but five reversals can be found.

JUDGE CARROLL COOK, by his knowledge of laws and experience and by his system of impanelling jurors—now adopted in many counties—has saved the taxpayers thousands of dollars.

Twenty-five years' practice as a lawyer enables JUDGE CARROLL COOK to expedite business so that great expense is saved to the taxpayer.

Hundreds of boys have been rescued by JUDGE CARROLL COOK from criminal careers.

By his policy of Probation for youths in first offense JUDGE CARROLL COOK has made men and good citizens of over 95 per cent of those on whom he exercised his judgment of character.

The decision rendered by JUDGE CARROLL COOK in sustaining the "Child Labor Laws" should not be forgotten; it was the first on the subject and was sustained by the Supreme Court.

The reign of terror created by Siemsen and Dabner, the gas pipe thugs, was stopped by JUDGE CARROLL COOK.

Arson, the most dangerous of all crimes, ran rampant until, by examples made by JUDGE CARROLL COOK, it ceased.

The foregoing facts and reasons are presented to you on behalf of JUDGE CARROLL COOK by the Non-Partisan Clubs, organized in February, 1908. All of the members enrolled, numbering 3,000, endorse the above.

WM. GLINDERMAN,
President.

JOS. P. STEVENS, Secretary.

depended upon as a guide to sentiment. Shortridge draws wherever he goes and whatever he talks about. His oratory and his personality are what the people like.

Property Divided the Family

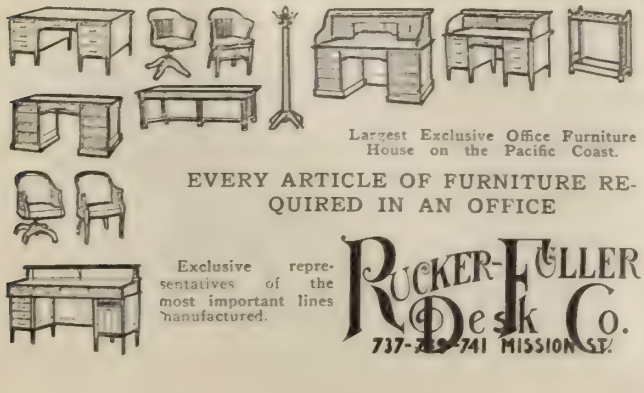
The tea tabbies are actively discussing just now what effect the sudden demise of Henry Butters will have upon the fortunes of Mrs. Butters and the two adopted daughters now living in the Piedmont mansion. Long before the separation the capitalist transferred to Mrs. Butters the titles of several pieces of property roughly valued at a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Butters expressly stipulated at the time that if his interests were ever pinched by stress of fortune he should have the temporary use of this Oakland property to strengthen his financial position. Apparently safe as Mr. Butters' wide holdings were, at the time of stress following the big fire in 1906 he was forced to ask his wife to let him use property to protect his other holdings till the financial tide turned. Mrs. Butters declined to make the transfer and this is said to be the reason he left the Piedmont home of his wife and took up his residence thereafter with his mother in Berkeley.

Chances of a Contest

It is generally understood that the mining and railroad magnate left an estate worth at least two million dollars, all of which is bequeathed to his son, a lad of sixteen years, now at school in the East. The tea tabbies are a unit in declaring that Mrs. Butters and her two daughters who in early life were regularly adopted by Mr. Butters, will never consent to rest quiet under the provisions of such a will. In a business way Mr. Butters has at times assisted the three children of Mrs. Butters by her two former marriages, but opinion is strong that these children will not join their mother and the two adopted sisters in any action they may take to obtain a redivision of the estate. The family bereavement naturally will have its effect in extending the date of the wedding of Miss Butters and Victor Metcalf, Jr., son of the Secretary of the Navy.

Yosemite in Rich Autumn Garb

Just now the Yosemite Valley is in the height of its glorious autumnal coloring and many visitors are taking advantage of the new and easy approach by way of the Yosemite Valley Railroad to enjoy the beautiful region at this very attractive season. The falls have a large volume of water; the high peaks around the valley are crowned with snow and the trails are still open for travel. The Sentinel Hotel in the valley will be open for guests all winter. The hotel at El Portal, open all the year, is one of the best resorts in the State in which to spend a few weeks for recreation and rest. Those who desire to see the grandeur of the autumn scenes of Yosemite should avail themselves of the prevailing beautiful weather, and take the trip now. Stages leave El Portal at 7:30 a. m., arriving at the Sentinel Hotel at 11 o'clock; stages leave the hotel for El Portal at 2 o'clock, arriving at 5 o'clock. If one is pressed for time he can make the round trip from El Portal, and have three hours to spend in the valley.



A Popular Elector

One of the foremost figures in the business and political life of San Francisco is Harry P. Flannery, the Democratic and State Labor Union nominee for Presidential elector. The bestowal of the high honor of this nomination on him was in recognition of his worth and the esteem in which he is held by his fellow citizens.

Harry P. Flannery was born, reared and educated in the State of Pennsylvania. While still a very young man, some thirty years ago, he came to this coast to seek a fortune and make a home. He had no powerful or influential friends to help him. He had to depend on his talents, energy and force of character. That he is now on the crest of Fortune's wave is not due to luck, but solely to his possession of the qualities essential to successful achievement. After some years spent in Nevada he came to San Francisco and engaged in business. He prospered as many others prosper in this favored land, and when the great earthquake and fire of 1906 overwhelmed and dismayed the city he was among the most hard-hit sufferers. But he was not discouraged. The ashes were hardly cold before he was up and doing. Long before others had made up their minds what they wanted to do, he had the the debris cleared from the most prominent corner in the stricken city and the material on the ground for a new building. A monument to his energy and confidence in the future of San Francisco is the Flannery Building, at the junction of Market, Kearny and Geary streets—the first Class A building to be erected after the disaster.

Although an ardent Democrat, taking a lively and active interest in the welfare of his party, Mr. Flannery is not a politician in the usual implication of the term. He has no axe to grind, and has no designs on any office of profit. Political activity with him is a duty and pleasure and not for financial advancement.

Taken all around he is a perfect type of the shrewd, successful, hustling American; a genial, dignified citizen, possessing in a high degree the quality of personal magnetism. Many a vote will be given to the Bryan and Kern ticket solely as a compliment to Harry P. Flannery.

Among the noted stars booked for appearance at the Van Ness Theatre during the present season are Rose Stahl, Louis James, Lillian Russell, Ethel Barrymore, E. H. Sothern, John Drew, Billie Burke, Richard Carle, Marie Doro and Margaret Anglin.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

There have been no signs of Bryan's election so far as the security markets of the country are concerned. Union Pacific has again reached a new high water mark. Southern Pacific, Atchison, as well as all of the granger list, have shown improvement. Northern Pacific and Great Northern have been well supported of late; the buying appears to be for foreign account. Holland has always been largely interested in the Hill stocks. It is more than likely the German interests are re-buying these stocks again. The United States Steel quarterly report, just issued, makes a much better showing than was expected; this reflects a better condition in other lines of trade. There has been a very large demand by foreigners for wheat and corn during the past two weeks; this means a flood of money in our direction during the winter months. From the general outlook the holiday season will be passed without a money stringency. The bond market will reflect this condition very shortly. The much looked for decline in values has not as yet materialized, and gives no sign of being realized. It is true securities have had a good advance when measured from the low prices during the panic, but are not high compared with prices prevailing in 1906 and the early part of 1907. Union Pacific will within one year look cheap at 200. The physical condition of all of the large properties has so greatly improved that their operating expenses must soon show these benefits. We are less than a week from election, when the result will determine the future of this country for the coming four years; those who put their faith in Taft's election will surely get the money. If you believe Taft will be elected then buy stocks and bonds; if on the other hand the result points to Bryan, then sell stocks.

Prize Winners at the Conservatoire

The annual competitions for prizes at the Conservatoire in Paris are held now in the Opera Comique, as the classes long ago became so large as to outgrow the small quarters of the school itself. Twenty men sang on the first day, and of these only twelve were accounted good enough to receive notice. The best voice in the lot was possessed by a Russian from the Caucasus, who had so deplorable an accent that it was decided to let him wait for a year before awarding him any prize. Thirty-three women—every one with black hair, which fact may or may not have its eloquence—competed, and only one of these, a certain Mlle. Raveau, awakened any enthusiasm. She shared the prize with a dramatic soprano.

Among the composers the Prix de Rome went to Andre Gailhard, son of the impresario, who has already several compositions to his credit. It was necessary for him to win the Prix de Rome before having a work produced at the Grand Opera, so he has now gone to Rome to compose one. Nana Boulanger, who took the second prize, is a niece of Frederic Lemaitre. She has already won three prizes and is expected to win the Prix de Rome next year.

The Rothschilds Way

Of the great banking house of Rothschilds a New Orleans man said the other day: "The Rothschilds push their strictness to the point of eccentricity. They once had for agent here in New Orleans a fine fellow. They telegraphed to this agent at a certain season to sell their cotton holdings, but he knew the price would go higher and therefore he didn't sell till four days later. In consequence he netted an extra profit of $40,000 to his firm.

"When he sent the Rothschilds the money and told them joyously what he had done they returned the whole amount, with a cold note that said:

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Denies the Rumor of Divorce

The friends of Virginia Fair Vanderbilt were not altogether surprised when Rumor got into its touring machine and flew across the continent with the report that there was to be another divorce in the Vanderbilt family. We are tucked away on the western rim of the world, but somehow the news scurries out here in fair season. A friend who occasionally receives a letter from "Birdie" was honored with a missive the other day in which indignant denial of the rumor is written in her own fashionable chirography. So evidently the rent in the family linen, for it would seem that there really was one, has been so carefully darned, backstitched, felled down and pressed, that only the most expert tailor of such material could discover the weak spot.

How the Rumor Reached Here

There were several preliminary hints that reached us, before the story came out in New York. A month ago a fashionable San Francisco matron returned from abroad and regaled the tea hour with a story of meeting Mrs.



MRS. PHOEBE HEARST

One of the leading patronesses at the recently successful big vaudeville tea given by the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Willie in Europe. A discussion of one thing or another brought forth the interrogation, "But doesn't your husband object, Mrs. Vanderbilt?" "I'd like to see him object," grimly responded Mrs. Birdie, with a tightening of the lips which her friends know bodes no pleasantry. So many straws showed which way the wind was blowing that the matron brought home a whole bale of them to scatter among the old friends of the Fair girls.

End of a Thunder Storm

It is pleasant to hear that the latest and official bulletin reads like a pact of peace. The Vanderbilts, until their estrangement, when the wife went to Europe and he remained in this country, were supposed to be as happily married as happiness jog trots in Newport. Just what sent a flurry of storm clouds across their peaceful sky is not given with any authority, but it was evidently a tidy little thunder shower that pretty thoroughly soaked Mrs. W. K. and made her consider the court as a refuge from any further drenchings. Now that the family barometer shows clear weather there is no need for the prying ones to try to account for the affair.

Weighing the Question of Divorce

Burlingame is spreading a thin pat of gossip on its tea biscuits. No one asks for a second helping because it is so hard to gulp the first down between astonishing gasps. But it would really appear that the very beautiful and lovable wife of a jolly young chap who generally behaves like a bachelor is considering the pros and cons of freedom. She is a member of the more conservative set and no one ever fancied that she would seriously



MRS. ALFRED HUNTER VOORHIES

Who is interesting the local Southern colony just now in the organization of the California Auxiliary of the Southern Educational Society.

contemplate a separation. What the foundation is of this latest fragmentary bit of gossip from Burlingame nobody will tell.

Are Cruising the Mediterranean

My London correspondent writes me that "Dick" Tobin and his sisters, Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Raoul Duval are cruising in the Mediterranean as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Guest. Mr. Guest is son of Lord Lonsdale; Mrs. Guest was formerly Miss Amy Phipps of Pittsburg. The Guests have chartered Lord Lonsdale's luxurious steam yacht and are making the cruise mainly because they are temporarily without a country home. Burley-on-the-Hill, Rutlandshire, was destroyed by fire last summer and a new house is being prepared for them while they are enjoying the present cruise. Mr. Tobin and Mrs. Clarke were guests at Burley on the night of the fire. Mr. Tobin figured gallantly as an amateur fireman and rescued valuable paintings and costly relics from the blazing house.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
REPRESENTED BY
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Following the Latest from Paris

The other day Miss Constance de Young and Mrs. Jimmy Coleman made the rounds of the fashionable shops, and wherever they chanced traffic was suspended while the shoppers, thrilled by the very latest from Paris, took eager note of Miss de Young's gown. One rather well bred looking girl, who would not have been suspected of such ill manners, almost walked up the train of Miss de Young's skirt in an effort to see just how the folds were accomplished. Another followed her to the very step of the automobile sketching her hat with surreptitious dots and dashes of a pencil against a pad only half concealed against a purse.

Stimulating the Dressmakers

I have never seen such alert interest displayed in a costume in San Francisco. Not infrequently some eccentricity will claim fleeting attention, but it is not often that women so far forget their dignity as to stampede after a really well dressed woman. Constance de Young is hardly as pretty as her sister Helen, and her clothes while always attractive have never been considered as chic as a yearly trip to Paris would imply. But in view of her approaching marriage the best dressmakers have evidently been stimulated to noteworthy effort. The gown which created such a sensation was a gray cloth made in the modified Directoire mode, the skirt very trailing and commencing about six inches above the waist. The hat was as indefinite as the dress. It will be interesting to see whether her wardrobe contains a number of such stunning costumes.

The Coming de Young Weddings

Very elaborate preparations are being made for the wedding of Miss Constance de Young and Joseph Oliver Tobin on November 18th in St. Mary's Cathedral. Artists have been at work for some time to make as effective as possible the beautiful color scheme of pink and white. Gowns and decorations are being specially designed with this aim in view. Miss Helen de Young will attend her sister as maid of honor and there will be three bridesmaids. A great crush is expected. Just three weeks later the wedding of Miss Helen de Young and George Cameron will take place in the de Young home in California street. Mr. Tobin and his bride will have returned to town by that time and the bride will in her turn act as her sister's matron of honor. A big reception and sumptuous wedding supper will follow each wedding. Splendid arrangements are being made for those events.

Mrs. Martin Objects to Gossips

Gossip is no longer considered good form in smart society, I hear. "Now she's gone, let's talk about her," the modernized version of Goethe's remark so often quoted, is frowned upon these days by the dames who make the laws in San Francisco's smart set. Not long ago some guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin's were discussing the artistic makeup of a visitor who had just left, when Mrs. Martin chided them: "I wish no criticism or gossip of any kind in my drawing room," said the dowager queen. The women were chagrined. "Her attitude is easily understood," said one later on. "By discouraging criticism she hopes to protect herself."

Their Engagement Announced

A delightful burst of heartfelt congratulations greeted the announcement of the engagement of Miss Grace Hammond to Welbore Stewart Burnett at the tea given by Mrs. Hammond last Tuesday afternoon in her beautiful home in Broadway. The engagement was hardly a surprise to the intimate friends of the young couple, but the announcement afforded them the opportunity to offer their good wishes and shower happy congratulations. Miss Grace is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond and is a charming, clever and unusually attractive girl. She has traveled extensively and has cultivated with success a fine musical talent. Mr. Burnett is of Irish descent and has made his home in San Francisco for several years. He is a lawyer and stands well in his profession. The date of the wedding has not yet been discussed.

A Manuscript Romance

The news that Mrs. Sidney Josephs will soon return home is gratifying to her family and friends. But Mrs. Joseph and her husband wish to see a little more of the European capitals, I hear, before they settle down in San Francisco. This vivacious young woman's particular set, which includes both the smart people and the clever ones of ultra-Bohemia, has always looked to her for original lines in entertaining, just as Mrs. Marcus Koshland's friends expect her to originate entertainments for them. Mrs. Joseph, who was Miss Emily Rosenstirn, is the only daughter of Dr. Julius Rosenstirn.



At the Afternoon Tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel.
Sketched from life

Her two brothers always shared in their clever sister's reputation for originality and unconventionality. There was another sister, a brilliant student, who died in her early teens. Mrs. Joseph was her father's chum ever since she could toddle, and nobody ever thought she would marry, for she often said she had never met a man who could compare with her father. But she collaborated on a novel—some say it was a play—with young Joseph, and it was then that Cupid got in his innings, when the two hearts were occupied over the manuscript.

The Viewpoint of Some Buds

Commercialism is always more lamentable in the very young, and no one can listen to the chatter of the debutantes without wistfully harking back to the days when the taint of sordid reckoning had not blighted to the last bud.

"Did she get many flowers?" I heard one girl ask another.

"Oh, only twenty orchids and about a hundred bunches of flowers. And they weren't very stunning either," sniffed the debutante. "Why, I got fifty-two orchids and mother says my flowers must have amounted to about $1,000. Her's never cost a cent over $300.

"Well, she couldn't expect as much," answered the other girl, "they really have nothing you know, and if it were not for her relatives she couldn't make any showing at all!"

Took His Heart as a Hostage

On dit a charming young woman who left for the East with her mother this week will upon her return, announce her engagement to a prominent society man. The dear old chap looked so disconsolate when she bade him farewell at the mole that everybody present sympathized with him in his approaching loneliness. His intense devotion has been remarked for some time past but his sad appearance on her departure proved him "a manacled hostage in the hands of Cupid," as one of those present on the boat phrased the situation.

The Coming Salon

The fine automobile in which the Prentis Cobb Hales took their wedding trip cost $10,000, I am told, and was a gift from the happy bridegroom to his bride. He is building her a $20,000 house in this city, and when it is finished Mrs. Hale will give a grand housewarming. It is in this house, I hear, that she will try to establish a salon.

Art Exhibit at Del Monte

Early in 1907 the management of the Del Monte Hotel established an art gallery in the hotel as an exhibition and salesroom for the paintings and and photographs of well-known artists. The rooms are in charge of a curator and conducted as a high class art gallery. The hanging committee meets each month when the rearrangement of the pictures, the hanging of new ones and the completion of the catalogue is discussed. Among the members of the present hanging committee are: G. F. Piazzoni, Julie Heynemann, Frank Mathieu, Clara Lundborg, Will Sparks, Dr. Arnold Genthe and James King Steele. The next meeting of the committee will take place at Del Monte on October 31st. It is expected that this winer's exhibition will not only be one of the largest but one of the best ever shown.

Successful Musical Tea

Miss Sara Tomlinson gave a tea and musicale at the Hotel Fairmont on Saturday in honor of Miss Sadie E. Alexander of Oakland, whose wedding to Mr. Harry Tomlinson will be a November event. Miss Tomlinson entertained with a rare musical program, the participants being Miss Ella Atkinson, Mrs. Arthur Bridge, Mrs. Samuel Beckett and Miss Marion Cumming. During the afternoon the rooms were crowded with delighted guests.

Back From Europe

The Garrett McEnerneys having abated the wanderlust by a trip to Europe returned home last week. They started on the trip three months ago, and spent most of their time in Germany, but Paris and other cities of interest were not neglected. Mr. McEnerney was very much in need of a rest, having failed to take the slightest respite from work during the period between the April catastrophe and the day of his departure last June. He went away a tired man, and has returned refreshed and invigorated, as is evident from his appearance.

Berkeley Social Gossip

At the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley much interest is being evinced just now in the training table for the Berkeley football team that has been established there for the three weeks preceding the big game. The private dining room of the hotel has been given over for the purpose and it is an interesting sight to see the sixteen stalwart young giants as they file in to dinner each night and to hear them sing their college songs. * * * The birthday of J. J. Mason last Saturday was the occasion of a very delightful dinner party in the main dining room of the Carlton, at which Mr. and Mrs. Mason had as their guests their several children and grandchildren. Another charm-

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ED. PINAUD BLDG. FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

ing affair was the dinner on Wednesday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Blankenship, at which they entertained nearly a dozen of their friends. * * * Among the guests at the Hotel Carlton are Mrs. M. B. Kellogg and her daughter, Miss Louise Kellogg, who have rented their home in Jackson street for the winter; Mr. and Mrs. Baylies C. Clark, who contemplate spending the winter months in the college town, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar R. Lewis, of New Bedford, Conn., who are in Berkeley for a visit of several weeks.

Installation of the "400" Lodge

Society in Burlingame and San Mateo turned out last Saturday evening to witness the installation of Burlingame Lodge of Masons. The event took place at the Peninsula Hotel, which Manager Charles Miller turned over to the members of the order and their friends in a manner which warmed the cockles of their hearts. More than three hundred persons witnessed the installation of the new lodge, while one hundred and fifty sat at the banquet table afterwards and enjoyed the generous feast. While the majority of the assemblage were society folk of the two peninsular cities, several delightful parties motored down from San Francisco, remaining at the hotel until Monday morning. A few weeks ago, when the Masons of Burlingame applied to the Grand Master of the State for a charter, and expressly stipulated that their lodge number should be "400," it was realized that they intended to preserve in every way the aristocratic significance of those figures. Manager Miller of the Peninsula was consulted in regard to details and promptly offered the great hallway of the hotel in which to hold the services of installation. The scene was a beautiful one. The hallway, with its open court and grand stairway, was banked with flowers and palms, in the midst of which shone the symbols of Masonry in vari-colored electric lights. Above, on the balconies, stood scores of the fair sex, lending additional attractiveness to the picture. After dinner, which was enjoyed to the accompaniment of delightful music by the Knickerbocker Quartette and an excellent orchestra, several addresses were made by prominent Masons in attendance. Among those who sat at table were: William Crocker, Charles L. Patton, George M. Perine, Robert Bonner, E. F. Treadwell, Charles Jellinek, Clarence F. Bovee, Carleton E. Durrell, Edgar B. Batchelder, Charles T. Foster, Allan R. Hascom, William J. Kidd, Fred D. Lorton, Walter L. Scott, Henry Maier, John M. Chrisman, Thomas H. Gray, Ansel M. Easton, August Berg and Louis A. Murch.

Blue's Latest Role

Rumor hints at the engagement of Dr. Rupert Blue with a very charming girl whose sister is a bride of a few months. Rumor is very partial to hints of this kind, especially when a distinguished officer of the army is concerned. Some months ago when Dr. Blue was too busy to indulge his sentimental emotions he was the object of a good deal of hostility, but riper judgment accords him unstinted praise for his professional and official achievements. And now that he has about finished his labors he can give no better proof of his interest in San Francisco than by winning the hand of a charming young native daughter.

The parlors of Mrs. A. H. Voorhies handsome residence in California street were crowded last Wednesday afternoon to listen to an interesting address delivered by Captain Richard P. Hobson. Admission was by card only, as the ladies present were all enthusiastic over the organization of the California Auxiliary of the Southern Educational Society. Mrs. Martha Gielow, who will give the reading before the same society Friday evening at the St. Francis Hotel, was among those in attendance.

Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Hecht are among the many well-known people who have engaged permanent quarters at the St. Francis.

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Back From His Studies Abroad

Mr. Hother Wismer, the well-known violinist, has returned from his year's sojourn in Europe, where he spent most of his time in the studios of the great masters of the violin, Sauret, Cesar Thomson, Professor Marchot and Ysaie. He is most enthusiastic over his association with them. While abroad Mr. Wismer met many well-known Californians: In Paris Mrs. L. S. Sherman and Miss Elsie Sherman, the Wellington Greggs and others. In London he met Mrs. W. H. Sherman and her two daughters and spent a pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blumenberg, formerly Mrs. Albert Albeg, where he was the guest of honor at a large party. Mr. Wismer will resume his violin class at his residence about November 1st.

Attractive Concert Program

Very broad and very interesting is the program to be rendered by the pupils of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music at Christian Science Hall, Thursday evening, October 29th. Appropriate selections will be made from Beethoven, Chopin, Flegier, Seeling, Schwarwenka, Gipsen, La Villa, Taubert, Hildach, Mendelsshon and Eberhardt. The pupils who will interpret the masters on the piano, violin, viola and vocally are: Miss Marie Abeille, Mr. A. Hunt, Mr. D. Cowan, Miss Hazel Olmsted, Mr. Charles A. Larsen, Miss Atha Gutman, Miss Mary Wolch, Miss Maud Lang, Mr. Harry Lowenstein, Mr. C. A. Larsen, Miss Alma Jensen, Mr. Nes Kinnell, Miss Michie, Miss Aline Lang and Mr. Jerry O'Connor. Professor Bonelli will be the director of the occasion.

Worthy Benefit Planned

The benefit in aid of the Woman's Auxiliary of the California Prison Commission to be given at the Valencia Theatre, Monday evening, November 9th, promises to be a gala event. "Glittering Gloria," with Robert Warwick and all the favorites in the cast, will be produced and in addition to that amusing farce a number of special features will be introduced. The cause is a most worthy one. Among the lady patronesses who are actively working to make this affair a success are Mrs. John T. Merrill, Mrs. Timothy R. Phelps, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. E. R. Taylor, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. James S. Gillett, Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. Florence Porter Pflngst, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. G. K. Bucknell, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Sidney Smith Palmer, Mrs. J. W. Burnham, Mrs. Edward De Witt Taylor, Mrs. Allen W. Scott, Mrs. A. E. Graupner, Mrs. A. P. Woodward and Mrs. California Newton. Tickets may be obtained from any of the officers and directors of the Woman's Auxiliary.

Social Spotlight

Miss Florence Hopkins, accompanied by her father, is back from the East and will make her debut this winter, chaperoned by her three sisters, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor and Mrs. Augustus McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hirsch of New York are registered at the Grenada.

Alden Anderson, formerly lieutenant-governor of the State, and newly elected as vice-president of the London, Paris and American Bank, will spend the winter at the Fairmont.

W. Leslie Comyn and Mrs. Comyn of San Rafael have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter. Mrs. Comyn, who was Miss Anna Gerber of Sacramento, is well known here.

Sir James Erskine, K. B. C., Lady Erskine, Miss Erskine and Lieutenant Erskine of Scotland arrived last week at Del Monte, and were so delighted with the beautiful grounds that they have decided to stay a fortnight. Sir James has the title of Admiral of the fleet.

E. B. Yerington, a wealthy Nevada cattle raiser, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Yerington.

One of the large dinners which is scheduled to be given in honor of Miss Hyde Smith and her fiance, Mr. Wood, is that to be given by Mrs. C. F. Weltky on Saturday, October 31st, at the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Wood is Mrs. Welty's nephew and a favorite with his aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle will make their winter home at the Grenada after December 1st.

During the past week the Fairmont has been entertaining the Ladies of the Eastern Star, a fraternal organization of great prominence. More than eight hundred delegates attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale will return from Shasta Springs next week and take up their residence in this city.

The Wellington Greggs will return from abroad early next month.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs last week were Miss Laura Farnsworth, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Norcross, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner and C. W. Barker.

The Colonial Dames have arranged to give a very prettily appointed breakfast in the Red Room of the Hotel St. Francis next week.

Mrs. Warfield

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Odd Things in the World

Clever Police Dogs

Very little was accomplished in Germany and Austria by the association for furthering the breeding and employment of police dogs till the members began to distribute dogs among policemen and watchmen. These animals got so accustomed to their masters and the rural conditions of their districts that the slightest change from the normal state provoked their suspicion while on their daily patrol, and any amount of cases are published every week where such well trained dogs led their masters to places of outrages which up to that moment were still unknown. Suicides were found in time to bring such poor creatures back to life, murders were discovered while the corpses were still warm, and so of course was the scent. The criminals were at once hunted and stopped not many miles off, waiting for a chance to escape. Tramps hiding themselves in thickets could not enjoy a quiet hour, and many a "wanted" was discovered by the help of these dogs. It is an infrequent occurrence that an outrage is not discovered within twenty-four hours after the commission of the crime. The next "station dog" is at once called, and unless he has not already stopped a suspicious individual during one of his patrols he will pick up at once the line of the criminal after having—in case of fatal outrage—been brought to the corpse. The criminal statistics of Brunswick show that during the last two years not a single murder was committed there or within twenty miles around this municipality.

After a Sunken Treasure

From a shipbuilding yard at Hivenhoe, Essex, a strange looking craft has just been launched which is to be used in a fresh endeavor to recover treasure from the wrecked vessel La Lutine, which has lain for more than a century at the bottom of the sea off the coast of Holland. The craft contains a large tube, wide enough for a man to walk erect in. This it is proposed to sink through the sand which covers the vessel to a considerable depth and so facilitate the work of the divers. In 1799 La Lutine, a French frigate captured by the English, was chartered by a number of London merchants and despatched from Yarmouth with a large cargo of gold for Holland. The vessel was wrecked off the Island of Terschelling, carrying her treasure to Davy Jones's locker. Many attempts have been made to rescue the gold. In 1800 $275,000 was recovered, and later efforts in the '50s resulted in the rescue of $250,000 more. How much more still remains in La Lutine's hold it is impossible to say exactly. The late Sir Henry Hozier, secretary of Lloyd's, estimated its value at over $5,000,000. There were 330 bars of gold shipped, he said. Eighty-five were recovered and 245 still remain to be found. Out of 179 bars of silver seventy-nine are still unaccounted for, and there was also $635,000 in specie for pay of the English troops in Holland operating against the French invaders.

Curious Silent Women

Among the curiosities of religious belief mentioned at the Congress of the History of Religions, which met at Oxford recently, perhaps the most striking was related in the section over which Prof. Jastrow of Philadelphia presided. Here Dr. Frazer told of the Silent Widows of Northwest America and Central Australia, where, partly with the object of eluding and partly with the object of disgusting their dead husbands, it was the custom of widows to keep silence and in various ways make themselves hideous for periods of mourning which, in some cases, lasted two years. There is one particular tribe of Australia aborigines which extends this veto to the mothers, sisters, daughters, and mothers-in-law, so it often happens. A majority of the women in a tribe are prohibited from speaking. Dr. Frazer added that an odd circumstance was that many of them, when the time for mourning was over, preferred to continue to be silent women and to discourse only by signs.

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For your protection, the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox,"** with **Mennen's** face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*
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NOTICE UNDER TORRENS ACT

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of VINCENZO PAGNO and PASQUALE CIRIMELE, to Register Title.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to A. Pacello, B. Juliano, C. Linale, W. Ehlers, L. Demartini, H. Kohler Co., and to all whom it may concern. Take notice that a petition has been filed in this court by Vincenzo Pagano and Pasquale Cirimele for the initial registration of the title to the real estate hereinafter described, as provided by "An Act for the certification of land titles and the simplification of the transfer of real estate," approved March 17, 1897, known as the Torrens Land Act, praying for a decree of this Court declaring said petitioner to be the owner in fee of said land, subject only to the estates, easements, liens, charges and incumbrances therein set forth; that said petition has been set for hearing by the Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Grant Building, Seventh and Market streets, San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place said petitioners will apply for a decree in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer said petition within ten days after the service on you of this notice, if served within said City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, and show cause, if any you have, why said petition should not be granted, said petitioners will take a decree quieting their title to said land and directing registration thereof in accordance with the terms of said Act, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

The real estate hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Kearny street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches northerly from the intersection of said line of Kearny street with the northerly line of Vallejo street; running thence northerly along said line of Kearny street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty (20) feet and thence at right angles easterly sixty (60) feet to said line of Kearny street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot No. 219 and of Block No. 85 of the Fifty Vara Survey.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23d day of October, A. D. 1908. Pursuant to an order of Court on file herein.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER H. ROBINSON, Atty. for Petitioners, Chronicle Bldg.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 5313. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, Deceased.

M. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, deceased, having on this daypresented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at public auction or at private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient money with which to pay the claims outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration of the estate of said deceased, already accrued and hereafter to accrue, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some part of the real property belonging to said deceased in said petition, for the reasons set forth in said petition;

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Eliza A. Pittsinger, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, department No. 10 thereof—Probate, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of November, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause if any they have or if any either of them have, why an order should not be made authorizing, empowering and directing said M. J. Hynes, as administrator as aforesaid to sell the said real property described in said petition, at public auction or at private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1908.

Oct. 31-S5t

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.



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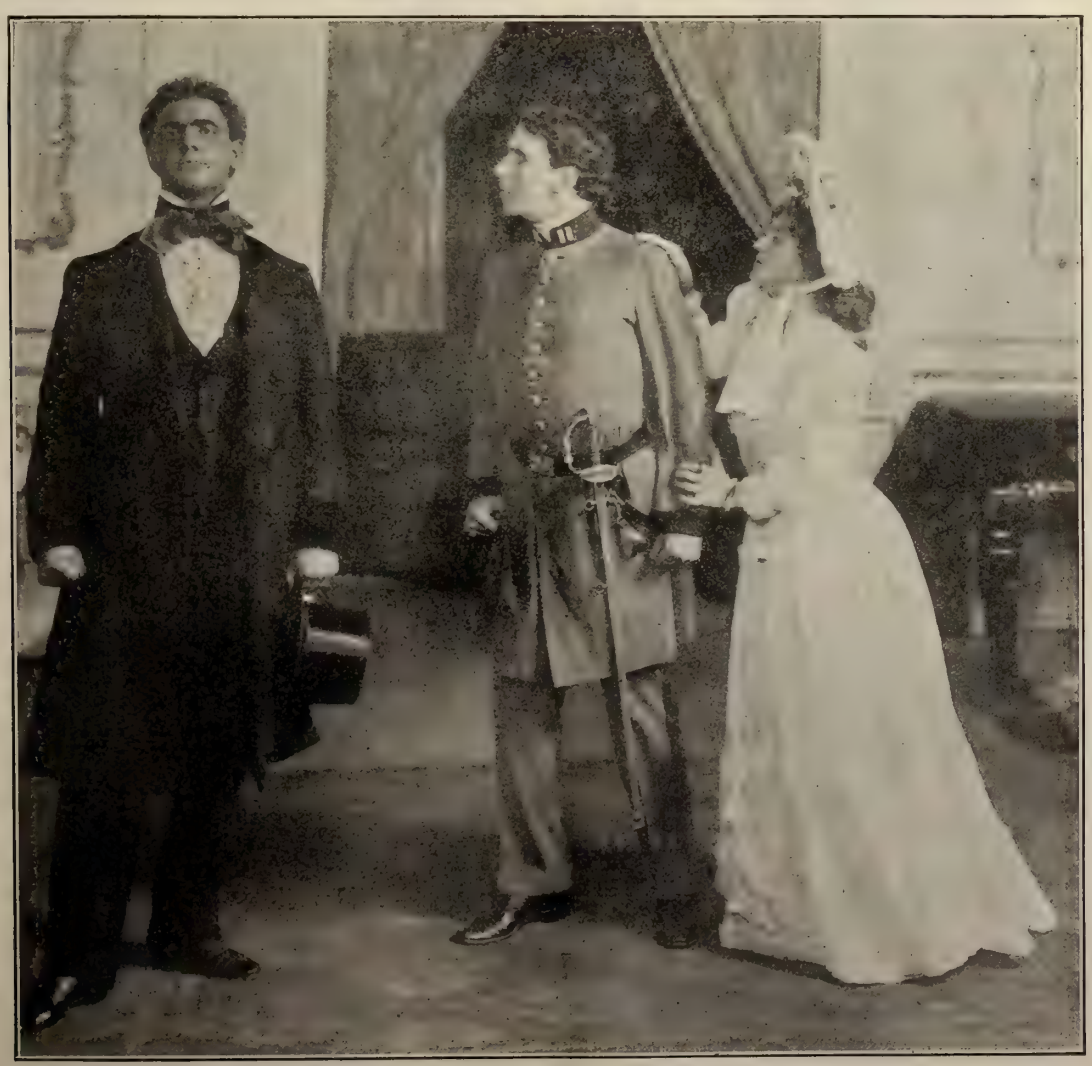
Stage

"His Excellency, the Governor"

Given a good all round stock company and it is one of the delights of the season for patrons to watch them exhibit the suppleness and pliability and artistic finish of the organization from week to week in the various kinds of productions they essay. In baseball parlance this is called team work. Nothing marks the superior excellence of a company so much as this good team work, and the man who sweats and labors for its attainment, and who is freely and emphatically condemned if he fails, is the stage manager. In presenting "His Excellency the Governor," this week, the Valencia stock company ventured into a field that would have proved disastrous to any company not assured of its own poise, elasticity and strength. The play is one of those light, fantastical themes, which to preserve the idea and ideal of the author must be played with careful delicacy, judgment and refinement. In the hands of a rough-and-ready lot of actors the production would have become an incomprehensible burlesque and the perplexed audience would have unreservedly pronounced it rot. That the Valencia company succeeded in scoring a hit in a play of this character demonstrates anew their ability as a pliable and finished organization; it adds another feather in the cap of the efficient stage manager. Aside from the clever acting the play affords a slight relief to the heavier dramas of the past several weeks. Nearly all the members of the company essayed parts in striking contrast with the ordinary run of roles. Robert Warwick assumed a chesty, dignified character in which he was called upon to look his best and handle the comedy like a juggler keeping a dozen sensitive eggs dancing in the air, for at any slip on his part the comic dignity of the situation would have gone to smash. Miss Willette Kershaw demonstrated that she is a comedienne of distinction. She has an exquisitely fine sense of humor, a delicacy of touch and a dainty manner than rarely finds a chance to express itself except in whimsical roles. As Stella she had an opportunity to show talents no one suspected her of possessing. Ethel Barrymore created the part and scored success in it. As for Miss Kershaw it is enough to say that she was the bright volatile, vivacious spirit of the production.

Return of the Dutch Comedians

Merely to preserve the outlines of theatrical history it is here recorded that Kolb and Dill returned to town this week and at the Princess Theatre renewed their acquaintance with their admirers of the days before the fire. The length of their sojourn is something impossible of prediction. That it will be a protracted one it is absolutely safe to assert. For the Dutch comedians have lost none of their old charm. If anything they have enlarged their resources since the good old days when theatrical history was in the making in O'Farrell street. They have acquired new airs without any diminution of their old methods of convulsing a helpless and receptive audience. Little Mike is as humble as ever, and experience has not educated him out of any of those congenital susceptibilities



SCENE FROM THE SENSATIONAL DRAMA, "THE CLANSMAN."
To be produced at the Van Ness Theatre, commencing Monday, November 2d.

which render him an agreeable companion. The Lanky One is as earnest and patient as ever, not a whit less sympathetic nor any more scrupulous than formerly. "Playing the Ponies" is the title of the show in which Kolb and Dill are at present weberfielding, and the title is eloquent enough of the potentialities of the theme. The show has all the old familiar snap and ginger. Musically it is light and airy and so are the girls—the kind to whom the Johnnies are always hospitable. From what occurred on the occasion of the introductory performance it was evident that the comedians have retained a very tight hold on the affections of theatregoers. It was more like a large private reception than a public theatrical performance.

Blanche Arral's Second Concert Sunday

Blanche Arral, the Belgian nightingale, who made one of the greatest successes ever achieved by an artist in this city, will give her second grand concert with orchestral accompaniment at the Van Ness Theatre this Sunday afternoon, November 1st, offering an entire change of program. Of course the audience will not be satisfied without the wonderful "Waltz of the Birds" and Manager Greebaum promises that if the orchestration arrives in time we shall hear Mme. Arral's interpretation of the "Shadow Dance" from Dinorah. The program as thus far arranged includes the great aria, "Ah Fors e



SEDLEY BROWN

Stage Director Valencia Theatre and Author of "A Navajo's Love," to be Produced Sunday.

Lui" from "La Traviata," the "Nightingale's Song" from the "Marriage of Jeanette" with flute obligato played by Neubauer and the brilliant "Csardas" from "The Beggar Student" in which Mme. Arral created the role of Laura in Paris under the personal direction of Millocker. There will be half a dozen other splendid compositions, some of which will be entirely new here. The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's stores; the box office at the theatre will be open after 10 a. m. on Sunday.

"The Clansman" at the Van Ness

"The Clansman," announced to appear at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, November 2d, is claimed to be the most remarkable play on the American stage. Founded on the famous novels, "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman," it was first produced in the Old Dominion State, September 22, 1905. Immediately thereafter it started on a whirlwind tour of the South, in which all records were broken for attendance and for controversy and discussion provoked. "The Clansman" is the first dramatic presentment of the terrible reconstruction period of Southern history. The scenes are laid in the hill country of South Carolina in 1867, when white civilization was in danger of being overthrown by the carpetbaggers and their dupes, the ignorant negroes. Southern chivalry and manhood comes to the front in the person of Ben Cameron, a leader of the Ku-Klux Klan. This gallant youth is in love with the daughter of a Northern fanatic, but he will not sacrifice his principles to win her love. Instead, he tears down the "Social Eqaulity" proclamation which the commanding general of the district has ordered placarded. The Northern party try to sell out the Cameron homestead for fraudulent taxes, but Elsie

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Two Weeks Beginning Monday, November 2. Matinee Saturday Only.
First Time Here of the Play That Has Enthused More Than 4,000,000 American Theatregoers,

THE CLANSMAN

Dramatized by Thomas Dixon, Jr., from his two famous novels, "The Clansman" and "The Leopard's Spots."
The Dramatic Sensation of Four Seasons.
Prices, $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c.

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Monday Evening, November 2nd,
First Time in San Francisco of the Charming Comedy Conceit,

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

By Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Dix
One of Last Season's New York Successes
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

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Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
GEORGE PRIMROSE AND HIS FOUR DANCING BOYS; FOUR NIGHTONS; ALFRED KELCY & CO., "SLIVERS," ASSISTED BY ARTIE NELSON; VALADON, the Magician; LEWIS AND GREEN; BLACK AND JONES; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week, great success HOPE BOOTH & CO., in "The Little Blonde Lady."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Saturday afternoon and Evening, last times of His Excellency, the Governor.
Beginning Sunday Matinee, November 1,
The Valencia Stock Company and ROBERT WARWICK in the Society Romance,

A NAVAJO'S LOVE

A Story of the Warpath of Love and the Battlefield of Business.
By Sedley Brown, Stage Director of the Valencia Theatre.
Matinee Wednesday. All seats 25c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c; box seats, $1.00.
Next—"GLITTERING GLORIA."

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The Same Seat for the Same Price Always.
One Week Only, Commencing Sunday Matinee, November 1, 1908,,
George M. Cohan's Phenomenal Musical Hit,

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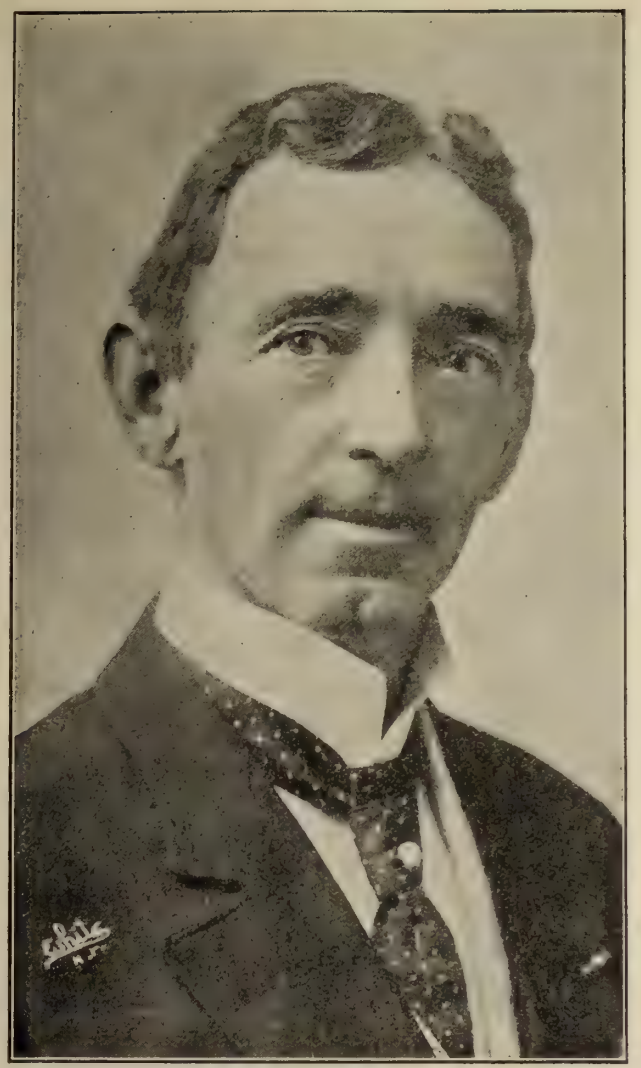
Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, No Higher. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c.

BLANCHE ARRAL

The Belgian Nightingale, accompanied by Steindorff's Orchestra,
This Sunday Afternoon, November 1st, at 2:30
VAN NESS THEATRE
Great program, including selections from "La Traviata," "Marriage of Jeannette," "Dinorah," etc.
Seats $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Sunday after 10 a. m. at theatre. Baldwin piano used.



SIGNOR EMILIO
DE GOGORZA
The Spanish Baritone
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL
Sunday Afternoons, November 8 and 15. Thursday Evening, November 12.
Seats $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's next Wednesday, where complete programs may be obtained.



GEORGE PRIMROSE
Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Stoneman, Ben's sweetheart, buys it in. At last the critical moment arrives for the work of the Ku Klux Klan. They gather at midnight in a mountain cave to perform their awful ritual and execute the solemn functions of a high court of justice. Ben, their leader, is arrested by the carpetbag government and sentenced to death. Elsie, his sweetheart, is promised his life if she will ally herself with the mulatto lieutenant-governor of South Carolina. She faints at the odious proposal, and her father, learning that his protege has thus abused his confidence, denounces the mulatto. At the end of the play and in the nick of time the Ku Klux enter. They have rescued Ben from the clutches of the farcical courtmartial, and led by him they level their revolvers at the villainous lieutenant-governor, making him their prisoner and freeing Elsie Stoneman, who falls into her lover's arms. The play is interpreted by the original company from New York and Chicago.

Strong Play at the Valencia

The final performances of Captain Robert H. Marshall's highly entertaining comedy, "His Excellency, the Governor," will be given at the Valencia Theatre at the Saturday afternoon and evening performances, and Sunday afternoon a decided dramatic novelty will be introduced when "A Navajo's Love" a new and interesting romantic play by Sedley Brown, the capable stage director of the stock company, will be presented for the first time in this city. Although the name "Navajo" may suggest Indians and the "wild" west, it is not a Western nor an Indian play; all of the scenes are laid in and near New York City and "A Navajo's Love" is properly placed in the same category as "The Squaw Man" and "Strongheart." The Indian hero, who is half French and called "Straight Oak" by the Indians, is a man of college education who comes east and makes a fortune on Wall Street. He falls in love with Alice King, daughter of a Wall Street operator, but she is engaged to marry Arthur La Salle, another power in the street. The Indian finds that La Salle has tried to take a mean advantage of him with the girl and determines to ruin him. He accordingly works with all his power in Wall Street and finally has La Salle under his thumb. The great scene shows the Indian, cool and triumphant, and the white man at his feet and begging for mercy. The Indian is determined to accomplish his rival's defeat, when the latter suddenly spies a pistol on the table and recognizes it as the one he had given to the Indian lad years before when he was an army bugler to help him escape from execution. The Indian characteristic is strongly shown when the redskin, thinking now only of the man who had saved his life allows the white man to retrieve his fortune. Incidentally he gives up the girl. She, however, will not listen to the suggestion and the play ends happily with the betrothal of the Indian and the paleface maiden. Robert Warwick will have a singularly strong and gripping part as Straight Oak and Willette Kershaw will be as charming as usual as the society girl whose heart is the coveted prize of two impassioned lovers.

Fantastic Comedy at the Alcazar

"The Road to Yesterday," one of the New York successes last season, will be given its first presentation in San Francisco next week at the Alcazar, commencing Monday night. Its theme, while somewhat similar to that of "When Knights Were Bold," in which Francis Wilson appeared here a few months ago, is ingeniously sustained through a series of fantastic comedy scenes that are marked by daintiness. A modern young girl deplores the lack of chivalry in society as she knows it, and while deploring she falls asleep and dreams. What she dreams consumes two acts in the telling. She is



SIGNOR EMILIO DE GOGORZA
The Spanish baritone at Christian Science Hall, November 8, 12 and 15.

taken back three hundred years, to the Elizabethan era, and meets enough adventure to satisfy the most romantic-minded maiden. Extraordinary scenes and characters are introduced, and the comedy is delicious. Of course when the dreamer awakens she is satisfied that the "age of chivalry" was much less comfortable to live in than the twentieth century, and the final curtain finds her and the audience happy. Evelyn Vaughan will have the role of the dreamer, and it promises to reveal new phases of her art. During the period of her dream she assumes boy's garb, and rehearsals have shown that she will be quite a fascinating figure. Bertram Lytell, as the modern and antique hero, will be seen to splendid advantage.

The De Gogorza Concerts

Manager Greenbaum's next musical star will be that splendid singer, Emilio de Gogorza, who furnished the "thrill" at the Emma Eames concerts and who repeated his success at his own recitals two years ago. This artist will give three splendid programs at Christian Science Hall, commencing Sunday, November 8th. The opening program will be composed of works by Caldara, Haendel, Gluck, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, Massenet, Sidney Homer, Howard Brockway, Horatio Parker, and by special request Manager Greenbaum has added "Mother o'Mine" by Tours. A special feature will be a group of Spanish works by Alvarez and no one sings these like De Gogorza. Henry C. Whittemore will act as both accompanist and piano solist. The second program, equally varied, will be given Thursday night, November 12th, and the popular "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci" is one of the offerings. The final concert will be a request program and will be given Sunday afternoon, November 15th. Complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where the sale of seats opens next Wednesday morning, November 4th. De Gogorza will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty playhouse Friday afternoon, November 13th, the hour being set for 3:30 in order to accommodate school and college pupils and teachers.

New Season of Minetti Concerts

The Minetti String Quartette will give the first concert of their sixteenth season at half past three o'clock Friday afternoon, November 6th, at Century Hall. Every provision has been made to insure the success of the series and several special numbers have been selected that will prove unusually attractive. The program for the first concert is as follows: Haydn, string quartet in D major, op. 20, No. 4; Bach, due for two violins and piano accompaniment; Beethoven, string quartet in F major, op. 18.

Capital Vaudeville at the Orpheum

Next week's program at the Orpheum is an assured success. Chief among the new acts will be George Primrose and his Dancing Boys. This famous minstrel can boast of a popularity that is enduring and it can be said truthfully that "age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety." His graceful dancing is the admiration of all who behold it and his coming entertainment we are assured completely surpasses all his previous efforts The Four Nighton, Olympian gymnasts, who are among the recent European vaudeville sensations, will present an act in which phenomenal strength and gymnastic skill play a great part. Alfred Kelcy, a sterling actor of original yet artistic methods, will appear in a sketch entitled "In Trust." Mr. Kelcy will have the support of that talented young actress Miss Mathilde Bothe. "Slivers," the greatest of all clowns, will be an amusing attraction in the pantomime of his own originating to which he has given the name of "The Ball Game," and in which he plays a solitaire game. He runs after a grounder, quarrels with the umpire, makes faces at the boys on the bleachers, and concludes by "striking out." Artie Nelson, famous as an acrobat and athlete, will be associated with him. Next week will be the last of Valdon, the extraordinary magician, Lewis and Green, Black and Jones, and of that charming comedienne, Hope Booth, in her delightfully niave impersonation of "The Little Blonde Lady." For a finale, a particularly realistic series of motion pictures will be given.

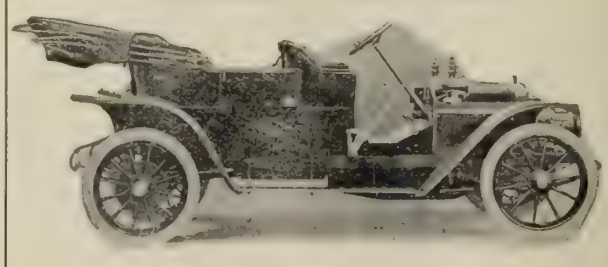
Lively "Little Johnny Jones" Is Here

Those who attend the performance of "Little Johnny Jones" at the American Theatre during the week beginning November 1st, will see an unusually brisk and merry play. The big company, which is about the most successful on tour, is headed by Charlie Brown, playing the title part. He is a clever dancer, a splendid singer and in fact a star in the part. Among the other well cast performers are Amy Mortimer, playing her three different characters very cleverly; Ada Gifford, the "female newspaper man," beautiful to look upon and a clever actress. Mr. Keough, a quaint comedian of original methods, who has invested the character of "The Unknown" with a subtle humor that never fails to win enthusiastic applause. There are more than forty handsome young men and women in the chorus, all specially selected. No prettier girls have been seen in San Francisco. Everything goes with the dash common to Geo. M. Cohan's productions. "Little Johnny Jones" will remain at the American till the close of Saturday evening, November 7th.

The Beringer Musical Club Concert

The Beringer Musical Club, under the direction of Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer, gave its ninth concert Tuesday evening, October 27th, at Lyric Hall. An attractive and varied program made the recital particularly interesting to a very large audience. The following members—Miss Anna Fritz, Mrs. Agnes Burrell, Miss Anita Morse and Miss Frances Westington—rendered their respective numbers with perfect ease, fulfilling many difficult technical requirements with a showing of great skill, accompanied with good expression. Mr. Melton Mowbray, Harry Samuels and Professor Joseph Beringer contributed the rest of the program, the two latter giving Grieg's F major Sonata for violin and piano, which was an unexpected treat to an enthusiastic audience.

WORLD'S RECORD



A Real Victory for

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Formerly THOMAS-DETROIT

WORLD'S RECORD FOR STOCK CARS

25 MILES—26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS
COAST RECORD—1 MILE 1 MINUTE FLAT
Clipping Two Seconds from White's Record.

Chalmers-Detroit (Blue Bird) Proves Its Supremacy

10 Miles—10 Min. 30 Sec. (Blue Bird) at Fresno. Best 10 Miles at Tanforan—Stoddard-Dayton, 11 Min. 11 Sec.

Blue Bird is an absolutely stock car. We are prepared to back this statement up with money. This same car had run ten thousand miles before its world-breaking records of yesterday. We can make delivery of this same car or exact duplicate immediately. Also immediate delivery Chalmers-Detroit Thirty. PRICE, $1500.

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524 Twentieth St., Oakland 901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

Auto Notes

That the automobile industry is growing, even beyond the expectations of the dealers and manufacturers two years ago, is evident from the unusually large number of applicants in the interior of the State for the selling agency of small cars. In discussing this phase of the automobile industry yesterday, E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, said: "It is surprising the turn the automobile trade has taken last season and this year. With four or five agents last season we thought we had the whole State pretty well covered, but with the introduction of the medium-priced Chalmers-Detroit cars, the would-be dealers in motor cars seem to appear from every town in the State."

G. W. Roberts of Marysville was here this week and took delivery from the Howard Automobile Company of a 30 h. p. four-cylinder Buick roadster. He shipped the machine to Vallejo by boat and accompanied by F. Roberts drove to their home in Yuba County.

Already the largest exclusive motor car factory in the world, the shops of the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit, Michigan, are again being enlarged by several additions. In the rear of the present double quadrangle of shops, several two-story buildings are now nearing completion. These will be used as additions to the machine and body departments and will also greatly facilitate the manufacture of Packard trucks. The present Packard factory is nearly six times as large as the original plant erected in Detroit in 1903. At that time it contained 100,000 square feet of floor space, which, by successive additions, has been increased to nearly 600,000 square feet, or over fourteen acres. There are now employed 2700 men in the manufacture of 1909 cars.

Colonel and Mrs. F. H. Johnson, with Mr. and Mrs. Chris Jorgenson, left this city Thursday evening for an automobile tour through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Mr. Jorgenson is the well known artist of the Yosemite Valley. Mr. Johnson is taking a camera with him and expects to take some fine pictures. The trip will be made in Mr. Johnson's Thomas Flyer.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, who left for Los Angeles this week to look ever the situation there, remarked that any rival tire company would certainly have to hustle to capture the round-trip San Diego record from the Diamond Tire. The Rambler recently broke the same record by 57 minutes on Diamond tires and Marsh rims and then Hamlin in his Franklin went around the course in Diamond tires in 11 hours and 17 minutes, both records being made without any tire trouble.

Percy J. Brown, of Eureka, Humboldt county, is enjoying many pleasant drives over the boulevards of Alameda county in the 40 h. p. Buick touring car of which he took delivery from the Howard Automobile Company of this city this week. Mr. Brown will spend several weeks familiarizing himself with his new machine before returing to his home in Eureka.

The winning of the Chalmers-Detroit "40" and the Chalmers-Detroit "30" in the respective contests in the sweepstakes race lat Saturday, is considered by the manufacturers to more than prove their claims for the speed and endurance of the machines. The 40 h. p. Chalmers which won the Jericho sweepstate event in the same model with which Bert Dingley broke the world's record at the recent Fresno meet. The small 30 h. p. Chalmers won the 150 mile event for cars costing less than $2000, in a few minutes over three hours.

Ed A. Zeis of Redding, Shasta county, purchased from the Howard Automobile Company this week a two-cylinder Buick touring car. Mr. Zeis is a great sportsman and hunter and will use his car exclusively for pleasure in the wilds of Shasta.

Dr. W. C. Jenney of Vacaville was in San Francisco this week on his way home after an extended tour of the bay counties in his Buick "White Streak."

The Diamond Rubber Co. are in receipt of a very interesting letter from Mr. P. J. Walker, a prominent contractor of this city, who has just completed a very extensive run throughout the European countries in which he states that Diamond tires put on his car on April 14, 1908, in Buffalo, retained the same original air up till September 12th, when the tires were taken off at the same factory, having covered 9,027 miles without a puncture or having a pump touched to them. He further states to all intents and purposes easily 2,000 more miles may be had from the tires before recovering is necessary.

Dr. Otto Westerfield of this city has purchased from the Howard Automobile Company a Buick "White Streak," which he has placed in service in his practice.

One of the most recent comparisons in tire cost was the recent Fairmont Park, Philadelphia, 200-mile race, in which seven cars equipped with Diamond tires had a total tire expense of $9.00, and this charge was occasioned by an inner tube being pinched. Nine other cars, equipped with other makes, had a total tire expense of $841.50.

Henry T. Atkinson & Co., of Oakland, took delivery from the Howard Automobile Company this week of a Buick "White Streak" which they will use in the pursuit of business throughout Alameda County.

The mining men of Nevada are again coming to the front as buyers and users of motor cars. Bob Douglas, who owns a 40 h. p. Thomas car in Fallon, and F. C. Keith, the well known motorist of the sagebrush country, are among the prominent mining men to be interested in new cars. Keith placed his order yesterday with the Pioneer Automobile Company for a six-cylinder 40 h. p. Thomas Flyer. This is the fourth Thomas car owned by Keith.



Running A Car By Ear

The trained car of the experienced automobilist instantly detects the superiority of ZEROLENE Auto Lubricating Oil in the even, contented "pur-r" of the engine that tells the story of perfect lubrication. No matter what the type of gasoline engine or season of the year, ZEROLENE invariably gives perfect lubrication under all conditions.

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Auto Lubricating Oil

is produced in only one place in the world. It is non-carbonizing, and keeps cylinders and spark plugs in perfect condition. It is practically friction, carbon and *trouble* proof.

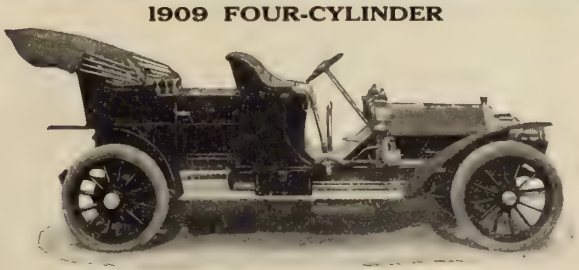
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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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THREE POINT SUSPENSION — WHITE POWER PLANT

1909 FOUR-CYLINDER



MODEL X. $2750.

In response to a demand for a larger and roomier car than our 20 H. P., 4 Cylinder, Model "R", and more moderate in price than our Light Six, we have produced the Model "X". This car represents the most advanced ideas in automobile designs.

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

IN 1908-9

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The year 1909, the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birth will be appropriately marked in The Century, which magazine has been the vehicle since its foundation for the publication of the most important Lincoln material. Unpublished documents from Lincoln's own pen and from that of one of his private secretaries are coming, and splendid Lincoln portraits. Read "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates. Fifty Years After," by Frederick Trevor Hill, in the November Century, fully illustrated.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR

is the subject of an article soon to appear recording a recent conversation with him, in which he talked freely on current topics.

PADEREWSKI

has given an interesting interview to The Century,—his views on great composers and their music. See November Century.

HELEN KELLER

is writing for The Century. Don't miss her article, "My Dreams," in the November Century.

ROBERT HICHENS

author of "The Garden of Allah," is writing for The Century. See his charming article on "Old Cairo," with six full-page pictures by Thornton Oakley, in the November Century.

THOMPSON SETON

whose famous "Biography of a Grizzly" was written for The Century, will contribute a charming and sympathetic serial story of a fox.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The November CENTURY

is now for sale everywhere. It begins the new volume—begins the use of a new and beautiful font of type—revives the use of the cover which for many years was associated with The Century.

THIS SHOWS THE COVER

The November number is the number for you to begin with if you are not already taking it.

FOR FORTY YEARS

The Century has been the leader among American magazines. There are others, but there are none "just as good." It is a force in the community. There is an uplift in it—an optimistic, cheerful view of life—nothing of the muck-raker. You see it in the homes of people who really know what is best.

WHY NOT SUBSCRIBE FOR 1909?

New subscribers to The Century should begin with this November number, the first issue in the new volume. $4.00 a year.

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THE CENTURY CO·UNION SQUARE·NEW YORK

IN 1908-9

GROVER CLEVELAND

—the real Grover Cleveland, will be described in The Century in 1909 by the men who knew him best.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

greatest of modern sculptors, who died recently, left an autobiography—a wonderful human document—rich in anecdotes and descriptions. The Century will print it, beginning in December.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

is writing for The Century. Read his remarkable article on the Tariff and learn what he knows about tariffs.

ALICE HEGAN RICE

who wrote "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will contribute a brilliant serial novel to The Century. Pathos and humor are exquisitely blended in this new story, "Mr. Opp."

Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL

will contribute short stories, and so will Thomas Nelson Page, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Edith Wharton, Jack London, "Frances Little," Ruth McEnery Stuart, John Corbin, Owen Johnson, David Gray, Lucia Chamberlain, L. Frank Tooker, Maurice F. Egan, and many others.

THE ART

is the best in any magazine. Beautiful reproductions in full color of some of the most exquisite paintings of living American artists are coming in 1909,—each worth framing. Joseph Pennell and Boutet de Monvel are among the famous artists who are working for The Century. The Christmas number will be a great art issue.

November Begins a Great Volume
Beautiful Colored Pictures in Every Number

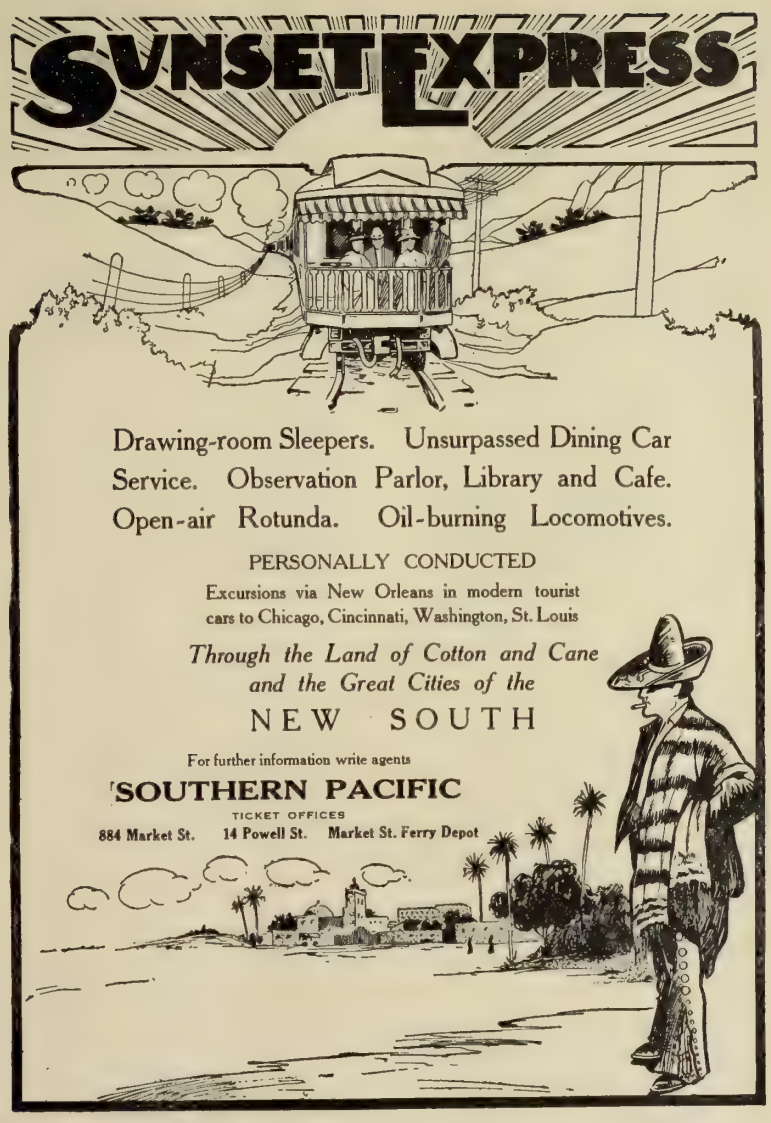
Letters

On Simple Lines of Love

"Three of a Kind" makes a good combination. Richard Burton's special three would not seem, at first sight, to possess much in common, for they were a middle aged German musician who had bade farewell to ambition, a little waif without home or connections, and a cocker spaniel as homeless as the boy. The kindly old musician, coming home late at night from his employment in a theatre orchestra, was attracted by a fist fight carried on by two diminutive youngsters in a ring of their mates. The younger and smaller of the two combatants attracted the old gentleman's attention partly for his plucky stand against odds and partly by something elusively reminiscent in his attitude and appearance. The chance encounter led to the ripening of interest, with the result that Phil was invited to make his home with Ludovic and to save his earnings from the sale of papers for some useful purpose. The third of the trio introduced himself and made so sure of his welcome that no one could have had the heart to turn him away. This was the little cocker spaniel who attached himself to Phil one wintry afternoon, accompanied him to his attic home, and ingratiated himself with Ludovic so that the musician was as loth to part with him as Phil was. The story, like most of those built on simple lines of love and loyalty, will prove equally pleasing to young and old with the exception, of course, of those whose palates have been destroyed by highly spiced sensations. It is evident, from the dedication, that Dun, the little dog, is more than a figment of the imagination. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

The Problem of Prison Stripes

In penitentiary stripes comes "9009," the prison collaboration of James Hopper and Fred R. Bachdolt, which the all-knowing Bookman has rechristened "Goog." "9009" will take its place beside "The Turn of the Balance" as an exemplification of the failure of penitentiaries to reform their inmates and argument against "making criminals." It will appeal to the sentimental-



IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN,
623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY,
Of Counsel.

ists and encourage the unconvicted lawbreakers in the belief that they are a special class against whom society has turned its hand and no doubt it will form the basis of lectures and sermons on the monstrous iniquity of punishing virtuous burglars and murderers who are not wicked at all but only sick. As a matter of plain fact our laws are so interpreted and our law breakers so hedged about with a barbed wire fence of technicalities that there is precious little room for doubt that by the time one finally does reach state prison it is because nothing short of death could have rescued him. Mr. Hopper leads us to the hypothesis that John Collins, otherwise "9009," and whom he does not deny to be a criminal of years' standing, would have come forth at the end of his sentence ready to walk the straight and narrow path. It was his first conviction and he was scared—scared of the stripes, of the confinement, of the precautions against escape. But he was going to "be good" to earn his credits and reform forever more. But he found the system of espionage and suspicion such that he was constantly blamed for what he could not help and punished for what he did not do, until, driven to desperation, he made his escape, to all intents and purposes a ferocious animal with but one desire, to satisfy his craving for revenge by blood. With all due respect to Mr. Hooper, and conceding the excellence of his story simply as a recital of trial and adventure, it is necessary for him to remember that no man need be a criminal. Josiah Flynt, who probably knew more about tramps and thieves than anyone outside their own ranks, and who was not without sympathy for them, gave it as his conclusion that criminals, with the exception of the comparatively few who act on sudden impulse, choose their career deliberately. It looks to them as if theft of one degree or another would pay well. They calculate the time they may expect to spend in confinement as no more than the honest workman must sacrifice to sickness and hard times. Dishonesty is going to pay better in the long run, and be infinitely easier and more exciting than honest labor. Of course it does not, and likewise of course a man once convicted of a crime has a hard time to establish his integrity even if he desires to do so. It is easy to place the blame on society, and to clamor that the price has been paid when the sentence has been served, but it is a very ancient saying, based on the fundamental facts of human nature that "the way of the transgressor is hard." There is more than a grain of wisdom in the view of Secretary Bonaparte, that a third conviction is final proof of incorrigibility and should be met with a death sentence. The object of establishing penitentiaries is not solely and entirely to provide a pleasant retreat for criminals, until the memory of their misdeeds grows dim, but to protect society from their depredations and to so influence them that whether through fear of punishment or conversion to righteousness, they will be disinclined to continue their careers of lawlessness. "9009" is published by the McClure Co.

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Capital actually paid up in cash..$1,000,000.00
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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
CATHERINE MORRIS, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Catherine Morris, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much, or such parts thereof, as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 19th day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing the administrator to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated San Francisco, this 8th day of October, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of DESIRE SOURIAU, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Desire Souriau, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Desire Souriau, deceased.

CLARA QUEYREL,
Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Desire Souriau, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 22, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr.,
Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco



Down Town Now

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO. are now in their new store, 181 Post Street, near Grant Avenue. The Fillmore Street store is closed.

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PAPER

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ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,
vs.
MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of MARY CRAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Craig, deceased.

ALMA McWILLIAMS,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
MARIE K. UMLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Marie K. Umland, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Marie K. Umland.

MARIE H. UMLAND,
Administratrix of the Estate of Marie K. Umland, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 29th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administartrix,
Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 17,992. Dept. No. 10.

MICHAEL FARRARA,
Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCIE FARRARA,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, send greeting to LUCIE FARRARA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Superior Court.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS,
Attorney for Plaintiff, 309 Mills Building,
N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery St., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of
AGNES S. REILLY, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of Dinkelspiel & Schlesinger, Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Agnes S. Reilly, sometimes known as Agnes S. Harcourt, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, September 10th, 1908.

DINKELSPIEL & SCHLESINGER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 800 to 806, Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,
Plaintiff,
vs.
FRANK HOPPER,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
MARY ANN BUCKLEY, Deceased.

Mary A. Summerville, the Administratrix of the estate of Mary Ann Buckley, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order of sale of all or a part of the real estate of said decedent, for the reasons and the purposes therein set forth, therefore it is ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 30th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at private sale, as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 7th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

CLEMENCE FOUCHY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

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CALIFORNIA STATE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, November 7, 1908. No. 845.



NORTH DOME FROM VERNAL FALLS TRAIL, YOSEMITE VALLEY

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Ralph A. Grover .....Manager
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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Verdict

The people have elected to rule through the medium of William Taft; and no longer is the immediate future pregnant with dread misgivings. Notwithstanding President Roosevelt's assurance in one of his latest political epistles that Mr. Taft stands pledged to continue "the definite and constructive programme of social reorganization already entered upon by the present Administration," we do not view the prospect with alarm. Mr. Taft doubtless has ideals similar to those which Mr. Roosevelt professes to have, but a man of Mr. Taft's training and education is not likely to adopt the methods of his sponsor; nor is a man of Mr. Taft's temperance of thought and conservatism of disposition likely to give the weight of his authority to such vagaries as have lately disturbed the tranquillity of this country. Despite the fact that the people, confronted with the terrifying alternative of Bryanism, were constrained to refrain from rebuking the Republican President for his calamitous activity as a reformer of the universe the probability is that after the inauguration of Mr. Taft the Republican party, which, in the Chicago Convention, affirmed its unwavering loyalty to the Constitution, will resume allegiance to its traditional policies and disdain to conciliate the promoters of hysteria and inciters of class hatred. We believe that Mr. Taft will represent intelligently the people's wishes and effectively promote their interests. This it is possible for him to do even without repudiating the policies which he has promised to carry out; for after all the policies are not so objectionable as the methods employed by Mr. Roosevelt to make them the law of the land. There is no danger of Mr. Taft's attempting to gain his ends by holding the judiciary up to execration, suspending laws, violating the Constitution and exercising the power of suggestion to overcome with obloquy everybody that refuses to bow to his will. At the close of Mr. Roosevelt's term we hope to see the morbidity of Rooseveltism eradicated from the body politic and the common industry and productivity renewed. As for the Bryan superstition we hope that has been dissipated, and that the Democracy will soon show an interest once more in the Jeffersonian ideals of self respect and love of constitutional principles.

A Fatal Obsession

Many honest but unsophisticated citizens went to the polls last Tuesday with the impression that Judge Dunne embodied a principle which it is important for them to uphold. Good easy men, they were told that Judge Dunne was the object of the hostility of dangerous, lawless rogues and that his defeat would mean popular acquiescence in practices which are abhorrent to a sense of civic decency; and they believed. It is hardly reasonable to find fault with them for their credulity. Judge Dunne's campaign was conducted with great zeal, without scruple and with much ingenuity and boldness of assertion. Those by whom it was conducted represent themselves to be eager to improve the morals of this community and to punish men for crimes against the municipality. Color is given to their pretensions by the circumstance that they are giving aid and support to officials who appear to be engaged in vindicating justice and resisting the criminal machinations of desperate rascals. With so much that was conducive to the formation of sentiment in favor of Judge Dunne it is not to be wondered at that he received a large vote. There are some people who can be fooled all the time and evidently they abound in San Francisco. Some day perhaps these people will be enlightened with respect to Judge Dunne and the theatricalities which were employed in his behalf with a fine instinct for psychological effect; perhaps the whole truth will be flashed upon their minds, enabling them to realize how grievously they erred.

The Struggles of the Octopus

Mr. W. B. Strand, a railroad man of thirty-five years' experience and the author of a very interesting and instructive article on railroads and their struggle for existence, says: "After ten years of the greatest prosperity this country has ever enjoyed ten months of financial depression finds nearly all the railroads of the country on the verge of bankruptcy." Nothing easier of explanation than this, the railroad-baiter of politics and the demagogue of journalism will tell us. Their explanation is that the railroads are overcapitalized—too much water in them. As a matter of fact the average capitalization of American railroads is only $61,000 a mile, while those of Great Britain are capitalized at an average of over $260,000 a mile. Moreover, freight rates in England are nearly five times as high as ours. While railroad baiting continues to be a popular pastime in this country Canada is subsidizing her railroads and doing everything she can to encourage their construction. There is demand for fully 200,000 miles of railroads in this country, but with every State having an idea of how a railroad should conduct its business, and with small-fry politicians at Washington stimulating agitation against railroads, it is no longer an easy matter to induce financiers to hazard their money in the transportation business. If the railroads were making as much money as the demagogues would have us believe it would not be necessary, as Mr. Strand suggests, to indulge in the common practice of declaring unearned dividends and juggling earnings and expenditures in order to make a favorable financial showing and to make securities salable. It is a matter of general knowledge that the railroads are finding it pretty hard to raise money to meet their present needs and are projecting very few new lines, despite the demand for extensions into new territory. It is a matter of common notoriety that the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Erie and other trunk lines are flooding the market with short-time notes, and yet the demagogues are calling for more stringent regulations and for the reduction of rates. If the money being raised was for extending lines long term bonds could be issued to raise funds, but the fact is the money is needed to carry on general business and make necessary repairs and improvements. According to Mr. Strand, passenger and freight rates have been forced down until today there isn't a railroad in the United States that is earning enough to make an adequate return on the money invested. A small minority are just about able to meet their fixed charges, while a good many roads have kept out of bankruptcy only by mortgaging and remortgaging not only all their assets but their future earnings as well. All our railroad magnates have not been as successful as Harriman and Hill; all have not made millions, though all have more or less aided in building cities, developing territories into States and adding hundreds of millions of dollars to the wealth and commerce of the country. If all roads were pros-

perous, as Mr. Strand observes, none would be mortgaging future earnings; nor would railroad securities be losing prestige among investors both in this country and Europe. "No concern," says Mr. Strand, "in a healthy financial condition would have to resort to desperate expedients to raise money, and when we find the railroads resorting to every conceivable financial plan to raise money we know that they are not making any." And he adds: "The passing of dividends, the talk of receiverships, the cancellation of equipment contracts, the suspension of all improvements and extensions, except where absolutely necessary, are surely not the signs of prosperity. When railroads cut down the expenses of operation and maintenance to a point where their neglect to make repairs becomes almost criminal, and the handling of passengers dangerous, they certainly are traveling a rough road, for safety of travel is a trade mark that every railroad is most anxious to acquire." Mr. Strand presents the railroads in a somewhat desperate plight. Is the picture overdrawn? In view of the recent wholesale curtailment of expenses on the Harriman lines in this State; of projected lines deferred and of widespread measures of stringent economy, we doubt that anybody will conscientiously say that Mr. Strand has been guilty of misrepresentation. Nor, in view of the frantic and costly efforts being made in our midst to finance a brand new railroad, the ultimate success of which is guaranteed in the most solemn rhetoric, do we believe that anybody is insensible of the fact that capitalists are no longer eager to invest their money in the most important and the worst berated of public utilities.

The Ogre Transformed

The recent defeat of the three cent car fare franchise in Cleveland and the turning down of the anti-railroad forces in Georgia and the election of a Governor who is friendly to the railroads are regarded by Mr. Strand as signs that the people are awakening to the fact that they have been pressing the railroads too hard. This is probably a case of the wish being father to the thought. Signs that indicate public sentiment in Ohio and Georgia are not infallible guides to public sentiment in the rest of the country. In our opinion not without a great deal of missionary work will the people all over the country come to a realization of the importance of encouraging railroad builders. To counteract the effect of demagogic preachments railroad magnates in all sections of the country must follow the example of E. H. Harriman, who but recently perceived the advisability of taking the public into his confidence. For many years Mr. Harriman held himself aloof from the common herd, and either from insensibility or indifference permitted the demagogues to go as far as they liked in misrepresenting his performances and aims and instilling abhorrence of his personality. Gradually he took the shape of an ogre in the public mind, and the suspicion prevailed that nothing but human misery was grateful to him. Weighted down with calumny, at length it dawned on Mr. Harriman that it is not wise for a quasi-public servant to sequester himself from the sovereign people and act as though he didn't care a tinker's imprecation what they thought of him or of his activities. Thereupon he emerged from his isolation, and with very little experience in the practice of amiability he became a very good "mixer." The people were pleased to meet Mr. Harriman and to find that he was entirely human. In the role of itinerant preacher of the advantages of encouraging railroad building and the folly of encouraging railroad baiters, if he has not revolutionized public sentiment he has at least assuaged some of the hostility from which he has suffered. But Mr. Harriman should not be expected to do all the missionary work. There are other railroad magnates who have not yet learned the folly of the public-be-damned policy. To offset the vociferations of the tireless promoters of envy and hatred they must emerge and mix.

Naval Programmes

If we are to keep ourselves in the first rank of World Powers, as Mr. Richard Pearson Hobson advises out of great apprehension for the peace and integrity of the nation, we must go farther than ever that dithyrambic alarmist urges in the matter of enlarging the navy. With great difficulty Congress was persuaded at its last session to sanction the laying down of two Dreadnoughts this year, and yet there are World Powers of the second class that have undertaken a far more expensive programme. Great Britain is sticking to her programme of maintaining a navy larger than the combined navies of any two nations, but Germany seems intent upon disarranging the plans of her great commercial rival. In March of this year the Reichstag passed a bill which calls for the laying down of four Dreadnoughts annually for the four years 1908-11 and for the construction in the years 1812-17 of six armored cruisers of the Indomitable class, which are battleships in all but name, and which will cost about ten million dollars apiece. But the German Navy League, which abounds in Hobsons, is not satisfied even with so ambitious a programme, and it is now believed that on the strength of the League's recommendation the Reichstag will soon decide to order the immediate construction of the six armored cruisers. At present Germany has no Dreadnought, while England has two, and eight building. Germany has five building, and the United States four. Recent events in the Balkan States will doubtless stimulate naval expansion throughout Europe, as it is now more clear than ever that treaties are not worth the paper they are written on. Peace congresses have received a blow from which they will not soon recover. Despite the march of civilization the barbarian maxim that preparedness for war is the best guaranty of peace still holds good.

Pasturage for the Historian

The campaign of 1908 is now of interest only to historians, who will find therein much material of value for the light which it sheds on the character of Theodore

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Roosevelt. The American Plutarch or Seutonius who writes The Lives of the Presidents will linger fondly over the newspaper files of this period so rich are they in fascinating data illuminative of the mind and heart of one of the most interesting of epoch-makers. An object of the highest legitimate curiosity is the innermost character of a great popular idol, and there is nothing more fascinating than to have it subjected to our examination, to trace it through all the stages of its development, to survey its animating principles and thus to gather that knowledge of mankind which is best obtained through the study of men. And what an intimate study may be made of Theodore Roosevelt—thanks to the garrulities that have resulted from his unsurpassed incontinence of tongue and pen! No Egyptian obscurity rests upon the facts of his career. In the broad river of utterances sourced in this picturesque personality is to be found the lucid mirror of himself. Will the judgment formed in the effulgent part of his career be revised? In the summing up of him will there be more of dyslogy than eulogy? Of late many judgments have been revised, and today in all sections of the country the President is execrated by men who once regarded him as a patriot and pronounced him the equal of Lincoln in sincerity and achievement. There is a prodigious disparity between the opinions of men respecting the character and performances of Mr. Roosevelt. By one class he is regarded as the great apostle of reform, as an inflexible patriot and stern moralist who awakened the public conscience and checked abuses that with torrential force were sweeping the institutions of the country from their moorings; by the other he is pronounced a political mountebank who has given greater impetus to ostentatious and artificial sentiments than to the salutary dictates of patriotism; who has deluded and inflamed our minds with pharisaical notions of superior wisdom and superior virtue; who has been more successful in arousing the passions of envy and distrust than in animating men to the virtues which are essential to the preservation of the Republic. But contemporary opinion is not of much value. It is almost always influenced by personal prejudice or partisan bias. The only judgment of any value is that which is formed with a knowledge of the results produced by the person judged; that which has had the advantage of the perspective of years in which true proportion is revealed. What the judgment will be respecting Mr. Roosevelt we can only speculate. Of one thing we are fairly certain: that historians will find much to interest them in the literature of the campaign of 1908. And, perhaps, in all the prodigious mass of printed matter they will find nothing so intensely interesting as the President's letter to Senator Knox. In this letter they will find it asserted by the President that the blacklist and the secondary boycott are "two of the most cruel forms of oppression ever devised by the wit of man for the infliction of suffering on his weaker fellows." As, before reaching this letter, the historian will have become familiar with the President's attitude toward organized labor, the foregoing sentiment will give him pause. Knowing that Mr. Roosevelt formerly openly advocated the legalization of the secondary boycott; that after the decision of the Supreme Court in the Danbury hat case he suspended the operations of the Sherman anti-trust law so that organized labor might not be molested while enforcing the secondary boycott, the historian will probably throw up his hands and exclaim, "This is the limit!" But after reading the whole letter he will conclude that so far as Mr. Roosevelt was concerned audacity was without bounds. He will find that there were many things which Mr. Roosevelt denounced to which within twelve months he had given his enthusiastic advocacy. In the Knox letter Mr. Roosevelt actually denounced Mr. Bryan and Mr. Gompers for questioning the impartiality of the Federal judiciary in labor disputes. In all history is there another such example of brazen hypocrisy on the part of the ruler of a civilized people? In all the history of this country can there be named a single individual who did more toward impairing confidence in the Federal judiciary than Theodore Roosevelt? He has repeatedly asserted that the power of injunction "has been used to the grave injury of the rights of laboring men." When the decision of Judge Landis in the Standard Oil case was reversed he imputed sinister motives to the Court of Appeal. When his ridiculous Employers' Liability Law was pronounced unconstitutional he took occasion to asperse the court. In the Republican national convention of last June he opposed the efforts of a group of lawyers to embody in the Republican platform a declaration of continued confidence in the Federal Courts. How are the historians who seek to understand the motives of this statesman to decipher the mystery of his feats as a political acrobat—how are they to account for his effrontery in publicly censuring men for stimulating passions which he in his frenzy and rage incited? Some historian may be able to throw light on the matter; we cannot. We are tolerably familiar with the sublime mad men who have troubled the world at long intervals, but Theodore Roosevelt is a problem beyond our powers of solution. And still more puzzling to us is the patience of the public. The obsession so far as we are concerned began to relax when we read the whole controversy involving the "Dear Maria" letters; and it was entirely dissipated when we came to realize the audacity of the letter to Alton B. Parker denouncing him for making charges the truth of which has been established beyond a scintilla of doubt. But despite revelation after revelation; notwithstanding disclosures conclusive of insincerity and hypocrisy; of acts abhorrent to a sense of decorum and dignity; of utterances demoralizing in their effect on the public mind; of usurpations of power and perversions of privileges; in short, notwithstanding abundant proof of the fact that a smaller or less qualified person had never been placed by the caprices of fate amid great affairs he held his sway as the universal arbiter, esteemed by the people and accepted by them as the proper source of all inspiration in matters pertaining to the civic well-being. The phenomenon is surely worthy of the attention of the philosophic historian. We believe that he will pronounce judgment to the effect that if ever a people exhibited the symptoms of downright madness or utter stupidity they were those symptoms revealed in the homage paid by the people of the United States to Theodore Roosevelt.

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The Menace

By Elsa Baker

When I remember, Love, that but for thee
  My homeless spirit still would wander lone,
    Alien in this inhospitable zone;
Upon the globe of Time, when rapturously
I touch the gleaming jewel of unity—
  Whose dual rays are thy soul and my own—
  Then do I tremble lest the masked unknown
Brigand of Death snatch thee away from me.

All other perils we can brave together,
  Challenging them to part us. But beyond
    The shifting boundaries of the realm of breath
Are many dangers and uncertain weather.
  Nothing can rend our Nature-woven bond
    Save the inexorable caprice of Death.

Perspective Impressions

Archbishop Ireland says that this country needs more religion. And fewer moral spasms?

If you were displeased by anything that occurred last Tuesday forget it and get busy.

When Judge Cabaniss takes his new job there will be a vacancy in the Police Court, for which we nominate the Hon. Francis J. Heney.

After an election we invariably find that there was some factor which was not included in our calculations, but we never lost faith in our judgment.

A thousand men are said to be working out improvements on the automobile. But the automobile isn't half so much in need of improvement as the average idiot at the wheel.

Chicago now boasts that its table manners are superior to Boston's, and points to the fact that in the New England centre of culture the guest is supplied with a small silver bellows so that he can cool his soup without blowing on it. But perhaps this is done only when the guest is from Chicago.



AFTER THE MUD-SLINGING.
—Rogers in the New York Herald.

Of course Mr. Heney didn't intend to misquote the code. Neither did George D. Collins at any time that he was caught at the same trick.

Now that it has been demonstrated that Mr. Samuel Gompers cannot deliver the goods he will probably find that there has been a great change in the atmosphere of Washington.

A Columbus man has been sent to an asylum for imagining he had invented an airship. And yet Theodore Bell who imagined that Bryan had a chance, is still at large.

All the professors at Stanford, says one of the Spreckels organs, did not sign the address to the Graft Prosecution, some of them being on a vacation, but they will sign on their return. To be sure they will. They haven't seen it, but they'll sign anything that Jordan orders them to sign. That's a great university down at Palo Alto and whatever emanates therefrom is of great importance.



THE DREAD SPECTER.
Socialism—"Ha, those cries from the Bosporus are encouraging."
—Ulk, Berlin.

Romance of Old Spain

Containing Encouragement from an Unexpected Quarter for Those Literary Ladies Who Would Devote Well-Earned Leisure from Sordid Duty to the Contemplation of a Period When Chivalry and the Heroic Qualities Were More in Vogue Than They Are in This Age of Brass, Bluff and Brummagem.

By Democritus

I commend the judgment of the ladies of the Clionian Club in selecting Spanish literature and architecture as themes for their discourse. It is not often that the women of our clubs go so far afield to seek intellectual pabulum. Most of them are content to browse on the greener pastures at their own doors. In literature the latest seller suffices for the ordinary clubwoman; because the latest seller is temporarily familiar to every woman of "culture and refinement." Mark my quotations in this connection. I use them because my favorite newspaper writers never write of "culture" without coupling "refinement" with it; never taking it for granted or allowing it to be taken for granted that refinement is the complement of culture, or admitting of the doubt that a refined person may not be cultured. Why intimate knowledge of the latest sellers should presuppose "culture and refinement" in the clubwoman I don't know; but I am credibly informed that it does.

These Clionians are evidently something more than the ordinary clubwomen. They are not at all satisfied with the inspiration of the latest sellers. They hark back to the hoar and musty products of mediaevalism; they shake the dusty tapestries of old romance; they prowl about in the haunted twilight of ancient attics, graping amid the rubbish of the dead years and peering into dark and forgotten corners searching for the ghosts of long-sepulchred literature. Alas, that when the session is ended the call of the kitchen should sound retreat to oversee or prepare the evening meal for a hungry husband homeward plodding his weary way from the marts of trade where men scramble for dollars, all unheedful of the intellectual pastime of their poet-questing high-browed wives and daughters.

In a recent seance whereat the spirits of the mighty dead were evoked, one of the Clionians raised the ghost of Pedro Calderon de la Barca whose name was printed back end to in the newspaper report; a sort of fame analgous to that described by Byron who insisted that the most lasting notoriety attached to those who get into the newspapers with their names spelled wrongly. Calderon was indeed a great playwright; his drama of the sword and cloak has furnished the basis of nearly all the romantic drama since his day and the best intrigue of the modern drama of plot and counterplot is derived from his comedy. I hope that the Calderonian Clionian paid just tribute to this eminently Spanish artificer. He was not nearly as prolific as his early contemporary, Lope de Vega; he wrote only a hundred and twenty tragedies and comedies, a hundred or so of sacred allegorical pieces, a hundred humorous interludes, and nearly a hundred other pieces not dramatic. Compared with Lope de Vega this was but a windfall in the olive orchards of Barcelona to the autumn leaves that strew the forest shaded slopes of Vallombrosa. Lope de Vega was a very busy man. He wrote more than 1500 plays besides 300 autos sacramentales and a vast quantity of interludes, curtain-raisers, one-act farces, monologues, epilogues and preludes. This work was accomplished in exile, in the intervals of his arduous service with the Armada, and as leisurely relaxation from his duties as a member of the Spanish Inquisition. It may be said that Lope de Vega invented the Spanish drama and that all other dramatists have been beholden to him for much of their success in the merely mechanical details of their art; no dramatist has achieved fame without knowledge of some of the tricks of the trade as practiced by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.

I would not detract from the merit of Calderon in this comparison with his elder contemporary. Calderon was only less nimble with his pen; that was all. If he had written as much as Vega did he would probably have produced a few pieces as worthy as the best that flowed from the ink-horn of Alva's secretary, equal, perhaps to those that dripped from the pen of the marine of the Armada, and as edifying as those that were written by the Inquisitor after a matinee in the rack-room of the inquisitorial heresy department.

Another Clionian discussed the work of Gabriel Tellez, otherwise Tirso de Molina, and sometimes Tirso de Motina, who created the character of Don Juan upon the dramatic models prescribed by Vega. My data as to the Clionian discourse on this subject are meager and inexact; but I presume that the lady trailed Don Juan to his lair in the "Deceiver of Seville," of Tellez; which is contrary to my vague recollection that the original of the grotesque libertine cavorted and swaggered in an old Spanish play entitled "Atheista Fulminato," formerly, and perhaps still acted in the churches and monasteries of Spain, always pursuing with villainous success the fairest of maidens, invariably inviting the statue of the murdered commandant to supper, and inevitably disappearing amid blue flames and a smell of brimstone, to abide forever in hell, while his innumerable caravan of victims appeared in a tableau of heavenly beatitude.

I am glad, however, that the Clionians have been made more familiarly acquainted with Don Juan than they have been from reading Byron's inadequate and somewhat admiring poetical concept of that wholly inestimable character. The ladies of the club now know this fellow in all his wickedness, and it is valuable knowledge in conjunction with that acquired for the purpose of appeasing the hungry appetite of the homeward plodding husband and the dollar-chasing parent who would not recognize Don Juan if he should come to the office with a letter of introduction from a valued correspondent in Madrid or Seville.

It is pleasing to note this Clionian interest in all this forgotten Spanish literature. No doubt it is a relaxation from the humdrum, prosaic, unromantic routine of Clionian home life. There are no swords nowadays, and even the walking stick substitute is relegated to the curled youth of the rialto and the old fashioned gentleman who carries it over his arm when he is not supporting his tottering footsteps. The cloak of the Spanish drama is no longer a part of men's apparel, and even the women seldom wear it except on opera nights and other gala occasions. No more within his hall of Burgos does the king prepare his feast, and make his preparation for many a noble guest bidden to make merry on the Campeador's wedding day; Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, comes not forth the gate, nor behind him walketh Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state; no arch is reared from house to house all over, hung thick with lances, and shields, and glittering helms, brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms; it is not now the custom to scatter olive branches and rushes on the streets, and the ladies do not fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet from tapestried and 'broidered balconies; nor with antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter, do they fill the streets of Burgos, while the devil he comes after, hired by the king for sixteen maravedis, with horn on head and hoofs for toes to terrify the ladies. Nothing of this sort or of

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any other pageant, comedy, love-tale and romantic delirium of "lutes, laurels, seas of milks and ships of amber," can find place in the lives of those who have lived to partake of the responsibility that devolves on the twentieth century wife or daughter whose first thought is of the larder and of its relation to the hunger-need of the weary, homeward-plodding husband or father. Let us rejoice, therefore, that the Clionians have lifted the veil that shrouds the Spanish past, revealing to our enraptured and longing gaze the heroes of Castilian antiquity and the heroines of Andalusian story; Count Lucanor, Amadis of Gaul, Bernardo del Carpio, Sancho Diaz, Count of Saldana, Alfonso the Chaste and his sister, the stately Ximena, Don Roderic, Cyprian of the "Wonderful Magician," Justina, the Marguerite of the Spanish drama, the Valiant Cespedes, and Don Juan, the only vestige of Spanish chivalry that Cervantes could not laugh into semi-oblivion.

The Ruby

By Henri Lavedan

Paul Freysin, thirty-two years old.
Claire Freysin, twenty-four years old.
Andre Brignon, thirty-eight years old.
A Cabman.
A Servant.

Half-past seven at the Freysin's; a pretty dining room, rather lavishly furnished; M. and Mme. Freysin, seated opposite each other at table, have just begun dinner.

Claire—You do not seem to have much appetite?

Paul—I helped myself twice to sole.

Claire—You seem preoccupied. What are you thinking about?

Paul—About you. (To the servant, who has just brought in a dish and is listening slyly.) Leave us.

He goes out.

Claire—What kept you so late?

Paul—I had a lot of things to do.

Claire—What were they?

Paul—They would not interest you.

Claire—I'll wager you spent at least ten francs for cab hire.

Paul—No, I didn't take a cab at all.

Claire—You walk! You! As lazy as you are?

Paul—Yes, I walked.

Claire—Walked afoot?

Paul—The whole time. I must have walked ten miles. The sun was shining and I felt just like a good spin. It was delightful.

Claire—Where did you go?

Paul—Straight ahead—to the auction hall, to the club—

Claire—Didn't you go to Andre's?

Paul—To Brignon's? No, I keep that for rainy days.

Claire—I asked you to go there and inquire about Jeanne—she has had an attack of neuralgia.

Paul—I had other places to go besides the Brignon's.

Claire—They are very good friends of our, awfully good-hearted—

Paul—Yes, they have hearts of gold, I don't dispute it. Why didn't you go there?

Claire—I didn't go out till a quarter of an hour before dinner. I had things to do at home all the afternoon. Otherwise, of course, I would have gone. And it was Jeanne's birthday, day before yesterday—we forgot to send her a remembrance. It's your fault; you should have thought of it.

Paul—Why in the world should I remember Mme. Brignon's birthday, when I sometimes forget even yours? I have no memory for such things.

Claire—The cases are not the same. I am your wife, you don't have to be as attentive to me as you do to strangers. And for such devoted friends as the Brignons—

The Servant comes in again with an aggressively delighted manner, as if he were presenting a bill.

Paul—Well, what is it?

Servant—It's a cabman.

Paul (surprised)—A cabman?

Servant—Yes, sir. There's a cabman in the kitchen, and he says he wants a word with monsieur—no one else will do.

Claire (to the Servant)—What is it about?

Servant—He won't tell anybody but monsieur, madame.

Paul (angrily)—I don't understand this at all. I'll go and see about it.

Claire—No, it is not your place to go to the kitchen. (To the Servant) Bring him up here. (The Servant goes out. To her husband) Are you sure you haven't mislaid or lost anything today?

Paul—Oh, quite sure. We'll see what it is. (With forced gaiety, to hide his uneasiness) This interests me.

Claire—Me too. (The Servant has no sooner brought in the Cabman than Paul turns pale, and shows signs of nervousness. Claire, who is watching him, takes notice of this). Are you ill, my dear?

Paul—Not at all. (To the Servant) Go, you may leave us. (The Servant goes out—he will listen at the door. To the Cabman) What do you want?

Cabman (grinning good naturedly)—Don't monsieur remember me?

Paul (emphatically)—Not at all.

Cabman—That ain't so astonishing, monsieur wasn't paying attention. The fares never look at us, but we always look at the fares, and it was me that monsieur engaged.

Paul—You?

Cabman (pointing to Claire)—Monsieur was with madame.

Claire (pierced by the most horrible suspicions, smilingly to her husband)—Why certainly, don't you remember? Where are your wits?

Cabman—Ah, madame remembers me, doesn't she?

Claire—Perfectly.

Paul—But, I say——

Claire (authoritatively, looking her husband straight in the eye)—Let the man speak.

Claire (to the Cabman)—Well?

Paul—Oh, come, come! Will you explain to me——?

Claire—No! (To the Cabman) Go on.

Cabman (to Mme. Freysin), drawing from his pocket a small article wrapped up in his handkerchief—Well, then, I just came around to give you back your earring you lost just now.

Paul—But that isn't——

Claire (to her husband)—Be silent! (To the Cabman) So it was you—it was you who found it?

Paul—But——

Claire (to her husband)—I tell you to be silent!

Cabman—Is madame satisfied?

Claire (who has taken the jewel, a ruby surrounded by brilliants)—Yes, and my husband is, too. Just think, such a handsome ruby! (She examines it.) Yes, that is it—it must have come unfastened in the cab.

Cabman—Yes, I found it just after monsieur got out.

Claire—Well, how did you know——?

Paul (who cannot remain in his seat)—What is the good of all this? It only makes us late.

Claire—No, wait! I want to know. It amuses me.

Paul, conquered, sits down in great dejection.

Cabman—Madame remembers that you both engaged me at three o'clock near the gate of the Park Monceau, and then we made a trip through the Bois, the lakes Longchamps, Saint James——

Paul—Yes, yes—we haven't asked you to tell us about all that. We know it. You're not telling us anything new.

Claire—Undoubtedly. But I tell you it amuses me all the same.

(Continued on Page 32.)

Heroic Struggle of the Cretans

By L. V. Antonelli

Immediately after the explosion which occurred in the Balkan States a few weeks ago it was reported that the people of Crete had announced their union with Greece. What the Cretans have been doing since it is hard to say. The despatches have thrown very little light on the subject. And as for Europe, preoccupied as she is with the fortunes of one of her largest units, she has little attention to spare for her smallest. But the Cretans are worth considering. They have been almost as troublesome to Europe as the Irish have been to Great Britain. The rebellious plaint of Crete is one which Europe has heard so often for the space of three generations that it irritates and worries her, and grown to a certain degree callous, she treat it, like the idle gods, as a tale of little meaning. None the less it is an "ancient tale of wrong," which does not become any less well founded as it becomes more ancient; and it has a serious meaning not always understood for lack of acquaintance with the historical background of it.

Five years is Crete's normal interval between revolutions. The islanders it is said have been from all time false and graceless. There is no contenting them. What they have or have not deserved is a contentious question. How far the fate of Crete can be separated from that of the Ottoman Empire without making serious international trouble is of far more importance than the discontent of one Mediterranean island. When the Christian population of the Morea rose against the Turks in 1821, the Cretan Christians, being three-fourths of the inhabitants of the island, rose with them. They had precisely the same reasons for rising; they began and carried out their revolt in precisely the same way, in the same spirit, and with the same general idea; they identified their cause completely with that of the mainland, acted in concert with the insurgents of the Morea and Archipelago, and proposed, if successful, to maintain forever the same community with them which they had already proclaimed. They quickly made their pretension at least as good as did the Peloponnesians. By the end of the year no Moslems remained in any part of the interior; the fortified coast towns were alone holding out, like Patras and Nauplia in the Morea; and the Christians had established an independent provisional government, which was supreme over nine-tenths of the island. Nor did they, from the beginning to the end of the War of Greek independence, make a general submission. The Sultan, unable after two years to recover any of his lost ground, called in his Viceroy of Egypt, promising him the Candiote pashalik de jure if by his own efforts he could get possession of it de facto. In this Mahmud II. anticipated by just two years the arrangement of despair which he would make with the same Viceroy about the Morea. The history of the Egyptian effort in Crete also anticipated very exactly the history of the Egyptian effort on the mainland. Mehemet Ali's troops overran the island again and again, but it always rose behind them. The insurgent government never abjured its functions, and when Codrington persuaded and Maison forced the Egyptians to leave the Morea in 1828, the interior of Crete was still in full rebellion and the Viceroy, failing in the following January to revictual the towns, in face of the Greek fleet, offered to return his unacquired acquisition to his suzerain. In 1829, when the Powers, who had long ago recognized the insurgent Greeks as belligerents, occupied themselves with the consummation of Greek hopes, the Cretan Christians were successful belligerents on precisely the same footing as the Moreotes and with precisely the same object in view. They were one in the tradition of eight years and the hope of all time to come with that new Hellenic nation, whose actual and future existence had been explicity recognized by the concert of the Greater Powers—Russia, France and Great Britain.

Naturally they expected that in the final settlement there would be but one Hellas containing themselves, The demand made to Europe by the Greek Assembly, over which Capodistria was lately come to preside, included Crete, with the same assurance as the Morea. There were admitted doubts about the northern limit of the free state to be, but none about the southern. Nevertheless, to the surprise of almost every one and the consternation of all Greece, the Protecting Powers barred Crete from the first as they also barred Samos, and resolutely refused to listen to the outcry which was raised on all sides. So loud was that outcry that it affected all the future fortunes of Greece by depriving it of the leadership of the future king of the Belgians.

The Russophobes were forced from one point to another. First, they had to give up all idea of an indemnity for the beaten Turk; second, the original limitation of the new state to the Morea and the coastal islands was stretched, by the bold action of Church in Central Greece, first to the line from Lamia to the mouth of the Aspro, and finally to that from Arto to Volo. Why the Powers, or rather two out of the three "Protectors," with the strong approval of Austria, guided by Metternich, were obdurate on the subject of Crete is well known. The island was sacrificed to the Russophobes in the British Cabinet. They argued that if a new Christian State must come into being in the flank of Turkey it should not be increased by a foot of land that could be denied to it. After two years of bartering the Greeks, deprived of Capodistria, were fain to take what they could get, and alas! threw up the game without stipulating on behalf of their brothers in arms of Crete and Samos, for more than political amelioration. So in defiance of all international justice and contrary to obvious political expediency Samos and Crete were left outside the pale. As soon as the Hellenic kingdom was an established fact Samos was conciliated and ameliorated, but not so the Cretans. They were offered a few privileges which they acquiesced in as a condition of continued existence, and never ceased to urge their claim to share in the full freedom of the Hellenic kingdom. Within ten years a part of the population was in arms again, and this time the insurgents refused a further measure of autonomy for fear it might delay indefinitely the realization of their true desire. They preferred to lay down their arms in 1841 and remain as before.

Those arms rusted for a quarter of a century. Encouraged by the vague promises and assurances of the consuls the Cretan Christians waited and hoped. They saw at Sebastapol France and Great Britain extinguish their last hope of help from the Czar; and having already watched the failure of an insurrection in Northern Greece they received with an indifference, which from their point of view was deserved, Abdul Mejid's firman of 1856 in favor of his rajahs and the famous Hatti Humayun. Finally, they heard that the Seven Islands, which had taken no part in the War of Independence, sacrificed nothing and suffered nothing, but had united to the Hellenic kingdom at their own request, in order to increase the popularity of the new king chosen by the Powers. Then they rose, and began, in 1866, the greatest of all Cretan insurrections. In the course of that three years' war the islanders showed a determination, a devotion and an indifference to suffering and terrorism which redeemed many sordid episodes of their modern history; and not only those qualities, but also an ability in guerilla fighting which at one time brought the Turks so low that the Porte, by the mouth of Ali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, offered Samian autonomy to the island if it would abjure its demand for union with Greece. It should not be forgotten now that the Cretans deliberately refused that offer and declared that, as in 1821, they had risen for Union, not for Home Rule. Doubtless they had good reason to suspect the Turk's good faith, knowing well what the devil will promise when sick. But, whether or no, the fact remains that they flatly refused then the concession

for which Europe thinks they ought to be humbly grateful now.

The huge armies which the Powers allowed Ali Pasha to throw into Crete wore down its resistance by 1869, and to quiet public outcry in Europe, a measure of much modified autonomy was presently promulgated; but, once again, for want of other guarantee than the diplomatic assurances of the Porte, it resulted in no beneficent change. Thereafter, up to their rising en masse in 1897, the islanders never ceased to agitate and disturb the peace. Theirs was always the old cry, Union and nothing less than Union. Discouraged by the Congress of Constantinople, they rose sporadically during the Russo-Turkish War, in the hope of being regarded as belligerents at its close; but the Congress of Berlin once more offered them certain domestic privileges only. This time, and for the first time, the Cretans formally accepted the offer without further protest, and expressed their gratitude, the fact being that, in common with the rest of the world, they believed the Sick Man to be nearing his last agony. Like the rest of the world, they had yet to appreciate the vitality of Turkey and the ability and determination of its new ruler. They soon realized their mistake, and after 1883 repeatedly formulated the old demand for Union.

These hopes have been imbibed by two generations with their mother's milk. After immense efforts and sacrifices they seemed on the brink of fulfillment in 1899. Six years later the islanders found Europe not only making no visible effort to realize them, but repudiating their ideal, and continually fixing her attention elsewhere. They are as deaf to argument and reason as any lover, and not less hasty and reckless of consequences.

The Spectator

Grant and Wright

From San Diego comes the news that Presidential Elector Ulysses S. Grant has succeeded in borrowing enough money to complete the construction of his big hotel. This "extinguished son of a distinguished sire," as he was called after his unsuccessful campaign for United States Senator, has not been taking an active interest in politics of late, being preoccupied with his hotel enterprise, but in the south he is still regarded as "available Senatorial timber." In the days of his active candidacy he had money to burn, and for the experience which he acquired he sacrificed a great deal of the long green on the altar of his ambition, but without any visible signs of mental anguish. Though he lost the fight he won a reputation for gameness. It was during the Grant Senatorial campaign, by the way, that Howard Wright distinguished himself as Speaker of the Assembly. There were half a dozen candidates in the fight and Wright succeeded in voting for all of them without impairing either his self-esteem or his exchequer. Wright left town shortly after the adjournment of the legislature. He bobbed up again a few weeks ago in the guise of a book agent, and a wag remarked that probably the ex-Speaker thought that as Grant was again seeking political honors there was no place like home.

Stunned Nevada Republicans

The sudden appearance of Tom Fitch, the old-time silver tongued orator, on the local stump last week, created some surprise among Fillmore street politicians, but the sagebrush State solons stuck their tongues in their cheeks and said nothing. For some time past Fitch has been a conspicuous figure among the old war horses that have foregathered in Reno. During the recent campaign the Nevada Republican State Central Committee selected him along with other notable orators to stump the State and harvest votes for Taft and the Republican State ticket. All went well until one evening at a big gathering in Goldfield, when Fitch suddenly paused in his address, made a half apology for what he was going to say, and plunged into a spirited attack on the State Police Bill. That measure was the particular pet of the Republican machine and all its henchmen had been working vigorously in its support throughout the campaign. Fitch's scathing denunciation of the bill fell like a bombshell among the figure heads of the party decorating the platform behind the orator. They didn't want to create a scene and add to the blunder so they choked their spleen till the meeting closed. Then behind the scenes there occurred a fine old party row and scars were given that will never heal. The wires fairly hissed with the charges sent to Chairman Humphrey of the Republican State Central Committee and the decision was authoritatively announced that Tom Fitch had appeared for the last time on the stump for the Republican party in Nevada. Fitch, however, is still a mettlesome war horse and declines to be barred in any such fashion. Forthwith he came to this city, tendered his services to the State Central Committee and was promptly turned loose on the Republican folds.

Swinging Nevada Into Line

And by the way this same police bill, ever since its inception, has cut an extraordinary figure in the political history of Nevada. It was the phoenix to rise out of the burning agitation of the big miners' strike in Goldfield something like a year ago. Senator Nixon, one of the principal owners of Goldfield Consolidated, and the coterie of powerful mining interests that surround him, was anxious to have President Roosevelt send Federal troops to the camp to overawe the strikers while the way was being cleared for the passage of the bill through the Legislature. Senator Newlands and Congressman Bartlett, both Democrats, threw all the weight of their political influence at Washington to help him in this emergency, and to have the troops sent to Goldfield. And now to repay this obligation, so the political wiseacres of the State say, Senator Nixon, a Republican, worked his hardest to throw Nevada into the Democratic column this year so that Senator Newlands and Congressman George A. Bartlett might be re-elected to Congress. The unusually large floating population that has been drawn into the new camps owing to the mining excitement gave wily politicians an excellent opportunity to swing a large and very influential "doubtful" vote. At any rate this is the story that came out of Nevada many weeks before the three electoral votes of that State found themselves in the Democratic column.

Musicians Bar Simonson

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of fearlessness in all matters that concern the public weal, news of the un-American practices of labor unions is tabu in the offices of our smug and pharisaical dailies. It is the policy of daily journalism to coddle, never to offend organized labor. In consequence of the steadfast pursuit of this policy the news of Seli Simonson's trouble with the Musicians' Union of this city has not been given publicity. Until recently Seli Simonson was musical director of the Princess Theatre. He was engaged for the position in New York at a time when the managers of the theatre were unable to find a competent leader in this city. Some time after his arrival the charge was made against him that he had violated union rules in coming to a strange city to accept a position which could be filled by members of the local union. Simonson was surprised that artists should be expected to abide by any such rule, but he had to defend himself before the union. He was told by the managers of the theatre that when they engaged him it was because they were unable to get a competent man in San Francisco. He so reported to the union, and he was told that Paul Steindorff was out of a job. The Princess managers said they had made an offer to Steindorff, but as he was engaged at Idora Park he refused to come to San Francisco. Nevertheless as Steindorff lost his position in Oakland when Idora Park closed up, Simonson was found guilty of violating union rules and fined $100. He appealed to the national body and the sentence was confirmed. When Kolb and Dill came to the Princess with their own musical director Simonson went east to renew the fight through his own union. He has not paid the fine and he says that unless it be remitted he will leave the country. The managers of the Princess prefer Simonson to any local director, and I hear that if not permitted to have their orchestra conducted as they see fit they will cut it down to the union scale of ten men, which means that five union musicians will have to hunt elsewhere for a job.

"No eggs for breakfast," said the star boarder at the country hotel. What's the matter?"

"Why," exclaimed the waitress, "Chesty Bad Actor is coming to town tonight to repeat his fiasco, 'Bumlet, Prince of Hams.' That's all!"

Kent's Great Benefactor

I hope the story of William Kent's industrial operations across the bay in Marin county, which appeared in the Examiner of last Tuesday, is not true. From that story it appears that Mr. Kent's gift of Redwood Canyon to the Government, for which he has been acclaimed a great public benefactor, was not an expression of unadulterated generosity. According to the Examiner Mr. Kent had the land converted into a government park not only for the purpose of preventing its condemnation by the North Coast Water Company, which he has been fighting for years, but to enable him to acquire a monopoly of the water business in Sausalito and Mill Valley. To this view of the matter color is given by the circumstance that Mr. Kent recently filed on 5000 miners' inches of water, obtaining at the same time a site for water works below the park. Moreover, it appears that whatever motive animated Mr. Kent in the making of the gift, there can be no doubt that it will inure to his advantage, as he owns the only railroad running to Muir Woods and also the only hotel that can be built in the vicinity.

Perhaps An Afterthought

In the light of these revelations it is hard to resist the impression that another idol is in process of disintegration. But in this instance appearances may be misleading. Perhaps the water project was an afterthought with Mr. Kent. Perhaps, too, when he saw that Redwood Canyon was to be condemned it did not occur to him that it would profit him more by reason of his adjacent domain, his railroad and his hotel site, to have the virgin forest preserved. All land owners are not as smart as Adolph Sutro, who donated the site for the Affiliated Colleges to the State for the purpose of enhancing his big holdings in the vicinity. As one of Mr. Kent's most ardent belauders; as one who appreciates his noble gift, and whose perceptive faculties are exceptionally keen when exercised in distinguishing between the genuine and the unworthy candidate for public esteem, I am not disposed to embrace the conclusion that his munificence is in the slightest degree tainted with sordid selfishness.

The Presumption of Innocence

While it is by no means clear that Mr. Kent coveted the esteem of the dear people it is certain that he relished the burning of incense in his honor and glowed with satisfaction at the praises which his generosity inspired. Mr. Roosevelt, I recall, exhausted the vocabulary of eulogy in the certificates of merit which he awarded to Mr. Kent, not only for his generosity but for the spirit of self-denial which prompted him to perpetuate the name of Muir rather than the name of Kent. And Mr. Kent accepted the certificates gracefully and with never a hint of the design now imputed to him—of converting his justly celebrated gift into the germ of an octopus. Are we to believe that Mr. Kent is a dissembler? Not unless we are in the habit of presuming men to be guilty without giving them a trial. I will not give credence to the Examiner's story. My faith in reformers has always been weak, but I know there are some good reformers in the world. I have faith in Mr. Kent notwithstanding his social relations with Mr. Heney and his enthusiasm as a member of the League of Justice. There must be some one of the Spreckels' bunch unselfishly engaged in earning our gratitude.

Mr. Bluff—No, sir, I wouldn't allow that paper in my family circle under any circumstances."

Mr. Gruff—"Carries crime and scandal too far, eh?"

Mr. Bluff—"No, it carries too many bargain sales."

Judge Lawlor's Lapsus Lingua

It is no longer the proper caper in Judge Lawlor's court (or in the court over which Judge Lawlor presides, to speak accurately), for lawyers to accuse each other of lying. The sensitive ear of the court revolts at this plain mode of speaking; and furthermore it is probable that the damnable iteration of the epithet by Lawyer Heney has at last jarred upon even the Lawlor nerve. As reported by an apparently honest chronicler Judge Lawlor put a quietus on Heney by inisisting that neither side of any controversy before him should pass the lie, because the word was usually uttered to "aggravate." It is al-

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most impossible to accept the report of the newspaper in this record of what Judge Lawlor said on this occasion. Judge Lawlor is a past master in his use of the English language, and it is well night unbelievable that he would use the word "aggravate" in place of the word "irritate." He knows better than any other judge on the various benches of our courts that words, however harsh and truthful, do not "aggravate" the person at whom they are "hurled." Moreover, it must be well within his knowledge that Lawyer Heney cannot be "aggravated"; he has attained the limit; he is aggravation in the superlative degree; he is past all surgery; he cannot be aggravated or exaggerated. He can be irritated, however; and that is what is happening to him day by day and what has happened to him for about 750 days of strenuous but unavailing effort to put somebody, anybody in the penitentiary. Judge Lawlor must have said that Lawyer Heney must not be "irritated" by opposing counsel. Judge Lawlor is not prone to make such bad breaks in his "caustic verbiage." He knows better and knowing dares to speak his knowledge.

The Passion for Mouth Fillers

It is one of the jokes of the legal profession that Judge Lawlor, believing that all law worth knowing is to be found in the codes, apprehends much more law than he comprehends. But Judge Lawlor is not similarly deluded with respect to language. He knows that the dictionary doesn't contain all that is worth knowing about words. Archbishop Tench is an old acquaintance of his, and he has read his Whitney from kiver to kiver. And yet from the daily prints one might infer that Judge Lawlor had fallen into Jimmy Britt's habit of using what the poet Rogers calls "album words" and employing language more for the sound of it than for the sense of it. From the bench the other day Judge Lawlor, the reporters say, told Reuf's lawyers that they "should not impute to Mr. Heney motives calculated to disturb the serenity of the proceedings." I do not believe that Judge Lawlor said that; for Judge Lawlor would not impute to the attorneys the purpose of provoking a disturbance. He knows that "calculate" means to compute, to reckon, to project for any certain purpose, and that it is a big, wrongful pretender, as somebody has said, to the place of two much better words—"likely" and "apt." Judge Lawlor knows that clarity of language is essential to the "serenity" of juridical utterances, and he knows that my use of a certain word in this sentence is much better than his use of it in the foregoing quotation. He knows that to misuse words is to confuse ideas, and that much litigation has resulted from two men giving to one word different meanings. Judge Lawlor is not more zealous in purging away corruption of morals than he is in purging away corruption of language.

Another Clay-Footed Idol

My old friend the Rev. Tom B. Gregory, who, in ethics and archaeology is the peer of my old friends Garrett P. Serviss and Edgar Lucien Larkin, the astronomers and paleontologists, is preaching "sermons in stones" for the edification of the ignorant multitudes. Tom's latest "sermon" is on "the glorious Alhambra," the attempt to describe which, he says, "would be downright foolishness." And he repeats: "The Alhambra cannot be described"; whereupon, like Professor Larkin, he spreads his pinions and taking a swooping flight from Parnassus to Helicon: "As well attempt to describe the carnival of glory that takes place when the clouds of the western heavens are being played with by the vermilion and gold of the sunset." Quite true. The spectacle of a "carnival of glory" "taking place" when a vermilion-colored sunset plays with the clouds of the western heavens is indescribable; it must be seen to be appreciated. But attempts have been made to describe "the glorious Alhambra," notwithstanding its indescribability by describers of the Gregory class. Washington Irving's effort in this direction was one notable example of what may be accomplished when the pen is in the hands of writers entirely great. Dr. Gregory should have borne himself more humbly and in more modest demeanor. He should have said that "the glorious Alhambra" was beyond the powers of description by a Gregory. And he did not strengthen his dictum regarding the indescribableness of the Alhambra by comparing its super-Gregorian splendor with the indescribable "carnival of glory that takes place when the clouds of the western heavens are being played with by the vermilion and gold of the sunset." I doubt if Professor Larkin or Professor Serviss would have confessed their incapacity in the presence of "the glorious Alhambra." I believe that either of them would have tackled the job without a murmur. I am sure that Professor Larkin, who has wrestled with earthquakes and cataclysms and other indescribable convulsions of nature would have gone to it resolved to describe or perish in the attempt. Professor Larkin is no quitter when it comes to describing the indescribable or even that which "beggars description." And when we recall what Professor Serviss has accomplished in the way of vivid, accurate and thrilling descriptions of many things in the heavens above and in the waters under the earth, we are not only confident that he would not quail before anything in heaven or earth conceivable in merely human philosophy; and we are sure that for him "the glorious Alhambra" would be as a "carnival of glory" to a trained magazine writer, of a vermilion sunset in the descriptive grasp of a maker of best sellers. Go to, Dr. Gregory; I can no longer class you with the popular literati; you are no longer of the yellow illuminati; you are indescribable.

"How'll you have your steak?" asked the white clad cook in the new electric cafe.

"Heavily shocked," said the customer, climbing into his chair.

Robert Ku Tung and Chop Suey

Equality before the law is not always recognized by those who hold the scales of the law. There is the case of Robert Ku Tung Bosman, for example. The law inhibits foreign polygamists from landing in this country. Robert Ku Tung Bosman is in that category although he is married, Chinese fashion, to only two wives. Yet

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Robert Ku Tung Bosman has not only been permitted to come ashore in this city, but he will be permitted to remain here six months provided he will send one of his wives back to China. This is beating the devil around the stump. The law lady with the scales lifts her bandage to wink with her all-seeing left hand eye. Robert Ku Tung Bosman is a polygamist under the law, but he is only half a polygamist if one of his two wives returns to the place from which she came. As a mere bigamist he slides through the immigration barrier an accepted monogamist if he brings with him but one of his wives; or if he will reship one of his wives to Hongkong—which is the same as if he had defied the law by landing or attempting to land with only one wife. The law, therefore, is one thing for Robert Ku Tung Bosman, and it is quite another thing for Chop Suey Wun-lung. Why? Because Robert Ku Tung Bosman is a rich half-caste of Hongkong and Chop Suey Wun-lung is a poor coolie of Canton. Because the wives of Robert Ku Tung Bosman are of no earthly use to him except in their wifely function; while the wives of Chop Suey Wun-lung are inured to toil hand-in-hand with their husband for the provender of a miserable existence. And finally because Robert Ku Tung Bosman, the millionaire half-caste of Hongkong, who would not be permitted to trespass upon the compound of any of the full-caste clubs of that city, has a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether at Washington; while the poor coolie, who would be employed to wash the club windows, has no pull at all. In Hongkong Robert Ku Tung Bosman the Eurasian keeps his place in the social scale and must submit to all laws, judicial and social, in his case made and provided; but in San Francisco Robert Ku Tung Bosman is above the law by the grace of higher-ups at the law-making capital of the nation; at the very source of justice, whence emanates the hypocritical pretense that under the aegis of the republic there are equal rights for all and special privileges for none.

It Is Not a Square Deal

Personally I have not the slightest objection to Robert Ku Tung Bosman. His dinners are better worth eating than any that are served in Hongkong; his curried prawns are a memory to linger longer than the onion soup of the German club or the ragout a la Duke of Connaught of the English club; his bird's-nest potage flavored with wild sassafras and oil of camphor would not offend the pampered palate of his imperial majesty, Kuang Su, son of Prince Chun, who was the seventh son of Tao Kuang and successor to his royal cousin, Emperor Tung Chi, who died without issue on January 12, 1875, from smallpox; and the wines that accompany the viands are direct from the choice tiers of the most famous cellars in France and Germany and Sonoma. To all of which Mr. Taft can testify in grateful remembrance. It is not to Robert Ku Tung Bosman personally that I object; nor to his lavish hospitality at his palatial bungalow on the Peak, bestowed on all wandering Americans properly credentialed; and as for his plurality of wives, it is none of my business. But when he is permitted to flaunt his polygamous or bigamous marital relations in the face of our laws while my friend Chop Suey Wun-lung is denied that privilege, I enter my earnest protest—not against the privilege granted to Robert Ku Tung Bosman, but against the discrimination that sends Chop Suey and his harem back to the flower boats of Canton.

An Imperial Minister Coming

Mr. Bosman brings news of another important Chinese personage who is now speeding across the Pacific to this country. Bearing the thanks of the Chinese government and their Imperial Majesties, his Excellency Tang Shao Yi, Governor of Mukden, is now on the heaving billow. Tang Shoa Yi is one of the most prominent and successful of China's executive officers. He is a Yale graduate, and is strongly pro-American in every way. It is interesting to note that he is at the same time strongly anti-British. Needless to say, Tang is much liked and admired by Americans in China. Tang is accompanied by his private secretary and three junior officials. China's object, of course, in sending so able and exalted an official is to show other Western countries that China feels deeply the generous action of the United States, particularly since money is so scarce at present throughout China and the people are so poor. Moreover, it is believed that Tang's mission goes farther, and is concerned with the development of industrial enterprise in the three eastern provinces of Manchuria. It is said to be the intention of the Peking government to invite American capitalists to invest money in mining and other industries in Fengtien, Kirin and Keilungkiang, and especially in Fengtien, the richest of the three.

Weary Willie—"What's the matter, Happy? You look all broke up."

Happy Hooligan—"That hash house keeper around the corner said he'd throw me out without gloves and I was wishin' he'd done it without boots."

Horace Platt's Speeches

"Lord Roseberry has said that people do not read old speeches, and there is much truth in the statement." I quote from the preface to a volume of old speeches, modestly and somewhat apologetically sent forth into the world by Horace G. Platt, renowned as an after-dinner speaker, and admired for his cultured oratory. This volume contains old speeches which I have found much delight in reading, and which, I am sure, will be read with delight by many others; not only because of their intrinsic merit, but because the pages of this book abound in the grateful aroma of other days and reflect something of the moods and phases of a generation that passed with the City That Was. Aside from the memories that are

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ROOS BROS.

Fillmore at O'Farrell Van Ness at Bush

worth recalling by the perusal of these pages, there is much of epigrammatic brevity and of the portable wisdom of experience to lure one through the volume. Horace Platt's sayings bear the stamp of a man who has lived familiarly with cultured minds and who has read all the best things in literature.

A False Accusation

The friends of the graft prosecution are much disturbed because the Examiner is keeping tab on the days that are steadily elapsing since the prosecution undertook to put everybody they don't like into the penitentiary. One of these friends of the graft prosecution attempts to turn the tables on the Examiner by accusing that newspaper of exerting its influence to keep those whom the graft prosecution don't like out of the penitentiary. It is the Examiner influence, says this prosecution organ, that has balked the graft prosecution in its efforts to send persons whom the prosecution dislikes, to the penitentiary. While the accusation is in one way somewhat complimentary to the Examiner, it is at the same time decidedly uncomplimentary to the graft prosecution. It infers that the newspaper is more powerful than the combined influence of Rudolph Spreckels, James D. Phelan, Francis J. Heney, William J. Burns and their hirelings and satellites; more powerful than their own newspapers; and more powerful than all their preachers, reformers and political partisans. But of course this is not true. The Examiner is not the stumbling block in the way of the graft prosecution; it is the graft prosecution itself that bogs down in the mire of its own making. The graft prosecution stumbles over its own feet, which are as the feet of a centipede for number and as awkward as the hoofs of behemoth in the vain effort to avoid collision with one another. The graft prosecution is like a militia colonel just appointed by the Governor incessantly tangling his undisciplined legs with an unaccustomed sword of rank and authority.

"I cannot get you a seat up front," explained the usher, "unless you are related to the wedding party."

"I am," he replied, "I'm among those the bride promised to be a sister to."

Phonographic Italian

Miss Katherine Elkins is reported in the newspapers as making herself mistress of the Italian language aided by a phonograph. Miss Elkins' education in this particular was neglected earlier in her youth, in pre-ducal days, because French was deemed a more elegant accomplishment than the gift to speak the tongue of Tasso and Ariosto; so French spake Miss Elkins "full fair and fetisly after the school of Stratford-at-the-Bow," for, like the Prioress of sweet Geoffrey's pilgrimage, the "French of Paris was to her unknowe." In West Virginia the vassals that do liege homage to the house of Elkins speak a patois of ancient Westmoreland English akin to the speech of Washington, mellowed with the quaint burr of the old slave days; and upon this lingual base Miss Elkins will erect her verbal structure after the Tuscan order of architecture, assisted by a phonograph disked with records of the conversational method of the Italian court and choice sections of Italian opera.

Not in the Tongue of Dante

As Duchess of Abruzzi Miss Elkins will be required to speak court Italian, which is no more the Italian of Dante and Petrarch than West Virginia English is the English of Shakespeare and Jonson. It is a labor of love, of course, to the purpose that the fair student may bear herself seemly in the august presence of her husband's royal relatives; not necessary, to be sure, for every tongue that speaks but Abruzzi's name speaks heavenly eloquence, requiring no interpreter, nor a phonograph to teach the "proper tone and the correct inflection." Italian is not a difficult language, but like everything else worth while, its mastery involves expenditure of time and close attention, especially in the "conversation of the higher rank," as the correspondent at Elkins, West Virginia, classifies that vernacular. It is rather late for Miss Elkins to begin this study, but it is fortunate that she need only acquire the court vocabulary and the "proper tone" thereof. The Duchess-elect ought to be able to speak "with the same fluency as the other members of the royal family" (to quote the supposition of the newspaper correspondent at Elkins, West Virginia), after a brief course of six easy lessons on the phonograph, aided as she will be by the Italian opera records, the vocabulary of which exceeds that of the conversational method of the royal Italian court, by about 150 words. As the Divina Commedia and Jerusalem Delivered are not discussed at the levees of the Italian court, it will not be required of the Duchess d'Abruzzi that she shall "thoroughly familiarize herself with all the details of the Italian language," as the newspaper correspondent at Elkins, West Virginia, insists must be the result of her communion with the phonograph. It is rather unfortunate in this relation that the prudery of the Italian court bars Boccaccio and other masters of the politest literature in all belle lettres; else the American Duchess would gain much by her phonographic instruction wholly aside and beyond the somewhat meagre acquirement of enough Italian to make herself understood at the court of her near royal spouse.

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Attacked By Leeches

The transport Sheridan brought news from Manila of the most hazardous and most important overland trip that has has been accomplished in the Philippines since the close of hostilities. It was made by First Lieutenant James S. Bradshaw, Fifth Field Artillery, and Second Lieutenant Harry L. King, First Cavalry, afoot from Camp Stotsenburg directly across the center of Luzon to Atimonan on the Pacific Coast. The start was made during the latter part of July with twelve cargadores, the purpose being to ascertain if it was possible for a party to get through and whether or not a trail or road existed. After several days out the cargadores became footsore and all but four deserted the party. It was impossible for the remaining cargadores to carry the rations, so from that time on the officers and their remaining cargadores were obliged to subsist on the roots of herbs, which they admit was enough to furnish them with sufficient nourishment and moisture to keep them alive, but not enough to keep a man in full muscular development. After about thirty days from the time they left Stotsenburg, the officers arrived at Dingalon Cove, some distance north of Infanta. "The leeches," said one of the officers, "were one of the worst foes we had to contend with on the trip. One-half the party had to remain awake at night to keep these blood suckers off the other half." The party left Infanta on the return trip in September, taking an entirely different trail back to Stotsenburg.

"They say the orator has a splendid delivery," said one of the waiting audience in the back row.

"Well, if he puts them over the plate I don't mind," returned the old baseball player.

The Rise of Upton Sinclair

Upton Sinclair, who is now in California on a Socialistic lecturing tour, is one of the most visionary of the brotherhood. He is a unique character, even for a Socialist. At sixteen he began his own support, but according to his confession he idled away nine years in college, paying little attention to the forty different courses which he began, but putting in his time over promiscuous reading and practicing on his violin. He says he frequently spent nine hours a day with his music, yet apparently he developed no skill or talent. During this period he supported himself by writing lurid romances of the nickel order. At twenty he became inspired with the idea that he was commissioned to write the Great American Novel. He had the courage of his conviction, for he betook himself to the woods and cut himself off from the world. There he toiled, alternately freezing and starving, until his task was accomplished. So certain was he of success that with the sum of eight dollars, the limit of his possessions, he married without even having ascertained whether his work would be published. It was a serious predicament, especially as the knack of grinding out nickel novelettes had been neglected, but what is to be thought of one so lacking in commercial sense that, instead of accepting with thankfulness the suggestion of an inappreciative uncle that he accept a position offered him in a bank at $3,000 a year, for the sake of his wife and child, he preferred to live in a home-made shack in the woods and peg away at his literature? Readers will recall that hysterical outburst, "The Journal of Arthur Sterling," purporting to have been found in a New York garret, left there by that unhappy poet, who had committed suicide. In order to give the story a backing of truth a death notice of "Arthur Sterling" had been published in one of the daily papers. Though the book attracted some attention as a sensation, most of the critics pronounced it an impudent fraud, and as soon as the public discovered that the journal was not a genuine document they dropped it. Mr. Sinclair was likewise convinced that it was his mission to write a war trilogy, the first volume of which, "Manassas," had some small vogue. The other two are yet to be.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

His Communistic Colony

"The Jungle," which appeared two years ago, was the result of seven weeks of investigation into the lives of the inhabitants of Packingtown. Mr. Sinclair says he had no interest whatever in the condition of the slaughter houses as such. He does not eat meat and did not care whether the methods were cleanly or otherwise, but he was deeply concerned with the bodies and souls of the workers. "I aimed at the public heart," he says, "and by accident I hit it in the stomach." A truer criticism was never made, for, while the whole country revolted at the disclosures of the abominable condition of the slaughter yards no reader cared the proverbial bean for the fate of the characters. The author reaped a rich harvest from the book. Then Sinclair, the impractical, put his earnings into a socialistic enterprise. He bought a building in New Jersey which had previously been used as a school, and there installed a colony of congenial souls who were to live on more or less of a communisitc plan. The enterprise hardly had a chance to demonstrate its virtues or its faults, for within six months it was burned to the ground. One life was lost and eight persons were badly injured. The institution had been unkindly criticized during its brief existence. There was also some cutting remarks because the residents of Helicon Hall exercised their natural rights in refusing to accept as inmates all who applied in the name of Socialism, but chose to exclude those not congenial to all. No effort has been made to re-establish it. The loss fell most heavily on the head of Mr. Sinclair and the profits of "The Jungle" disappeared. Hence his present hunt in search of material to make another sensational seller.

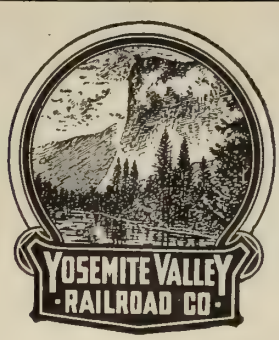
Rabid Motorist—"I'll never go through Jaytown again."
Scorcher—"Why?"
Rabid Motorist—"Because the constable's the only one that gets any fun out of machines in that locality. He used my car for three hours yesterday, and then let me go, saying he found I had been traveling within the law."

The Tag-Day Epidemic

An epidemic of tag-day is sweeping over the land. Cities and towns are in its throes and charities and churches are gathering the harvest of profits. It is the latest and most profitable scheme devised by practical workers to raise funds for those eleemosynary societies that have exhausted the church "fair" method of harvesting the wherewithal to support their work. The "red badge of courage" is fluttering in a score of cities this week and "have a tag" is the inviting question issued from thousands of pretty lips—with no change given. A gentle protest on the part of husbands, fathers and brothers is already following in its wake, and bids fair to shortly prove, "I'm it" to tag-day.

Our Jackies in Japan

Comforting news from Honolulu and Japan anent the behavior of the sailors of the Atlantic fleet at those points, was brought in by passengers on the big liner Manchuria, which docked at Pier 42 last Tuesday with one of the heaviest cargoes in the history of trans-Pacific trade. According to the reports of sojourners in the land of volcanoes and shintoism, the humble coal passer and "turret man" are outdoing even their officers in the matter of exemplary conduct, thus setting at rest the qualms of certain dear and delightful patriots who predicted there would be international complications when our sailor boys "hit" Japan. A year or so ago one of the usually diplomatic statesmen of the Chrysanthemum Isle described the personnel of our navy as "irresponsible, irrepressible



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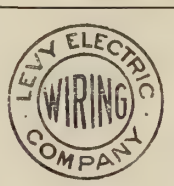
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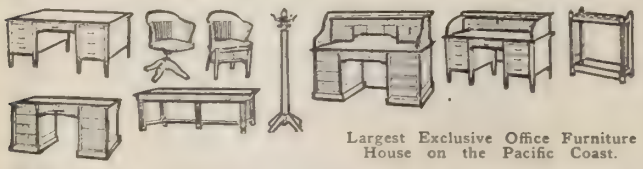
riff-raff, who enter service because of the exigencies of chance and an empty stomach." He was promptly suppressed, of course, but not before the ubiquitous reporter had cabled some dynamic excerpts of his speech to America. The record of the jackies at Yokohama and Tokio, however, has compelled the gentleman to eat his words and seek solitude in the up-country districts. Next to hitting with a twelve-inch projectile a bit of rag hung three or four miles at sea, there is nothing that could endear these 15,000 American boys to their countrymen more than creditable behavior.

Guns for Revolutionists

A sufficient number of condemned guns were sold at the War Department recently to start a dozen Central American revolutions. The Department sold to the Carl Hirsch Iron and Rail Company of St. Louis 175,000 old Springfield forty-five calibre rifles at forty-four cents each; 13,600 Springfield cadet rifles at thirty-six cents each, and 14,000 Springfield carbines at sixty-one cents each. Several Gatling, Hotchkiss and mountain guns were purchased by Frank Bannerman of New York for $19,300, and 560,000 rounds of cartridges were sold for $6.70 per thousand. The proceeds of the sale were $94,147.

Tells the Secrets of Central America

In his bungalow across the bay Herman Whitaker is finishing a thrilling romance with the rubber plantations of Central America as the background. The Harpers saw some of the early chapters and snapped up the story for publication, so it must possess considerable merit. Author Whitaker ought to know his locale thoroughly, for several years ago he cut loose from civilization and made an adventurous trip all by himself into the farthest recesses of Central America with the sole purpose of unmasking its strange secrets. While boring his way into the heart of the country he worked on several plantations, the kind that are cut off from the world and where the owners depend upon "blackbirding" and bondage to recruit their overworked peons, virtually slaves, for once trapped there a laborer rarely leaves the place alive. The "boss" is king and rules with the lash and his ungoverned passions. Such surroundings, grouped with unique characters, seems only possible in lurid melodrama, but Whitaker saw the slaves, worked with them in their miserable surroundings and looked into their lives. Incidentally he will make some surprising revelations on the methods of exploiting these rubber plantations tucked far away in the tropical fastness of the Americas, where investors have scant opportunities to investigate them. Whitaker has led an extremely varied and interesting life in search of color for his stories. He is an Englishman and when a mere boy ran away to become a Tommy Atkins in the British army. Then he roamed Canada in quest of adventures, found a wife, and settled down to farming in Manitoba. One day the Indians raided their place, burned the house and barns and the Whitakers escaped to try their fortunes in less colorful localities. Some twelve years ago they came to California and finally pitched their bungalow in the Piedmont hills across the bay.



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The Return of San Francisco

With 16 pages of colored illustrations, showing how San Francisco is rapidly moving down town again, by Earle Walcott, author of "Blindfolded."

Tale of the Scarlet Butteflies

One of Beatrice Grimshaw's best stories of Vaiti, that fascinating woman of the South Seas.

Modern Fiji

The commercial civilization of a lovely land where the cannibal has become a tradition, by Oscar L. Triggs, late of the University of Chicago. Illustrated profusely with fine photographs.

Game Birds of the Pacific

A timely paper on bay and sea ducks of this region. By H. T. Payne, former president of the California Game and Fish Protective Association.

Lin McLean

Owen Wister's strong story of a Western cowpuncher.

Rugby, 1908

The game as it is on the Pacific Coast, with photographs of the captains of the California and Stanford fifteens.. By Wm. Unmack.

The Pearl

A notable poem of the South Seas by Henry Anderson Lafler.

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All of the Far West and the lands of the Pacific.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

By R. E. Mulcahy

The New York stock market was decidedly strong during the past week. As usual the Harriman issues made new high records, Union Pacific Common selling up to 177, Southern Pacific to 111; to this price must be added the recent dividend paid. There was no particular news to cause the advance, except rumors of a distribution of assets to be made by Union Pacific and the retiring of Southern Pacific preferred and the probable advancing of its dividend to a seven per cent basis. The tonnage now being handled by the Harriman roads is very large and is not much under the high records of these properties. Recently Harriman has placed large orders for new equipment for passenger service to be distributed among his different lines. It is said he will soon place large orders for engines and freight cars. This means that many other lines will follow his example, as Harriman seems to be the barometer in this particular feature. The political atmosphere has now been cleared sufficiently to permit of many new commitments which will go a long way toward forgetting the late depression and will start the wheels of progress in motion. Up to the present time there have been no signs of advancing money rates; call money continues nominally at two per cent, with time loans quoted at four to five per cent. If these conditions continue throughout the present month there will be little to fear for the rest of the winter months. The distribution of dividends on January 1st will be very large; these funds will return immediately into commercial channels resulting in a period of cheap money for at least one year more. The demand for American farm products by European countries is daily growing, especially is this so of corn. It is estimated by those well in touch with the foreign situation that 500,000,000 bushels of American corn will be exported this crop year; also that the United Kingdom and Continent will require 200,000,000 bushels of American wheat, and a very great quantity of barley. Everything point to heavy imports of gold from abroad to America this year. All angles point to the greatest prosperity in the near future that this country has ever witnessed; these conditions will be reflected in our security markets. It will awaken foreigners to our opportunities and will result in a large amount of American securties finding a lodging across the Atlantic. The big railway systems will find but little difficulty in financing improvements and extensions; they will lose no time in completing their plans in order that they may not run into a depressed period with a lot of unfinished work. The Atchison Company are, it is said, planning a great deal of new work, having given conditional orders already. The country has outgrown its railroad facilities; more lines must be constructed, otherwise the traffic of this country will be so sadly congested there will be indefinite delay to shipments. Very little railway construction has been done during the past ten years; the country has grown, population has increased greater than official figures show; these conditions are at our door and must be met. It is well to let well enough alone and give to all a chance to prosper, which is now within the grasp of all branches of trade; a condition never before realized. Stock market values will probably advance for ten days or so, when a fair sized reaction should take place. On any reasonable decline good stocks and bonds should advance to very high prices. This condition will show itself before the new year.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Rumored Engagement

Presidio and Pacific Heights society is in a flutter over the rumored engagement of a very beautiful girl living in that vicinity to a handsome and popular army officer. The young lady hardly moves in the elect society of that exclusive locality and she occasioned considerable lorgnetting and side remarks not long ago when she made her first dazzling appearance at one of the delightful Presidio dances. The rumored engagement is more than a prick at the patrician pride of the demoiselles in the set, for several of them as well as their mamas have had their eyes for some time past on this handsome officer.

May Contest the Will

With the death of Mrs. Campbell-Parker in Honolulu last week may come a renewal of Princess Abigail Kawananako's attempt to break the trust that bound the will of her father, James Campbell. This instrument provided that the estate should not be divided until the youngest daughter, Beatrice, who is now fourteen, should be of age. The will bequeathed a family allowance of fifty thousand dollars a year, and a separate allowance of ten thousand to each of the four girls, as well as a munificent allowance to the widow, who afterwards married Sam Parker. Princess Abigail Kowananako, Campbell's oldest daughter, who is noted for her extravagant social ideas, was not satisfied with the provision. She attempted a few years since to break the trust, but abandoned the attempt through fear of incurring her mother's displeasure. The last three years the Princess has depended entirely on her mother's generosity, as her income for two years is garnisheed by her creditors. The Princess, who is Prince David's widow, is a handsome woman with an attractive personality, and although her husband died but six months ago, several suitors, prominent in Honolulu club and social life, are lingering very near her domain.



MISS PANSY PERKINS

Miss Perkins is the daughter of Senator George C. Perkins. Her wedding to Mr. Cleveland Baker will take place November 18th.

Mrs. Malaprop in Society

That Mesdames Malaprops have not entirely gone out of style according to stories circulating in the smart set. Not long ago one of our most prominent dowagers entered the studio of a local artist and when she espied a statue of Buddha on his mantel, exclaimed, "Oh what a funny man, sitting on an artichoke!" Not long after she employed a connoisseur to select some globes for her chandeliers. As she unpacked them, in astonishment and as she studied the contours engraved upon them, said resignedly, "Well, I suppose those animals are the latest in Paris."



Stewart, Photo MISS ETHEL HARTSON

Whose marriage with Captain Caldwell Turner, U. S. M., will take place shortly.

In the Hands of "Twenty-five"

With the return of Mrs. Henry T. Scott from the East it is now definitely announced that there will be several changes of consequence in the management of the Colonial balls to be given at the St. Francis hotel this winter. The latest plan is to select a committee of twenty-five ladies to direct the destinies of those very select affairs. Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall will head the list. Names are now being carefully weighed in the balance to complete the requisite number. Nearly all of the members, however, will belong to the Burling-

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
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ame set. Each of the ladies chosen will have the privilege of nominating a certain number of guests she wishes invited. The social success of the dances will rest with these ladies, so their selection is a matter of very grave importance.

Caught With the Fish

The wife of a prominent clubman went to market recently and the fish man informed her that her husband had been in and ordered the fish. "Indeed," she replied, "what did he order?" Being told that he had selected a very choice fish, the man also added, "I packed it nicely and put it in a basket for him which he carried. As her husband had announced he had business calls out of town that day she did a deal of thinking. The outcome would never have come to hand probably if the suspected man had not in his hurry from the train left his neatly packed



Habernicht, Photo MISS LILIAN OWENS

Whose engagement to James F. McNulty has just been announced.

basket in the car, and his club friends told the joke on him and in this wise the name of a fair widow somehow leaked out.

Miss Vera de Sabla entertained several of her friends at a luncheon at the Fairmont last Wednesday. Miss de Sabla will leave shortly for the East, and for that reason she has been the motif of late of several delightful little social affairs.

Union of Two Prominent Families

From the point of view of exquisite floral decorations and handsome gowns the wedding of Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith and Baldwin Wood last Monday in the home of the bride's mother was one of the prettiest of the season. It was marked by extreme simplicity; only about sixty of the relatives and very intimate friends of the birde and groom being present. The marriage service was read by Rev. Charles Ramm before an altar covered with cloth of gold, banked with foliage and surmounted with tall vases of gorgeous white chrysanthemums and golden candelabra. The bride wore a handsome empire gown of heavy white satin, trimmed with quantities of rare old lace. She was given away by her cousin, William Horn. Eleanor Welty and Florence Lent, daintily gowned, were the flower girls. Miss Helen Dean was maid of honor. Thomas Eastland acted as best man. An informal reception and buffet wedding supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Wood have gone on a short honeymoon trip through the south. On their return they



Moore & Clarke, Photo MISS ETHEL AMWEG

Whose engagement to Walter A. Scott has just been announced.

will occupy the Hyde-Smith residence while Mrs. Hyde-Smith visits her younger daughter, Mrs. Harold Dillingham, in Honolulu.

Her Debut at Tuxedo

Miss Janetta Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, is one of the Tuxedo debutantes in New York this season. This week there will be a dance in her honor. The Alexanders will go to town this month but they will keep their Tuxedo villa open all the winter and will give house parties there, especially during the holidays. Possibly Miss Ethel Roosevelt will be a guest at one of the Tuxedo dances. Miss Alexander has been her guest recently at the White House in Washington. Miss Carol Harriman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harriman, will also be a debutante this season at one of the Tuxedo balls.

Caught in the Orange Blossoms

The wedding of Miss Pansy Perkins, daughter of Senator George Perkins, and Cleveland Baker, formerly of Oakland, now the District Attorney of Nye County, Nevada, will take place on November 18th. Contrary to the

STILL ON THE MARKET

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expectations of their many friends it will be a small and quiet affair at the home of the bride's parents in Oakland.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Ethel Amweg, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Amweg, to Walter A. Scott, came somewhat in the nature of a surprise to their many friends. The wedding will not take place till next April. Mr. Amweg is a well known consulting engineer and is also a prominent member of the Governor's staff. Mr. Scott has a very responsible position with Baker & Hamilton.

The Fearless Mrs. Kirkpatrick

From the Chronicle I learn that "an American hostess who has made her mark in French society is the wife of General Edward Kirkpatrick of California, formerly Miss Hammond." Aso, that "she dispenses delightful hospitality to the great world of Paris, as well as to her com-



MRS. KIRKPATRICK OF PARIS AND MONTEREY.

patriots in her splendid residence, 25 Avenue de Bois de Boulogne." The journalists of Paris have been "writing up" Mrs. Kirkpatrick of late—telling of her old adobe mansion in California which was formerly the residence of the Spanish Governors, and of her fearlessness as a horsewoman when in California, where she "rides her beautiful Arabs astride on a Mexican saddle with the queer South American shovel stirrups." According to one journalist, "No one who sees her in her Paris drawing-room would suspect her of being a remarkably good shot." This story has created a deal of amusement among Mrs. Kirkpatrick's friends in Monterey, where she lives when she isn't in Paris. The photograph of Mrs. Kirkpatrick reproduced on this page was taken at Del Monte on the occasion of that lady's first and perhaps her only appearance on horseback. It shows that when aiming at a bull's-eye the lady holds her weapon in her left hand. As for the Arabian nag which she bestrides, it belongs, I am told, to a citizen of Monterey who permitted it to be used for the occasion.

A Social Queen for Thirty Years

With the demise of Mrs. William Astor there passed a woman who for more than thirty years was the leader and arbiter of the country's wealthiest social set. Time and again efforts were made by ambitious women, backed by social prestige and great riches, to wrest the title from her, but without avail. Mrs. Astor attained her unique position through her connection with one of the oldest and most influential families in the country. At the same time she had their immense financial support at her command, amounting to some $500,000,000. Her own private income in later years amounted to only $70,000 and this she spent freely in entertainment; when it was expended, she was allowed to draw freely on the estate to conduct her campaigns in a way commensurate

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with the family prestige. Her mansions were built expressly for entertainment on magnificent scale. On occasions there were as many as a thousands guests at her entertainments. In her later years she received them seated in a high-backed chair, beneath a portrait of herself, painted by Carolus Duran. Regally gowned and wearing the famous Astor jewels she presented a more striking picture than the beautiful painting behind her.

Her Visiting List Society's Blue Book

For thirty years she dominated the New York and Newport smart sets and virtually named the socially elect. When she first aspired to leadership she consulted the late Ward McAllister as to who should be admitted within the golden gate; between them they drew up a list of "400" names, a title that was to be emblematic of the socially elect for many years. Later as wealth and society expanded the gates were widened and as many as twelve hundred guests danced in her resplendent ball rooms. During her regime her visiting list served as the Blue Book of New York and Newport. She had almost absolute power to make or mar the high social aspirations of those who sought her patronage. Her ancestry dated back to 1636 when Jacob Janes Scherner, founder of her father's family, landed in Manhattan. As Caroline Schermerhorn, daughter of Abraham Schermerhorn, she married William Astor in September, 1853. Her husband took little interest in society. He died in Paris in 1802, leaving the bulk of his property, about $65,000,000, to his son, John Jacob Astor. This fortune has increased enormously since then. There were four daughters also who were richly provided for: Mrs. James J. Van Allen and Mrs. James Roosevelt, both now dead, and Mrs. Orme Wilson and Mrs. Coleman Drayton, who later became Mrs. Ogilvie Haig. It is said that if the family plans are consummated Mrs. John Jacob Astor will succeed to the social crown of her mother-in-law.

Over the Cups of the Keeney Tea

Miss Kathleen de Young's Persian lamb coat attracted a great deal of admiration at the Keeney tea. Mrs. Selby Hanna and Mrs. Rosa Plotner were among the most colorful animated pictures there. A tag tea note made Mrs. Chrystal Harriman the most beautiful matron of the receiving party. She was gowned in a rare creation of black and white chiffon. Among the smartest gowned girls were the Misses Mills. And by the way, owing to the illness of Mrs. W. H. Mills the family were not able to leave for their tour abroad this winter. The date of departure now depends on Mrs. Mills' health.

Californians Abroad

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett intend to spend the latter part of the winter in Egypt. Before starting on their travels, however, Mrs. Scott will return to San Francisco. Mrs. Crockett, who is in Japan with Mrs. Samuel Knight, will arrange to join Mrs. Scott later.

Scherill Schell and Edward Montgomery have been occupying a beautiful flat together in New York. Mr. Schell now has an important position on Scribner's Magazine. Edward Montgomery left recently in company with one of the managing officials of the Union Pacific for a delightful tour abroad. After visiting the Mediterranean countries he will winter in Rome and continue the cultivation of his voice. Mr. Montgomery is a brother of Mrs. Charles Stewart.

Surprised Their Friends

Friends of Miss Lillian Owens and James F. McNulty, who attended the card party given in her honor last week, were delightfully surprised when their engagement was announced. Miss Owens is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Owens. She made her debut three seasons ago. She is one of the most popular members of Mrs. Ynez Shorb Buck's dancing and skating clubs and is a favorite in the younger set on both sides of the bay. Mr. McNulty is a promising young attorney and is connected with the law department of the United Railroads. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will very likely occur before the end of the year.

Will Bold Face the Tipple Tabbies

Mrs. Cornwallis West, the famous American beauty who married into England's smartest set and whose recent scathing criticism of the faults and follies of a cer-

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tain set of American women called forth such vigorous replies from Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Tiffany, is coming to New York this winter. Considering the severity of her attacks on her fellow countrywomen, Mrs. Cornwallis West's decision has aroused great interest among her friends in London, who anticipate some interesting developments in those New York society circles whose women members are alleged to give such vulgar entertainments that blushes are brought to the cheeks of their compatriots.

The Cactus Aristocracy

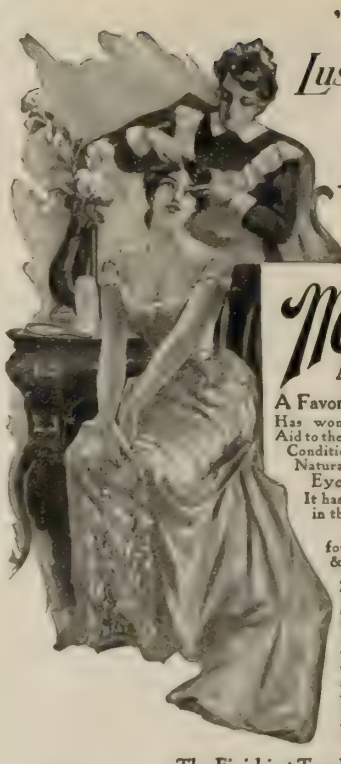
A Los Angeles correspondent in speaking of the late attempt of twenty-five self-selected women to name 125 others who should pose as a "blue-blooded 150" says: "The new Cactus Aristocracy, of which I made mention some two or three weeks ago, seems to have come up against it; or, like Lot's wife, been turned into a huge saline cube, for not one of the self-selected twenty-five will say a word, except to mutely admit that the whole racket is off, in other words, that there were too many queer ones in the twenty-five to carry out the original plan of establishing the 150. As a matter of fact, the twenty-five did set themselves up—or intended to—as censors and dictators, but were sat down on, so to speak, and laughed at uproariously. Now, not one of them will utter a word and social movements have resumed their wonted atmosphere. Friends of some of the twenty-five declare that the whole thing was an invention of the Examiner, the object being to boost four or five members of the newly rich and an equal number of ambitious women who had graduated from bargain counter service and other avocations of either a clerical or domestic kind.

"Purple Aristocrats"

The agent of "America's Purple" is in town looking over the field and the field is full of candidates for admission. Never heard of "America's Purple?" Then you argue yourself ineligible. "America's Purple" aims to be an American Almanack de Gotha; a royal book of American citizens. It is an English enterprise and its purpose as stated in the prospectus is "to obtain for Americans traveling abroad the recognition to which they are entitled at home." If considered eligible you will be asked to enroll your name and the name of your wife and the name of your grandmother. Thus will you obtain a passport to social eminence. Not, of course, without putting up a little money to defray the cost of paper of a high quality and the purple ink. The agent informs me that a keen discretion must be exercised in the selection of names, and that he finds it a difficult task to differentiate the sheep from the goats in this city. He came hither with a few tips as to the people who are not all purple and the list is long. If it were exhibited in Burlingame it would cause much heartburning.

Some Royal Debutantes

One of the most interesting events of the forthcoming London season will be the debut of the elder daughter of the Princess Royal of the Duke of Fife. The debutante will then be just nineteen, and it has been decided that she shall join the court circle at the second May court, which is likely to be of exceptional brilliance. It was the king's desire that the Princess Alexandria should have come out this year, but the idea was abandoned at the request of the Princess Royal, who hopes by next year to be strong enough to be present in the royal circle when her daughter makes her formal appearance therein. The Princess shows much of her mother's shyness and



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"Reliable Relief."

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The "Finishing Touch"
To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
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distaste of society and enjoys nothing better than living a quiet home life, dressed in a plain coat and skirt distinctive of all the feminine royalties from Queen Alexandria down.

Social Spotlight

Mrs. William Walter Felton, mother of Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale, leaves for her home in Mexico on November 7th.

A rather unique and very prettily appointed breakfast will be enjoyed by the aristocratic Colonial Dames, in the Red Room of the St. Francis Saturday morning. About sixty members will be present.

Mrs. James Wilder, one of the most gracious hostesses of Honolulu, has taken apartments at the St. Francis for a visit among her many friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole were among those who left for the East this week.

Captain Richard Pearson Hobson and Mrs. Martha Gielow have, since the happy coincidence of their coming to the Hotel St. Francis at the same time, been much entertainel informally by our prominent Southern families. Mrs. Eleanor Martin is among the hostesses who has shown them social attentions. Mrs. Gielow and Captain Hobson are both from Greensboro, Alabama, where they were childhood friends.

At a delightful tea given by Mrs. William Clausen of Sausalito, the engagement of Miss Dennis of Victoria to Parker Hibben, also of Victoria, was announced. The wedding will take place Saturday, November 7th, in Sausalito.

Mrs. C. F. Eckhart of Honolulu, accompanied by her two children, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Allen M. Clay, of Berkeley.

Mrs. H. B. Thelermann and her daughter Helen have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Melfonan of Paraiso Hot Springs for the past fortnight.

The Gordon Blandings have taken apartments for the winter at the Fairmont.

One of the most beautiful of day weddings recently held in the Fairmont took place on November 1st, when in the great mirrored white and gold room Miss Hazel May Mack and William E. Gump were united in marriage by Rev. Edward J. Stark, cantor of Emanuel Temple.

George William Hooper and Mrs. Hooper, accompanied by Miss Emily Meyer, have taken permanent apartments for the winter at the Fairmont.

Judge and Mrs. Dixon gave a luncheon on Thursday last to Admiral and Mrs. Hallyday. The Admiral and Mrs. Hallyday left for the East during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pike and their son Robert D. Pike, have taken rooms at the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley for the winter.

Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University was in Berkeley for a few days last week, and was a guest at the Hotel Carlton.

Miss Linda Cadwalader will spend the week with Miss Marjorie Josselyn at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart returned this week after a nine weeks' tour of the East.

Mrs. George Broome of Australia, formerly interesting Carrie Bosqui, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, of Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hough and Miss Helen Hough motored from their home in Stockton to Berkeley last week and spent a few days at the Hotel Carlton.

Miss Agnes Tobin is at Del Monte for a few days' rest. Her many friends will be pleased to know she has quite recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. W. Evelyn Page (Miss Burling) intends to spend the next few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Lunching at Del Monte last Saturday were Gaylord Wilshire, the millionaire socialist and editor of Wilshire Magazine. Mrs. Wilshire, Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," and other sellers and George Sterling, the poet.

Among the arrivals at Tamalpais Tavern this week were Wilson Meyer, Miss Vera Meyer, C. S. Scott, Hazel Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Russell, Mrs. Nellie Harris and Dr. and Mrs. E. Elliston.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Whitley, George W. A. Hinckel, Rev. A. Jacquet, Mrs. L. A. Gould, Mrs. Charles M. Sadler, J. L. Gould and Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, of Oakland.

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Odd Things in the World

Bridge Players Surprised

A cry of despair comes from Vichy. Four visitors began a game of bridge in the Casino when the inspector of games stopped them. "But we are not playing for money," said one. "That's the very reason," said the inspector.

Inquiry at the Ministry of the Interior shows that the inspector was acting within his orders. The Government permit for gambling in the clubs at Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, Contrexeville and other watering places authorizes only baccarat, ecarte and the little horses. At Aix-les-Bains even the billiard table at the Casino has been removed. Presumably because the Government takes 15 per cent of all the money staked in the casinos of watering places it does not want to encourage any other form of gambling.

Bridge players have poured complaints into the Ministry of the Interior, and some scheme is under consideration whereby the interests of the State may be safeguarded and at the same time bridge players may still give themselves up to their favorite game. To deprive them of this pastime, the bridge players declare, is to compromise the benefits of their cure.

Keir Hardie Cornered by a Question

Keir Hardie, one of the three members of parliament who has been socially boycotted by King Edward VII, is an ardent socialist and it may be presumed, is proportionately grateful for the additional advertisement of both himself and his cause. It goes without saying that he is also an ardent advocate of "votes for women," and at the beginning of the recent obstreporous demands of the "suffragettes," he was to address a meeting which, as it happened, was attended chiefly by opponents of the movement. In "merrie England," as we all know, man does not sit mumchance while her better half makes a fool of herself, and the "booing" was so vociferous that the lecturer could not get a hearing at all. Finally the chairman managed to quiet the audience long enough to say: "Gentlemen, if you will listen to Mr. Hardie quietly, he will be happy to answer any question you may put to him at the end of his speech." When the honorable member of the House of Commons had resumed his seat, a question, written on half a sheet of note paper was sent up to Mr. Hardie and passed by him, unopened, to the chairman, who read it and grew very red in the face. "Read it out" roared a dozen voices, and the chairman was constrained to comply. It was "Why do they call you a Gibson girl?" and it effectively broke up the meeting.

Wonderful Subterranean Chamber

What is said to be the largest and most wonderful subterranean chamber in the world has just been opened up to visitors. It is situated in the Karst Mountains near Tieste and was discovered and first surveyed by G. A. Perko in 1890. This great cavern is reached from Opchina in Istria, first by a flight of steps hewn out of the mountain side, then by two almost perpendicular descents of thirty and seventy feet, and finally by half an hour's walk down a precipitous winding pathway which leads to an immense stalactite and stalagmite cave of great beauty with a domelike roof 460 feet in height, the cave being 440 feet wide and 800 feet long. The peculiar stalabmits formations here are considered to be among the most wonderful in the world; the path winds along through what seems an interminable forest of petrified trees.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP C. MEYER, Deceased.

May H. Meyer, the Administratrix of the Estate of Philip C. Meyer, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court her verified petition praying for an order of the sale of all the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge most beneficial for said estate;

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the court from the said petition, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property of the said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

NOW THEREFORE, on motion in open court of said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor;

IT IS ORDERED by this court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 21st day of December, 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Superior Court in Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, situate on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Street in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix for the sale of the whole of the real property of the said estate of said deceased;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four consecutive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 2d day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney at Law,
Russ Building, San Francisco. 11-7-7t

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MILLMAN TRIO, with MISS BIRD MILLMAN, the charming dancing aerial wonder; HENRY HORTON & CO. in "Uncle Lem's Dilemma"; MAY AND FLO HENGLER; MR. and MRS. ALLISON; THE FOUR NIGHTONS; "SLIVERS," assisted by Artie Nelson; ALFRED KELCEY & CO., in "Uncle Phineas"; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of America's Favorite Minstrel, GEORGE PRIMROSE and His Dancing Boys, presenting for the first time Mr. Primrose's Latest Novelty, Dancers of the Past and Present.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Saturday Afternoon and Evening, Last Times of "A NAVAJO'S LOVE."

Beginning Sunday Matinee November 8,

The Valencia Stock Company and ROBERT WARWICK in the Furiously Funny Farce,

GLITTERING GLORIA

By C. M. S. McLellan.

Last Week of Miss Willette Kershaw

Matinee Wednesday. All seats 25c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c; box seats, $1.00.

Next—ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM IN "KERRY GOW."

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Seats $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Oakland, Friday Afternoon, November 13th, at 3:30, Ye Liberty Playhouse. Baldwin Piano Used. Next—ADELE VERNE.

SECOND CONCERT BY

THE PASMORES

Concert, Tuesday, Nov. 17, 8:15 p. m. Matinee, Sunday, Nov. 15, 3 p. m.

CENTURY HALL, Sutter and Franklin Streets

Programme—1. Trio in C Minor Op. 1, No. 3, Beethoven; 2. Symphonic Variations for Violoncello, Boelmann; and by general request, 3. Trio in A Minor Op. 50, Tschaikowsky

Reserved Seats, $1.00; Matinee Admission, 50c. Seats reserved at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Van Ness Ave., and at the Hall on the evening of the concert.

Third Concert, December 15. Matinee, December 13.

Stage

The Alcazar's Dream Play

Of late there has been observed in the theatre a reaction of the imagination against the prose drama into which life comes with all its cruelty and nakedness. Illustration of this phenomenon is to be found in the Alcazar's current attraction, "The Road to Yesterday," which the authors, "B. M. Dick and E. G. Sutherland," who are said to be women, describe as "a comedy of fantasy," and which transports you from the tumult of familiar life into the midst of seventeenth century near-romance. This play presents a curious jumble of centuries, language and methods and a fine blend of the comic and melodramatic. It is an admirably fresh little play with no serious purpose lurking anywhere. It is a drama of fancy and apparently addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty, with just enough relation to life in it to keep you interested in the doings of the several characters. The play might properly be described as a midsummer night's dream, for that is what the authors introduce you to through the medium of an explanatory first act in which you meet several people who have vague impressions, notions and aspirations somewhat faintly correlated. There is a blend of the neurotic and the superstitious in this act and you wonder whether you are to be submerged in symbolism or tormented with psychological phenomena when down goes the curtain on the leading lady in a dream, and thereafter the acting out of this dream is what absorbs your attention. The idea of a dream drama is as old as Lyly's prologue to his Woman in the Moon, and the dream has been frequently employed as a piece of dramatic machinery, but seldom to such realistic ends as in "The Road to Yesterday." It is generally associated with fairy superstitions or fantastic riotings or dainty burlesques, but at the Alcazar the dream is merely the means to and end, the end being romantic melodrama. Tragedy and comedy jostle each other with such vividness in this dream that you almost forget that the heroine is to be roused from slumber in the last act. Indeed you are but vaguely sensible of the fact that the persons in the dream have no relation to life. They are compounded of as much flesh and blood as are to be found in the stage puppets of the average drama, and they act their parts with as much sincerity; so that there is no lack of illusions. As, according to the play, the lady of the dream dreams out a play, the result is that you get two plays in one. The idea is fantastical, but of pure fantasy, the kind for which the dream is usually employed in drama, there is none. There is poetry, however, in the conception and it appeals to the lighter emotions, for the whole is fragrant with hilarity and puts the mind in a state of healthful ecstasy. While the theme is treated with considerable felicity its execution is far from being as exquisite as its conception is delicate. The dialogue is without distinction, yet it serves well enough for the purpose of the play. As usual with the Alcazar players whenever they venture into new territory, the result of this production is the revelation of new qualities. Bertram Lytell as the swaggering seventeenth century yeoman exhibits the style of one who has been doing romantic roles all his life. And as for Evelyn Vaughan in this play she is a plaintive figure out of tapestry, a darling maiden out of a nursery tale. There is a good deal of artistry in Miss Vaughan's mimetic performance. She has a delicious simplicity of manner, and she is full of the warmth of charm. Her voice is sonorous, and she enunciates like one who loves the savor of words.

Theodore Bonnet.

Another Week of the Clansman

"The Clansman," with its powerful story of the reconstruction period in the South, will remain the offering at the Van Ness Theatre for a second and last week, commencing with Sunday night's performance. The dramatization of Thomas Dixon, Jr., of his two famous novel's, "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman" are all the press notices have described. The big scene of the drama is the hypnotic scene in the Ku Klux Klan cave when the negro is put through his confession. The company appearing in the play is fully up to all requirements. The result is a striking performance.

Sparkling Comedy at the Valencia

The last performances of Sedley Brown's stirring society drama, "A Navajo's Love," will take place at the Valencia Theatre, Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday afternoon a laughing festival will be inaugurated when "Glittering Gloria" is presented. The action takes place in London and the first act shows the interior of a Bond Street jewelry store where a magnificent diamond necklace, valued at 5,000 pounds, is displayed for sale. This beautiful and costly ornament is frantically competed for by the numerous admirers of Gloria Grant, a comic opera singer. Two young married men, Jack James and Archie Toddleby, an American from El Paso, Colo., and several others try to buy the necklace and James succeeds. He is about to present it to Gloria when his wife appears on the scene. When asked for an explanation James asserts that he has purchased it as a speculation. He says that his old friend Milliken had told him at the club that he was going to purchase it for Gloria at any cost, so he had conceived the brilliant idea of buying it for 5,000 pounds and reselling it for 7,000. To satisfy herself Mrs. James insists on seeing Milliken. Her husband rushes out to Bond Street and brings in the first man he can find answering Milliken's description. This happens to be Zebedee Posket, a rural solicitor, also smitten with Gloria's charms. The wife insists on seeing the money change hands. A check for 7,000 pounds is passed, whereupon to James' great astonishment the so-



MISS WILLETTE KERSHAW

Who Will Make Her Farewell Appearance at the Valencia Theatre Next Week as "Glittering Gloria."



MAY AND FLO HENGLER
Who Will Appear Next Week at the Orpheum.

licitor demands the necklace and, upon obtaining it, leaves the store with Gloria. After some seemingly inextricable mixups everything is satisfactorily straightened out. Robert Warwick will have a splendid comedy chance as Jack James, and Miss Willette Kershaw, who will make her farewell appearance in this city, will revel in the role of Gloria. The rest of the cast will be in competent hands. Herman Heller and his unrivaled orchestra will offer, as usual, many high-class musical novelties and the usual critical competition for $100 in cash prizes will take place on Sunday afternoon.

The Forthcoming De Gogorza Concerts

Musical San Francisco will turn out at Christian Science Hall during the coming week to hear that magnificent baritone, Signor Emilio De Gogorza. At the first concert which will be given this Sunday afternoon, November 8th, at 2:30, the program will be as follows: Come raggio di Sol, Caldara; Where'er you walk, Handel; Aair de "Thoas" from the opera "Iphigenie en Tauride, Gluck; Mondnacht, Schumann; Ich Liebe Dich, Grieg; Feldeinsamkiet, Brams; Widmung Schumann—Emilio De Gogorza. Piano solo, Auf Flugeln des Gesanges, Mendelssohn-Liszt; grand polonaise, op. 22, Chopin—Mr. Henry C. Whittemore. Arioso from "Roi de Lahore, Massenet; Cantaras, Alvarez; En Galesa, Alvarez; Los ojos negros, Alvarez—Emilio De Gogorza. Piano solo (a) Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2, Chopin; (b) Etude de Concert, Forgnes—Mr. Henry C. Whittemore. Requiem, Sidney Homer; Mother O'Mine, H. Tours; Sing Me a Song, Sidney Homer; A Dream, Howard Brockway; The lark now leaves it's wat'ry Nest, Horation Parker—Emilio De Gogorza. At the Thursday evening concert numbers by Giordani, Monsigny, Nicolo will form the first group, the second being German works by Rubinstein, Hildach and Richard Strauss. French composers will be represented by Dubois, Paladhile and Widor and English by Goring Thomas and H. Lane Wilson. The operatic number will be the "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci" and there will be some Spanish numbers by Alvarez, including "La Partida." Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's Next Friday afternoon, November 13th, at 3:30 De Gogorza will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty playhouse, giving the opening program as above. Seats at the theatre box office next Monday.

A Collier Success at the Alcazar

"Caught in the Rain," which is announced as the Alcazar's magnet for next week, was preesnted here last season in the Van Ness Theatre with Willie Collier as the star, and it scored a great laughing success. It will bring out the full numerical strength and the best comedy talent of the Alcazar company, with Bertram Lytell in the part created by Collier and Evelyn Vaughan happily bestowed. The story goes that Dick Crawford (the hero) and Jim Maxwell are equal owners of the Siluria copper mine in Colorado, and that they have struck a fine vein of copper ore that is located directly under the ranch owned by Mr. Mason. Desirous of keeping all the stock to themselves they try to buy the ranch, but Mason refuses to sell, as it is encumbered and held in such a way that his daughter, Muriel, shall fall heir to it when she attains the age of twenty-one, and when the play opens she is only nineteen. Maxwell suggests that Crawford marry the girl, but Crawford, who is ludicrously afraid of the fairer sex, declines, because he had fallen in love with a strange young lady with whom fate, in the shape of a rainstorm, had placed him under a sidewalk awning in a Denver street. When the girl learns of the position her father is in she agrees to marry Crawford whom she has never met, to save her parent from ruin, but Crawford has gone East to forget things. In the last act he learns that Muriel is none other than his lady of the rainstorm, so he returns to Colorado and weds her and acquires the ranch and its underlying treasure.

Success of Kolb and Dill

Kolb and Dill continue to pack the Princess Theatre at every performance with their clever and amusing skit, "Playing the Ponies," which will enter on the third week of what promises to be a phenomenal run next Monday night. "Playing the Ponies" is undoubtedly the best vehicle these inimitable comedians have had for the display of their ability. As Pickus and Pluckus they convulse their audiences with laughter from the moment they first make their appearance on the stage until the fall of the final curtain. The production is most lavishly and beautifully staged and the cast is admirable. Special mention should be made of Billy Clifford and Maud Lambert, who ably second Kolb and Dill in promoting the enjoyment.

The Pasmores Abroad

The Pasmores are creating a sensation with their rendition of the Tschaikowsky A minor trio in interior towns, including Los Angeles, Claremont and Santa Rosa. At Claremont they played the Mozart in G, the Chaccone by Bach and the Tschaikowsky on Saturday and were engaged for a matinee on Tuesday and a third

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concert later in the week. Miss Mary Pasmore's playing of Bach's Chaccone was pronounced by violinists present better than that of other visiting artists, among them Maud Powell, Kubelich, etc. The Pasmores will repeat the Tschaikowsky trio by general request at their matinee on Sunday, November 13th, as well as at the concert proper on the 17th at Century Hall. This will give students and lovers of music an opportunity to hear this wonderful work twice and thus become acquainted with it, and come to a more complete understanding and enjoyment of its grandeur and beauty.

Capital Vaudeville at the Orpheum

The headliners at the Orpheum next week will be those celebrated wire artists, the Millman Trio, of which Miss Bird Millman is the dainty, clever and fascinating feature. Miss Bird Millman fairly won all hearts and in London, Paris and Berlin was absolutely idolized. The press ofthese cities were unanimous in eulogizing her for the wonderful manner in which she danced and pirouetted in midair. Henry Herton, late the successful star of "Eben Holden," and a remarkably clever character actor, will appear in a one act play entitled "Uncle Lem's Dilemma." He will be supported by Miss Louise Hardenburgh, a talented young actress. May and Flora Hengler, who for years have been delightful features of many of the eastern musical comedy hits, will entertain with gems from their repertoire. Mr. and Mrs. Allison, who style themselves "The Swede Girl and the Fellow Who Sings," will preesnt a comic sketch founded on "What Happened to Jones," in which they both scored heavily. Next week will be the last of "Slivers," the famous Barnum & Bailey clown in his excruciatingly funny baseball skit, also of the the Four Nightons, in their wonderful exhibition of strength. Alfred Kelcey will also conclude his engagement with this program and will be seen in a new one act comedy, entitled "Uncle Phineas." George Primrose will say farewell in his latest novelty, "Dancers of the Past and Present." A new series of Orpheum motion pictures will terminate the performance.



A SCENE FROM "THE CLANSMAN"
At the Van Ness Theatre

Has Taken Miss Illington's Place

From my New York correspondent I learn that Miss Helene Wilson, a California girl, has taken Margaret Illington's place in the play "The Thief." For several weeks past Miss Illington has given evidence that she was suffering from extreme nervousness and that a break down was imminent. Miss Muriel Hope relieved her for several performances, but the short rest proved ineffectual and her doctors ordered her to lay aside the role for several months at least. Miss Illington has gone into a quiet country retreat, where she will be insured complete rest.

Another Big Hit at the American

When "The Land of Nod" opens it's week's engagement at the American Theatre next Sunday matinee, theatregoers of San Francisco will have another opportunity of witnessing an entertainment which has not been excelled in the history of local amusements. This fine presentation of extravaganza was seen here last season, and it is not exaggeration to say that it proved to be of the highest order of excellence. It comes at this time with practically the same company which appeared before, including those rare favorites, Miss Adelaide Harland and Mr. Knox Wilson. All of the superb scenery and costumes which characterized last season's production have been renewed and all the song hits have been retained. Many new musical features have been added, and several fresh comedy scenes have been interpolated which will give the presentation all of the characteristics of a brand new show. "April Fool," "The Chorus Girl," "The Man in the Moon," "The Welsh Rarebit," "Bonnie," "The Sandman," "The Weather Man," are personages who will not soon be forgotten. Knox Wilson still heads the cast and will be seen in his original role of "April Fool." Miss Grace Drew, who made such a hit last season as "The Jack of Hearts," will be seen again in that role.

Delightful Sunday Musicales

The Sunday evening musicales which Donald Maclean and Henri Etlin are giving at their studio in Green street are proving a strong factor in the musical life of the city. The two young artists present new and interesting programmes each week. Mr. Etlin's playing is both a delight and a revelation, while too much praise cannot be given to the admirable and artistic singing of Mr. Maclean. The programme of the last musicale was as follows: For the piano it consisted entirely of etudes classical and modern, affording great opportunity for contrast and comparison. Etude, Chopin, Mr. Etlin; Am Kahne, Grieg, An Rose, Curschmann; Legend of the Sage (Jongleur de Notre Dame), Massenet, Mr. Maclean. Etude, Dubois; etude in thirds, Moskowsky; valse, etude, Saint Saens, Mr. Etlin. Gebet Verborgenheit, Wolf, Mr. Maclean. Etude, Poldini; etude, Mendelssohn; etude (Campanella) Liszt, Mr. Etlin. Les Ailes, Diemer; Hai Suli, Coquard; Pastorale, Bizet.

Arthur Cunningham, for years San Francisco's favorite singer, will begin his starring season at the Valencia Theatre Sunday afternoon, November 15th, in a big revival of Joseph Murphy's ever green success, "Kerry Gow," which will be staged under the personal direction of Mr. Murphy.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

IN 1908-9

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The year 1909, the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, will be appropriately marked in The Century, which magazine has been the vehicle since its foundation for the publication of the most important Lincoln material. Unpublished documents from Lincoln's own pen and from that of one of his private secretaries are coming, and splendid Lincoln portraits. Read "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates, Fifty Years After," by Frederick Trevor Hill, in the November Century, fully illustrated.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR

is the subject of an article soon to appear recording a recent conversation with him, in which he talked freely on current topics.

PADEREWSKI

has given an interesting interview to The Century,—his views on great composers and their music. See November Century.

HELEN KELLER

is writing for The Century. Don't miss her article, "My Dreams," in the November Century.

ROBERT HICHENS

author of "The Garden of Allah," is writing for The Century. See his charming article on "Old Cairo," with six full-page pictures by Thornton Oakley, in the November Century.

THOMPSON SETON

whose famous "Biography of a Grizzly" was written for The Century, will contribute a charming and sympathetic serial story of a fox.

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

greatest of modern sculptors, who died recently, left an autobiography—a wonderful human document—rich in anecdotes and descriptions. The Century will print it, beginning in December.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

is writing for The Century. Read his remarkable article on the Tariff and learn what he knows about tariffs.

ALICE HEGAN RICE

who wrote "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will contribute a brilliant serial novel to The Century. Pathos and humor are exquisitely blended in this new story, "Mr. Opp."

Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL

will contribute short stories, and so will Thomas Nelson Page, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Edith Wharton, Jack London, "Frances Little," Ruth McEnery Stuart, John Corbin, Owen Johnson, David Gray, Lucia Chamberlain, L. Frank Tooker, Maurice F. Egan, and many others.

THE ART

is the best in any magazine. Beautiful reproductions in full color of some of the most exquisite paintings of living American artists are coming in 1909,—each worth framing. Joseph Pennell and Boutet de Monvel are among the famous artists who are working for The Century. The Christmas number will be a great art issue.

November Begins a Great Volume
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Letters

Horace Platt's Addresses

The preface with which Mr. Horace G. Platt has introduced his "'John Marshall and Other Addresses" is almost apologetic, but there is no need for him to have assumed that attitude. It is true, as he quotes from Lord Roseberry, that people do not read old addresses, or rather, that people generally do not seek out old addresses to read, but as in other things there is choice and it makes wide margin of difference who delivered the speeches and on what occasions. There is enough of wit, meat of information and general interest in the contents of this volume to save it from the common fate even if the members of the various organizations before whom the addresses were delivered were to prove forgetful or ungrateful. Mr. Platt disclaims any reaching out for fame, but says his only object in preparing to publish a volume before the disaster of 1906 was to give his fugitive efforts a local habitation. His sole hope now is that in case of another catastrophe at least one copy may survive. It is a modest wish that should surely see fulfillment. Many of the addresses were delivered on special occasions before the Bohemian Club. Others have been heard at the laying of corner stones, at college commencements and on other seasonable occasions. Published by the Argonaut Company.

Interesting Book for Boys

"The Boy Forty-Niners" is a self explanatory title. For the benefit of the youthful generation it depicts the adventures of a party of overland emigrants who began the long, eventful journey from Independence in that memorable year. As befits a juvenile, there are children in the party, two partly grown lads and a little girl. The two boys, both poorhouse waifs in Ohio, had been hired out, as was customary in those times, to a hard-fisted farmer who worked them early and late, paid them the smallest pittance he could bring himself to part with and stinted them in everything else. Ray Norman, the elder lad, knew that he was the orphan son of a circus performer who had been killed in one of his daring feats. Arthur Walton had been abandoned at the poorhouse without any mark of identification. While Ray had in his possession a ring of some value, once his father's, Arthur had nothing at all. The two boys had been chums in the institution and had refused to be separated when they were of an age to be hired out. So it was not surprising that when the gold fever began to rage both were infected and decided to leave surreptitiously together and make their way to the mystical California, where gold lay unclaimed in the public roads. No sooner had they started on their journey than they began to make friends and enemies and adventures crowded thick upon them. No boy is going to thank the best intentioned for anticipating his story, so it will be sufficient to say that Arthur and Ray missed nothing, from a steamboat race on the Mississippi, an explosion from which they escaped without damage, a meeting with a friendly Indian who made them his blood brothers, and the invitation to join one of the best parties outfitted for the journey, through all the pleasures and hardships of the long trip, buffalo hunts, Indian attacks, desert starvation and all, and that the last page leaves them in California, within a few hours' journey of the mines, though a series of unavoidable disasters had stripped the party of everything but their three horses and what they could carry in their hands. Ray Norman, however, has more, for quite by accident it has turned out that one of the men to whom he had felt drawn from the first, is his own uncle. This is only the first of the series, and those attentive readers who do not skip pages in their haste to see what is coming next will find themselves in possession of a valuable hint as to future developments. The map of the California and Oregon trail which forms the end papers is a decided advantage for the young readers. If one could find no other merit in "The Boy Forty-Niners" it would deserve commendation as a change from the everlasting laudation of school "pranks" and athletics. As a matter of fact it is written with more attention than is the average juvenile and is brimful of information. It should form a welcome addition to the private libraries of Pacific Coast children who, whether they are fortunate enough to have forty-niner grand and great grandparents to tell them tales at first hand, are at least brought up to the traditions of the period. McClure Co., publishers.

For Holiday Remembrance

"Quatrains of Christ" consists of a hundred and twenty-one stanzas modelled on the form and meter of the Rubaiyat, and as Mr. Julian Hawthorne informs us in the preface, designed to "attack the enemy on his own ground and fight him with his own weapons." This may be interpreted as the determination of Mr. George Creel to meet Omar's quatrains with companion outpourings but of directly the opposite philosophy, and to reinstate Christ not only in the hearts of the people but on their drawing room tables as well. As to that, there can be no cavil whatever, more especially as the author has avoided the usual platitudinous cant and his verses compare favorably with the best religious poetry. Yet, after many readings and much pondering, it is difficult to see why poor Omar should be held up to scorn for daws to peck at. Saving that the Persian poet, dead a thousand years, probably never came under the rod of the foreign missionary and knew not the Christian Bible, there does not seem to be such a wide difference between the teachings of the Rubaiyat and those of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." To accept the inevitable with a calm spirit, and to make use of the good things of the world while we are here, vexing not the spirit with vain efforts to solve the riddle of the universe, seems to be as much in the spirit of one as in that of the other. As usual, the Paul Elder Company has done its best to present an artistic and typographical beautiful and appropriate setting.



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The Ruby

(Continued from Page 9.)

Cabman—Then madame left monsieur at about six o'clock as night was falling and kissed him goodbye.

Paul—Oh, this is too much!

Cabman—Oh, there's nothing wrong in that. You were within your rights.

Claire—There, you see how careful we should be?

Cabman—And then madame said to monsieur—that's how I knew you were his wife all right—"Be home soon so as not to keep dinner waiting." Monsieur had himself driven here then, to No. 135 Boulevard Haussmann, and he gave me a fine tip.

Claire—Oh, it was worth it.

Cabman—Monsieur came into the house. Of course I felt very kindly toward him. Then I got down to light my lanterns. There was a little breeze blowing from the Etoile, so I opened the door of my cab to shield the match, and then I saw that ruby earring on the floor, shining like a cigar. It couldn't belong to anybody else, for I had just come out of the stable when I picked you up and I hadn't had any other fares, so I says to myself: "Old man,' you're hungry; get your dinner first and then afterward, for dessert, while the horse is eating his oats, you can take it back to them this evening."

Paul—Are you through?

Claire—You're an honest man. (To her husband) Isn't he, Paul?

Paul—Yes, yes.

Claire (to her husband)—Give him two hundred francs.

Cabman (dazed)—Two hundred francs!

Paul—Oh, come now, you know, Claire——

Claire—Give—him—two—hundred—francs! What, don't you think that is enough?

Paul—Oh, yes, yes. Here they are. (He takes two notes from his pocketbook and hands them to the Cabman. His hand is trembling.)

Cabman—Oh, thank you sir. Thank you, madame. Two hundred francs! My goodness, I knew it was a handsome earring—but this is fine! Well, I'll be glad to serve you again, sir. I'm always prowling around the quarter. No. 6777—will you remember it?

Paul—Oh, yes. We'll remem——

Cabman goes out smiling and grateful.

Claire—(quietly, but with fire in her eye, to her husband, while she holds up the ruby)—Well, well, well! What have you to say to this little affair?

Paul—I? Why, I——

Claire—Yes, you, you! I hardly think you are going to deny it? Are you caught? Are you fairly caught? Right in the act? Is it a case of flagrante delictu? Yes or no.

Paul—I'd rather not answer you. It is more dignified. You're in a fine humor tonight. Let us drop it, won't you? It is a mystery, that will be cleared up some day, have no fear, and then we shall know all about it. Just the same, you've hurt my feelings. For no reason at all, for less than nothing, on the maunderings of a drunken man——

Claire—The cabman?

Paul—Oh, he is dead runk. I could smell the wine on his breath from my chair. That's why I didn't say anything, why I seemed to accept everything and paid up without a word. I had the patience of an angel. Oh, I had to have it. With the state that alcoholic brute was in, I knew that a single word of contradiction from me, an imprudent gesture, and he'd fly off the handle—he was capable of the most terrific violence.

Claire—Then you didn't take his cab?

Paul—I—I do not remember.

Claire—Oh!

Paul—And, anyway, what if I did take it? Couldn't I have taken it alone? Couldn't that man have been mistaken?—with possibly some idea of blackmail? (Striking himself on the chest) Hasn't a man thirty-five years old——

Claire—Thirty-two.

Paul—Haven't I the right to take a hack, without all this hullaballoo being made about it? That idiot finds a ruby in his wagon, in which two thousand people ride every day, and at once it is proved that I have a whole gang of mistresses.

Claire—One is enough for me. To which of the "people" does this ruby belong?

Paul—You are crazy!

Claire—You don't want to tell me? Very well, I shall find out.

Paul—Claire! (The bell of the street door rings.) Did you hear that?

Claire—Yes, someone has rung the bell.

Paul—Who in the world can it be at this hour? I hope you won't want to see them.

Servant (entering)—It is M. Brignon.

Paul—Oh, the fool!

Servant—As you are always at home to him, I thought——

Paul—Is he outside?

Servant—In the waiting room.

Paul—Show him in.

The Servant goes out.

Paul (quickly to Claire)—Nothing of all this before him, I implore you! At least let the world have no suspicion of the sorrow you are causing me.

Claire—Have no fear. Poor friend, he is uneasy because he hasn't seen you in the last few days. We didn't send Jeanne our good wishes on her birthday, so he comes to ask about us.

The Servant shows in M. Brignon.

Brignon (very much out of breath and excited)—Am I disturbing you?

Paul—On the contrary, my dear fellow.

Claire—How is Jeanne?

Brignon—In a minutes. First, tell me at once, you haven't found a ruby, have you?

Claire—Oh!

Paul—No.

Claire—Yes—I—that is, we——

Brignon—You have it?

Claire—Here it is. (She displays it.)

Brignon—That's it, that's Jeanne's ruby! Oh, what luck!

Claire (to her husband)—What did I tell you?

Brignon—You found it on your steps, didn't you?

Claire—On our steps. I was coming in, and I saw something shine——

Brignon—That's a miracle, it really is! She told me she had come to see you, after having gone through all the big stores. She rang the bell three times, but nobody came to the door.

Claire—Yes, we were both out, both of us. Why don't you speak, Paul?

Brignon—She must have lost it as she went down the stairs.

Claire—Or as she came up.

Paul (to Brignon)—But I don't remember that jewel!

Brignon—Naturally—she has had it only since day before yesterday. You see, I gave it to her on her birthday.

Claire—You do things handsomely.

Brignon—She's such a good little woman, and she loves me so much. So you can imagine her feelings when she discovered just now—she wept, she wanted to go to the police office—all sorts of foolishness. I soothed her as best I could, sent her to bed because she was utterly worn out with her shopping in those accursed stores—and once she was safely in bed, I picked up my hat without saying a word to her and rushed over here to you. I had just a glimmer of hope——

Claire—What a lucky idea it was!

Brignon—Yes, and here it is! I am sure you will excuse me, my dear friends, but I must leave you, for I am in a great hurry to take it back to her. Oh, but won't she be surprised and delighted when she knows that I came around here and that it was you who——

Claire—Yes, I sincerely believe she will.

Brignon (to Claire)—I'll give her a kiss for you (getting up and glancing at Paul)—for both of you.

Paul (choking with uneasiness)—That goes without saying.

Brignon (to Claire)—Have you any special message you wish me to give her?

Claire—Yes, tell her that I shall not fail to go and talk it over with her tomorrow, but that another time she should be more careful, because if an accident like that were to happen while she is in a public cab——

Brignon—Good-bye, my friends, I shall see you soon again.

He goes out.

Claire (looking at the door as it closes after him)—Poor, poor man!

Without even looking at Paul she goes to the door of her bedroom, which she opens and closes behind her, double locking it.

Paul (alone, limp as a rag)—Well, by gad!

Packard — Cadillac

All That is Best in Motor Car Construction



PACKARD '09 TOURING CAR



CADILLAC

30 horsepower, four cylinder, 5 passenger, $1550.00

Cuyler Lee

453 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE SAN FRANCISCO

Auto Notes

San Francisco is second only to New York in the number of 1909 cars received to date, is the announcement of the Chalmers-Detroit factory to E. D. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, local agents for the Chalmers-Detroit cars. In answer to a telegram from the local dealers in reference to rushing through cars, the Chalmers factory sent the following telegram: "San Francicso next to New York. Have shipped one hundred and sixty-seven 1909 models to New York, and shipped to San Francisco to date one hundred and fifty-four. Will rush further shipments to fifteen cars a week to assist you in making deliveries."

W. S. O'Brien, who has been a resident of Panama for fourteen years, has taken delivery of a Model K White steam runabout. Mr. O'Brien has had enough of life in the tropics and has purchased a ranch near Glen Ellen. He expects to make frequent trips between this city and his ranch in his big White.

W. H. Morrison and family returned to their home at Suisun, Solano county, this week from a fishing expedition to Shasta county. They drove from Suisun to Anderson in their forty horsepower Buick touring car.

The brilliant performances of Gus Seyfried at the wheel of the White steam car in the middle west races has delighted the plucky young driver's friends in this city, where he resided before he went into the racing game.

Word has been received here by the Pioneer Automobile Company to the eeffct that the 1909 Chalmers-Detroit Limousine Chassis will consist of the regular chassis now used on the "30" touring car with the exception of extra springs for the limousine body, four-inch tires, special mud guards and rear aluminum steps.

H. O. Cummings, a mining operator of Shasta county, returned to his home at Redding Sunday in the Buick "White Streak" which he purchased from the Howard Automobile Company last week.

Captain H. D. Ryus, who drove the winning White steam car in the Mt. Baldy road race, has returned from a visit to the White factory. In an interview regarding trade conditions he said: "The automobile business in the East has a promising outlook. At the White factory everything is moving rapidly. They are employing 1200 men and working three nights a week, and in thirty days this number will be increased to 1600 employes. The new White steam car is going to be a wonder. I am more than pleased with it and words fail to properly describe it."

Another evidence of the speed of the Chalmers-Detorit cars is shown by the following telegram received yesterday by E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company: "Won special ten mile match race with Chalmers forty speedster. Best race of day, defeating Packard and Welch. Karl Schnorr, driver." This was a special three-cornered match race. Each owner thought his car was the fastest.

Mr. H. H. McClintock, superintendent of the Southern Division of the Standard Oil Company, has written a very interesting letter to the Diamond Rubber Company of this city, stating that on his last set of Diamond tires he had covered 14,600 miles, having during all that time but two punctures and finishing this record with the original air in two of the tires. He further states that he covers the worst roads in the State of California, being broken shale, sage brush, mountain passes, sand and dirt oiled roads, so that the record is one of particular interest to users of tires.

Sacramento is rapidly becoming an automobile center of importance in this State. So great has become the demand for motor cars in the capital city that the Phillips Drayage and Warehouse Company has just celebrated the arrival of the first wholesale shipment of Chalmers-Detroit cars direct from the factory. That the interior of the State is going to prove a great automobile market is proven by the fact that all of the agents in the country are clamoring for larger shipments from the Pioneer Automobile Company, local distributors of the Chalmers-Detroit cars. This is the first time on record for a shipment of motor cars to reach Sacramento direct from the factory. S. M. Phillips, Sacramento representative of the Chalmers-Detroit cars, reports all of the first shipment of cars sold.

Charles S. Howard of the Howard Automobile Company, has gone to Los Angeles to secure a location for the distributing agency for Buick automobiles, which he will open there early in November. The Howard Automobile Company recently secured the State agency for the Buick line, having heretofore held only the Northern California agency rights.

One of the most important features of the modern motor cars is the double set of ignition with which the majority of high-powered machines are equipped, which adds to the equipment of the car but aids materially in the steady running of the motor. In discussing the use of the double ignition system, E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company said: "There are many advantages to the use of the two systems of ignition on a motor car, in the magneto and spark generator. All expensive cars are equipped with them, machines priced at $4,000 and over. The spark generator permits easy starting without cranking the machine. The magneto saves money and repairs. No other car with the same weight (2,000 pounds only), the same merit, built with the same good material, sells for the same price as the '09 Thomas Flyer 6-40. Three thousand dollars is a very low cost for such a machine. That's why it has taken like wildfire. That's why the factory is working a day and night force while other makers are laying off."

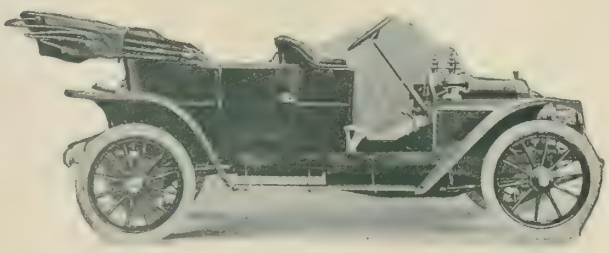
Automobilists! Please Take Notice.

Exposure to Strong Winds and Dust
Make Weak Watery Eyes.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes
And Affords Reliable Relief.

VICTORY FOR

CHALMERS-DETROIT

"Election Sweepstakes"



$1500 F. O. B. Factory

200-Mile Non-Stop Run, Perfect Score
No adjustment of any kind

200 Miles on 11½ Gallons of Gasoline

This Chalmers-Detroit or a duplicate now on exhibition at the

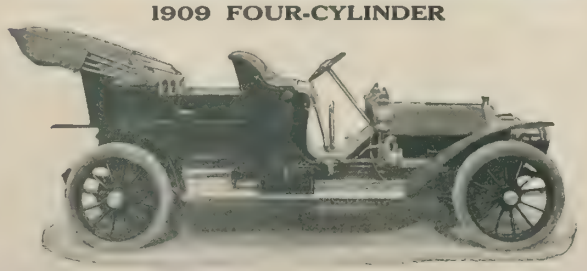
PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524 Twentieth St., Oakland 901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

DELIVERY NOW

Stevens-Duryea

1909 FOUR-CYLINDER



MODEL X. $2750.

In response to a demand for a larger and roomier car than our 20 H. P., 4 Cylinder, Model "R", and more moderate in price than our Light Six, we have produced the Model "X". This car represents the most advanced ideas in automobile designs.

Pacific Motor Car Company

376-380 Golden Gate Avenue

Oakland Branch, 1308-1310 Franklin Street

Manufactured by Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

NOTICE UNDER TORRENS ACT

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of VINCENZO PAGANO and PASQUALE CIRIMELE, to Register Title.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to A. Pacello, B. Juliano, C. Linale, W. Ehlers, L. Demartini, H. Kohler Co., and to all whom it may concern. Take notice that a petition has been filed in this court by Vincenzo Pagano and Pasquale Cirimele for the initial registration of the title to the real estate hereinafter described, as provided by "An Act for the certification of land titles and the simplification of the transfer of real estate," approved March 17, 1897, known as the Torrens Land Act, praying for a decree of this Court declaring said petitioner to be the owner in fee of said land, subject only to the estates, easements, liens, charges and incumbrances therein set forth; that said petition has been set for hearing by the Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Grant Building, Seventh and Market streets, San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place said petitioners will apply for a decree in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer said petition within ten days after the service on you of this notice, if served within said City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, and show cause, if any you have, why said petition should not be granted, said petitioners will take a decree quieting their title to said land and directing registration thereof in accordance with the terms of said Act, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

The real estate hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Kearny street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches northerly from the intersection of said line of Kearny street with the northerly line of Vallejo street; running thence northerly along said line of Kearny street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty (20) feet and thence at right angles easterly sixty (60) feet to said line of Kearny street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot No. 219 and of Block No. 85 of the Fifty Vara Survey.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23d day of October, A. D. 1908. Pursuant to an order of Court on file herein.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER H. ROBINSON, Atty. for Petitioners, Chronicle Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 5313. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, Deceased.

M. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, deceased, having on this daypresented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at public auction or at private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient money with which to pay the claims outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration of the estate of said deceased, already accrued and hereafter to accrue, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some part of the real property belonging to said deceased in said petition, for the reasons set forth in said petition;

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Eliza A. Pittsinger, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, department No. 10 thereof—Probate, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of November, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause if any they have or if any either of them have, why an order should not be made authorizing, empowering and directing said M. J. Hynes, as administrator as aforesaid to sell the said real property described in said petition, at public auction or at private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Oct. 31-S5t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of
REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

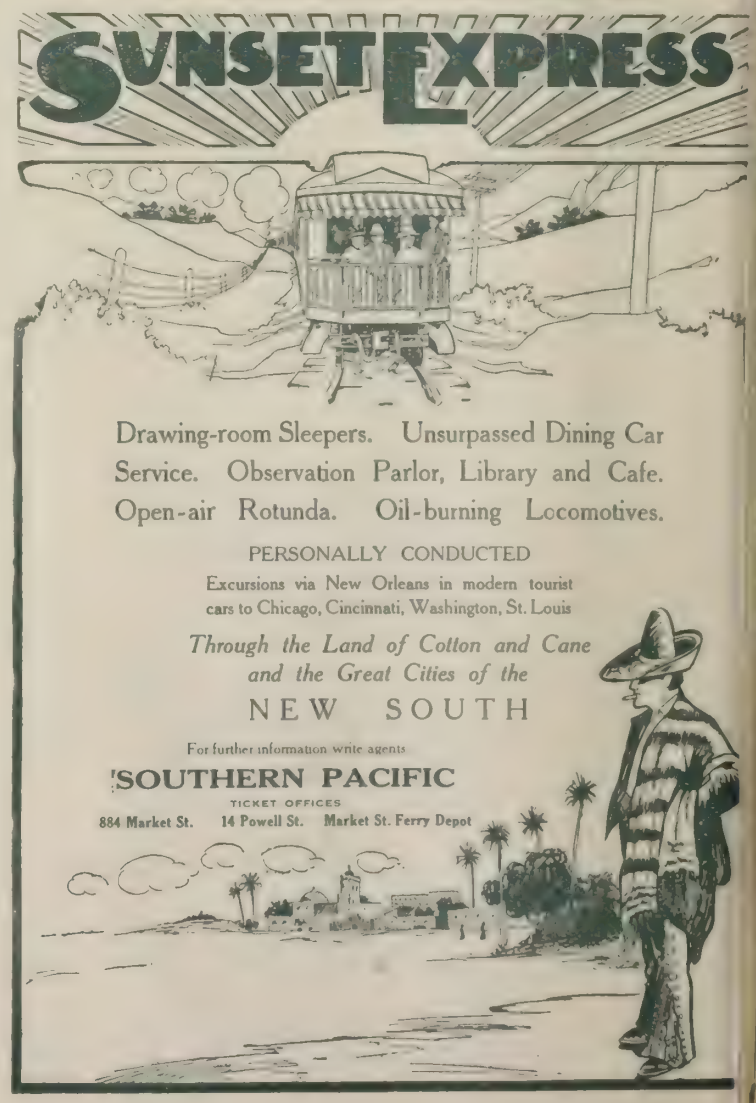
Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk

WM. M. MADDEN
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY,
Of Counsel.



ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,
vs.
MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of MARY CRAIG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Craig, deceased.

ALMA McWILLIAMS,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Craig, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
CATHERINE MORRIS, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Catherine Morris, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much, or such parts thereof, as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 19th day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing the administrator to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated San Francisco, this 8th day of October, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of DESIRE SOURIAU, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Desire Souriau, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Desire Souriau, deceased.

CLARA QUEYREL,
Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Desire Souriau, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 22, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr.,
Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco

PORCHER & SEAGRAVE, Inc.

HABERDASHERS

717 Golden Gate Ave. 1244-46 Market St. near Larkin

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON, THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital $1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash..$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..$1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908.....$34,474,554.23
Total Assets $37,055,263.31

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,
Plaintiff,
vs.
FRANK HOPPER,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
MARY ANN BUCKLEY, Deceased.

Mary A. Summerville, the Administratrix of the estate of Mary Ann Buckley, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order of sale of all or a part of the real estate of said decedent, for the reasons and the purposes therein set forth, therefore it is ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 30th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at private sale, as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 7th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

CLEMENCE FOUCHY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Onesime Fouchy, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 10th, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., S. F.

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These instruments are now being demonstrated upon the seventh floor of our building, Kearny and Sutter sts., at our store at 1635 Van Ness ave., and also in our Oakland store, and are well worth seeing. They signify a radical improvement in Player Pianos and should be thoroughly investigated before any other Player is purchased.

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The most remarkable feature of this new instrument, aside from the fact that it plays the entire keyboard, is that its Player mechanism is composed entirely of metal, which is by long odds the most vital mechanical improvement ever made in Piano Player construction

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It is really an instrument of eminent importance and will prove to be of great interest to all those people who are impressed with the fact that they want a Player Piano, but who wish to be assured that they are getting the very best that money can buy.

We have one in our Kearny st. window which you might examine while you are passing. It makes an interesting display.

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Vol. XVII, No. 846. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 14, 1908. PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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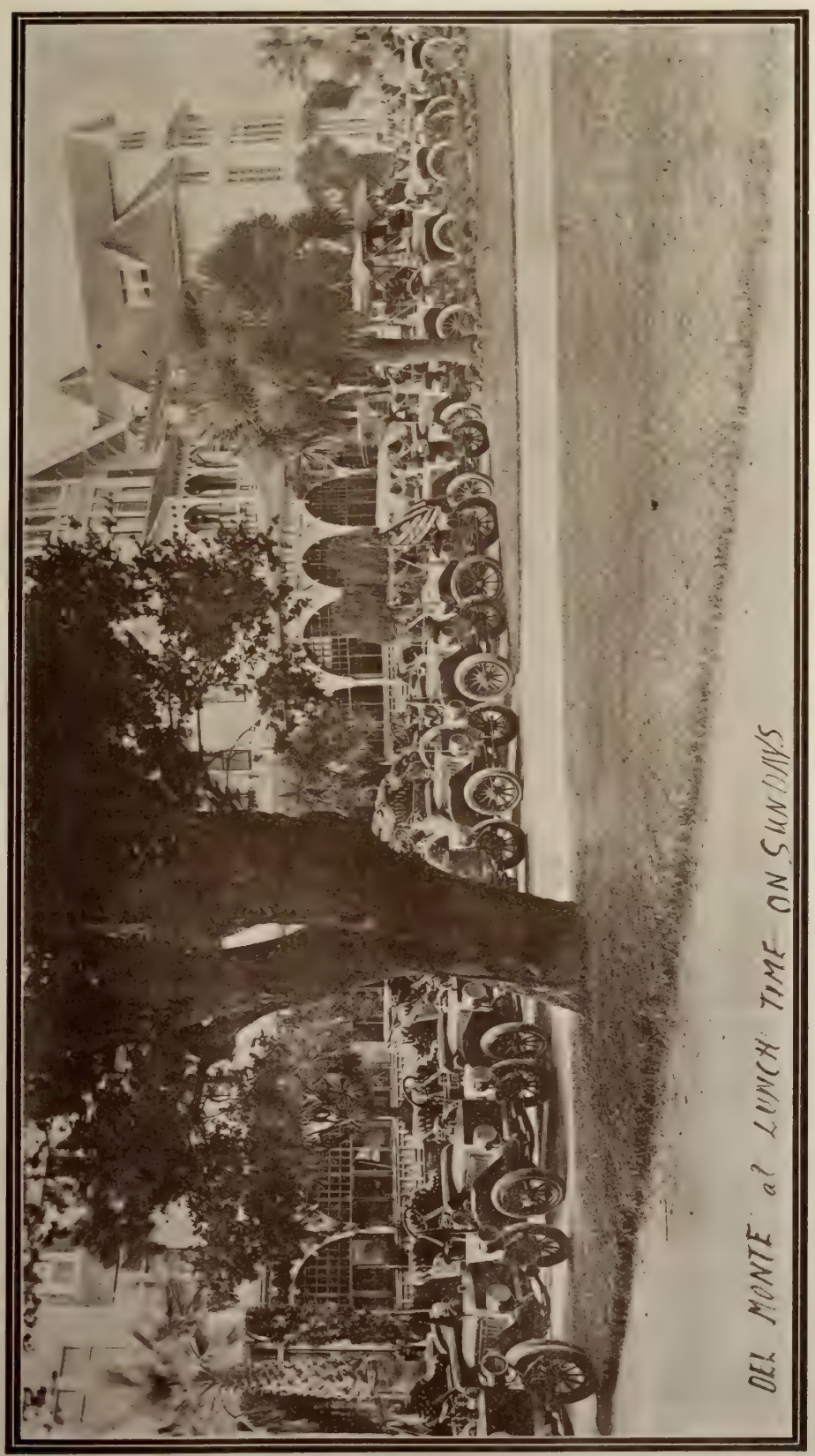
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Booklet.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



DEL MONTE THE MOTORIST'S PARADISE. THE ABOVE REPRESENTS A WEEK-END SCENE.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
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Our New Contributor

When President Roosevelt ceases from active participation in the presidency he will be "continued in our next" as the most valued contributor to the Outlook magazine, a publication that has not, heretofore, exercised a dominating or especially perceptible pervasive influence on public opinion. The precise terms of the contract are not known; it is rumored that the price to be paid for Citizen Roosevelt's precious stuff will not be less than a dollar a line; but in truth the exact relation between the ex-President and the business manager and cashier of the magazine is in the nature of a State secret. Citizen Roosevelt will be permitted to choose his own subjects, and it may be safely surmised that the range will be broad and deep—anything and everything from the dawn of creation to the night of another chaos. It may also be surmised that when Citizen Roosevelt is paid for his contributions to the magazine the business manager and cashier will have to dig down into their own jeans to meet the deficit between Citizen Roosevelt's rake-off and the other cost of publishing his stuff. The real reward and the substantial profit to the Outlook will come after Citizen Roosevelt has been erased from the payroll. This reward and substantial profit will accrue from the increased circulation and advertising patronage conseqent upon the prestige conferred upon the publication by its distinguished contributor.

Rival Journalists

It has been argued that if Citizen Bryan, a quadrennially unsuccessful candidate for the presidency, can reap a rich harvest of dollars from his Commoner, the Outlook ought to prosper in a far greater degree as the medium of expression of a real President whose success has been the eighth wonder of the world. Furthermore, it is argued that the Commoner is merely a sort of class publication, dependent for its inspiration upon an editor whose views are narrowed to the selfish demands of a proletariate constituency; while the Outlook, as its name implies, comprehends within the scope of its editorial vision all that goes to the making and operation of the entire universe. The appeal of the Outlook is to all classes and to the masses; the Commoner is merely an organ of the dissatisfied. The trouble with the Outlook heretofore has been the vastness of its outlook; the success of the Commoner has been due to the concentration of its purpose upon the needs of about a million discontented persons who preferred the pessimism of the Commoner to the optimism of the Outlook. Hereafter everybody will read the Outlook, and as everybody cannot afford to read the Outlook and the Commoner, it is believed that the circulation receipts of the Commoner will decrease materially. Citizen Bryan will probably realize shortly that misfortunes do not come singly.

With Pen and Voice

The prospect is very bright. The gayety of the nation is to be promoted verbally and orally. Citizen Roosevelt will not only amuse the populace through pages of a magazine, but he will probably provoke hilarious comment by his utterances in the United States Senate. Already it has been suggested that he should succeed Senator Platt as the senatorial representative of New York. Thus we are to be twice blessed; by what Citizen Roosevelt writes and by what Senator Roosevelt says. We shall, in all probability, not hear the last of Roosevelt until the dust of this generation shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit of immediate posterity shall return unto the God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

The Simple Spellers

From the headquarters of the little group of tailors of Tooley Street who are simplifying spelling for us there emanated the other day another list of words which have been altered for general use in accordance with a uniform rule. With the exception of the editors of one or two magazines that purport to be purveyors of literature nobody appears to be taking these word-menders seriously, but they insist that they are making good headway. This, however, is not the first time that the language was threatened with a revolution. There have been many movements similar to the one to which those literary giants, Andrew Carnegie and Theodore Roosevelt, have paid the tribute of their endorsement. As early as the first half of the last century there were simplified spelling propagandists who exulted over the great headway they were making. They went so far as to publish a paper called "The Fonetic Nuse" which attained a circulation of almost 1,000. But in time the movement came to a halt. Since then no simplified spelling movement has caused any excitement in either England or this country. Nor is it likely that any such movement will ever cause much of a stir in the world. Simplicity in spelling is not such a great desideratum as men of little knowledge imagine. It cannot be gained without losing more than the gain is worth. Its tendency is to obliterate the traces of the historical formation of the language, and without a knowledge of the history of words writers cannot use them with precision or avail themselves of the subtle shades of meaning. Another objection to uniformity of spelling is that it increases the already too great similarity of words; syllables that are identical to the ear, by a uniform system of spelling will be made alike to the eye; as, for example, "rite," "right" and "write." The greater the difference between the ideas and the symbols of ideas the better the language. Simplified spelling means a vague medium of expression.

Our Moral Spasm

There is nothing easier than the fabrication of gratifying omens out of current phenomena, which is one of the favorite pastimes of our great publicists and journalists. Immediately after every election they tell us exactly what the result means; why the people voted one way and why they voted the other. Since Tuesday of last week these intellectual dapperlings and psychological scientists have been very busy pointing out the unmistakable significance of the vote in several sections of the country. Nothing perplexes them; the deepest tendencies they can fathom; the signs of the times are to them an open book. They see much that is grateful to them in the moral spasm that has seized the people. The objection to a moral spasm is that it is ephemeral. It is nothing more than a movement which, as Spencer tells us, is always rhythmical; after going to one extreme, a reaction carries it to the other and then comes eventually a re-reaction. All peoples have moral spasms, but nowadays these spasms are seldom induced by love of country in any generous or noble sense; in any other than the sense of self-interest. An expression of the spirit that moves large bodies of men as well as individuals in this country

was given by the people of Los Angeles when they voted against issuing bonds for the improvement of San Francisco harbor. The voters of Los Angeles believe that it is to their pecuniary interest to retard the progress of this city; and for the State at large they have no love and no solicitude. It is the mean, narrow commercial spirit of envy that moves them in all their political activities. It is the same spirit that throws us into moral spasms. The people of Los Angeles are moral in the sense that they are for honesty in the mechanics of government; in the sense that they are in favor of an all-sufficient perfection of arrangement which shall conduce to their physical welfare, but of spiritual morality they have very little.

Misunderstanding of the Verdict

Among other deductions made by the physchological scientists of the press is one with respect to the significance of Judge Dunne's election. They tell us that his election means that the people of San Francisco are still behind the Graft Prosecution. That there should be an impassable gulf between their premises and their conclusion is of no concern to them. It is not to be denied that many people voted for Judge Dunne on the theory that a vote for him was an expression of confidence in the Graft Prosecution, but Judge Dunne did not receive a majority of the votes cast at the election. He did not receive within three thousand of the number of votes cast for Judge Cabaniss, who received no support from any powerful faction, in whose behalf no falsehoods were propagated, no deceptions practised; and who appealed to the suffrages of the people as an impartial judge and not as the faithful adherent of a righteous cabal or as the avowed enemy of any fellow creature. Of the sixty-three thousand votes cast at the election Judge Dunne received much less than one-half. And it is fairly certain that two or three thousand of the votes which he received were cast not for him but for the tickets on which he ran. In the circumstances it is quite clear that despite his election Judge Dunne was not vindicated by the verdict of the people. It is also quite clear that the people did not affirm their confidence in the Graft Prosecution. From an analysis of the vote we must conclude, notwithstanding the election of Judge Dunne, that the electorate of this city cannot be impeached of ignorance or depravity. The people have not affirmatively declared that they want men on the bench who will seek their favor by gratifying popular passion. The probability is that the true principles of justice are well understood by the people of this city and that they appreciate the importance of having men on the bench who will administer justice without fear, favor or prejudice; who regard their oath as sacred and who, even to accomplish something devoutly to be wished by all good men cannot be induced to pervert the law.

Slander as an Aid to Morality

The probability is, too, that the people of this city are sensible of the mischievous effects of the Schmitz trial; effects that cannot be counteracted; that can only be mitigated by time. Doubtless many of the people that did vote for Judge Dunne have no personal or partisan interest in the graft prosecution and are opposed to him mainly for the reason that to give color to his affectation of honesty of purpose in the Schmitz case he calumniated all of the ten judges of the two courts by whom he was reversed. To those men he imputed sinister motives; not upon any testimony or evidence; not because of his presumption of superiority to them in knowledge of law, (for that would be too preposterous even for Judge Dunne), but merely to cast a slur that might impair the weight and force of their authority. And ever since, the men and newspapers with whom Judge Dunne has identified himself, in the hope of redeeming him from merited odium, have kept the Schmitz case under discussion, applying thereto their customary principles of misrepresentation and thus seeking to justify the original blast of villificaiton. That they have not made much progress we infer from the election. But that they have made any is deplorable. Not even David Starr Jordan who is engaged in his latest flirtation with the prosecutors will deny that it is deplorable to cultivate in the public mind distrust of the whole Supreme Court and the Court of Appeal of this District. David Starr Jordan in all probability is acquainted with some of the judges, and if so, it is safe to say, that he does not believe they are dishonest. But unless he believes they are all dishonest he cannot conscientiously endorse an enterprise masquerading as a moral enterprise, which deems it essential to its purposes to assassinate their character. It is inconceivable that a man of his putative intelligence is convinced of the sincerity of men who pretend to be laboring for the civic welfare and who are devoting most of their time to the slandering of the State's highest tribunal and the abuse of a citizen who has contributed so much to the well-being of the State as Chief Justice Beatty.

The Simple Truth

That Mr. Heney and his associates are deliberately engaged in a conspiracy to blacken the character of our Supreme Court by premeditated misrepresentation is evident from the ponderous letter written by the chief prosecutor for publication a few days before the election. The purpose of this letter obviously was to reopen discussion of the Schmitz case and supply a pretext for comment by the Spreckels organs. In this letter Mr. Heney bases his argument on the postulate that the Court declared the indictment against Schmitz invalid because it failed to allege that the defendant was the Mayor of San Francisco. Starting with this assumption he proceeds to argue that the Court should have taken judicial cognizance of the fact of Schmitz's official position. Now Mr. Heney very well knows that the question whether the Court might take judicial notice of Schmitz's position was subsidiary and collateral and that the conclusion reached did not depend on its solution. He knows this

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quite as well as he knows that the Court did not decide that blackmail is not a crime. Though not a great lawyer Mr. Heney is not unfamiliar with the elementary principles on which the Schmitz decision is based. He knows, for example, and will not argue to the contrary, that a valid indictment is essential to due process of law and that the Constitution of the State and the Constitution of the United States forbid deprivation of liberty without due process of law; he knows that the indictment in the Schmitz case was invalid because it failed to charge that the defendant resorted to unlawful means to accomplish his purpose; and knowing these things, he must be sensible of the truth of Justice Beatty's statement that "It has not been held that there is anything wrong with the law, but only that there has been a failure to charge the acts which the law makes punishable, and, that there can be no valid conviction without a valid accusation." The simple truth of the whole story is that in omitting the allegation that Schmitz was Mayor it became necessary to make certain other allegations which, unfortunately, were also omitted. As a matter of fact the allegation that Schmitz was Mayor was omitted from the indictment intentionally, the reason being that Section 521 of the Penal Code provides that every person "who commits any extortion under color of official right" is "guilty of a misdemeanor." Had the allegation been made that Schmitz was Mayor the indictment would have charged a misdemeanor and not a felony; for it would have been a charge of extortion "under color of official right" and not by means of force and fear. A conviction of misdemeanor would not have worked forfeiture of office, a circumstance which makes it apparent why the prosecutors did not allege that Schmitz was Mayor. They undertook to dodge the law, and in this they might have been successful had they been smart enough to assert that which was made essential by reason of intentional omission. It was charged that Schmitz threatened the French restaurant keepers that if money were not paid him he would prevent them from obtaining a liquor license; but it was not stated how the defendant proposed to do this, or how it was understood by the restaurant keepers that he would accomplish it; "whether," as Justice Beatty says, "by fair persuasion and lawful influence over the commissioners, or by duress, menace, fraud or undue influence exercised upon them." To prosecute a man for a threat you must make it clear that it was a criminal threat. This is elemental law of which Mr. Heney is not ignorant. He thought that the Supreme Court would be so afraid of public opinion that it would not dare to interpret the law correctly, and now that he has suffered defeat he seeks to cover the Court with obloquy. And the services of David Starr Jordan have been enlisted in this malevolent enterprise.

Hughes and Folk

There are certain matters which appear to have escaped the attention of the sacrosanct patriots who are auguring from recent happenings in the East the speedy regeneration of politics and the triumph of their own pious projects. They are pointing with all their fingers to the election of Governor Hughes in New York as evidence of the awakening of the public conscience and proof that in this enlightened age the reformer is appreciated by the people. But they have nothing to say of the discrediting of Joe Folk by the people of St. Louis. Now Hughes and Folk are two distinct types of reformers. Hughes is a man of courage and principle who would scorn to play the demagogue. He is a reformer in the best sense of the term—a man intent on abating evils in public life and improving the public service, too high minded to beguile the people with the tricks of the politician or the pretensions of the Pharisee. Folk is nothing more than a pot-house politician who goes about after the manner of our local reformers with an air of superior virtue, ostentatiously priding himself on his hatred of human weaknesses and his eagerness to send men to jail. Men of the Folk type, when under proper restraint, may do some good in the world, but they never endear themselves to the public. There are psychological moments accompanying moral spasms in which such men are able to seize and hold the imagination of the people, but they never wear well. There is a certain amount of selfishness in all of us; and too many of us are inclined to measure other people's corn by our own bushel and to vindicate ourselves by affecting horror at the acts of others, but with all the inherent uncharitableness of human nature we revolt in time against the man who, to promote his own interests, makes of himself an instrument for the infliction of suffering on others. In our sober and unimpassioned moments we realize the ugliness of those self-righteous embodiments of the mischievous heresy that hate rather than love is the ruling principle of Christianity.

Parkhurst Quits

In this connection it is worth while considering the resignation of the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, censor of mayors, police commissioners and municipal government in general, from the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Dr. Parkhurst's labors of city reform, which have resulted in more disclosures of municipal ills and caused more pulpit movements than any civic force of the last two decades, have come to an end. Did Dr. Parkhurst effect any lasting reform? Have any of the evils which Dr. Parkhurst combatted ceased to exist? There is just as much rottenness in the politics of New York to-day as there was when the Lexow investigation which Dr. Parkhurst instigated came to a close. That investigation was held in 1894, and since then Dr. Parkhurst has conducted innumerable crusades, but the red light district still flourishes, and police officials are still accumulating wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and Tammany's power is unbroken. But the vociferous reformer will not be forgotten. A few of his epigrams survive, and from the most famous of them, "Hell with the lid off"—a description of New York after a Tammany return to power—the word "lid" was derived for colloquial use. Doubtless Dr. Parkhurst did much temporary good in producing moral spasms, but he has learned that permanent reform is not to be effected by noise and legislative devices. His sincerity, however, is not to be questioned. Free from political ambition no ulterior purpose actuated him in his career as a reformer.

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The Hammers

Bp Ralph Hodgson

Noise of hammers once I heard,
Many hammers, busy hammers,
Beating, shaping, night and day,
Shaping, beating dust and clay
To a palace; saw it reared;
Saw the hammers laid away.

And I listened, and I heard
Hammers beating, night and day,
In the palace newly reared,
Beating it to dust and clay,
Other hammers, muffled hammers,
Silent hammers of decay.

Perspective Impressions

It is reported that a St. Louis burglar refused to steal an oil painting. Perhaps it was from a Chicago studio.

"The future is ours," says Samuel Gompers. That's what Bryan has been saying for many years.

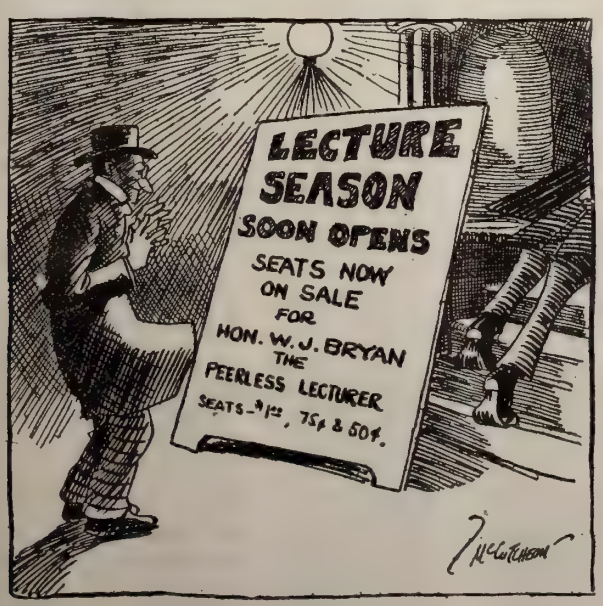
It is perhaps unfortunate for Rector Young that he cannot have himself whitewashed by a committee of his own selection.

Governor Folk, who expressed a willingness to go to the Senate to clean out the thieves, has been elected to stay at home.

We move to amend the latest proposition of removal by substituting for the words "The State University" the words "Benjamin Ide Wheeler."

Because they are too modest to speak of their own virtue some men avail themselves of every opportunity for censuring the weaknesses of others.

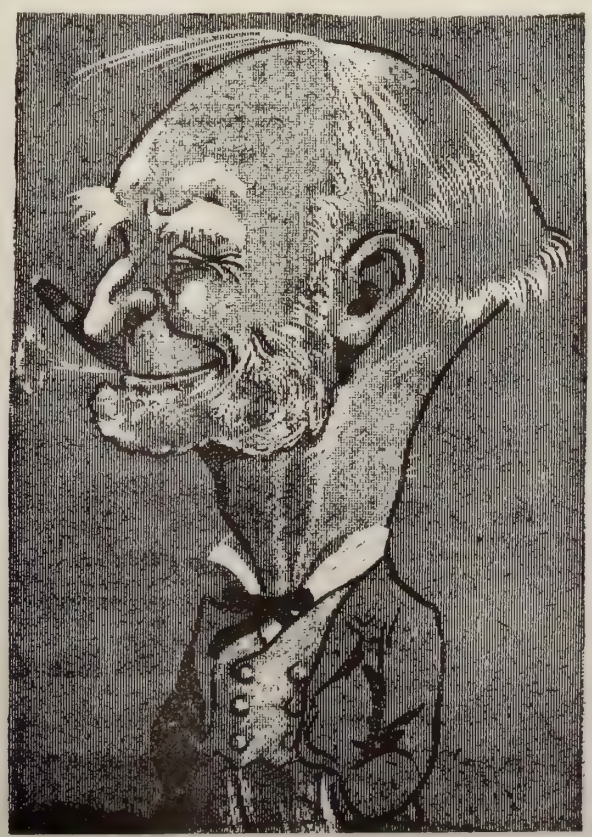
Banker Morse of New York was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Banker Brown of San Francisco was sentenced to eighteen months. But in the Morse case there was no immunity bath.



By the way, what is the name of the gentleman who was elected to the vice-presidency?

How absolute the knave is, exclaimed Hamlet. And, we add, how frequently do we discover him nowadays in the form of a college professor.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. No allusion we hope to any of the thrifty gentlemen of Berkeley or Palo Alto who prostitute their conscience for hire.

It was a happy inspiration that prompted Willis Polk's suggestion that we buy the Fairmont and convert it into a City Hall, but there is not the slightest likelihood of so excellent an idea being realized. Think of the money we might save and our public officials might lose. We can probably buy the Fairmont for less money than we shall spend in renting offices pending the completion of another City Hall, but the grafters must not be deprived of their opportunities.



"ALSO"

My Prophetic Soul

An Essay in Political Prognosis Based Upon the Fact as Developed and Demonstrated by the Recent Election and the Trend of Preceding Tendencies of American Sentiment and Opinion Concerning the Necessity for a Strong Government to Enhance the Business Interests of the Nation.

By Democritus

On mature consideration, assisted by the overwhelming result, I am convinced that fear contributed more than did the votes to the issue of the late election. Votes unquestionably elected Mr. Taft to the presidency; but fear inspired the votes. I believe that thousands of citizens would have voted for Mr. Bryan as the representative of Democratic principles, if they had not been afraid of electing him. I do not say that they were entirely afraid of Mr. Bryan personally; although many of them were probably also somewhat alarmed by what they considered his "radicalism"; the apprehension generally among those who would like to adhere to Democratic principles as the basis of their political faith was chiefly due to the fear of consequences resulting from a change of the administration. They feared that "business" would be disturbed. They feared that the existing order would be diverted. They feared innovation. They feared that values would be shifted. They feared that the "demnition bowwows" would be immediately imminent—and if there is anything the average, conservative American dislikes and distrusts more than another it is the "demnition bowwows."

If Thomas Jefferson had been the Democratic candidate in place of William Jennings Bryan, the result would have been the same; William Howard Taft would have been elected President of the United States. The citizens did not vote as Democrats and Republicans; they did not vote their political principles; they voted their business judgment. They argued that the election of Mr. Taft would be better for the business interests of the country than would be election of Mr. Bryan. Political principle was sacrificed on the bargain counter in the gilded temple of the Great God Biz.

Only the "solid South" voted the principles of its citizenry. Some old-fashioned Americans in the New England states also probably voted for Mr. Taft on principle, believing that a Republican administration is the only bulwark of the republic because it assisted the union Democrats to save the republic fifty-four years ago. The Democrats of the South will not submit to a Democracy modified to fit modern exigencies; and the Republicans of New England will not admit that the Republican party was originally an emergency party and has since merely adapted itself to the business interests of a steadily increasing commercial and industrial population.

Many of those who voted for Mr. Bryan had nothing to lose and hoped for much to gain. With these it was only a question of Bryanism or Socialism, and they were not quite ready to adopt Socialism is their rule of politics. The majority of those who voted for Mr. Taft have prospered under the administration of President Roosevelt and were taking no chances by chasing after strange gods. They were wedded to their idol in the gilded temple of the Great God. The "business man" feared for the income of his business; the wage-worker feared for the maximum of his wage; the trust magnate trusted to his future ability to keep things as they are until he can make them better for the trust interests; the money lender was satisfied with his usury and would run no risk with new-fangled politics or a political regime regulated by Jeffersonian simplicity; the politician saw no better chance of power, place and emolument under a Bryan administration than had prevailed under Roosevelt, and was content to stay with his Egyptian fleshpots; and the office holder, knowing on which side his bread was buttered, took care to keep it butter side up.

The nation has merely taken another long stride towards its inevitable goal—imperialism. Principles have been definitely subordinated to "business." What the majority of the American people are now demanding is a "strong," permanent government—a government that will make business better. It is now conceded that the nomination of Mr. Taft was equivalent to his election—that there has never been the slightest doubt of his success; that as soon as his name was mentioned the great majority of the citizens of the United States made up their minds to vote for him; not because they preferred Taft to Bryan, but because they preferred the existing administration to a new one—because they feared the consequences of an abrupt change. It was the administration that elected Mr. Taft. This accounts for the "apathy" of the campaign. There was nothing to quarrel about. The only principle involved was "business"; the equilibrium of trade; the preservation of existing conditions.

As it was easy, on this analysis of the result, to predict the election of Mr. Taft from his nomination, it is equally easy to predict his re-election four years hence, upon the same base of forecast. Mr. Taft is not going to spoil his future by departing from the way that President Roosevelt has trod. He will not cavort and prance as President Roosevelt has done in his coltish moods; Mr. Taft is not built upon the Roosevelt plan; but "my policies" will be Taft's policies and Roosevelt's politics will be Taft's politcs; he will not be entreated to leave them nor to return from following after them.

As it is easy to predict the re-election of Taft four years hence, so it is easy to predict the election of Roosevelt to succeed Taft. That will break the third term rule; and after that—the monarchy or the deluge. We have already drifted far enough from the political principles of the forefathers to regard another term of Roosevelt—a soberer, sedater, wiser, sexegenarian Roosevelt—with business-like complacency. We have passed the revolutionary period of our fierce democracy; we have settled to a business basis; ours has become a Punic policy, a commercial attitude in all our relations; as the merchant kings of Carthage allowed no question of liberty or patriotism to interfere with the profits of their far-flung sea traffic or their caravan trade to Ophir, Golcenda and Tadmor in the desert, so we of this later western empire are determined that nothing shall interfere with our purpose to establish a government of business, by business and for business. We do not yet fully realize that we have already entered the royal road that leads to a throne. We only know that we desire a "strong and permanent government"; and we have decided that as long as business is good we will perpetuate the government that has, in our opinion, made business good. We have come to believe that business depends on the government. All that is necessary, therefore, is to so regulate the affairs of the administration that it shall not be charged in the two or three succeeding campaigns for the presidency, that the policies of the government are responsible for bad business.

Therefore I cast the national horoscope as follows: Taft and Taft and Roosevelt—and thereafter as many Roosevelts as nature may permit; and after Roosevelt another Roosevelt, the Caesar named Roosevelt, or the Man on Horseback.

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An Obsession

By Bernardo Couto Castillo

In a small piece of Louis XV furniture that I recently bought I found, in the bottom of a drawer, the letter which you may here read:

My Dear Friend:

What I write you is going to move you profoundly; but you have no idea of the state of excitement and grief in which I find myself. You, the best comrade of my earlier days, who knew all my joys and all my sorrows—you are the only one who can hear and console me in my desolation. Come, come and live by my side and be the same companion as you were in the past times; only, now I shall not laugh, nor shall I be the noisy devil I then was. Come, my friend, I fear for my reason, which is even now trembling.

You will remember that, a little time after you had abandoned the wild and riotous life we lived together so long, to shut yourself up wisely in a den of peace and labor—you will remember I wrote you saying: "Friend, at last I have found what I wanted: the submissive and silent creature at whose side I can shelter myself, the being made for love, tolerant of my caprices, humble to my desires, who, from today, is going to be my companion." I spoke to you of her, of her peaceful face, of her look serene and receptive, of her hair parted in the center of the forehead and flowing straight over her temples, like that of a pre-Raphaelite virgin. I explained to you the "problem of conscience" in which I found myself involved, for, being an honest girl, duty demanded of me to give her my name, while my convictions, or I should say my stupid preoccupations, opposed any kind of official and definite bond. I knew well that she asked for nothing but to obey me; her mother, her house, all would be sacrificed to my least desire; with the same pleasure—what do I say?—with the same enthusiasm, she would have gone to the church as to the poorest of places designated by me. In her poor woman's life I was the hope, the unquestionable love, the welcome that she awaited, soon to be delivered. With my habitual egotism and carelessness, I said "Time enough yet!" and I made her mine.

Her mother died, and I had to bring her to live with me, without thinking to give her a position, preoccupied solely from the enchantment that emanated from her delightful personality.

You cannot figure to yourself the two years of complete felicity that I passed by her side. I never before had believed in happiness, I had never believed that a man in any way refined could, without a great struggle, stand the same caresses, the same features, and the same things for two long years. Very well! I, the skeptical egotist you have known, even I have been happy by the side of one woman, happy as only a man can be who is destined to pay very dearly for it, as now happens to me.

During the two years' life of my passion I never dreamed of deceiving her. Do not be astonished, for you never knew her; she never had the same kiss twice, nor repeated a caress; never from her small lips came vulgar phrases; she engendered every seduction and every goodness; she was indulgent, and you know there is most desire to deceive when the demon of perversity moves most, and when contrarieties and inopportune jealousies are aroused. While terrors awoke in her for the honor given, as with the true lover, while she did not know, while no one came to instill doubts in her conscience, there never passed through her mind the idea that I could be false; I was for her all that was loving, as she was for me all that was adorable.

You remember Charles? Well, to him and to him alone I owe my misfortune. He, the hidden black hand that wounds forever; he, the false friend born to sting like a viper, mortally, traitorously; he, the miserable Iago, entered into my house to torment me, to envenom my blood, and to bring down the night on our happiness. You know that I sought him, to provoke him to a duel, in which he had the good fortune to wound me; he whom I should have annihilated with the sheer force of my hatred.

One day, on arriving home, I found Julia all in tears. You can imagine my grief, when to my caresses she answered only with reproaches. I wanted to know, I demanded—and I knew. The wretch who had been seated daily at my table, smiling, had spoken to her of me; of my past; of the women that I had known, and of all that I had ever done. He had cited dates, given proofs, and had told her that my intention was to act in the like way with her. If I had not married, if up till now I had denied her my name, it was in order to be able to abandon her with impunity, once I got tired of her. The poor, loving creature was trembling with grief, when, between her sobs, she murmured this declaration.

In vain I endeavored to console her. After the tears came angry reproaches; the fury of the woman who, confiding until then, beheld herself utterly deceived, had awakened in her. I was not what she had believed, nor he whom she loved. Then came the despair that wishes to wound, to avenge itself, and a new being was revealed before me; the weak, the submissive, the good and loving creature was turned into the raging lioness that wished only to tear and destroy.

"You shall marry me," she kept saying. "I will not be as the others, no, you shall not deceive me. Oh, no, no! You shall marry me! You shall marry me!" And this cry burst continually from her rage, like froth from agitated water. In her kindled look there was hatred and disdain; and my pride, my stupid man's pride, rose up against what I had loved most, against what I felt I loved still even in that moment in which I did not know her.

"Marry!" I cried. "And who shall oblige me? You, who came of your own pleasure?"

On my words there followed a period of silence; I saw her terrified on her part at seeing my anger rise against her, a force against her own just resentment. Then, after a brief pause, and taking some aimless steps, she moved to the night-table at her side, and taking a revolver, she cried mechanically: "You shall marry me—you shall; or I——

I laughed, I made an effort to throw my irony into it, and pallid, without saying a word, she placed the muzzle against my forehead. She looked at me one instant, with a look that I have never since been able to forget, with an indescribable look that follows me in the shadows of the nights, and haunts me in my evil dreams. In the expression of that look there were determination and reproaches, but reproaches full of love. I did not move a step; I did not make a gesture; I did not raise my arm to detain her—on the contrary, with a perverse curiosity, I waited, and even seemed to defy her with my attitude.

A report, and I threw myself forward; just in time to receive her in my arms—one last convulsive tremor, then a gush of blood covering her face and bathing her body.

Who can describe exactly and analyze all that I felt that night, watching over her who had loved me so tenderly, her whom I clearly felt I loved more and more, now that she was no more! I have only vague recollections. The white of her hands, the corpse-like lividness

(Continued on Page 32.)

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An Indian Fighter Succeeds Funston

General Smith the New Commander of the Department of California, Has a Brilliant Record as a Soldier—His Effective Work in the Phillipines

The Department of California which has been under the command of Colonel Maus since Brigadier-General Funston went to Fort Leavenworth is now commanded by Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, who, three weeks ago, was Colonel of the Eighth Infantry and on duty at Fort McDowell. Though General Smith is known in the service as one of the most gallant and efficient of officers his promotion to the rank of brigadier-general came as a great surprise to the army, as it was not known that he was being considered. It was thought that the appointment would go either to the engineers or the cavalry arm, but President Roosevelt's attention was called to the fact that only four of the fourteen brigadier-generals were appointed from the infantry whereas seven were from the cavalry, two from the artillery and one from the volunteers. General Smith was tenth in the list of infantry colonels, and he jumped such officers as Cols. J. W. Duncan, Sixth Infantry; R. W. Hoyt, Twenty-fifth Infantry, and M. P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry.

General Smith has had a very interesting career and he has seen lots of active service. When he graduated from West Point in 1873 he reported for duty as second lieutenant of the Twentieth Infantry at Angel Island and after a stay of a few days he went with his company to Redding to act as a guard with a battery of the Fourth Artillery for the purpose of conducting Modoc Indian prisoners from Fort Klamath, Ore., to Fort Russell, Wyo. This was after Captain Jack, the chief of the Modocs, was hung, and the remaining prisoners were then taken East. Lieut. Smith then returned to Angel Island, where he remained until July, 1875, going from there to Camp Bidwell, Cal. While on duty at the latter post, he was placed in command of a detachment of cavalry which was sent to investigate the trouble between Piute Indians and settlers at Painter's Flat, Nev. He was promoted to first lieutenant in 1878, and became adjutant of the regiment, serving as such for over eight years. His regiment was stationed in Arizona until the summer of 1882, and during that time Lieut. Smith was engaged in building and repairing the military telegraph line, and was also in the field against Indians.

In 1887 Lieutenant Smith was on duty at Fort Yates, Dak. He became a captain in 1890, and was adjutant and executive officer of the Columbian Guard during the World's Fair at Chicago. He was in Nebraska at the beginning of the war with Spain, and was appointed adjutant-general of the infantry division of Camp George H. Thomas, Chicamauga Park, and also of the First Brigade. In May, 1898, he became acting assistant adjutant-general of the United States forces and of the Fifth Army Corps under Gen. Shafter at Tampa and Santiago, Cuba, until July, 1898, also acting as mustering officer for the corps. He was then appointed chief commissary of subsistence of volunteers with the rank of major and assigned to the Department of the Lakes. After being honorably discharged from the volunteer service in June, 1899, he was promoted to a majority in the First Infantry. His connection with the Twelfth Infantry extended over twenty-six years. During his long service with that regiment, Gen. Smith was associated with Brig.-Gen. William W. Wotherspoon, General Staff, and president of the Army War College. Gen. Wotherspoon served with the Twelfth Infanty for nearly twenty-eight years.

While in the Philippines, on his first tour, he was assigned to clean up the island of Marinduque, then in the height of its insurrection. Capt. Devereux Shields and fifty-one men of Company F of the Twenty-ninth United States Volunteer Infantry had been captured by the insurgents in September, 1900. Major Smith was a member of the expedition under Brig.-Gen. Luther R. Hare and Col. George S. Anderson, Thirty-eighth United States Volunteer Infantry, which was sent out after the insurgents. The American prisoners were delivered to Gen. Hare at Buena Vista on Sunday, October 14th. Capt. Shields had been shot twice and badly wounded, and four members of his regiment were killed. Returning to this country, Major Smith acted as president of the board which revised and wrote the present infantry drill regulations.

Gen. Smith also served in the campaign in Samar, Philippine Islands, and in February, 1901, he was detailed to the Inspector-General's Department, serving until July, 1902, when he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-ninth Infantry. Gen. Smith did not serve at all with his regiment, but was again detailed as an inspector-general. He did not have any regimental duties until he was promoted to the colonelcy of the Eighth Infantry in January, 1904. Gen. Smith left this city in the spring of 1906 for the Philippines, returning home a short time ago. During his tour of duty in the islands, Gen. Smith rendered excellent service. His regiment had been engaged almost all the time it had been there in service against the Pulajanes in Leyte and Samar. He was in personal charge of the field of operations of all the military detachments in both islands during the time of the Pulajane campaigns. He was famous in the Philippines for his expertness as a rifle shot; and he was credited with having done more to bring order out of the chaotic condition of things in Samar and Leyte than any other officer in the army. By the system for field operations which he established in the island the recalcitrant mountain people were driven into the arms of the civil government officials.

General Smith has the distinction of having had less leave of absence than any officer of his rank in the army. His first vacation was taken two years after he left the Military Academy, and he did not take another until compelled to do so on account of sickness in May, 1879. Since then he has taken no long leave of absence.

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The Spectator

A Poet's Income

When the professional writers of local eminence were asked to "contribute something" to "The Spinners' Book of Fiction," it was understood that every dollar of profit from the publication was to be used for the immediate relief of the necessities of Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, California's only poet whose poetry is all of California. This assistance was not asked in the spirit of charity, but rather as a fraternal tribute from poets in prose to one who sings in verse. The stories were written; the book was published; and if memory serves there was a "presentation reception," or something of that sort in San Jose, to commemorate the good deed. Now it develops that the ostensible beneficiary of this fund has been receiving from the sale of the book only one cent a copy while the Spinners get 20 cents. The income of Miss Coolbrith from this source has been about $4.15 a month, and her total receipts have amounted to $90.80. Internal dissensions among the Spinners regarding the payment of this money have reached the knowledge of Miss Coolbrith, chiefly through the blatant columns of the daily press; and rather than endure the humiliation of the position in which such discussion places her, she has returned all the money she has received and resigned from honorary membership in the organization. Such in bald outline is the story of this sordid transaction. It is pitiful. Why should this gifted woman be beholden to anyone for money? Or, since poverty must be the lot of all poets not born rich or who may be incapable of coining drachmas from the sweat of their brows and the fag-drip of their brains, why should the circumstance that they are not money-getters and are therefore sometimes dependent on the generosity of friends for the price of a crust, be placarded on the deadwall of publicity, a gaping-stock for gossips and a theme for the canting sympathy for Philistines and Pharisees? There may be another side to this story, but I know, personally, that the contributors to that "Book of Fiction" wrote their stories for Miss Coolbrith and not for the Spinners. If any of the money for that publication is being held back, or "invested in railroad bonds," or sequestered in any manner whatever, it is contrary to the wish of the writers and wholly without their authority. If the book has been a financial failure and if the Spinners have expended money from their treasury to sustain the Coolbrith fund let them repay themselves out of any money now in that fund, send the remainder if there be any, to Miss Coolbrith, and permit the incident to be closed forever. If it shall be necessary to alleviate the physical necessities of this poet hereafter, let others than the grudging ones perform the rite of hospitality. Once upon a time, in the long, long ago, this poet laid a wreath of laurel on the grave of another "born unto singing":

"Where eyes are closed, divine and young,
Dusked in a night no morn may break,
And hushed the poet lips that sung
The songs none else may wake.
Unfelt the venomed arrow-thrust,
Unheard the lips that hiss disgrace,
While the sad heart is dust, and dust
The beautiful, sad face."

And some day a kindred poet will lay a wreath of immortelles and violets on the place where this poet's eyes are "dusked in a night no morn may break," in loving tribute to "the poet lips that sung the songs none else may make." Then, indeed, will the clamor of the dollar-grudging Pharisee and the dollar-chasing Philistine be stilled for a moment; and then, for a brief, solemn space it will be possible to hear as she heard all her life, "in blade and blossom, sweet small voices, odorous, tender pleaders in her cause," that shall speak her as she was.

When your hatter don't have what you want, see Tom Dillon, Milliner for Men, Market Street, opposite Call Building.

A Duel Averted

It was far from being a Sabbath stillness that brooded over the Bohemian Club last Sunday morning when Dr. Shields and MacKenzie Gordon came to a misunderstanding. As a matter of fact the Sabbath had not been ushered in by the tolling of church bells, but it was long past Saturday night; somewhere in the neighborhood of the witching hour when churchyards yawn. Dr. Shields and Mr. Gordon had contributed to the gayety of a dinner in honor of that perennial motif of festive gatherings, the Hon. Joe Redding, famous as the most versatile of geniuses. Now it is almost proverbial that a Redding dinner usually winds up at breakfast. Hence it was not unseemly that Mr. Gordon and Dr. Shields, who were among the star performers at the dinner, should be in their Tuxedos at the club on Sunday morning. But let us hasten to the meat of the misunderstanding. It was all on account of a dispute over the mimetic and artistic abilities of certain distinguished amateurs, and that sweet singer, Mr. Gordon affronted Dr. Shields by plunging into personalities with almost fatal indiscretion. There was at once talk of a duel. Indeed there was a good deal of duel talk, and there is no telling how the talk might have ended had not Dr. Jones butted in with some very harsh suggestions. He called attention to the fact that the morning papers would soon be going to press, and that there would be no time for them to get pictures if immediate action were not taken. This ended further discussion and all present resumed their merriment.

Plunger—"Jimmy had the hardest kind of luck at the track today."
Tout—"How's that?"
Plunger—"He hit a 40 to 1 shot in the third and then had his pocket picked."

Michaels Saved the Day

By Hercules, as Trimalchio would say, that man Michaels is a shrewd toastmaster. Everybody knows that Frank Michaels is ponderous in everything but wit, but everybody doesn't know what a wonderful tactician he is in an emergency. At a dinner given not long ago in honor of a distinguished visitor Frank Michaels officiated as toastmaster, and with rare deftness he conducted the post-prandial flow of soul. In the most felicitous manner the several speakers were introduced, and some very brilliant things were said, but unfortunately a contretemps occurred. One of the speakers, a physician, rose to his feet bubbling over with sentiments that were far from grateful to the guest of honor. Then it was that the tactfulness of the toastmaster was displayed. He tackled his job, I am told, with masterly ingenuity, and though he could not stem the flow of pungent sentiments he succeeded in smoothing out the wrinkles and abating the embarrassment of all concerned. It was a great triumph for Frank Michaels. As for the indiscreet doctor, I am told that he has been felicitating himself on having made the best speech of the evening.

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More of the Old Atmosphere

Every little bit of the old distinctive atmosphere that comes back to San Francisco awakens a deep sentimental interest and is most gratifying to all that cherish recollections of the life that was extinguished. How quick the emotions are to respond to everything that brings back the sweet savor of things that were was shown last week on the occasion of the opening of the new California Market when thousands of people journeyed from all sections of the city to the spot that was once so pleasing to the senses. How glad they were to find the renascence! So perfect has been the reproduction that it seems as though nothing had ever happened to the old market. The stalls are situated the same as before, and not an odor is missing save that which emanated from the dungeons beneath, where, occasionally, rat-killing matches furnished entertainment for lovers of that cruel sport. Along with that odor has vanished, also, the Bunker who made Bunker's sausage as famous as Bunker Hill. Not long before the fire this distinguished artist in sausages was on the point of bringing suit against every butcher who had adopted his method. But now he is enjoying life on a farm and he has lost all interest in sausages. Appeals were made to him to return to the old stand, but in vain.

Mabel—"Why are you going to marry Jack?"
Pearl—"Oh, I'm tired of seeing him hang around the house so much."

Hayes Will Placate Cannon

Some of Congressman Hayes's friends have been predicting that on the return of that gentleman to Washington he will meet with a chilling frost on account of his attempt to conciliate the labor vote by expressing disapproval of the methods and sentiments of Uncle Joe Cannon. Despite all the cant that was poured out in censure of that statesman and the efforts of Samuel Gompers to defeat him, he was re-elected by a substantial majority. As he is of course aware that the Congressmen who have pretended to regard his official conduct as deserving of reprehension were merely playing to the gallery, it is natural to suppose that he has very little respect for them and that he is not likely to go out of his way to assist them in ingratiating themselves with their constituents. But the politicians who are worrying about Congressman Hayes's prospects need not be apprehensive. The probability is, I am told, that the first telegram of congratulation received by Speaker Cannon was from the tactful Mr. Hayes. The latter's friends are of the opinion that he keeps Uncle Joe supplied with prunes from the Santa Clara Valley; also, that he can explain his position on the Speakership in a way that will be satisfactory to all concerned. Mr. Hayes has a large supply of the essentials of statesmanship.

"Chimmie Fadden" Townsend Defeated

That uniformly successful individual, Ned Townsend, has suffered his first keen disappointment. He ran for Congress somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey, where Chimmie Fadden was never a hero, and where literary genius is not appreciated, and his political ambition received a cold douche. But the creator of Chimmie Fadden and daughters of the tenement district has firmly resolved to enter Congress and he says he will try again. It is not generally known that this resolution was formed nearly twenty years ago when Townsend was private secretary to Senator George Hearst. Fresh from the San Francisco newspaper field, thrown into the mad whirl of national politics, the young journalist longed for the opportunity to enter upon the career of a statesman. As a newspaper man in this city he had acquired some familiarity with the ways of politicians and it occurred to him that perhaps some day he might work his way into Congress as the representative of a San Francisco district. But after his first big hit with his Chimmie Fadden sketches he ceased to give much thought to politics until a few years when he began the work which he had long contemplated—a history of the American Constitution. While engaged on the work, I am told, he resolved to seek the nomination for Congress at the earliest opportunity. Now he is in the fight to stay.

The American Maupassant

A new comet has appeared in the literary heavens—or is it a fixed star? It is new only in the sense that it has become visible to the eye of the discerning critic, of the



O. HENRY

The American short story writer whom Kipling has pronounced "The Greatest."

man who is recognized as an authority in literature. I refer to "O. Henry" the short story writer. To readers of fiction, the men and women who read and do not inwardly digest; who when they like a story do not know how the author compelled their attention and interest; and furthermore, do not care—to these "O. Henry" has been a familiar name for many years. But only within the last few months have the wise guys of literature discovered that "O. Henry" is something more than a mere

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purveyor of fiction; that he is in reality an artist of exceptional genius. Many of them were pioneered to this discovery by Rudyard Kipling and William Marion Reedy. Mr. Kipling regards O. Henry not only as a writer, but one of the greatest in all literature. This is pretty high praise from pretty high authority. "O. Henry," whose true name is Sidney Porter, has been doing for New York what Bret Harte did for California. He is depicting in vivid colors the life of the metropolis. But in his characterizations he has not dealt exclusively with city types. He is a man of varied experience, having been cowboy, sheep-herder, merchant, miner, druggist and newspaper man; and from all the fields of activity in which he has labored he has drawn inspiration.

Chief of the "Secessionist" Movement

The latest artistic movement in Germany conducted by the so-called "Secessionists," is attracting attention throughout Europe, and naturally the leader of the move-



"SIN."

The famous painting by Franz Stuck, leader of the new art movement in Germany

ment, Franz Stuck, is the subject of widespread discussion. He now occupies a unique position in the artistic world. It is the profound and arresting originality of his treatment of every theme he deals with that made him his reputation. It is his delight to carry the world back to the fairy-land of Greek legend where fauns and centaurs abound, and in this field he proves himself a great poet. The lyrical and poetical element predominates in his art. One of his most famous paintings is "Sin"—described as "a luxuriant woman with a pale amber visage framed in raven locks, a woman whose shiny eyes are animated with a smile, at once startled and sick with longing, while the cold body of a serpent presses its heavy coils round her form."

Mrs. Hasbeen—"How long have you kept boarders?"
Mrs. Hashup—"The average is about four days."

Stanford's Band of Brothers

What a unanimous lot they are down at Stanford just now, and what a pleasing contrast to the turmoil and strife and hullaballoo usual within those academic purlieus! Not a dissenting voice, of all the voices that utter wisdom to the callow youth of Palo Alto, in protest against the methods and practices of the graft prosecution! Surely it is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell togther in unity, but how strange in that environment! It is unquestionably like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garment; but how seldom has the ointment trickled down upon the beard of Stanford's faculty, even down to the skirts of their scholastic garments. No doubt their present state of mind is as dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; but what shall we say of the perturbations that have heretofore afflicted the mental status of these pundits and pedants upon slight provocation and upon no occasion at all? For lo, as it is written, even as it is written in the book of the prophet of the Lord, Zechariah, son of Berechiah, there has been a voice of the howling of the shepherds; for their glory was spoiled: a voice of the roaring of young lions; for the pride of Jordan was spoiled; and if ye believe me not, search the Scripture and be satisfied. And as it was prophesied by Jeremiah, the son of Hilkiah, who was official forecaster in Judah from about 629 to about 580 B. C. these shepherds have come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan against the habitation of the strong; but if the prophesy is fulfilled they will suddenly run away, and Edom (which is the prophetic synonym for Stanford) shall be a desolation. Wherefore I suggest that before the desolation cometh to pass, before the pride of Jordan is spoiled, and while the faculty of Stanford is of one mind for the first time in the history of the university, honorary degrees be conferred by the President on Rudolph Spreckels, Francis J. Heney and William J. Burns. Then they can swell like Jordan. The Spreckels degree would entitle him to tag M. A. after his name and we may translate the initials as our humor dictates—artium magister if we approve the efforts of the graft prosecution; asinus magis or asinus magnus if we disapprove. For Heney is might be deemed sufficient to label him B. A. which is an inferior kind of the same species. As for Burns, let him have Stanford authority to sign immunity contracts, "William J. Burns, A. S. S." and trust to the erudition of those interested to supply the Latin equivalent of Argentarius Satalles Stipendium.

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They Offended Clark

It would be too much to ask the large family at Stanford to dwell in harmony for more than two days. Immediately after agreeing on the virtues of our graft prosecution the inevitable row occurred. We are told that the latest suspensions at the Jordan university were ordered because of an insult offered to the co-eds on account of the posters advertising the Junior "Plug Ugly" by which it was announced that the Roble maids would appear in "General Arthur cigar wrappers." Though not a single co-ed was offended by the posters Dr. Jordan decreed that the vile insult must be wiped out. The students have another version of the matter. From them I learn that it was not the posters that moved the choler of the disingenuous Jordan, but the satirical smash that was taken at the unloved Professor A. B. Clark in the "Plug Ugly" farce. One of the students appeared in the farce in a makeup that gave him a striking resemblance to the professor. The character was that of the faculty's official executioner. Every time he appeared on the stage a long hook would issue from the wings and he would be dragged off before he could utter a sound. This performance greatly offended the sensitive drawing teacher.

Distaff—"I suppose in Mr. Wimout's case it was the office sought the man?"

Wagstaff—"Not much. He chased the office and caught it—cash down."

The Poet Agnes Tobin Talked About

Several months ago San Francisco was introduced by Agnes Tobin to Francis Thompson, the Catholic poet of genius. Miss Tobin did not present Francis Thompson to us, but in a very interesting lecture she told us of the man who suffered and starved in the streets of London and who died last January, and she told us of the rare beauty of his poetry which has often been compared to Shelley's. Thompson is now being discussed in the literary circles of London, and recently the Dublin Review leapt into a second edition with an essay on Shelley written by Thompson, a tribute from a poet to a poet which has been hailed as a masterpiece of English prose. Thomson wrote this essay twelve years ago and tried to get it printed. But the ill-luck which dogged him all his life turned even this effort into failure. The article was rejected even by the very magazine which has made a tremendous hit by its posthumous publication.

Thompson on Shelley

Mr. Thompson declares, at the outset of his essay, that if we possess at the present day no lineal descendant (in the poetical order) of Shelley, it is largely "on account of the defect by which contemporary poetry of the early nineteenth century, is mildewed." That defect is the predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul. "We are self-conscious to the finger-tips," Mr. Thompson asserts, "and this inherent quality, entailing on our poetry the inevitable loss of spontaneity, ensures that whatever poets, of whatever excellence, may be born to us from the Shelleian stock, its founder's spirit can take among us no reincarnation. An age that is ceasing to produce childlike children cannot produce a Shelley." "Know you," asks Mr. Thompson quaintly, "what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nut-shell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death." Now Shelly, according to Francis Thompson, possessed just this power of the childlike vision. To the last he was the enchanted child."

Actor—"Now that the election is over most of the candidates should improve in health."

Feeder—"How so?"

Actor—"Why it ended their over exertion in mud baths."

A Discriminating Policy

I don't blame the Chinese for harboring a feeling of "coldness" towards this government in resentment for our shabby treatment of that empire in sending a fag-end squadron of our junketing fleet to the by-port of Amoy. The Chinese are not a "proud and sensitive" folk like the Japanese; but they are versed in the minutest punctilio and they are age-long sticklers for all the courtesies of a formal etiquette and prescriptive ceremonial. It will not mollify the notables and mandarins of Pekin to inform them that a subtle diplomatic policy exhaling through the crevices of the State Department at Washington precluded any action on our part that would even hint of offense to our suspiring hosts of Tokio and Yokohama. The Chinese will readily understand why we did not send the same fleet that anchored in Yedo bay to Shanghai and Tientsin and Chefoo; but this understanding will not palliate their contempt for our cowardice. The Chinese are the wisest men of the Far East, as they are the most dependable in all transactions involving honesty and rectitude of purpose—which cannot be truthfully predicated of the Japanese. They have long since divined the meticulous character of our attitude towards the Japanese

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and they know that it is inspired by our fear that unless we kowtow in Tokio we may be compelled to use our battle fleet in an expensive effort to recover the Philippines and Hawaii from the clutch of the sudden invader. They know, too, that if we had proclaimed the Chinese equally "honorable" with the susurrous samurai by ordering the complete fleet to Chinese ports to be souped with birds' nests and solaced with the strident unmelody of the sing-song girls, we should have "lost face" with our near-ally whose geisha-hand we have so cordially clasped across the sea. But this knowledge does not ameliorate Chinese disgust for our "policy." On the contrary it only serves to accentuate an already well-defined opinion that in our newly-acquired dignity as a "world power" we have ceased to maintain ourselves as the invincible republic whose eagle continually doth scream.

Some Solemn Nincompoops

The dispatches announce unfriendly editorial utterances by the British press in China. With awkward irony these newspapers approve of sending a squadron to China instead of the whole fleet upon the ground that to have done otherwise would have "shown a lack of consideration of British sensibility," and nullified "America's gamble in opening a commercial lottery after returning an indemnity to which she was not entitled." Now what do you think of that for pure, unadulterated, composite, blown-in-the-bottle British gall? Doen't it jar you? British sensibility! Great Britain, you must know, owns China by right of conquest in the Opium War, of which the self-respecting and wholly self-satisfied British shopkeeper vociferously canting in Exeter Hall, is not more than half ashamed even at this late day. British sensibility! British fiddlesticks! And that allusion to the "indemnity to which we are not entitled"—isn't it enough to turn the stomach of an honest, square-dealing American to hear the discarded servitor of a London penny weekly discourse of unearned indemnities? The sneer is out of place even on the lips of an exiled citizen of the boldest robber nation on earth. Yes, we gave back a portion of that indemnity because we were not entitled to it; because it was loot; because it was thieve's swag. We gave it back; but the others, Great Britain among them, are still in possession of the stolen goods. Wherefore it ill becomes the unrepentant thief to mock the fellow on the other cross. Journalism in China is decayed British, and that is to say that it is "nasty mean" and "beastly under-bred" when it is not dull, stupid and staled with the effluvium of its own flatulent egotism. However, Editor Shea or O'Shea, of the British press of Shanghai is likely to go to jail or pay a heavy fine for libeling Judge Wilfley of the American Supreme Court in that city, and that will be some compensation for the O'Sheaisms of the other British editors in China.

"Jimmy, I confess I fell in love at first sight."
"You always had a keen eye for a pretty face, Tom."
"True, lad, but I sometimes wish now that I'd taken a second look."

Relics of Ancient Giants

The University of California attracted so much attention among archeologists when Professor Merriam discovered the remains of sabre tooth tigers and other rare prehistoric animals in the now famous asphalt sink that inspired Stanford agents have been actively scouting in that section of the State hoping to discover fossil remains of equal importance. Some two weeks ago they succeeded in locating a most desirable lot of fossils but the original discoverer refused to sell them notwithstanding the high price offered by the Stanford savants. This new find consists of elephants bones and the skulls of men who were between seven and eight feet tall. Carl Borg, the well known artist, uncovered the remains while sketching and exploring on San Nicholas Island, near Santa Barbara. Singularly enough San Nicholas was known among the early Spaniards as the "Isle of Skulls." Up to the time of Borg's important find antiquarians had recognized it as a place rich in historical relics but no attempt was made to mine the strata. The elephant bones found by Borg are the first that have been located there. Now there is a rush of scientists to that locality and the ground is being systematically delved. Others are working the strip of land from Santa Barbara to the Mexican line as signs have been found that it contains treasures in fossil remains.

Brown—"Is whiskey lighter than water?"
Jones—"It must be. My yacht always keeps afloat."

Clancy Discusses Latest Graft Move

"Now f'r th' trooth, th' whole trooth an' nuthin' but th' trooth so help me Fuzzy-Wuzzy," said Michael Clancy as he threw aside the evening paper and indulged in a long yawn.

Flannagan came from behind the bar, and eyed him quizzically. "What th' div'l has happin'd to ye now?" he asked. "I've bin readin' in th' pa-aper," said Clancy, "that our lile May'r, th' Hon. Fuzzy-Wuzzy Tahalor has rispondid to th' call iv th' Citizins Laygue f'r a whitewash comitay to furnish th' gra-aft prosecushin with a clane bill iv health."

"I didn't know they were sick," said Flannagan.

"It's a grate joke on thim," said Clancy. "They've bin putrifyin' in their own imanashins an' lambastin' everybody in gin'ral an' th' reptile soobsidized press in particular f'r complainin' iv th' effloovyum that tainted th' atmosphere, an' now th' odor has affected their own noshtrils an' they want to get out iv' quaranteen."

"Ar-re they goin' to get out?" asked Flannagan.

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Fillmore at O'Farrell **Van Ness at Bush**

"I dinnaw," the sage of the Mission replied, "but Fuzzy-Wuzzy has come to th' resquew. Sez they to him: 'We breathed into your expirin' body the breath iv life; throw us a rope,' they sez. So he appinted a comitay f'r thim; one that's guarantayed to be safe, sound and free fr'm bias. It reminds me iv' th' way to home in th' Ole Counthry th' British Guvernmint investigated complaints against th' lan'lords. They always saylickted an upright, unprejoodiced commishin iv lan'lords. It also reminds me iv me ole frind Chris Buckley. Whiniver he wanted to get rid iv a recalcithrint offishil he had Jim Flynn dhraw a grand jury for him an' th' jury always filed a raypoort censhurin' th' offishil f'r his exthravagance. At th' same time th' jury always boosted some frind iv Chris's who was to run f'r a job again. But iv coorse I don't mean to insinyooate that Tahalor's comitay is prejoodiced agin' th' gra-aft prosecushin. Th' May'r prooved his disinterestedness by appintin' to th' comitay th' Hon. William Kent iv San Rafael, th' bosom frind iv Francis Jay Heney. Mr. Kent as one iv th' citizens' laygue which was organized by th' frinds iv th' Gra-aft Prosecushin petishin'd th' May'r to appoint a comitay an' at th' first rattle iv th' box out popped th' name iv Kent; which makes it ivident that th' whole thing is on th' square. Th' May'r picked th' name iv Kent blindfolded an' sez he 'Th' soobsiddized or-rgans cannot queshin th' honesty iv this performance. My sleeves are rolled up to th' elbow, an' th' hands with which I dhraw two or three salries are beyant suspishin.' Then he dhrew out th' name iv Dr. Henry Gibbon, Dean iv the Cooper Medical College, iv which th' May'r is trustay. 'Which proves,' sez he, 'that everybody is goin' to get a square deal.' One more dip iv th' hand an' out comes th' name iv William Denman, who inherited fr'm his father everlasting gratichood to th' Hon. James Duval Phaylon. 'Which,' sez Tahalor, 'proves,' sez he, 'that an absolootely imparshil investigashin is to be made into th' conduct iv th' accused.' Next comes th' name iv th' Rev. Father D. O. Crowley iv——"

"The Youth's Directhry," said Flannigan. "I know him well. An' honest man."

"Yis," said Clancy, "but in this instance I'm afraid that he's guarantayed be th' Bulletin. Th' best iv men get into bad company occashinilly."

"But surely you've got confidinse in Father Crowley," said Flannagan.

"Yes," said Clancy, "but afther all your confidinse in a man is what he makes it. When Riley was about to be thried f'r manslaughter his lawyer sez 'Have you condinse in th' jury?' Sez Riley, 'I'll tell you when they bring in th' verdict.' "

"Depind on Father Crowley," said Flannagan.

"Me confidinse is wobblin'," said Clancy. "Father Crowley has consinted to be appinted to investigate something that he has no power to investigate. Th' charges aginst th' Gra-aft Prosecushin is that they have committed greater crimes than th' crimes they are thryin' to punish, an' as because iv their crimes it behooves them to do all in their power to save thimselves from disgrace and the punishment they dizerve, they should not have conthrol iv th' machinery iv justice. To investigate these charges a comitay must have th' power to put men undher oath an' compel thim to prochuce documents. If Father Crowley is in no posishin to do these things then he is participatin' in a hippodrome."

"I won't go that far with you," said Flannagan.

"Shtay where you are," said Clancy.

"I see the Grand Prix hotel has failed."

"Yes, it's out of date. It began to run down right after the management put in immunity baths for the Grand Jurors stopping there."

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Reid for Senator

The news comes from New York that D. O. Mills's son-in-law, Whitelaw Reid, now Ambassador to Great Britain, has announced himself as a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Mr. Platt. Reid is one of the most active of politicians. He was minister to the French Republic under President Harrison. He was nominated for Vice-President by the Minneapolis convention in 1892 and went down to defeat with Harrisan. With the advent of President McKinley Mr. Reid was an applicant for the Ambassadorship to Great Britain, but Senator Platt was strong in his objections and Senator Platt's objections were supported by other notable Republicans. Senator Platt even went so far as to write a personal letter to President McKinley, which might be found either in the files of the State Departmnt or in the late President's private papers at Canton, and Mr. McKinley did not appoint Mr. Reid. Shortly after the advent of President Roosevelt Mr. Reid became Ambassador to Great Britain.

The Return of San Francisco

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Tale of the Scarlet Butteflies

One of Beatrice Grimshaw's best stories of Vaiti, that fascinating woman of the South Seas.

Modern Fiji

The commercial civilization of a lovely land where the cannibal has become a tradition, by Oscar L. Triggs, late of the University of Chicago. Illustrated profusely with fine photographs.

Game Birds of the Pacific

A timely paper on bay and sea ducks of this region. By H. T. Payne, former president of the California Game and Fish Protective Association.

Lin McLean

Owen Wister's strong story of a Western cowpuncher.

Rugby, 1908

The game as it is on the Pacific Coast, with photographs of the captains of the California and Stanford fifteens.. By Wm. Unmack.

The Pearl

A notable poem of the South Seas by Henry Anderson Lafler.

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Odd Things in the World

The Rolling Stone of the Peerage

Lord Lyveden, who distinguished himself when the Argonaut foundered after colliding with a tramp steamer recently, has been called the rolling stone of the peerage, so many have been his vocations and adventuers. After leaving Eton he was plucked for the army, but re-enlisted in the Third Battalion Highland Light Infantry. He left the service after a time and went on the stage, playing for some seasons with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Haymarket Theatre as Percy Vernon. He never got beyond speaking parts of a few lines, the most important being the captain of a liner in Buckstone's famous old play, "The Overland Route," in which piece, curiously enough, the big scene is the foundering of a steamer. He had some curious experiences afterward in America, including the running of a nursery garden in North Carolina and owning a fishery at Charleston. He became in turn a ship's steward, an innkeeper and again an actor. Eight years ago he succeeded to the title as third baron of a creation of 1859, but inherited very little money with the title. Recently Lord Lyveden has been associated with Dr. Lunn, who runs the tourist agency which owned the Argonaut.

Comedy in the Cholera Scare

The cholera scare has led to some comical situations at the Northern Railroad station in Paris, where travellers by the Nord Express from Russia are subjected to a rigorous disinfecting process. One elderly gentleman of a pronounced Slav type the other day watched with increasing ire the operations of the sanitary attendants, who soaked his clothes, shirts and collars with carbolic acid, but when they also gave a liberal douche of the same solution to a bagful of luscious pears he had bought on the journey his patience was exhausted. Seizing the bag he bombarded the disinfecting staff with the fruit, which was fully ripe, and his aim was true. He turned out to be a Russian general and a nobleman, but he had a good deal of trouble with the police after this feat. In Belgrade, Servia, a rag and bone man named Yotsa Swinar caused a commotion last week by rushing into the dining room of a hotel where wedding guests were assembled, and screaming "Cholera! Cholera!" He then fell writhing on the floor. The briday couple, followed by the guests, ran shrieking into the street and a crowd collected. When the police with two doctors arrived Swinar was found doing himself well on the abandoned victuals. He is now digesting them in prison.

Loie Fuller as a Spellbinder

Loie Fuller's book "Fifteen Years of My Life" is full of good anecdotes. One of them relates how she presented the Japanese author Kawakami to the French Society of Authors. To her surprise all the distinguished members were present and Sardou made a great speech, welcoming Kawakami, who did not understand a word of it. Loie translated the speech to him in English, which he did not understand either, but which pleased the French. Sardou then asked Kawakami to make a speech, which he did in Japanese. Then Sardou asked Loie to translate it. She did not understand a word that Kawakami had said, but felt that she must say something. So she arose and gave a pseudo translation in broken French,



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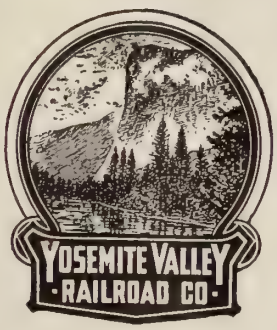
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full of flowery phrases and concluded: "That is what Kawakami said." Amid thunders of applause Kawakami was elected at once to membership in the society by the enthusiastic members.

Vegetarian vs. Meat Eater

A few days prior to the Marathon race an advocate of fruit diet, chiefly bananas, aged forty-three, offered to run a race with a flesh eater around the island of Zealand. Since the banana man has earned a good many triumphs as a runner in the sporting world of Denmark, the beef eaters did not show any burning zeal to accept the challenge till the well-known paper Politiken offered a prize of 100 kroner to the winner. A grocer's assistant, aged twenty-one, was selected as the upholder of beef eating and for two days and a half the runners kept abreast of one another. Then the banana man flagged, and when after nearly five days the young grocer arrived at Copenhagen, having duly finished his course, his opponent had vanished. The butchers of Zealand have presented a silver bowl to the victor, and are still celebrating their victory.

Brilliant Rise of a Fakir

With the fall of the old regime in Turkey Ab-ul Huda, the Sultan's astrological guide, philosopher and friend, has come to the end of his brilliant and lucrative career. He is now confined on the island of Prinkipo, in the Sea of Marmora, on a charge of high treason. An Arab by birth, Ab-ul-Huda's career has been remarkable. He came to Constantinople as a penniless youth and used to earn a few paras by telling fortunes at street corners. Then he made connections at the Palace, and one day was called to the Sultan. From that day his fortune was made, and for thirty years the crafty wizard enjoyed Abdul Hamid's implicit confidence. He gained a great reputation as an explainer of dreams, but it was chiefly as a magician that he commanded his august patron's faith. His magic appears to have been something like that of Mark Twain's Yankee at the court of King Arthur, for he kept up his game by the assistance of an accomplice, a pasha, now in disgrace abroad, who was in charge of the telegraph department at Yildiz Kiosk. This worthy used to send the astrologer advance information of all the telegrams received at the Palace from the provincial governors and military commanders, and the wily astrologer would report to Abdul Hamid what the stars had told him. Sevral hours later the telegrams would be delivered, and they backed up the stars every time. But now Ab-ul-Huda's reputation as well as his occupation is gone.

Novel Advertising Tricks

Parisians are being treated to a number of novel advertising tricks. One of them is the luminous hat. A row of solemn frock coated, top hatted men parade the boulevards at night. Each of them carries in his pocket a small battery connected with an electric light arrangement concealed in the top of the hat, which is made partly of transparent material. On pressing a knob a hatter's advertisement shines out resplendently around the crown. The other device calls for the intervention of the Society for the Suppression of Street Noises. For the first time parrots have been drafted wholesale into the advertising service in Paris. "Use X's mustard," one bird, a fine gray, yells incessantly. It appears that a parrot's academy exists somewhere in the suburbs, from which the above bird has been graduated with honors. The school is divided into classes and the birds are promoted according to their progress. In most cases it is pretty slow work and requires a good deal of patience.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

The great political struggle has come and gone with the result perdicted; the good effect is being made evident in every quarter. Capital once more feels secure; confidence prevails in all lines of trade. Improvements which one week ago rested in the minds of those who had such matters in view are now on their way to realization. Bankers view the changed conditions with a feeling of the utmost confidence; this does not mean that all who want loans can be accommodated. Conditions in this respect have changed; more conservatism will be in order; those who have legitimate use for funds and who can properly protect their loans will have no trouble for the next four years to further their ideas, but wildcatting will find a cold shoulder in financial channels; the lesson taught in the past two years will be remembered for a long time to come. As predicted in these letters, Taft's election would be the signal for a big advance in the security markets of this country, has been fully verified. The stock market in general has experienced one of the greatest upward movements known to Wall Street. The Harriman stocks headed the procession, Southern Pacific common advancing to 119⅛, preferred to 121; Union Pacific common to 181⅞. The Hill stocks took on life and showed marked strength. The buying by foreigners was much in evidence. This will bring a great deal of gold to America to pay for our securities purchased. One noteworthy fact and one which means more than appears upon the surface is the low money rates prevailing up to the present; when compared with the past two years at the same period the contrast is a very great one. With cheap money stocks and bonds must and will sell higher. Everything now forecasts the retirement of Southern Pacific preferred, and the advance of its common stock dividend to a 7 per cent basis; this should advance price of the common stock to 150. The cheapest stock on the market at present is Atchison common, selling under par and paying 5 per cent. Atchison common has until recently sold higher than Southern Pacific common, and if it does not catch up to its old position again it will be surprising. The equipment stocks are rapidly being brought into the limelight again; these properties will experience great prosperity for a long time to come. Their securities will return good dividends to those who buy them around present prices. The Steel stocks have advanced materially. It is reported they have booked a larger tonnage than ever before, and that orders for immediate shipment are paying a premium over list prices. Orders for locomotives and cars are being placed in large quanities. The American Locomotive Works are now booked ahead for six months; the same may be said of all other manufactures of this character. The steel car plants are simply flooded with orders for steel cars. The American Car Foundry Company contemplates increasing its force one-third. Many of the equipment companies took advantage of the depression in material prices and put in a large amount of supplies and material at a very low cost. This will show itself in the earnings at no distant date. The immense improvements made during the past four years by many of the large railway systems are now being shown in their operating expenses. It would seem from a general standpoint that everything is going along upon a basis of general satisfaction in every department of commerce. We are surely starting upon the greatest period of prosperity our country has ever experienced and no section will profit greater than the Pacific Coast, the one virgin field of the United States.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Wasn't It Awful!

The army set is all wrought up, I hear, because of a pathetic incident. It is a wonder that the papers haven't had a "symposium" of society's opinions on the fearful thing. Not since a millionaire married his sister-in-law's ex-maid has anything so frightfully disturbing occurred to ruffle the feathers of the leaders. It all occurred at Paso Robles during the army maneuvers at Atascadero. A bunch of army people from the Monterey Presidio stayed at the hotel. One of the richest of the guests at this hotel is a lady who occupies four rooms. She is not in the habit of coming down to meals but has them served in her own room. She is a beauty who dresses divinely, and is called "The lady with the madonna face." But it was not this bewitching woman who caused the sensation, but her maid. Though the lady did not come to the dining-room at meal-times her maid did, and—



Genthe, Photo MRS. WILL TAYLOR, JR.

Who is preparing a number of notable functions for her young sister Florence, who will make her debut shortly.

fearful faux-pas of the head waiter—she sat at the same table with an official's wife. The latter stood the indignity, so the tale runs, for one dreadful day, but her nerves could not stand the shock and she packed her trunks and left the hotel. The maid who innocently troubled the sensitive army lady, it is said, is a very fine woman who has been more of a companion to her mistress than a maid.

A Love Chase

The friends of two dignified bachelor representatives of the Federal judiciary are wondering which Judge is destined to be snared first by Dan Cupid. At the hotel where they live a good deal of merriment has been provoked by the love chase in which the judges figure as fugitives. They are the coyest pair of bachelors that ever were seen, but the pursuit is hot and apparently Cupid will not be denied. I am told that it has reached the stage at which messages are sent by telephone to the court and intercepted by the baliff.

Mrs. Scott Assumes Leadership

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, thinking it about time for our provincial aristocracy to wake up has decided to ring the bell. She is going to take hold of things and shake them up a bit. Since the fire General Apathy has ruled over the smart set. Sporadic attempts have been made to put a little gayety into the life of our exclusives, and they have had a few rattling good routs but there has been no continuous performance. The factional feud that split



Genthe, Photo MRS. S. C. FARNHAM

One of Oakland's prominent society matrons who is entertaining the debutantes extensively just now.

commercial circles wide open was reflected in the drawing rooms of Burlingame where women have taken sides and indulged in stinging repartee, and as a consequence the atmosphere has been somewhat congealed. Ned. Greenway has tried in vain to soften asperities and maintain respect for the amenities. Even the amiable Ned himself has been drawn into the feud; refusing to exclude from his dances certain persons disliked by the mighty Spreckels and the mighty Phelan he has been censured by their clique and his dances have been pronounced degenerate. However, Ned finds that there has been no diminution of the demand for invitations. But Ned has been growing somewhat democratic of late. He has let down the bars, and thus he has followed the example of the leaders of New York society who argue that it is very snobbish to exclude people merely because they are not very rich or merely because they never had grandparents.

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INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJETS D' ART
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Whether Mrs. Scott purposes raising the standard of exclusiveness remains to be seen.

Heartburning predicted

Mrs. Scott will start the ball a-rolling at the St. Francis about December 3rd. During her recent visit to the East she studied up the latest wrinkles in big dances and brought back many pretty favors for her opening ball. She will doubtless round up for that occasion all the old-timers, and rumor says that she will spring one or two big surprises. Her friends say that she will introduce



Bruguiere & Eisen, Photo

MISS DORIS WILSHIRE

The daughter of Mr. W. B. Wilshire, who recently made her debut at a fashionable tea.

a great lion. That Mrs. Scott has plunged into the social whirl with a deal of energy is evident from the fact that even with preparations for the December ball on hand she is taking a lively interest in the new organization under the auspices of which some very exclusive balls are to be given after the Christmas holidays. And by the way, there is a great deal of curiosity respecting this organization, at the head of which are Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. George Newhall and Mrs. Mayo Newhall. I heard one of the ladies make the prediction the other day that from this movement many heartburnings will result; for while each member is to be permitted to submit a certain number of names for the list from which invitations are to be issued, the eligibility of each person nominated will be voted on by the twenty-five arbiters. Considering the prevailing friction in society it is safe to predict that blackballs will be in great demand.

Alone at the Ball

In connection with aftermath gossip of the Greenway birthday dance at the Fairmont one hears the old lugubrious refrain—lamentable lack of men. And nothing makes Mr. Greenway so mad. He always affirms that he had all the men he wanted. The fact is, however, that one of the most popular girls had to sit out two or three dances. One very attractive maiden, a debutante of two or three seasons ago, almost found herself without an escort for supper. She was standing alone when the procession to the supper room started, when two men who knew her well enough to call her by her first name, rushed over to her. "Sad, isn't it," said one of them, "to be out four years." It was somewhat embarrasing for a minute, but the girl managed to smile, and she had a very happy time at the supper. She was the only girl who could boast more than one attendant.

The Dresses

One thing to be said about the ball is that it was the best dressed affair that has been pulled off in this city since the fire. It was the first occasion of a general display of gowns of the Directoire order. I heard one young woman remark that every costume was strictly up to date with the exception of Mrs. Alfred Tubbs's. While she wore a very stunning and handsome gown it was not of the latest design. Three very striking gowns were those worn by the Newhall girls—the latest creations from New York. Miss Margaret was in blue satin; Miss Elizabeth in pink satin with purple tulle sash; and Miss Marion was in green satin trimmed with silver and gauze net.

The Snub Courteous

A little bit of repartee on the side enlivened a Burlingame tea last week. The victor was a young woman whose grandparents did not shine in early California society, and the vanquished was a young chap whose family was "in it" in South Park days. The young chap is full of the pride of ancestry and more than once he has twitted the young woman on the lateness of the family arrival. Surveying her gown at the tea, he asked with a twinkle in his eye, "Is that your family clan plaid?"

"Family plaid!" she ejaculated; "why I'm shanty Irish."

He smiled and remarked that in his ancestry was considerable Scotch blood.

"Too bad," said the young woman, "that your family like mine didn't prefer to shine in the present generation."

The Archbishop Will Marry Them

Society is looking forward to the biggest event of the coming week, the marriage on Wednesday of Miss Constance de Young and Joseph Oliver Tobin. It will be celebrated at high noon at the Cathedral. The ceremony will be performed by the Archbishop and will be followed by a solemn nuptial mass. The bride's gown is truly wonderful. It was purchased in Paris, as were also the dresses of the bridal party. Miss Helen de Young, in a gown of white satin, will be maid of honor and the brides-

Following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, we notice Messrs. Mackie & Coy's "White Horse Cellar" Whisky has just been awarded the Gold Medal for quality at the Franco-British Exhibition.

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maids, Kathleen de Young, Frances Stewart, Genevieve Harvey and Rebecca Kruttschnitt will be dressed alike in white satin, with bodices the shade of American Beauty roses. The groomsmen will be Harry Simpkins, Edward Tobin, Charles de Young, Cyril Tobin, George Cameron and Baldwin Wood. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin will leave at once on a honeymoon trip, but will be back in time for Constance to be maid of honor at her sister's wedding.



Helen de Young's marriage will be a home affair, George Cameron not being a Catholic. Both young couples will afterwards settle in San Mateo.... Joseph Tobin has already secured the Robbins house and George Cameron has rented the Bonner cottage in El Cerrito Park. About four hundred have been invited to the church. The ceremony will be followed by a breakfast at the home of the bride, to which about one hundred and fifty have been bidden. The bride has been the recipient of some beautiful wedding presents, among the most noticeable being a magnificent silver punch bowl and a tray and tea service of a very elaborate and wonderful design.

Eleanor Jarboe Married

The news of the marriage of Mrs. Eleanor Jarboe to a distinguished Austrian diplomat has just reached San Francisco. At this writing society is in ignorance of the name of the groom. Mrs. Jarboe is well known here in the smart set, being a sister of Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin. Her divorce from Paul Jarboe several years ago did not occasion much surprise. Young Jarboe inherited the physical features but none of the talents of his father. Though a lawyer he practiced most at lawn tennis and polo. Last summer it was thought that a reconciliation would be effected when the Jarboes were brought together at Burlingame at the bedside of their son, who was very ill. While the boy's life was in danger it was thought matters would be patched up, but he recovered and the breach widened again. Since then Mrs. Jarboe has been residing in the East, where, it is reported, her wedding was very quietly celebrated last week.

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FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

May Bring English Polo Players Here

Frank J. Mackey and his wife are riding with the hounds in England. They will sail for home the latter part of this month. Mr. Mackey is planning to bring a polo team of Englishmen as his guests to California this winter—at least that is the story some of the enthusiastic Native Son polo players now visiting rural England are circulating.

Lady Hesketh's Lawyer

Ernest Bird of London was the guest of honor at the Fairmont last week at a large dinner party given by Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, manager of the Palace Hotel Company and the Sharon estate. Mr. Bird is attorney for Lady Hesketh, who was Miss Sharon, and at present a large owner in the Sharon estate. It is in her interests that Mr. Bird is in the city. Among those present were Judge W. C. Van Fleet, Judge W. W. Morrow, Judge Gilbert, Carter F. Pomeroy, Judge J. M. Allen, Dr. Beverly McMonagle, Frank Michael, William H. Crocker, Fred Sharon, Frederick Sharon, Horace G. Platt, and Frederick Kelham.

Engagements Rumored

Rumor is very busy these days with the activities of Cupid, and if it may be relied upon, it is likely that several interesting engagements are to be announced in a little while. There is one very attractive girl, a debutante of two seasons, whose parents have frowned on the suit of more than one young man, causing the impression to

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spread that a purely sentimental match was not desired. The young lady has taken matters into her own hands, I hear, and the news of the engagement is expected to be made public on her return to town. She is a pretty little brunette, the sister of a girl who made a romantic runaway match about a year ago. The happy fiance lives in Palo Alto. Then there is another little brunette maiden who is more fond of books and dogs than of dancing and high teas and amazes her friends by her familiarity with Voltaire. She returned recently from a visit to her married sister whose marriage to a railway magnate was celebrated last fall. She is said to be engaged to a man prominent in business circles.

Berakfast of the Colonial Dames

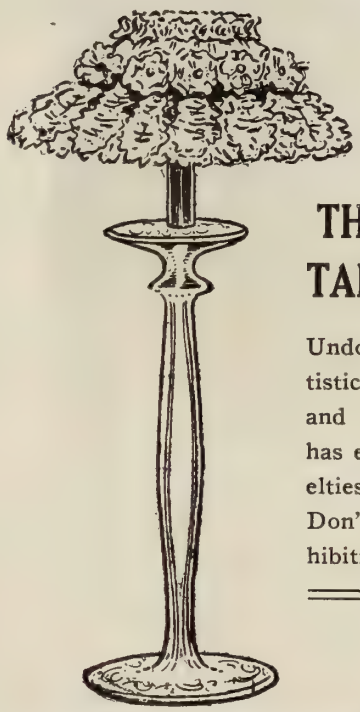
The Colonial Dames of America gave their annual exclusive breakfast at the St. Francis on Saturday last, nearly all of the prominent members of the local organization being present. The California Society of Colonial Dames was the first to be organized outside of the thirteen original Colonial States. Mrs. Selden S. Wright, widow of the late eminent jurist, was appointed in 1895 by the national president, Mrs. Howard Townsend, of New York, to organize the society in California, and for twelve years she has been the president of the local branch. Eligibility to the Colonial Dames is derived from lineal descent from high officials who came to this country before 1750 and closes with the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The officers of the society are: President, Mrs. Selden S. Wright; Vice-President, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown and Mrs. I. Goddard Clark; Hon. Vice-President, Mrs. Charles H. Hedges; Correspondent Secretary, Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield; Treasurer, Mrs. George E. Whitney; Registrar, Mrs. John D. Tallant; Historian, Mrs. W. A. Brewer, and Genealogist, Miss Sarah Louis Kimball.

Preparing for Thanksgiving

Unless all signs fail Del Monte will be the scene of many jolly parties over the Thanksgiving week-end holidays. Many gayeties are planned by San Francisco society folk who will go down either by motor or train. The golf course is in excellent condition and as usual will attract a number of prominent business men who never miss an opportunity for a few days play on the famous course. The roads from this city to Del Monte are reported to be in good shape and should the favorable weather continue will tempt a large crowd of motorists. Besides the particularly elaborate Thanksgiving dinner which is always a feature at Del Monte Manager Warner is planning a number of other things which will add to the pleasure of his guests.

Troubles of an American Countess

That all the pretty American actresses who marry into the English nobility do not find their domestic way paved with bank notes and good intentions is illustrated in the experience of Anna Robinson, who became Georgiana Countess of Rosslyn. The Countess has just been ordered by the court to pay $560, the balance of a bill on thirty-two cases of wine which were ordered by her husband to celebrate their wedding in 1905. At that time they were living in Thurso Castle, Scotland. On the witness stand the actress-Countess stated that she had marked her entrance into the British nobility by paying many thousand dollars worth of her lordly husband's debts. She had likewise been obliged to furnish and stock the castle in order to make it habitable. "Besides all this," she explained to the judge, "I was called upon to settle a handsome sum on him for spending money. He often ran behind this allowance and then I was besieged by his creditors till I paid." It was on account of this increasing pestering of bill collectors that the Countess obtained a divorce during the following year. But the decree failed to save her from the Earl's creditors. As in the case of the wine bill at issue, they still pursued her under the



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Undoubtedly the most artistic display of glassware and chinaware this city has ever seen. New novelties have been added—Don't fail to visit this exhibition.

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ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

(Eau de Quinine)

The one hair preparation in all the world that is endorsed by

THE ROYALTY OF EUROPE
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PROMINENT STARS OF THE STAGE
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plea that when his wife she had become personally responsible for his debts. In a way this was borne out by a remark she made to the Earl soon after they took up their residence in the castle. One day several cases of wine, ordered by her husband, arrived addressed to the Countess. "See," she said, "it is billed to me: your credit is no good." The Countess fought the case stoutly because she was opposed to paying all the Earl's back debts. The new Countess, his third wife, was in court an interesting spectator of the proceedings. In her turn she also was supporting the Earl.

Gossip From Berkeley

The Hotel Carlton in Berkeley was the scene of several pleasant little social affairs last week, none of which was more delightful than the dinner on Sunday evening, at which Mrs. George Bever of Chicago entertained Mr. N. W. McIvor and his two daughters, Miss Helen McIvor and Miss Henrietta McIvor of Yokohama, Japan, Mrs. S. H. Belt and Mr. Forest Hilton of Berkeley. Mr. McIvor was formerly American Consul-General at Japan and is at present attorney for the large American corporations represented in Japan. He is en route to New York and London in the interests of these concerns.

Musical Art Patronesses

That the series of concerts to be given by the St. Francis Musical Art Society in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis will be brilliant society events as well as renditions of the highest musical art is assured by the personnel of the committee that is issuing invitations for membership in the society. Among the patronesses are: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. A. B. C. Dorhmann, Mrs. Louis Lisser, Mrs. Mary Huntington, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. Mark Requa, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Louis Gerstle, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Henry A. Butters, Mrs. S. L. Goldstein, Mrs. William L. Gerstle, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. W. B. Faville, Mrs. William Fries, Mrs. Charles Green and Mrs. Helen Hecht.

Artistic Pasmores

The Pasmores will give their second concert at Century Hall, Sutter and Franklin streets, next Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening. They will repeat the great Tschaikowsky trio in A minor and will render the Boelman symphonie variations for cello and the Beethoven trio in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3. The Pasmores have recently played in many concerts in Los Angeles and in Berkeley, always under their father's direction, and have been greeted as one of the finest trios before the public. There has been wonderful development in their art, and musicians everywhere accord them the highest praise.

Minetti Recital

The second Minetti string quartet recital will be given in Century Hall, Sutter and Franklin streets, next Friday at 3:15 p. m. The program is to consist of a Mozart string quintet in G minor, Grieg unfinished quartet (first time), Brahm's quartet in A minor, Op. 51. Tickets are on sale at the store of Kohler & Chase, Sutter and Franklin streets.

Joseph L. Eastland has just returned from his European trip and has taken rooms at the Hotel St. Francis.

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Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg and their attractive daughters, Misses Enid and Ethel, have returned to San Francisco after having spent the summer abroad. The Greggs have taken apartments for a time at the Fairmont Hotel and may decide to spend the winter in town.

The Henry F. Duttons have returned from Europe and are at the Fairmont.

Concealed behind the simple registration of Miss Krupp, Austria, is a very interesting personality of one of the near relatives of the famous house of Krupp, whose fame as gunmakers is world-wide. Miss Krupp, accompanied by Miss Maltzahn, is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel, having arrived in San Francisco from Alaska en route to Honolulu. The ladies are making a leisurely tour of the world, stopping at such places as strike their fancy. They have been four years on this part of their journey and expect to extend it for one or two years more. Miss Krupp is greatly pleased with San Francisco and the wonderful work of rebuilding.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin are at the Fairmont again after a long absence. Mrs. Baldwin's health has been such that she has been compelled to live in a warm climate the greater part of the time. Friends here are rejoicing that she is well enough to return once more.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, accompanied by her guest, Miss Conchita Sepulvida, o fMexico City. is at the Fairmont for a few days. Miss Sepulvida is the daughter of Judge Ignacio Sepulvida, who, with his wife, has been visiting at Mrs. Hearst's beautiful rancho near Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Doris Ryer, who have been spending the summer at Del Monte, have come back to town and have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances J. Carolan were dinner guests last week in London of Mr. Zimmerman, father of the Duchess of Manchester. Mr. Zimmermann has been engaged in trying to settle the debts of his noble son-in-law.

At a quiet but very pretty ceremony Tuesday evening, Miss Alice Rallee and Mr. Vere Ellenwood were married in the Hotel St. Francis.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Hazel Baker, W. W. Russell and wife, Mrs. W. L. Carr, Mrs. W. E. Baker, David S. Zachman. Loyd Ackerman. H. J. Hatch and wife, Geo. R. Day and wife. D. J. Patterson and wife. Geo. Allen and wife. Daniel E. Hayes. H. L. Samson, David Davis and family, Humboldt Gates, Miss Avis Sherwood, H. H. Sherwood, E. G. Morell, Miss Georgie Potts, E. R. Pollock. Miss Nina Blow, L. Minor, Mrs. Minor, S. E. Hooper, Mrs. O. L. Bertholf.

John H. Dumbrell and Miss Amy Brown were married at the Star of the Sea Church last Saturday afternoon. Father P. O'Ryan was the officiating clergyman. After a brief honeymoon spent in the southern part of the State the happy couple will make their home with the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. William Brown at 26 Fifth Avenue, this city.

Mrs. Walter Magee and her sister Miss Ethel Deane are at present visiting the Deane ranch in Nevada. Upon their return they will occupy an apartment in one of the Joliffe flats on Pine near Leavenworth Street. Mrs. Wentan and Mrs. Mills will occupy an apartment in the adjoining flat.

Miss Carrie Mills will return from her trip to Japan December 1st and join her mother and grandmother.

Miss Margaret Newhall was one of a merry house party last Saturday which Mrs. Mountford Wilson entertained at her home in Burlingame. Early Sunday morning the guests left for a thirty mile ride on horseback to Pescadero. Raymond Armsby, Athole McBean and Mountford Wilson were of the party. Miss Newhall is a graceful and fearless horsewoman.

Second-Lieut. Fred Stewart, son of Col. William Stewart, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Presidio. He will arrive here shortly. Lieut. Stewart recently passed his examination and has been assigned to the field artillery.

Invitations are out for the large ball Mrs. Joseph Donohoe will give to introduce her daughter to society. It will be a brilliant affair at the Fairmont on November 18th.

Mrs. Carrie Green Noble who went abroad to attend the wedding of her daughter, will return the latter part of this week. Mrs. Green and Miss Florine Green are at present occupying a house on Broadway.

George K. Hooper will soon leave on a business trip to New York. While there he will visit his sister, Mrs. Perry, wife of Captain Perry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Totten, New York. Mrs. Perry was formerly pretty Mamie Hooper, daughter of the late Major W. B. Hooper.

Cards are out for a large luncheon to be given in honor of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick by Mrs. James King Steele November 19th in the gray room of the Fairmont Hotel.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stephenson, who is so pleasantly remembered as Edith Henrici, sailed Thursday for the Philippines. During their stay at the St. Francis they were extensively entertained.

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Stage

Victorien Sardou

The most successful dramatist of the age, Victorien Sardou, died in Paris this week. Though a member of the French Academy Sardou will never be assigned to a place among the geniuses of French literature; and yet for half a century he was recognized as the premier dramatist of France, the writer for whose plays there was always the greatest demand. His death was recorded in the despatches in less than a dozen lines. If his death had occurred twenty years ago no daily paper would have devoted less than a column to the story of his career. How the world does move! How far behind it left the author of La Tosca, Fedora, Diplomacy and Cleopatra! This was indeed a case of the man surviving his vogue. A quarter of a century ago the Sardou plays were being translated into all languages and very fortunate was the British or American manager who enjoyed the Frenchman's friendship. A remarkably prolific writer, Sardou kept Sara Bernhardt supplied with plays for more than a generation and there was never a night when it was not possible to witness a Sardou drama in Paris. With Dumas fils Sardou ruled the theatrical world of Paris when Henry Becque, the father of the latter-day movement in French dramatic literature walked the boulevards night and day with plays under his arm, and, as somebody has said, plays up his sleeve and plays in his hat—plays which nobody would produce. Becque persisted until he forced his way into the Comedie Francaise. It was through the influence of Sardou that he obtained a hearing, and singularly enough his rise marked the decline of the veteran. About that time the esthetes of Paris began to take an interest in the drama, and gradually they educated the public taste above what George Bernard Shaw has termed Sardoodledum. They scoffed at Sardou the carpenter, as they called him, and pointed out that he knew nothing of the subtleties of the literary art; the art which is too often a mere affectation, a mask to be thrown off when the curtain falls. And even the school of naturalism of which Zola was the apostle sneered at Sardou. Zola said that the Sardou plays were without literary distinction. "They have no life," he said, "only movement; they are polished, dovetailed, machine-made plays." The fact is that Sardou, though one of the greatest masters of the technique of the drama, was never able to conceal the means by which he achieved his effects, and for that reason his art was never of the highest quality. Nevertheless latter-day critics have been unjust in their animadversions on Sardou's plays, for while those plays can hardly be classed as dramatic literature, their author showed considerabl power in the creation of types; and moreover when the outer covering is torn from a Sardou drama; when the thousand adventitious details with which the theme has been elaborated are removed there always remains an idea and a thesis. The critics that decry Sardou should remember that the modern stage owes much to his genius. Every one of the successful dramatists of the day in Germany and this country is indebted to Sardou. Even Ibsen confessed that he profited from his study of the Frenchman's technique. The Sardou comedy "Les Pattes de Mouch," which is known in this country as "A Scrap of Paper," and which was first produced in Paris in 1861 is still regarded as a model of dramatic technique.

Theodore Bonnet.

"The Chorus Lady"

At the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday night for two weeks the attraction will be Rose Stahl in James Forbes' exceedingly popular comedy, "The Chorus Lady." When "The Chorus Lady" was brought out in New York under the Henry B. Harris management, it scored so heavily that it ran for an entire season on Broadway and this was followed by an all-summer engagement at Powers' Theatre, Chicago. So both the star and Mr. Forbes' comedy come to the Van Ness with a wonderful record of success to their credit. "The Chorus Lady" is in four acts and in spite of the title, which might suggest musical comedy, it is a finely conceived comedy with moments of seriousness that are most effective. The story is based upon certain momentous incidents in the life of Patricia O'Brien, who, as her father proudly declares, is a queen of burlesque. The first act shows her return home after an unprofitable tour with "The Moonlight Maids." As she expresses it, the manager got "chilblains in the box office and the show went on the pazazz." The second act showing the chorus dressing room of a metropolitan theatre, with a dozen young women preparing for an evening performance, is a big novelty and one of the most correct pictures of life behind the scenes that has ever been staged. Miss Stahl's supporting company is incidentally the same that helped make "The Chorus Lady" a success during the long runs in New York and Chicago. The cast includes Eva Dennison, Alice Leigh, Amy Lee, Madeline Travers, Amy Lesser, Jean French, Alice Chase, Annie Ives, Margaret Wheeler, Lavina Mason, Wilfred Lucas, Early R. Williams, Giles Shine and Thomas Maguire.

A Grand Farewell Testimonial to Blanche Arral

A number of prominent musical people and the Belgian and French consulates have asked Manager Greenbaum to arrange at least one evening concert as a testimonial to Blanche Arral, the charming Belgian singer who so easily captured the hearts of San Francisco musical folk at her orchestral concerts at the Van Ness. Mr. Greenbaum has accordingly arranged for one concert to be given with the assistance of Steindorff's splendid orchestra at Christian Science Hall next Thursday night, November 19th. Mme. Arral, deeply grateful for the many kindnesses she has received during her recent illness, promises a programme such as we have never yet



ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

Who will appear at the Valencia Theatre commencing next week

heard in a single concert. The numbers in rehearsal and from which the final programme will be arranged include the rarely heard "Polonaise" from Verdi's "Jerusalem," the grand arias from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Maillart's "Le Dragon de Villars," the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," "Au Cour la Reine" from Massenet's "Manon," and by special request the "Polacca" from "Mignon" and selections from "Carmen." Besides these works with orchestra Mme. Arral will sing French, English and Russian songs with piano accompaniment. As visits of artists of the ability of Blanche Arral are rare, no lover of song can afford to miss this treat. Seats will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Greatest of "Thief" Plays

"Leah Kleschna," written by C. M. S. McLellan and revised for her own use by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, will be the Alcazar's magnet next week. It is a story of a girl thief's reformation through the power of forgiveness and love, and its dramatic intensity and vividness of characterization are remarkable. Although it did not introduce the "female delinquent" to the stage—that honor probably belongs to Dicken's graphic portrayal of Nancy Sikes—it is the best of all plays of its kind, and provided inspiration for those that came after it. Mrs. Fiske is primarily responsible for "Leah Kleschna" being available for stock company representation. If she had produced the play as it left the author's hand there would be no place for it in the Alcazar's list, because it was originally intended as a vehicle for a star, with all the other parts very much obscured. In her revision of the manuscript Mrs. Fiske unselfishly manipulated things so that her own importance in the cast was not out of proportion. Confident of her own artistic strength Mrs. Fiske did not fear that anyone else on the stage, however well equipped with opportunity, would outshine her, so she improved the general structure by building up the other roles, and thereby provided excellent material for "stock." In the Alcazar production Evelyn Vaughan will have the title part, and it goes without saying that her fine presence, pleasing voice, rare temperament and admirable technique will give it impressive interpretation. It is not a "gown" part, and the woman who plays it cannot depend upon aid from her dressmaker, but Miss Vaughan showed by her work in "Salomy Jane" that her artistry owes little or nothing to sartorial embellishment. Bertram Lytell will play the practical philanthropist who reforms the girl. The part was first played by John Mason. The Alcazar's young leading man is admirably fitted for it both physically and temperamentally. All the other characters will be in competent hands.

The Dutch Comedians

Kolb and Dill continue to maintain their record of crowded houses at the Princess Theatre. There has not been a single performance during their engagement when the theatre has not been taxed to its greatest capacity. In "Playing the Ponies" they have a vehicle which displays their talents to the utmost and enables them to present an entertainment which continually excites mirth and laughter. "Playing the Ponies" will remain the program this and next week. It is the best entertainment of its kind that has been given in this city in many moons and the deservedly popular stars are fortunate in having most excellent support. Particular kudos should be awarded to Maud Lambert and Billy S. Clifford, who could not possibly be improved upon in their respective roles.

De Gogorza's Farewell

The programme arranged for the farewell concert of Emilio De Gogorza, the great Spanish baritone at Christian Science Hall this Sunday afternoon the 15th is indeed a most alluring one and every music lover will find something on it to tempt him to this feast of melody. The first group will consist of "Plaisir d'Amour" by Martini, "Handel's 'Where'er You Walk' and "De Noirs



THE FAMOUS DRESSING ROOM SCENE IN ROSE STAHL'S PRODUCTION OF "THE CHORUS LADY."
At the Van Ness Theatre

Presentiment" by Gluck. Then comes a group of German works; "Feldeinsamkeit" by Brahms, "Lockruf" by A. Ruckauf and "Cecilia" by Richard Strauss. The third group includes "Au Claire de la Lune" by Lulli, "The Marriage of the Roses" by Caesar Franck and "Malgre Moi" by Pfeiffer. Two Spanish songs by Alvarez form the fourth group and the final set is composed entirely of songs in English. "The Pretty Creature" by Storace, "The Complacent Lover" by Horatio Parker, and by special request, "A Dream" by Brockway, "Sing Me a Song" by Sidney Homer and "Mother O'Mine." Manager Greenbaum has received so many requests for "La Roi di Lahore" that he has induced Mr. De Gogorza to promise it as an extra number. Mr. Henry C. Whittemore the splendid pianist will play a Schumann "Romanze," Godard's "En Route," Chopin's "Polonaise" and by request the Mendelssohn-Liszt "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges." Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until 5 o'clock Saturday and Sunday after 10 A. M. at Christian Science Hall.

Corbett Coming to the American

One of the good things announced for the American Theatre next week is Mr. James J. Corbett under the management of H. H. Frazee, in his new venture, "Facing the Music," which is said to be a highly amusing comedy in three acts, with a part worthy of the best efforts of any legitimate comedian. Mr. Corbett has won serious attention as an actor since his starring tour in Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession," and his many friends will be pleased to see him in a new comedy role. Particular attention has been paid to the selection of the supporting company and scenic equipment, and a production complete in every detail is promised.

Adele Verne's Concerts

San Francisco music lovers will be out in force to welcome the return of that gifted young artiste Adele Verne, who has evidently captured the hearts of the music lovers of Boston and New York with as great ease as she did those in this vicinity. In Boston Phillip Hale wrote of Miss Verne "that she was well worth hearing again and again." Three recitals will be given in this city at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Sunday afternoon November 22nd, Thursday evening, November 26th and Saturday afternoon November 28th. This will be the first Saturday matinee concert under Mr. Greenbaum's direction since the disaster. It will give an opportunity for many students from near-by towns to hear Miss Verne. The opening programme is an unusually interesting one and includes Schumann's "Forest-Scenes." This work, which consists of nine episodes, has never been given in public in its entirety, although certain parts such as "The Prophet Bird" and "Farewell" have often appeared on concert programmes. Other important numbers will be Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations, two Scarlatti sonatas, a Brahm's Rhapsodie and half a dozen



EMILIO DE GOGORZA

FAREWELL CONCERT

This Sunday Afternoon, November 15th, at 2:30

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BLANCHE ARRAL

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ADELE VERNE

PIANISTE

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Seats ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Prices, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00.

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Coming—ARTHUR HARTMAN, Violinist.

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ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

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In a great production of Joseph Murphy's play,

THE KERRY GOW

Matinee Wednesday. All seats 25c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c; box seats, $1.00.

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SECOND CONCERT BY

THE PASMORES

Concert, Tuesday, Nov. 17, 8:15 p. m. Matinee, Sunday, Nov. 15, 3 p. m.

CENTURY HALL, Sutter and Franklin Streets

Programme—1. Trio in C. Minor Op. 1, No. 3, Beethoven; 2. Symphonic Variations for Violoncello, Boelmann; and by general request, 3, Trio in A Minor Op. 50, Tschaikowsky.

Reserved Seats, $1.00; Matinee Admission, 50c. Seats reserved at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Van Ness Ave., and at the Hall on the evening of the concert.

Third Concert, December 15. Matinee, December 13.

other classics. Seats will be on sale next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Adele Verne will play in Oakland Friday afternoon November 27th at "Ye Liberty Playhouse" at half past three. This will be her only concert in this vicinity outside of San Francisco.

Cunningham as a Star

The last performance of that furiously funny farce, "Glittering Gloria," will take place at the Valencia Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday afternoon that sterling Irish actor and singer, Arthur Cunningham, will make his first appearance as a star in Joseph Murphy's ever popular play, "The Kerry Gow." There is no one on the American stage more suited to this style of work than Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Murphy, who has come to San Francisco with his stage manager, W. T. Sheehan, to co-operate with Sedley Brown and see that the production is letter perfect, predicts a brilliant future for the San Francisco favorite. Mr. Murphy played Dan O'Hara for thirty-two consecutive years



MISS DOROTHY PASMORE

and he sees a most worthy successor in the big baritone. The story of "The Kerry Gow," which means "the village blacksmith," is founded on fact and tells of Dan O'Hara, the smith, in love with a girl who has another suitor, Valentine Hay. As it is a crime punishable by transportation or death to have pikes, formidable weapons, in one's possession, Hay causes several to be hidden in the blacksmith shop. Dan is arrested but escapes from prison, just at the same time as the real maker of the pikes confesses on his death bed to the conspiracy against O'Hara. Dan returns to his forge and shoes the horse which saves his sweetheart's home by winning a great race. By means of carrier pigeons Nora is informed of the result of the heats as the race is run and the play ends prettily and happily. Mr. Cunningham's songs will, of course, be a feature of "The Kerry Gow," and among his selections will be "Nora Acushla," "Molly Bawn," "An Irishman's Toast" and "A Minstrel Boy." The support will be the full strength of the Valencia stock company, the scenic effects and costumes will be correct to the country and time and, in short, nothing will be left undone to make the production a notable one. Incidental to the production of "The Kerry Gow" there will be some spirited Irish dancing by those Celtic terpsichorean favorites, Clara Coyne, Frances Doherty, Dan Cotter and John P. Kelleher.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The program at the Orpheum next week will introduce a number of the very best and most novel acts in vaudeville. The headline attraction will be the Musical Blacksmiths, with Cass, William and Eva Staley. It is a clever combination of harmony and fun with mechanical and electrical transformation effects which are perplexing and ingenious. The stage represents at first a completely equipped blacksmith shop with Cass, William and Miss Staley in "smithy" clothes. After making xylo-



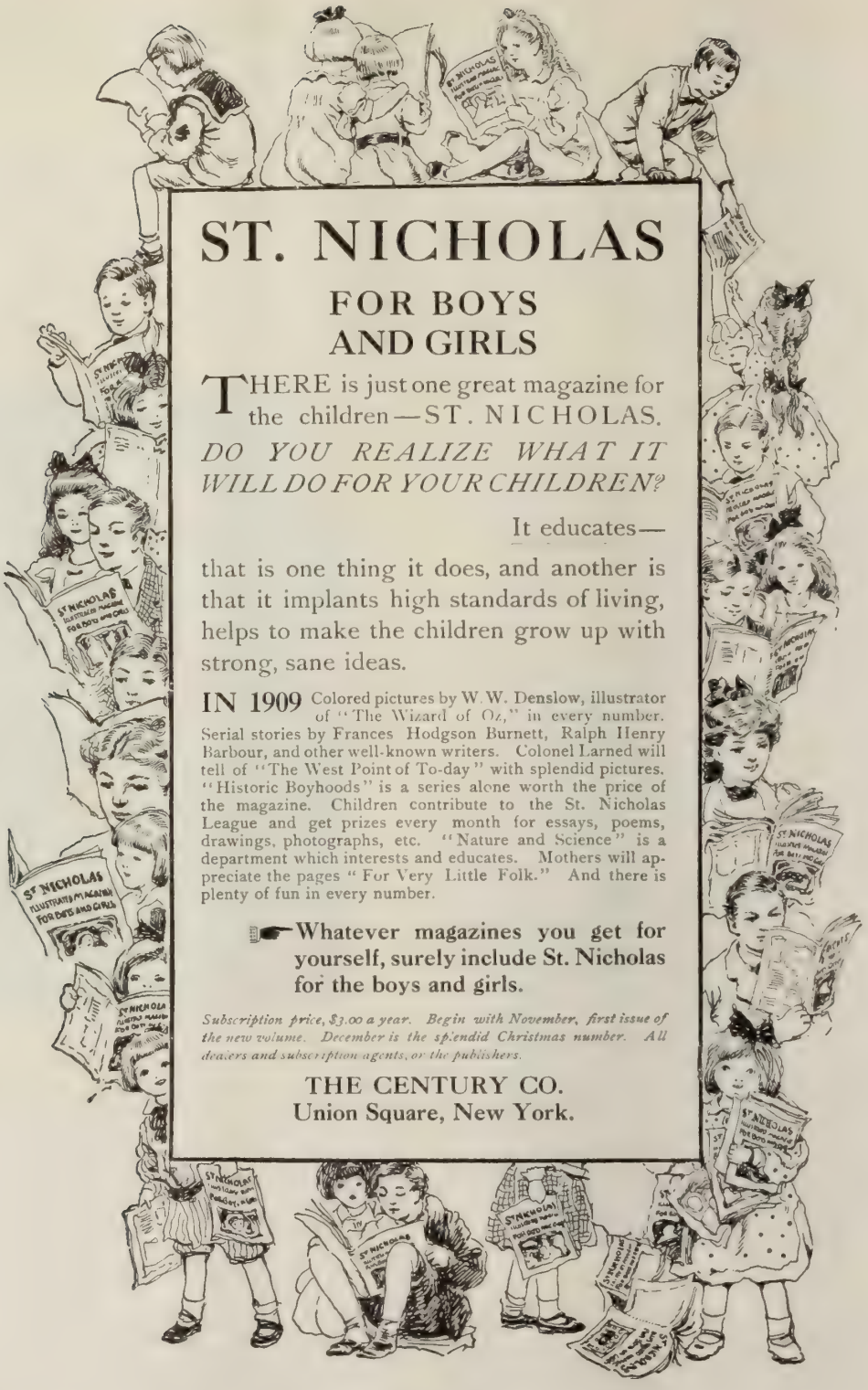
JAMES J. CORBETT
In "Facing the Music" at the American Theatre

phonic music out of all the different articles in the shop a quick change presents them in a well appointed drawing room in full evening dress. Welch, Mealy and Montrose will present a comedy act which is full of farcical fun and introduces the humorous side of the strife between the New York "Giants" and the Chicago "Cubs." Lew Hawkins, who by his grace, refinement and wit has won the title of the Chesterfield of Minstrelsy, will amuse with an entirely new lot of songs and stories. William Morrow, Verda Schellberg and their company will appear in a bright and characteristic little play of frontier life, entitled "Happy's Millions," which is a capital vehicle for the display of much original humor interspersed with catchy songs. Next week will be the last of Henry Horton & Co., the beautiful Hengler Sisters and Mr. and Mrs. Allison, "The Swede Girl and the Fellow Who Sings." The Millman Trio, of which Bird Millman is a dainty and thrilling feature, will also conclude their engagement with this program.

Limelight

"Paid in Full," following its run of over three hundred performances in New York City, will be seen at the Van Ness following the engagement of Rose Stahl. "Paid in Full" is given the credit of being one of the most successful dramas of the age.

Louis James will be here a few weeks hence with his very elaborate production of "Peer Gynt," in which he is said to have achieved the most substantial success of his brilliant career. The production is the one used by Richard Mansfield prior to his death and necessitates three immense railroad cars for its transportation across the country.



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Letters

"The Point of Honor"

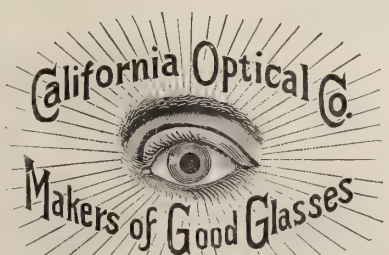
Joseph Conrad has written so many excellent stories of the sea that there was more than passing curiosity when it was announced that he was about to publish a military tale. "The Point of Honor" is its title, and it goes without saying that from this author nothing but the best can be expected. The narrative deals with two officers of cavalry in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte and of the series of duels, or perhaps it is best to call it one protracted duel, which was fought at intervals between them during all the period when Europe stood at bay before that conqueror. Both officers were at the beginning of hostilities lieutenants, and strangers to each other. Lieutenant Feraud had one morning fought a duel with a civilian, who, it chanced, belonged to a family of some importance in Strasburg. He had killed his man, and as far as he was concerned, that ended it. The family, however, were inclined to take a different view, and Lieutenant d'Hubert, of another regiment, on staff duty, was sent to order Feraud to keep his quarters under arrest. When d'Hubert arrived at the lodgings of Feraud he discovered that the latter was absent and learned that he was at the reception of a popular lady unknown to d'Hubert. He had no choice but to proceed at once on his errand and did so. Feraud, a Gascon of low birth, chose to feel himself affronted and, arrived at his quarters, demanded satisfaction. The situation was an absurd one, from which d'Hubert could not extricate himself and the duel was fought in the garden without seconds. Feraud was disabled in body, but his temper was aroused. Instead of being satisfied he was irritated. The cause of the difficulty was so trivial that d'Hubert withheld explanation, knowing that a plain statement of facts would not be believed. Feraud, given to bluster and bluff, preferred to keep silence also, but at the same to let it appear that some deadly insult had to be avenged. At times the two officers were widely separated in pursuit of their military callings, but always, sooner or later, they came together once more. Every time that d'Hubert received a promotion Feraud would take occasion to declare that he had schemed for the step in order to make the difference of rank an excuse for declining combat, and forthwith would bestir himself to gain an equal rank. Both marched to Moscow and both lived through the retreat, tramping together and even aiding each other in straits, but always with that absurd "point of honor" to be settled. The empire came to an end, Napoleon was banished, and the monarchy was restored, but still there lay the point of honor. D'Hubert, connected with the aristocracy, accepted the new regime, and used his influence secretly in favor of Feraud, but still to no purpose, for the latter discovered an entirely new grievance, and so it continued for more than fifteen years. D'Hubert, on the eve of marriage, had all but forgotten the affair when Feraud once more appeared on the scene demanding satisfaction. One may call the outcome tragedy or comedy, according as the whole narrative appeals to him. The grandfather of the author was a member of Napoleon's Grande Armee. "The Point of Honor" is published under the sponsorship of the McClure Company.

An Artistic Calendar

The "Cynic's Calendar" is becoming as much of an institution as the Ayers' and Hostetter's, whose yellow and green covers were familiar adornments to every farm kitchen for generations, and whose weather predictions and jokes were equally appreciated. The Cynic's Calendar has taken on proportions since its first appearance, and now boasts an astronomical attachment, while the distorted maxims have been changed from time to time and still further distorted. While some may consider it in the nature of a stale joke, it is well to remember that witticisms are always new to a new audience, and some of the skeletons which are doing duty in the latest numbers of the comic weeklies were well known to the ancient Greeks when they appeared in the appropriate costume of that day and generation. That the Calendar has struck a popular note is abundantly evident from the fact of its yearly appearance, and the 1908 edition, with all the old and some new features will make its own appeal. The attractive binding, in Japanese crape, is another sample of the artistic work of the Paul Elder Company.

A Picture of Old Virginia

"Two Gentlemen of Virginia" is a typical George Cary Eggleston novel, in that the plot is of small importance as compared with its background. The author is well aware of this fact, for he aims at nothing else than the depicting of the typical life of Virginia. Colonel Butler Shenstone, his nephew Phil, or Dr. Greg Tazewell might each pose for the portait of one of the gentlemen with equal success. The two younger men are rival suitors for the hand of the heroine, and their attitude towards each other is chivalrous in the extreme, while the position with respect to the elderly colonel is equally beyond criticism. Valorie Page, the heroine, is the subject of litigation. She is the ward of the younger Shenstone, having been bequeathed to his care by her dying father. As a child of six she had been kidnapped by her stepmother and educated with a view of making a public performer of her, an occupation which, in 1857, was far below the lowest round of the ladder of respectability. While hastening to take advantage of the first tidings of Page that had reached him in a decade, stating that the Mississippi pilot was killed in a steamboat disaster, Phil Shenstone was made guardian of a young lady whom he had never seen and of whose character he was in absolute ignorance. Nevertheless, he acted at once, removed her surreptitiously from the convent in New Orleans, and placed her in the care of his elderly uncle near Richmond. This gives the author his favorite background, and we are introduced at once to life on a well ordered plantation, where the master oversees his own fields and the mistress is indeed the housekeeper who not only orders, but instructs her black retainers in their duties, looks after their material comfort as well as their moral welfare and sees that all is done decently and in order. The litigation which is instituted by the stepmother, reputed mother, of the heroine, gives opportunity to contrast the methods of the Virginia judges and lawyers, giving heed to equity and justice and the meaning of laws, with those of the clever Northern importations whose object is to win cases for clients at any expense of technical or literal interpretation of the statutes. It may be assumed that all ends well, as it should. Taken in connection with other romances by the same author "Two Gentleman of Virginia" helps to round out a picture of life and society, which whatever its faults in actuality is one of the most agreeable to contemplate through the softened haze of restrospect. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.



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An Obsession

(Continued from Page 9.)

of her face leaped up like life against the black, like the marbles of lacquer work. On her small lips, so smiling before, a very nest of caresses, and now cold. insensible as those of a marble statue, there was a slight pitiful curve. The closed eyelids shut out her glance from me forever. Then I do not remember anything more. Gusts of air entered and flickered the flame of the candles, causing yellow splendors to pass over the face of the dead. I hear wailing notes, organ notes ironically joyous, the buzzing of flies and the strokes of the succeeding hours. resounding abruptly, heavily, inexorably in the silence of the night; and many thoughts, a great whirling in my head of fancies and memories.

I relived the scenes and the caresses of these two years and I saw her, unvarying, impassive, sunken in the depths of her sleep of death; I took her cold hand, I called to her, unable to admit that she was dead. Dead—and why? What had she done, and what had we done? She remained impassive, and the serious look on her face told me all that separated us; she was very far away; for her I existed no more! The thought of the solitude of the following day, and the certainty of her death, made me crazy; I was desperate against my powerlessness and the fate that creates beings only to annihilate them so swiftly.

I thought of my fault, of my criminal pride. One movement, one word, one request would have sufficed and she would have been living, prodigal in her caresses, and murmuring in my ear her loving words. I turned to look at her—the same curves in her face. the eyes always closed, the large candles shedding luminous splendors upon her and yellowing the long strands of her loosened hair.

I repented, I loathed myself, but all in vain. Absolutely no power could give sweetness to her smiles or light to her eyes. Days would follow days, and I would await her in vain. The world would continue its usual course, nothing ould be changed, only she, she who ought to feel and move like the rest, would remain forever buried beneath the ground, and all through my silence. my pride. For me there was nothing but constant desolation. For her——

When I grew resigned to the inevitability of her death, and began my long lone journey, the sight of the objects that she had gathered together and lived familiarly with became frightful to me. Then began my long Via Crucis, in which I reconstructed detail by detail, the whole of my former happiness. Everything reminded me of her; I met her in everything, and all was still full of her presence.

Unable to fight against all this. I abandoned the house where we had known so many joys together, and where, alone, I had passed such bitter moments. Then began long tedious days of continuous wandering, fleeing from her memory like an ingrate; days in which I struggled against revisiting the reliquary wherein her memory is deposited and where her image floats. I came to the house, I saw the closed doors, the empty balconies, everything speaking of abandonment and death; and feeling myself weak, I went and drank, to drive away my sorrow. But the vision of her body as it fell into my arms, and that expression of loving reproach which came from her eyes as she retreated from life, the blood covering her, so tormented me that I suffered the most frightful grief.

After some time I returned, determined to work. I passed many days and many nights bent over the table, nervously filling page after page, endeavoring by my imagination and labor to draw myself out of my thoughts. Frequently the very words that I wrote touched and lacerated my wound; and at times, forgetting for a moment, I turned and sought for her at my side, as I had done when she used to sit by me at my work. Not finding her, I would hurl the pen away and sink again more deeply into my sorrow.

But it is here that the darkest part of my story begins, and fills me, always egotistical, more than the whole of this drama with grief. Do not smile!

One night, after several hours of work, I felt a light noise behind me. I was nervous and turned abruptly. You will forgive my saying that I saw nobody. I continued working, somewhat troubled, and mistrusting the shadows that flocked outside the luminous radius of my lamp. In a little while I felt, or seemed to feel, a light touch on my shoulder; I sat frigid, remembering that she used to call me in this way when she wished to interrupt me in my work; and I experienced a horrible, anxious feeling. I did not dare to turn my face, I almost stopped breathing, dreading to find something behind me. After a moment of effort I at last turned my face, slowly, making a noise in my effort. Nothing—only the half shadows, and the gilded glittering of the picture frames. I took long breaths, feeling consoled; but still frightened, I let the pen fall, and without turning again, with a clamminess on my brow, I went straight to bed.

It is needless to say to you that I could not sleep. The least noise, the strokes of the hours, the creak of a piece of furniture, the scurry of a rat, all produced in me cold sweats and sudden starts, in spite of all my stern reasoning.

But since then, my friend, it is always the same; I start at every sound; I work always with my ear alert, anxious to catch each noise. In a word, I am afraid, afraid, of the poor suicide whom I loved so much. I am afraid that she may return; afraid, above all, of the expression in her last look, which I cannot, nor ever shall be able to forget. I am not mad, no, but I feel her wandering invisibly around me, and I am afraid, afraid of her.

I am afraid. yes, and of her. Come, come and free me from this terror, from this constant, insupportable anguish. Feeling someone at my side, I shall be strong. I have thought of marrying to bring to my side someone who would shield me from her, but no! She would be jealous, and I could never kiss my wife without feeling her coming invisibly between us two.

It is not that I have ceased to love her. No; I love her and I long for her, for my days would not be so black, were she at my side. But, you see, I loved her greatly; she loved me greatly; I was very happy, and now it is fated that I pay the price by this worst of punishments—fearing her, desiring to hide myself from her.

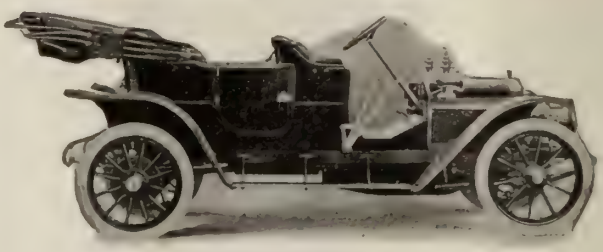
You see! Now, at this moment, as I write to you, the creaking sound of a door being moved inwards by the wind—is it by the wind?—has made me tremble and my brow is clammy, and I cannot, I dare not turn my face.

I am afraid! I am afraid! Come, my friend. come, or I do not know what will become of me!

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Auto Notes

Fifty-three miles an hour is the record claimed by R. S. Cahen of this city with his 30 h. p. Chalmers-Detroit touring car. "I have a Stewart speedometer on my machine," said Cahen, "and just to see what the motor would develop, I turned it loose on the boulevard. We had five people in the car and the speed registed at the fifty-three mile an hour mark."

Charles H. Vescelius took delivery Thursday from the Howard Automobile Company of a two-cylinder Buick runabout in which he will immediately undertake a tour of the Sacramento Valley and the central part of the State. He will be accompanied by his wife, who has also acquired the art of handling the wheel.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson is in receipt of a wire from the Los Angeles branch of the Diamond Rubber Company stating that the Franklin car which finished second in the twenty-four hour race last Sunday made the entire 836 miles without a single change of tires, establishing a world's record for a twenty-four hour grind on a circular track, and as far as tire economy is concerned winning the event handily. These were the new Mountain Tread type of tires which the Diamond Rubber Company are selling this year at the price of the regular casing.

The Consolidated Motor Car Co. reports the sale of a '08 Franklin D surrey to the Spring Valley Water Co., which has used the Franklin machine before.

Coast Sales-manager C. A. Eastman of The White Company has returned from a whirlwind trip through the Northwest. During the ten days he was traveling in that territory he sold sixty-nine White steam cars and established five new agencies. The new agency at Walla Walla, Washington, will be held by the McBride Auto Company, which is building the finest garage ever erected in the "Inland Empire." Other agencies were established at Tacoma, Puyallup, Davenport, Wellington, and Cranbrook, British Columbia. The latter agency will sell cars for use in the mountainous Kootenai country, where the White steam car has already proven its worth.

Major Roosevelt, cousin of the President, took a motor car trip yesterday to the top of the famous Twin Peaks. The major was being given a demonstration in a Chalmers-Detroit car, when the hill climbing ability of the little thirty horse power car came up for discussion, and immediately the major wanted to be "shown." This the representative of the Pioneer Automobile Company proceeded to do, and putting on Wead chains, the car was sent to the extreme height of the famous old mountain. The major expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the climbing power of the car.

Dr. Austin Clarke of Oakland reports that he has driven his 1907 Frankling G 16,000 miles at an average monthly cost of only $11. He has made the trip to Los Angeles and return several times, also to Lake Tahoe. Dr. Clarke was one of the first owners of automobiles in the State, having in his time had sixteen different makes. He states that the Franklin G is the only car he has ever owned that could do his work satisfactorily.

A. J. Mull. of Sacramento, has just completed a successful mountain trip with his seven passenger White steam car. With a full complement of passengers and a complete camping outfit. Mull penetrated the high Sierras of Northern California several weeks before hunting season closed. By reaching districts seldom invaded by the visiting hunters, the party succeeded in getting fine shooting. To reach the best hunting grounds, Mull was compelled to take his big White over what were formerly considered impossible roads for the automobile. One trip was made over a road which fololwed a stream bed up a canyon, and, while following it, several fords were made which threatened to submerge the car. But it was as a hill climber that the White proved its metal, making several ascents never attempted by the teamsters of the district. The only accident of the whole trip consisted of a blowout.

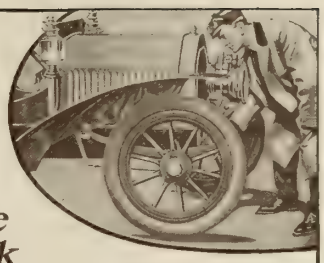
The local automobile dealers are enthusiastic over the victory of the American car in the Vanderbilt race. Regardless of the make of machines handled, the San Francisco agents have only the highest words of praise for the American drivers, the American car and the American tires that won the event. In discussing the race, E. P. Brinegar, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, local representatives of the Thomas cars, said: "The race proves beyond a doubt that America is in the lead in the manufacturing of motor cars. The fact that an American car has now won the Vanderbilt race proves that not only can we beat them at durability, but we have also passed them in making speed cars. As in the New York to Paris race, the foreign made cars were picked, even by a great many in America, to win the honors, but right from the start the Thomas assumed the lead, and from that time to the finish the facts are too well known in motor history to need repeating. I am certainly glad that we have at last convinced the American and foreign people that America leads in motor making, as in practically everything else. I congratulate the American winner."

W. M. Hale started Thursday morning for his home in Redding, Shasta County, in a Buick "White Streak" which he purchased from the Howard Automobile Company.

R. H. Clark of Detroit has been added to the selling force of The White Company. Mr. Clark comes with the reputation of being an efficient salesman. and he has already made friends among the automobile people by his genial personality.

Mr. G. A. Boyer of the Consolidated Motor Car Co. reports that the complete line of Franklin cars will arrive here about the 15th of this month.

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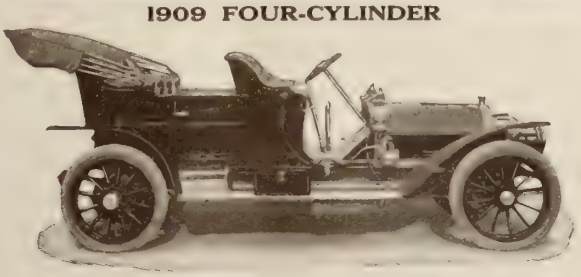
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PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

NOTICE UNDER TORRENS ACT

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of VINCENZO PAGANO and PASQUALE CIRIMELE, to Register Title.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to A. Pacello, B. Juliano, C. Linale, W. Ehlers, L. Demartini, H. Kohler Co., and to all whom it may concern. Take notice that a petition has been filed in this court by Vincenzo Pagano and Pasquale Cirimele for the initial registration of the title to the real estate hereinafter described, as provided by "An Act for the certification of land titles and the simplification of the transfer of real estate," approved March 17, 1897, known as the Torrens Land Act, praying for a decree of this Court declaring said petitioner to be the owner in fee of said land, subject only to the estates, easements, liens, charges and incumbrances therein set forth; that said petition has been set for hearing by the Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Grant Building, Seventh and Market streets, San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place said petitioners will apply for a decree in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer said petition within ten days after the service on you of this notice, if served within said City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, and show cause, if any you have, why said petition should not be granted, said petitioners will take a decree quieting their title to said land and directing registration thereof in accordance with the terms of said Act, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

The real estate hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Kearny street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches northerly from the intersection of said line of Kearny street with the northerly line of Vallejo street; running thence northerly along said line of Kearny street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty (20) feet and thence at right angles easterly sixty (60) feet to said line of Kearny street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot No. 219 and of Block No. 85 of the Fifty Vara Survey.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23d day of October, A. D. 1908. Pursuant to an order of Court on file herein.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER H. ROBINSON, Atty. for Petitioners, Chronicle Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DEMARTINI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John Demartini, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of J. A. Stephens, 630 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Demartini, deceased.

FLORA DEMARTINI,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Demartini, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

J. A. STEPHENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
630 Chronicle Bldg. 11-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Pierre Boulin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the udengenisrdFNhrdlutaoinhrdluaoinrdluin

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased.

LANDRY C. BABIN,
Administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., S. F. 11-14-5

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Of Counsel.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 5313. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, Deceased.

M. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, deceased, having on this daypresented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at public auction or at private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient money with which to pay the claims outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration of the estate of said deceased, already accrued and hereafter to accrue, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some part of the real property belonging to said deceased in said petition, for the reasons set forth in said petition;

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Eliza A. Pittsinger, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, department No. 10 thereof—Probate, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of November, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause if any they have or if any either of them have, why an order should not be made authorizing, empowering and directing said M. J. Hynes, as administrator as aforesaid to sell the said real property described in said petition, at public auction or at private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1908.

Oct. 31-S5t THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP C. MEYER, Deceased.

May H. Meyer, the Administratrix of the Estate of Philip C. Meyer, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court her verified petition praying for an order of the sale of all the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge most beneficial for said estate;

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the court from the said petition, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property of the said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

NOW THEREFORE, on motion in open court of said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor;

IT IS ORDERED by this court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 21st day of December, 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Superior Court in Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, situate on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Street in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix for the sale of the whole of the real property of the said estate of said deceased;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four consecutive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 2d day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney at Law,
Russ Building, San Francisco. 11-7-7t

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ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,
vs.
MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
CATHERINE MORRIS, Deceased.

Joseph A. Stulz, Administrator of the estate of Catherine Morris, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much, or such parts thereof, as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 19th day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing the administrator to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated San Francisco, this 8th day of October, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 10,530.

CATHERINE STAPLETON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF.
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Catherine Stapleton, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Franklin street, at its intersection with the northerly line of Ivy avenue, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Franklin street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the north line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet to the northerly line of Ivy avenue, thence at right angles easterly and along said northerly line of Ivy avenue one hundred and seven (107) feet six (6) inches to the westerly line of Franklin street, and the point of commencement, being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 139.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business and postoffice address at the northwest corner of McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, has and claims a lien secured by mortgage upon the lot of land described in the complaint of plaintiff on file herein, and in this Summons.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908	$34,474,554.23
Total Assets	$37,055,263.31

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21 st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,
Plaintiff,
vs.
FRANK HOPPER,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
MARY ANN BUCKLEY, Deceased.

Mary A. Summerville, the Administratrix of the estate of Mary Ann Buckley, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order of sale of all or a part of the real estate of said decedent, for the reasons and the purposes therein set forth, therefore it is ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 30th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at private sale, as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 7th, A. D. 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of DESIRE SOURIAU, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Desire Souriau, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Desire Souriau, deceased.

CLARA QUEYREL,
Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Desire Souriau, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 22, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco

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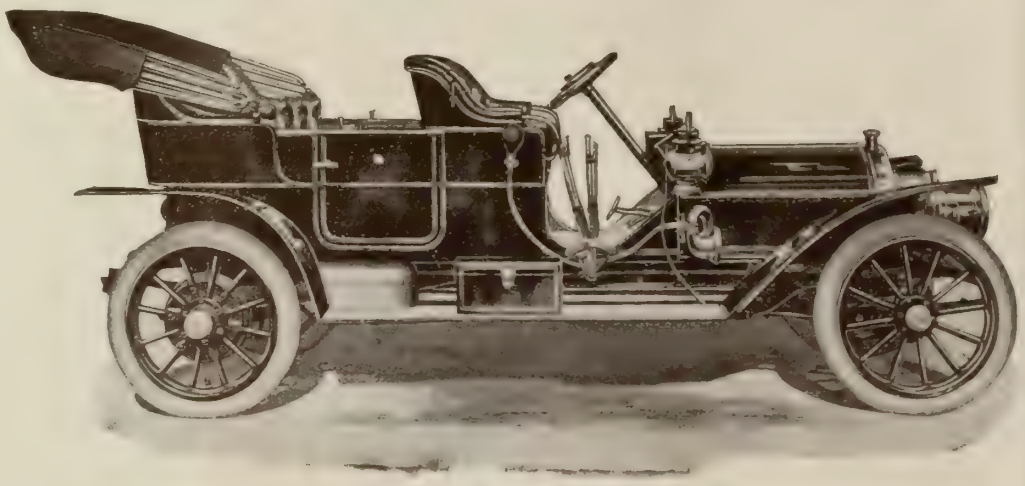
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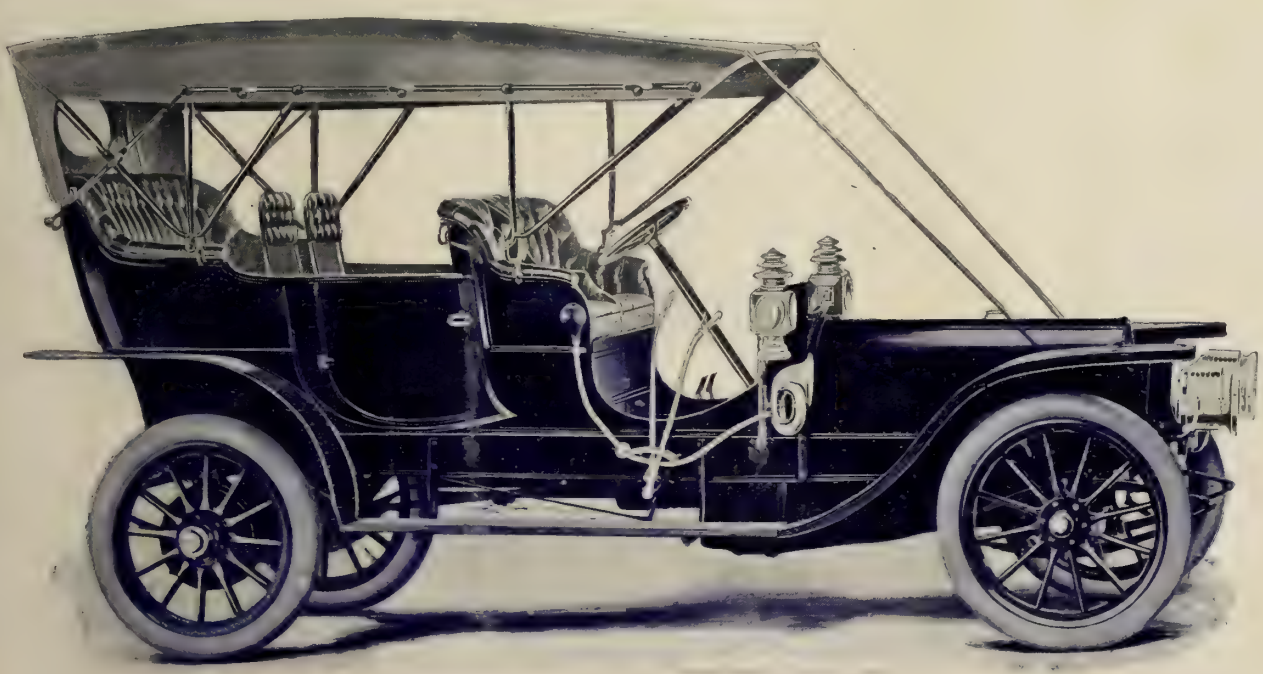
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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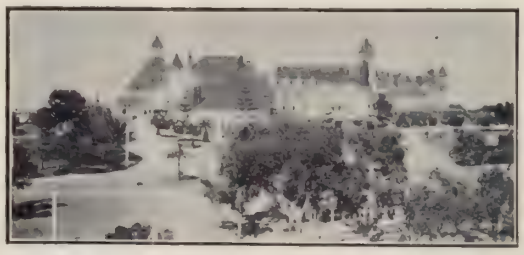
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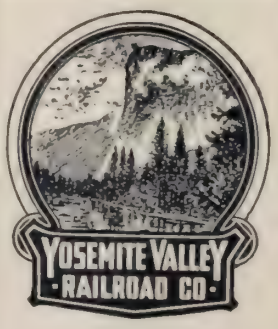
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, November 21, 1908. No. 847.



The New Cliff House

NOT until the doors of the stately edifice shown above are thrown open to the public will San Francisco be herself again. Without a Cliff House San Francisco is like Venice without the Campanile. Work on the new building is now being rushed with all possible speed, and "Jack" Tait, manager of the Cliff House Company, promises that there will be a "grand opening" about the first of April. From the land side the new building will look very much like the predecessor of the Sutro castle, only one story appearing above the roadway. On the brow of the cliff the first story will extend twenty-eight feet below the roadway and on the level of the first floor there will be a promenade forty feet in width overlooking the breakers. The dining room will afford a fine view of the ocean. Mr. Tait intends to make the new Cliff House the scene of banquets and balls and to that end a special car service will be provided.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

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A Californian Thanksgiving

Governor Gillett in his Thanksgiving proclamation tells us that Californians are justly proud of this land of sunshine and plenty and that we have reason to be thankful for bountiful harvests and business prosperity, adding as a fitting corrollary of these blessings an injunction to those who enjoy them to be mindful of those who are less fortunate, the poor, the needy, the sick. The reminder is timely, but it would be easy to show that the necessity of ministering to the unfortunate might be reduced to an almost negligible duty, especially if everybody would give his neighbor a square deal. Sickness we can only alleviate, but poverty and absolute need we can abolish if we are earnestly desirous of doing so. A little more loving kindness, a little less selfishness, and the great good deed would be accomplished. Moreover, there would be little need of charity in relieving these conditions; all required is an effort by those who have the opportunity, to help the poor to help themselves. If, as the Governor says, we are living in a land of sunshine and plenty and have reason to be thankful for bountiful harvests and business prosperity, there should be abundance of rumunerative work for everybody who can work and is willing to work. Fortunately a day of thanksgiving in California is a day of alms-giving and charity only for the temporarily poor and needy; those who are compelled to receive this charity this year were giving charity last year and will be repaying next year what they are receiving today. In truth our thanksgivings are more nearly unanimous than they are anywhere in America, which is saying that our people are better off in every respect than are those of any other land on earth. For this general condition we ought to give thanks, rather than for the individual blessing which we enjoy. We are thankful because we feel that no Californian in health and willing to help himself to what the gods vouchsafe, need long withhold his meed of thanks at any season for every blessing he may deserve.

A Plea for Plainer Language

With the Monroe doctrine always in imminent peril on the Atlantic seaboard and our insular possessions in the Pacific constantly menaced by a subtle and uncertain purpose inspired by Japanese aggrandizement, Uncle Sam is between the devil and the deep sea as concerns the disposition of the only battle fleet owned by him. Slowly but surely that fleet, erstwhile so conspicuous on our Pacific horizon, is fading away—vanishing into the purple twilght that obscures the vague mystery of the vast region east of Suez, the funnel vapors of diminishing coal holes growing more indistinct as the squadrons edge farther and farther westward, until our bulwark, pride, hope and outward line of defense shall be utterly lost to our staring vision. Whereupon it occurs to our Board of Supervisors and our Branch of the Red Cross humbly to petition Him who holds our destiny in the hollow of His hand also to hold and retain the fleet in Pacific waters, and, presumably as much in the waters of San Francisco bay as may be compatible with the desire of the sailors to spend their money in this city. The Supervisors urge their petition on the ground that "our possessions in the Pacific and our Pacific coast cities will be exposed" if we don't have a fleet of battleships to protect them; and the Red Cross insists that the fleet should remain with us because "the best assurance of peace is to be prepared for war." No doubt these petitions will be granted. The fleet will immediately return to San Francisco. We think we see it coming back. Sail ho! What ships are those? The American battle fleet, fair sir. Praise Roosevelt, we are saved. Glory to Him in the highest office in the gift of the people! But why are the Supervisors and the Red Cross not more candid and explicit in their reasons for retaining the fleet in the vicinity of San Francisco? If they are not seeking to absorb the contents of the paymasters' chests in the interest of local retail trade, why do they not say out and out that they are afraid Japan will declare war upon us? that Japan will not only take the Philippines and Hawaii from us but will invade the Pacific coast and put every mother's son of an American to the sword of the samurai? Why don't these timorous town dads and these fearful hospitallers whose organized purpose is to alleviate the horrors of war after it has begun and not before the first shot is fired, why, we say, do not these prophetic folk explain more in detail why they want the fleet to stay here? Cassandra Hobson doesn't speak in such riddle. Then why set up a Delphic oracle in our midst to deliver prophecies that speak both ways against the middle and four ways from the jack? Out upon such timidity! We are afraid of the Japs, and that's what's the matter with Hannah and all the rest of us. But why should we be afraid of the Japs? Since what time has our boast that we could whip our weight in a world of bobcats "been heard to cease?" Suppose Japan does declare a war on us—what then? What's to prevent us, immediately after the declaration, from going leisurely over to Japan and annexing the whole blooming outfit, as we virtually did in 1854 or thereabouts? Who's afraid of Japan? Why, if it comes to that, Japan be ——— pardon, honorable gentleman, we didn't know there was a samurai spy nearer than Van Ness avenue.

The Democracy and Its Future

A contemporary asks: Can the Democratic party as at present constituted stand this quadriennial pulverization at the polls much longer? The Democratic party has stood a great deal of pulverization and it has had worse beatings than the one from which it is now suffering. Much worse than any of Bryan's defeats was that of Horace Greely in 1872, and yet subsequently Tilden almost reached the White House, and Cleveland served two terms therein. The worst beaten candidate since Greely was Judge Parker, but the Democratic party showed no signs of disintegration after the campaign of 1904. Indeed it never had a better opportunity for success than it had this year when it threw away its chances by nominating the impossible Bryan for the third time. That the Democratic party is still to be reckoned with is evident from the strength it exhibited at the late election in those Northern States where Democratic governors and congressmen were elected notwithstanding the tremendous vote cast for the Republican electors. The Democracy will recover from the long spell of enervation from which it has suffered and again enjoy the sunshine as soon as it makes up its mind to take heed of the lesson that was taught at the polls three weeks ago. By this time the leaders of the Democracy must be sensible of the fact that conservatism is more popular than any of the by-products of Socialism. Three times the Democratic party was defeated through fear of the consequences that

might flow from the bizarre policies of a standard bearer without principles or convictions whose platform was the vagaries and delusions of the hour. Surely it is clear to every man with an ounce of gray matter that even those people who are supposed to be discontented are not in favor of flying to ills they know not of. Perhaps there was never a time in the history of the Republican party when so many people were eager to rebuke the leaders of that party as there were this year, and yet they would not gratify the spirit of resentment at so great a price as, in their opinion, the election of the Nebraska demagogue entailed. So clear is the lesson that has been taught that it cannot fail to be apprehended, and there is therefore much reason for expecting a reorganization of the Democracy on the lines prescribed by fundamental principles. The Democratic party must and doubtless will cease to be the refuge of those who have failed in the struggle for existence. It must and doubtless will cease to promise a royal road for the unfit and for all that have been born tired. To realize its ambition it must demand that its leaders shall embody the national sense of unity based upon peace, industry and the love of our country.

The Shooting of Heney

The most shocking and lamentable of the many startling occurrences that have marked the progress of the graft prosecution was the murderous assault on Francis J. Heney, which threw the community into a panicky condition last week. At the first news of the crime the community was appalled; and mingled with sentiments of sympathy and solicitude for the wounded man were expressions of furious indignation. It was assumed that Mr. Heney was the victim of the ferocious resentment of the enemies he has made in the capacity of prosecuting attorney, and public feeling was greatly intensified when the cold-blooded and deliberate character of the crime was made known. Nothing is more terrible or more pathetic than the fate of a man who is cut off in the prime of life and plenitude of his powers by the hand of an assassin. Such was believed to be Heney's fate, and consequently the crime excited the horror as well as the tender emotions of the whole community. And if it had developed, as at first suggested, that the crime was the result of an atrocious conspiracy of unnatural monsters and bloody exterminators the explosion of public feeling would have been tremendous, but when it became known that Heney's assailant was Morris Haas, a man who had been brooding on what he conceived to be a grievance, with brow knitted for revenge and face black with settled hate, calmer judgment concluded that the crime was self instigated. Though this judgment was in a measure verified by the suicide of the prisoner, it is by no means concurred in by those who were first to charge a conspiracy, and who in the meantime called a mass meeting at which there was considerable perfervid oratory and some denunciation of Town Talk and other journals that have not approved everything that has been done in the name of justice and that are accused, though not specifically, of misrepresentation. Since the death of Haas there has been no abatement of effort to obtain evidence of a conspiracy but if anything tangible has been discovered it has not been made public. What developments may be expected in these parlous and singularly queer times is a matter of which we are not sufficiently informed to speculate thereon intelligently. We are sitting through a stirring and thrilling drama and we have not the slightest intimation of what is to come. These are days in which we not only sup full of sensations but breakfast and dine on them also. We are positive of nothing save that by reason of the shooting new vigor has been infused into the Ruef prosecution and that the conviction of that rogue seems more certain than ever. From the sentiment expressed by that hysterical sheet, the Boughten Bulletin, that the shooting of Heney was the culmination of the breakdown of law in California, we dissent. The law has not broken down in California since 1856 when all the machinery of government in this city was in the hands of corrupt politicians. If the law were to break down now the responsibility would be on the men in office who are reputed to be the foes of corrupt politicians. We do not believe the law will break down, nor do we believe that any of our cherished institutions, not even the liberty of the press, will suffer at the hands of the citizens of this city. We even believe there is sufficient manhood in this city to resent the efforts that are being made to silence the press with the weapons of calumny and personal abuse.

Japan's Complaisance

A correspondent of the Associated Press in Tokio announces that he has excellent grounds for believing that the situation in China, in the event of the Dowager Empress' death, will not be made the occasion of any summary move on the part of Japan, but that the Japanese government will await an agreement of all the powers. This semi-official assurance from the Japanese chancellery provokes a long, deep sigh of relief from the waiting nations who were fearful that in the event of the Dowager's death and an effort on the part of the real Chinese to wrest the sovereignty and government from the usurping Manchus, the Japanese would adopt the American precedent of occupying the disturbed empire and dictating its domestic policy. It is a great relief to know that Japan will wait until the powers have agreed on their several "spheres of influence" in a country that does not belong to any one of them and wherein they have no more right of jurisdiction except that which is conferred by their gunboats, than they have in each other's territory. Aside from their pride and their extreme sensitiveness to infringements upon their own rights and privileges, the Japanese are, nationally and personally, a very polite people. They are the Alphonses and Gastons of the Far East. "After you, gentlemen," they say; "choose your slice of the roast and then we will take our hunk."

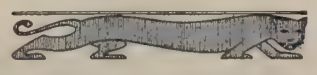
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Great Britain may retain Hongkong and a full partnership in the trade of the Yangtsze valley; France may hold what she has seized in South China with another strip to protect her Tonquin and Cochin-China frontiers; Portugal may continue to occupy Macao; Germany may keep Kiao-chau and she may enlarge her "concessions" in Shan-tung and Chihli; and America may have an "open door" anywhere that will not interfere with the monopoly of trade of the others. As for Japan, after the powers have thus parcelled the Middle Kingdom among themselves, all that is left will be hers in suzerainty similar to that which is now exercised over Korea, with absolute sovereignty of course over the three provinces of Manchuria and permanent possession of Port Arthur and the hinterland of the Liao-tung peninsula. Could anything be more generous than Japan's attitude in this matter? "I want you to know, honorable sirs," she says; "that I concede everything—on condition, of course, that you will do unto me as I propose to do unto you; it is your own Christian Golden Rule and you ought to be duly grateful to me, a rank Shintoist and a confirmed Buddhist, that I grant you so much when I might take it all, or most of it at any rate." The only bug in Japan's diplomatic paste pot is the Russian cockroach. No provision has been made, as yet, for Russian aggrandizement, and it has not yet been decided by the Japanese cabinet whether they can afford to let Russia have part of Mongolia and Thibet. After all the rest have been served the Russian guest at this Chinese feast may be asked if he would prefer a piece of the dark meat or a drumstick. Indeed there is a very general opinion prevalent in Japan that Russia will be a sort of Lazarus waiting at the back door for the leavings from the rich man's table.

Another Great Triumph

Said the Examiner the morning after the bond election: "Yesterday's fight for freedom from the clutches of Spring Valley was won against the determined opposition, not only of the water combine itself, but of the allied money powers, mercantile, financial and industrial"; also, "The property owners who sought to avoid an additional taxation of their holding opposed the Hetch-Hetchy project with might and main." If the property owners of the city together with the allied representatives of the mercantile, financial and industrial interests were opposed to the project by whom was it carried? The answer is to be found in the Chronicle of the morning after the election. According to that veracious journal, which advocated the Hetch-Hetchy project, it was supported in the Alms House precinct by two hundred and fifty-seven votes and opposed by only nine. Thus we have the story in a nutshell: wherever intelligence and zeal for the civic welfare prevailed the proposition received an overwhelming vote; it was opposed principally by ignorant property owners and by the benighted of commerce who are laboring under the delusion that it is to their interest to retard the progress of the city Doubtless among those who voted for the proposition were many who were inspired with rage against that most disliked of public service corporations, the Spring Valley Water Company—the original octopus—which has been practicing the gentle art of making enemies for more than a quarter of a century, and which naively titillated the emotions of the people the day before the election by raising the price of their bills. The notion is widespread that this corporation is to be crushed, its business destroyed and its property confiscated, and the supposition is that all this is to be accomplished by furthering the ends of the men behind the Hetch-Hetchy project, all of whom are believed to be philanthropists and some of whom are so modest that they are studiously keeping in the background. But the people are not likely to have their revenge on the octopus. Some day they will buy the Spring Valley plant and they will pay all it is worth —if not more. The law will protect vested interests and the politicians will not neglect their own opportunities. As for the taxpayers, they will have their taxes raised; and the burden as usual will not fall upon the Phelans of the town but on the small property owners and on the poor ratepayers who have no property, for of course the landlords will raise rents to meet the raise of taxes. To be sure we shall have water from the eternal snows of the Sierras, but somewhat impaired in transit. Water from the Sierras will not drive the iceman out of business.

A Literary Puzzle

A curious phenomenon is visible in the magazine literature of the hour. If you will take the trouble to note the authorship of the fiction now in process of publication you will find that almost all of it is the work of persons whose names are not generally known to the magazine-reading public. Some of this short-story work is excellent; much of it is above the average of magazine fiction; very little of it is mediocre; none of it is entirely bad. But the writers are strangers to the reader, and few of them repeat their performances however excellent may be their solitary success. Where do these literary meters come from; and where do they go? No doubt most of them are well known in the parishes where they live; a writing person who is able to "get into the magazines" even once is not permitted to hide his light under the village bushel; he has his following of "admirers" who honestly and faithfully believe that he is destined to achieve great things in the literary world; but the fact remains that the name which blazoned on the title-page of a monthly last January or flared from the headlines of a literary weekly last March has disappeared—apparently permanently. What has become of this apparition? One explanation is as curious as the phenomenon. It is the custom of many magazines to buy a good manuscript on sight and print it when convenient. Sometimes the editor pay on "acceptance"; and sometimes he pays on publication; it all depends on the editorial system; and in the majority of cases it doesn't matter to the accepted amateur when he gets his check; it is glory sufficient for him that he is in the pigeon-hole of acceptances. In consequence of this practice hundreds of manuscripts accumulate in the offices of the magazines and are kept from publication by "press" of more timely matter or the inrush of writers whose names are worth money in themselves—names that cost the publishers ten times the amount paid for the unknowns. This was the condition at the literary centers three months ago when the financial stringency began to make itself felt in every department of commerce. The publishers were among the first

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to suffer. Their sales fell off on the news stands; their advertisers either withdrew or cut their advertising expenses to the bone—there was a genuine panic in the magazine and periodical world, and but one ready resource. The publishers could not afford to buy "new stuff," so they began the publication of the contents of their pigeon holes. This, it is said, is what is now appearing in most of the magazines and literary weeklies of the Eastern States. The explanation, however, does not explain why the writers of such good stories as have been rescued from the dust and semi-oblivion of the pigeon-holes have not, as a rule, repeated their achievement. Even the prize-winners of a great weekly whose editorial staff has pronounced upon more than one hundred "best" stories offered in monthly and quarterly competitions, have seemingly exhausted themselves in that one mighty effort. Perhaps the most reasonable explanation is in the multitude of new writers that are swarming upon the literary publications. There is not a city, town or village in the United States that is without its budding literary celebrity. These legions of writers are storming the literary citadels day and night. They have not captured the citadels but they have overwhelmed the garrisons. They have embarrassed the editors with their riches. Only the best can be chosen from the vast competition; and this "best" is so frequent that there is no chance for a second best by the same writer, and it is so seldom that a writer produces anything better than his original best that he is constantly in competition with new writers who are better in their first presentation than he is in his second effort. Which reduces the proposition to one in which the lottery element is dominant: A good short story is always saleable and in demand; it is possible to write one good short story; but it is almost impossible to write another story as good as somebody else's best short story. If this explanation is not satisfactory we shall have to look to the publishers for a solution of the problem.

A Joy from Littte Things

By Fannie Stearns Davis

To press a joy from little things—
From feet that fall in time,
From daylong silent fashionings
Of some heart-ridden rhyme;

From shapes of leaves and clouds and snow,
From others' brighter eyes,
From thinking "I am dull, I know,
But some are glad and wise"—

From love remembered, tho too dim
For laughter or for tears,
One fragile flame, so pale and slim,
To gleam on grayer years—

That is one way of Joy, I know,
Yet I desire, desire,
To go the way a god might go
Through Love and Life and Fire!

Perspective Impressions

The passion for collecting data about your ancestors is very often productive of embarrassing results.

The Emperor William in the perennial role of a fire brand is getting to be very much in the nature of a hoax.

Failing to beat Joe Cannon for Congress his enemies will now try to beat him for the speakership. But Uncle Joe is not losing any sleep.

There were four births in the steerage of a recently arrived steamer from Liverpool. Must have been a squally voyage.

What does it avail us to be born free and equal if some are born equal to a half a dozen others.



The Taft Administration—Everybody Busy.
—From the Minneapolis Journal.

No significance of course in the circumstance that Spring Valley stock jumped a few points the day after the hated octopus was swatted at the polls by an enlightened community.

Mr. Bryan declines to announce that he will not be a candidate again. Why should a man be expected to abandon a profitable profession?

It is believed that if old Ananias—"shamed full oft by later liars on earth"—were to reappear in the flesh he would edit a daily paper in San Francisco.

'NOTHER RED APPLE FOR TEACHER



Speaker Cannon: "I didn't think the boys would forget their Uncle Joey."

Science Behind the Gun

Some Technical and Explanatory Remarks Concerning the Proposed Excursion Into the Big Game Region of the Darkest Continent and Including a Candid Opinion of the Distinguished Anti-Nature-Faking Savant of the White House Commanding the Expedition

By Democritus

Interest in the Roosevelt African Scientific Exploration Expedition is greatly enhanced among Californian scientists, explorers, Lincoln-Roosevelt leaguers, original Taft men and Afrikanders, by the unexpected announcement that Professor Edmund Heller, a young and rising naturalist of the California State University, has been invited to participate in the excursion. It is almost needless to add that the invitation has been eagerly accepted with thanks, not only by Professor Heller but by the Board of Regents of the university who have suddenly manifested their appreciation of the young scientist's services and ability, hitherto hidden under a bushel of appointments proposed by the supreme arbiter of university affairs, by making him "curator of mammals" in the museum department of "vertebrate zoology." There is a salary attached to the position which will enable Professor Heller to pay his personal expenses while classifying the big game as it shall be slaughtered by the Great Hunter.

No naturalist is born great; some naturalists achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Curator Heller has had greatness thrust upon him and with this splendid uplift he will unquestionably achieve more greatness. Explorer Roosevelt will need some one to curate his own museum of big game vertebrates, and if Young Heller pleases the Big One, he may get the job, or he may be cast into the inner darkness of the Smithsonian Institute where vertebrate scientists browse obscurely with the extinct megatherium, and roam peacefully in fossil forests of the Devonian period with the post-tertiary sabre-tooth cat recently exhumed from a pre-pleistocene bog of inspissated bitumen in Southern California by Professor Merriam. Fierce is the light that beats upon all things Rooseveltian, and the reflected glory thereof is as one of the Rev. Tom B. Gregory's indescribable "vermilion sunsets." As long as Curator Heller basks in the favor of Explorer Roosevelt he will be like a full moon illumining the great desert of Roba el-Khali on a cloudless Arabian night; but let him beware of the Smithsonian eclipse that shall darken his fame with the fat shadow of a salary and a life-long association with the vertebrates and fossils of a bygone age!

Notwithstanding the perils that environ the aspiring young naturalist who is called to such close contact with the sworn foe of nature fakers, we must admit that we feel highly honored by the selection of a Californian to accompany this important expedition. This honor is the more highly appreciated because there are many zoologists and all-round naturalists in Africa who would have been glad of the opportunity to skin, stuff and classify all the animals that will fall before the unerring rifle and the trusty hunting knife of our Mighty Hunter. It is even possible that Professer Sclater himself might have been induced to curate the trophies of this Cape to Cairo chase. Professor Sclater is Director of the South African Museum and is intimately familiar with all the fauna of the Dark Continent. Moreover he knows the favorite haunt of every mammal from Mozambique to Morocco and from the Gulf of Guinea to the Red Sea—the baboon (Papio porcarius) and the black-faced Cercopithecus speak to Professor Sclater in the Garnett dialect; he knows the real African lion (Felis leo) when he roars; the leopard (Felis pardus) is for him no longer a mysterious prowler in the mountains behind Stellenbosch; and especially well informed is Professor Sclater concerning the habits of the African bobcat, called in that country the tijger-bosch-kat (Felis serval). As an authority on African cats Professor Sclater is believed to be almost as great as President Roosevelt on the American bobcat, and this special knowledge may commend the African naturalist so highly to the Great Explorer that he will be asked to join the Expedition notwithstanding the presence of Professor Heller.

The big game of Africa, otherwise designated the mammalian vertebrate fauna is quite extensive. Besides the baboons, lions, leopards and bobcats aforementioned there are two kinds of hyenas, the brown (Hyanea brunea) and the spotted (H: crocuta); the giraffe (Giraffa capenis) whose legs are polka-dotted and whose body is splotched; the hippopotamus of the Zambesi and Zululand; the boschvark (Potamochoerus choeropotamus) or wild hog of Natal; the wart hog (Phacochoerus aethiopicus) with tusks twelve inches long; the Burchell zebra, ranging from the Orange river colony northward to Masailand in East Africa; the white, square-lipped, one-horned rhinoceros (R. simus) and the black rhinoceros with a pout and a small probocis, ranging from the upper Nile through Somaliland southward; elephants, of course; hedgehogs, scaly anteaters, aard-varks (Orycteropus afer), aard wolves (Proteles cristasus), horseshoe and slit-faced bats, elephant shrews, civets, genets, mongooses, meerkats and such small deer; and about 150 species of antelopes including the hartebeest, the black wildebeest, the blue wildebeest, the bontebok, the blesok, the grysbok, the springbok, the blaaubok, the bushbuck, the gemsbok, the waterbuck, the pallah, the inyala, the kudu, the puku and the eland.

These animals are all in the books; some of them are almost extinct, having been hunted to the verge of extermination by mighty hunters before Roosevelt; most of them have been skinned, stuffed and classified and are on exhibition in all well-stocked museums everywhere in the civilized world; and the scientists know them by their Latin names as the native Africans know them by their aliases. When President Roosevelt reaches Africa with his scientific exploration expedition he will probably find that the big game world he expects to invade has been pretty well conquered not only by scientific gents but by the mighty hunters who have preceded him from the time when Hiram was king of Tyre down to the memorable date when Cecil Rhodes shot the last rhinoceros in Mashonaland in 1895. This will reduce the enterprise to a mere hunting trip; but the quarry bagged by the hunters will be known as the Roosevelt collection and will, as such, have to be skinned, stuffed, classified, tucketed and curated with as much care and as much scientific accuracy as to Latin and vulgar designation of species and genera, as if it were to be mounted in the great zoological museums of London, Paris and Berlin. If anything new is bagged it will be promptly Latinized into a Roosevelt species, and if anything is killed that

(Continued on Page 32.)

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Important Factors in San Francisco's Commercial Future

By Charles H. Preston

When the long-predicted and now seemingly impending struggle for "the mastery of the commerce of the Pacific" shall begin to assume definite proportions, San Francisco will be the center around which the tremendous fight for supremacy will revolve. Here will concentrate all the forces that are gathering for the great battle that is to be fought in the near future to determine whether the vast profits of the rapidly developing trade of the Orient shall enrich the mercantile and industrial enterprises of America or serve to create a partnership monopoly for the traders and shippers of Great Britain, Germany and Japan. Already the aggressive and progressive commercial adventurers of Japan are seeking to forestall American enterprise in this direction by the establishment and operation of government-subsidized steamship lines on the Pacific, not only between the ports of Asia and this country, but throughout all the seas of the Far East and over the routes to Europe that traverse the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean. This sudden activity is largely incited by a knowledge of the probable consequences resulting from the completion of the Panama Canal.

San Francisco will be the vortex of this great movement, and it is highly gratifying to local pride as well as a substantial encouragement to local enterprise to know that we shall be fully prepared for the inevitable emergency. The harbor of San Francisco is the safest, the most commodious and the most convenient for its commerce in the world. In addition to its natural advantages it possesses at this time docking facilities ample enough to accommodate the largest ships afloat on these waters and active preparations are underway to increase this accommodation. At the present time the government dry docks at Mare Island and those operated by the San Francisco Dry Dock Company at Hunter's Point on the west bay shore are provided with every facility for handling any work that may be demanded by the shipping interests of the Pacific, as was fully demonstrated when the big battleships Connecticut and New York were overhauled and repaired in these great artificial basins. In addition to these docks, the government has made appropriation for the construction of transport docks and warehouses at Fort Mason on the south shore of the bay between the northern end of Van Ness avenue and Black Point.

Intimately connected with enterprises of this character are those planned by Charles M. Schwab, who recently purchased the Hunter's Point dry docks which are to be operated in connection with the Union Iron Works plant; and the intention announced by Mr. Schwab to enlarge the capacity of the ship-building department of the works by the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is a substantial guarantee of the firm faith of capitalists of the Eastern States in the commercial, industrial and financial future of this city. The Union Iron Works is destined to be a very important factor in the struggle for commercial supremacy on the Pacific Ocean. As the demands of this commerce increase the facilities of the shops will be enlarged to meet the requirements and there will be no lack of capital to maintain the prestige of this enterprise or to provide the material for aggressive action in the great struggle now impending on the Pacific Coast.



THE BIG BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT

In the dry dock at Hunter's Point. This dock has facilities for handling the largest vessels afloat.



HUNTER'S POINT DRY DOCKS, Nos. 1 AND 2.

The vessels undergoing repairs are the Battleship New York and the Pacific Mail steamer City of Sydney

The Union Iron Works may be regarded as the arsenal wherein will be forged puissant weapons to be used not only for defense but also for attack.

Another great enterprise involving the use of San Francisco's waterfront as a point of departure for the commercial future of the city is the culmination of a project long contemplated by Mr. Herbert Law, whose personal interest in the welfare of the community is so manifest in his widespread and heavily financed property investments. Mr. Law, in association with the Vanderbilts, is planning for the improvement of the shore line realty of the Fair estate on the North Beach. This broad stretch of tide land, much of which has already been reclaimed, is to be utilized for docks and warehouses. The significance of this intention is enhanced by the circumstance that the Harriman belt line of the waterfront railway now operating in the direction of Fort Mason, and to be utilized as a carrier for supplies and material for the government work at that point, will eventually and naturally make a terminus here. Thus ship and car will be brought together within the corporate boundaries of the city. Deep sea traffic will be transferred directly to the freight carrying trains of transcontinental railroads. Thus we can infer, without assuming to know the full intention of those concerned, that some of the most potent financial and transportation interests in the United States are in combination for the furtherance of San Francisco's future prosperity. The Vanderbilts represent the New York Central and Harriman is the controlling spirit of the Southern Pacific and its continental congeries of railroads, an alliance in this regard that insures unlimited possibilities of improvement and traffic along the northern shore of the peninsula, one of which would almost certainly be the operation of another ferry service across the bay channel to the Marin County shore, thus bringing that populous section into closer contact with the metropolis.

These are but the beginnings of enterprises that will prepare this city to take its place among the capitals of the world, a splendid future metropolis on the globe-encircling highway of traffic—a strongly entrenched citadel of commerce commanding the gateway of the Western ocean for the maintenance of American supremacy in the coming struggle for "the mastery of the Pacific."

The Wooden Sabots---A Lover of the Queen

(Translated from the French of Aime Giron by Ballard Craig.)

General Gilbert de Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, possessed at Auvergne his old family chateau, Chavaniac—a huge, strongly built, clumsy, and characterless pile. Not far away rose rugged cliffs, covered by a tall growth of chestnuts and beeches. Beneath the green night of these forests swarmed the toilers of the wood. Dwelling in huts, working side by side in the open air, were the charcoal makers, the resin workers, the plank sawyers, the stave cutters, the makers of sabots.

Among them was a young sabot maker who neither sang nor worked with the rest. He was an orphan and a dreamer, reserved and taciturn. Apart from the others, he silently cut, shaped, pointed and polished his sabots. His name was Razon, signifying, in patois, Reason; but as he had such strange ways, lived alone and spoke little, the peasants gave him the nickname of Darazon, or "The Simpleton." And when, after awhile, it was discovered that beneath a rusty old musket on the wall of Darazon's hut there was pinned a tiny picture of Marie Antoinette, his companions laughed and whispered among themselves and called him Darazon, the lover of the Queen.

One day General de La Fayette arrived at Chavaniac from Paris. It was just at the time that the Court of France was amusing itself a la pastorale, at Trianon, and great lords and ladies masqueraded in the garb of shepherds and shepherdesses, millers and milkmaids, and thrust their aristocratic feet into wooden shoes—dainty ones, to be sure, but still genuine wooden sabots. And it was Marie Antoinette herself who wore the first pair.

All this the Marquis recounted to the groups of peasants in the forest, where he went, good Marquis that he was, for a friendly gossip with his people. Darazon listened breathlessly—wide-eyed and eager.

"The Queen wears sabots? Sabots did you say?"

"Yes!"

"And if—if I should make her a pair, would you give them to her—would you, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Why, yes," replied the General, smiling; "only remember to make them far too pretty even for your sweetheart and quite pretty enough for your Queen."

Darazon answered nothing. Only daybreak found him at his work, and when twilight fell he was still working, and nearly all the night he worked by a feeble light in his hut. In fifteen days he had made a little pair of sabots—prettier than the prettiest sabots de noces.

They were finished! Darazon took them carefully in his right hand. He went through the forest and along the steep road until he came to the great chateau. He knocked and asked to see Monsieur le Marquis.

"It is I," he said; "and here are the Queen's sabots."

"You have really made them, then," said the General.

He took them from Darazon and looked at them curiously. They were delicately fashioned from the wood of the chestnut, waxed and exquisitely polished; they were slender, elegant and daintily pointed—because they were for a Queen and not for a peasant; they were covered with a delicate tracery of vines, and beautifully carved on the toe of each little shoe was a heart, wreathed by a garland twined through the letters T. T. L. V.

The Marquis smiled. He knew the significance of these four letters, which every lover of Auvergne has carved upon the sabots of his sweetheart.

The Marquis de La Fayette returned to Paris, and true to his promise, carried the sabots to the Queen at Trianon. He told their simple little story. Trianon was pastoral-mad and Marie Antoinette was enchanted. What! To have real sabots! Sabots such as peasants wear! And made by a real sabotier!

"This heart, Marquis," said the Queen, "wreathed in 'favors' like the hands of the Virgin, that I can understand; but these letters T. T. L. V?"

"Your Majesty alone has the right to permit me, or rather to command me to translate them."

"Translate, then; it is my desire."

"Taimerai tonta la vida."

"But I cannot understand this strange language!"

"This strange language is the patois of Auvergne, your Majesty, and means 'I will love thee all my life.'"

"The truth is," continued the Marquis, "that this poor sabotier, who is a little simple, worships Your Majesty in the shape of a small portrait."

"Poor fellow! Brave fellow!" murmured the Queen tenderly. "The sabots, Monsieur le Marquis, seem to me a trifle large, but they will the better hold the recompense!" and Marie Antoinette whispered something in the ear of the Princess de Lamballe, who smiled, took the sabots, and left the room, returning with the little wooden shoes filled with as much gold as they could hold.

"And, now, Marquis," said the Queen, "will you have this gold sent in a casket to your young sabotier, with my warmest thanks, and say also—no! say nothing more!"

And the contents of the little shoes were sent.

But Paris was on the eve of the Revolution, and the wooden shoes were forgotten. 1789, 1792, 1793 passed like peals of thunder, each more terrible than the last.

Darazon, in the heart of the forest, knew this—like the rest of the world. There was terrible anguish in his heart, but he said nothing. Finally came the news of the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple. After this Dazaron grew still more silent and sombre. One

day he disappeared from the forest. They searched his hut. On the table lay an empty, open casket. The old musket and the picture of Marie Antoinette were gone.

Darazon was on the road to Paris.

He reached the city on the 17th of October, 1793—in wild rage with the tormentors of the Queen.

At the Place de la Bastile he accosted a patriot wearing a scarlet cap and armed with a club.

"How can I reach the Temple?"

"What do you want there?"

"To deliver the Queen."

"The Austrian? She is a head shorter since yesterday!" replied the man with a ferocious gesture.

Darazon, pale as death, snatched his musket from his shoulder, but the patriot dealt him a crushing blow with the club and the peasant fell, like a stone.

The mob gathered instantly. The peasant's body was roughly searched. On his breast they found the portrait of Marie Antoinette, beneath it the suspicious letters T. T. L. V. Ah then! This man was a complot.

"Away with him!"

The poor body was seized and hurried to the Seine.

The river silently opened her arms to receive the poor sabot maker of Auvergne—the lover of the Queen—with the dear gold pieces hidden in his peasant's blouse and the sacred image next his heart.

The Spectator

An Unfortunate Misunderstanding

How absurd to believe that anybody in Los Angeles would ever knock San Francisco! The people of Los Angeles wouldn't be so provincial as to do such a thing. There is none of the parochial spirit in Los Angeles. Besides San Francisco isn't of sufficient importance to excite the envy of anybody in the beautiful, growing metropolis of the citrus belt. The people of Los Angeles are really glad to know that we have accomplished wonderful things since the catastrophe and that the population has increased. When Phil Stanton, candidate for the Speakership of the Assembly came to town the other day, he made haste to explain when I asked him about the vote on the proposition for the improvement of San Francisco harbor that it was all the result of a misunderstanding. The good people of Los Angeles, notwithstanding the circulars they had received, believed that we were opposed to both of the harbor propositions. They are awfully sorry to learn that we really wanted to improve the harbor, for they would have liked to help out.

The Gentle Rap

In view of the sentiments of the people of Los Angeles toward this city it is curious that from an atmosphere conducive to good will and sympathetic interest there should emanate at brief intervals misrepresentations designed to do us injury. The latest instance of this perversity is furnished by the New York Sun in which there appeared recently a letter from Los Angeles dated October 27 and signed "Marius, Jr." The letter was written ostensibly for the purpose of taking part in a discussion on the subject of restaurants, someone having written to the Sun to say that nowhere in New York can we find a cuisine "that is distinctive as well as palatable." "Marius Jr." called attention to a Spanish restaurant near Los Angeles, which has, perhaps, the very finest cuisine in all this wide world. But he wasn't satisfied with boosting the wonderful Los Angeles restaurant. There was a time, he says, when San Francisco was included among the cities that had restaurants of some distinction. But, "sad to relate," San Francisco "can no longer lay claim to the spirit or the material things Will Irwin so vividly described as once existing in that dear old and dead town." Not a bad knock that! Reads much as though it might have been written by some Middle West carpet-bagger who comes to San Francisco whenever he wants a square meal.

A Stocking Presentation

One of the big hits made at the Princess Theatre the other night was the result of the participation in the performance of two gay members of the Bohemian Club. Their act was entirely impromptu and was as unexpected on the stage as it was in the audience. The Bohemians were of the audience, and took no part in the show until the scene in which the telephone mouthpieces are thrown over the footlights. Each of the Bohemians seized a mouthpiece and to each mouthpiece when it was pulled back to the stage was attached a pair of silk stockings. Kolb and Dill caught sight of the stockings, took them from the chorus girls by whom they had been received and flaunted them to the audience, much to the embarrassment, I am told, of the donors. It is not unusual for chorus girls to be presented with silk stockings by their admirers, but so far as I know the method of presentation adopted at the Princess is entirely original. The chorus girls to whom the stockings were presented, it should be explained, had been engaged in teaching the two Bohemians one of the dances in "Playing the Ponies," and this dance was recently done at the Bohemian Club, one of the stocking gallants impersonating a female in a beautiful costume and yards of lingerie.

"What good did his money do him?"
"It got him an affinity."

A Story of the Wilderness

A very graphic account of a duel between two bull elks in which a third elk attempted to play the part of peacemaker, was printed in a book entitled "The Wilderness Hunter," published in 1894. It was a "deadly encounter" and " a splendid sight." With locked horns and glaring eyes the elks strove against each other, "getting their hind legs well under them, straining every muscle in their huge bodies, and squealing savagely." This combat went on for some time when a curious thing happened. One of two on-looking elks, a yearling, became much excited by the battle, and began to walk between the combatants, nodding his head and uttering a "queer, whistling noise." The fighters separated, but as soon as the interfering, whistling elk moved away they went at it again. A second time the peacemaker approached "nodding his head," whistling and threatening; and again they separated." The action of the third elk was singular, to say the least, and only the high authority upon which the story is based saves it from consignment to the category of "nature fakes." We cannot doubt, however, upon this unimpeachable testimony, (1) that bull elks

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squeal while engaged in mortal combat; (2) that elks not engaged in such combat and being merely spectators, may feel an almost human desire to promote peace and good will between the belligerents; (3) that this almost human desire manifesting itself in the heart of an elk is indicated by a "queer, whistling noise" and "noddings of the head"; (4) that, consequently, animals of the elk kind, in any event, think logically up to a certain point and are animated by almost humane and wholly benevolent impulses. There can be no doubt of it.

Killing a Peacemaker

The sequel of the story is a tragedy tersely told by the wilderness hunter in the first person. "This was repeated once or twice," he writes, "and I began to be afraid lest the breeze, which was light and puffy, should shift and give them my wind. So, resting my rifle on my knee, I fired twice, putting one bullet behind the shoulder of the peacemaker and the other behind the shoulder of one of the combatants." So died the peacemaker of the forest glade, a noble sacrifice to the pot of the wilderness hunter! Still, as we contemplate the tragic episode, we cannot suppress a throb of pity for the fate of the peacemaking elk, nor wholly banish the regret that the spare bullet was not bestowed upon the shoulder of the other fighting elk. This feeling is emphasized by the circumstance that the wilderness hunter who killed the peacemaker of the northernforest was, a few years afterward, proclaimed the greatest peacemaker of his day and rewarded with the Nobel prize and $40,000 in gold coin. For, unbelievable as the assertion may be, the author of the book from which this extract is taken—the wilderness hunter who killed the peacemaking elk—was no other person than Theodore Roosevelt.

The Easymarks of San Francicsò

There is nobody that appreciates the hospitality of San Francisco so much as does the book agent. Of this I have been assured by a suave, polished individual who has done much toward rehabilitating San Francisco from the literary standpoint. He came hither with a large supply of engraved cards, and a large stock of books "no gentleman's library should be without." He "worked" the town with all the skill of a shell-and-pea artist and left behind him editions de luxe galore—stately folios and genteel duodecimos, books of polished calf tooled in figures of arabesque and books of levantine Turkey, rich with deeply grained colors. There is no place on earth, he informed me, where it is so easy to sell books for show as in San Francisco. "Down in your suburban, fashionable village of Burlingame, especially," he said; "that is where they like elegant books in costly bindings. Flattered by the company with which the possession of books connects the owner, they grab at the classics and the standard authors. You can see after a little conversation with them that they don't know a thing about the inside of books, but they must have 'em; for, you know, many libraries were destroyed in the fire." From a local bookseller I obtained confirmation of the words of the eastern agent. "The town has been flooded with agents," he said, "and they have been getting fancy prices for so-called editions de luxe which are carried by every subscription bookseller in the country. I know two or three prominent citizens who pride themselves on their culture, whose names are registered as the names of easymarks in eastern publishing houses that print Shelley in ten fancy volumes for suckers."

"Did that fashionable doctor relieve you at all?"
"Yes, of considerable money. His touch is more potent than his prescriptions."

Silken-Skirted Club Rules

The Miner divorce case confirms and emphasizes the old-fashioned notion of old-fashioned clubmen that a man's club should be exclusively such and as free of the eternal feminine as was Eden after the Fall. It is set down in the transcript of the Miner divorce suit that the lady in the case "rustled her silken skirts and clinked glasses with bachelor bucks" in the Bohemian and University clubs as if these had been cafes on the rialto or boozing joints on the Great White Way of the red litten tenderloin. This will never do; the house rules of the Bohemian club must be radically amended and the domestic arrangements of the University club must be modified to suppress the silken sad uncertain rustling of all skirts and to prohibit their bachelor bucks from clinking glasses with other men's wives. Imagine such dainty drinking bouts whispered of the Pacific Union or the Cosmos! Talk of "fantastic terrors never felt before!" Why, it's enough to depopulate both the Bohemian and the University of every married member and to crowd the waiting lists with jovial, witty, bibulous, professorial bachelor bucks whose ears are attuned to the sloughing swish of silken skirts and the tinkling-cymbal clinking of glasses wherein the wine moveth itself aright and maketh the heart glad. Perhaps there are enough old-fashioned clubmen in the Bohemian and University clubs to force this sautary reform, to the end that the wives at home, waiting for the return of their lords, may not suspect an errant motive in the absence of an errant knight beyond the clock-stroke of club time. Self preservation should be the first law of a clubman's nature, and a man's club should be above reproach or even suspicion.

Minister—"Did you ever try to swear off drinking."
Toper—"No, I haven't got so bad as to add perjury to my other sins."

Who Shall Eat the Leek?

A feud is on between Sacramento and Berkeley. The college town began it by demanding that the State capital be removed from Sacramento to Berkeley. Sacramento now retorts by demanding that the State University be removed from Berkeley to Sacramento. This thrust at Berkeley's most vital reason for existence is quickly followed by another in the appointment of Miss Eva Withrow as the head of California's art exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition to be held in Seattle, an appointment said to have been procured by Sacramento intrigue to discomfit Alameda county by subordinating Miss Sallie Daingerfield, a Berkeley artist who was supposed to be in charge of the exhibit, but who is now merely the curator of the department of arts and crafts,

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a sub-section entirely removed from the superior section of "fine arts." What Berkeley will do in the way of retaliation has not transpired. Something, however, must be done. The honor of Berkeley is under fire and the academic city cannot rest silent in the presence of the taunting, jeering enemy. On the other hand Sacramento is out for revenge and a merry war is more than imminent. Sacremento was badly scared by the Berkeley boomers; and when the scare was dissipated by the voters of the State anger took the place of fright—anger at Berkeleyan presumption and anger in the thought that Berkeley real estate had been advertised at the expense of Sacramnto's pride and dignity. Nothing stings like ridicule, and Sacramento has been made ridiculous. There will be a lot doing in Sacramento hereafter in the effort to even the score with Berkeley and leave something over for good measure.

Protocolling a Plebiscite

As the quarrel between these cities is likely to become wearisome to the rest of the State during its progress, I propose that the Legislature which meets next January put a quietus on the whole business by acceding to the demands of both villages. Let us be given a voting proposition for the ensuing election wherein we may exchange the capital at Sacramento for the State University at Berkeley. It will be fair, and therefore no robbery of either. The capital certainly ought to be nearer the center of population; and the State University would be in a better location anywhere farther away from the temptations and alluring delights of the metropolis. If the capital is located in Berkeley, or Alameda or Haywards, a vast amount of money will be saved to the taxpayers in shorter mileage of the temporary statesmen; and if the students of the State University are sent to Sacramento they will be placed in a peaceful, cloisteral, far-from-the-madding-crowd atmosphere eminently suited to encourage scholastic achievement and philosophic meditation. By this arrangement there need be no outlay for buildings; the State capitol will make a capital schoolhouse for the students, and the University buildings will serve admirably for the official residence of the State employes. Sacramento needs the university and Berkeley needs the capital; by an exchange of libraries alone Sacramento would gain knowledge that is not afforded by the circulating and best seller department of the State library; and Berkeley would be compelled to abandon its holier-than-thou attitude toward the rest of the State by abolishing its mile-limit liquor ordinance. Anyway the plan which I propose would nip this bellum municipium in gemma—squelch it a-borning, so to speak.

"Mrs. Blister is always running somebody down.'
"In her auto or in her drawing room?"

Jordan, the Simple Speller

The members of the self-constituted Spelling Board who are being laughed at by educated men wherever English is spoken have agreed to disagree on the subject of that dear old veteran of the language "through." Some time ago that harmless, inoffensive representative of the dictionary family was banished by the Board with all the ceremonial of book, bell and candle; and for all the purposes which it had served during a long and honorable career was substituted that ugly dwarf "Thru." Now comes the news that there is some likelihood of the exile being recalled. What naturally might have been expected has occurred: the simple spellers cannot agree on a rule for simple spelling. The first to kick over the traces was that omniscient scholar of Palo Alto, David Starr Jordan, who knows everything that has been dreamt of in philosophy and a few things which are accessible only to the intelligence of a Jordan. Jordan is true to "Through." He won't consent to its eradication. Why not I have not been informed. I am inclined to the opinion that his objection is entirely sentimental; for if we are to ignore usage and help forward obliteration of all traces of the derivation and history of words then something must be done about "Through." If we are to reduce spelling to a scientific basis then why should we give seven different sounds to one symbol "ough," as in "bough," "cough," "dough," "hiccough," "tough," "through," "thorough"? Knowing everything, as he does, Dr. Jordan knows that an alphabet being a code of signs is faulty if one letter or set of letters represents more than one sound, or if one symbol can be translated to the ear by more than one sound. Our alphabet unquestionably is defective, but if we are to reform it scientifically we must not be sentimental. If we are to be sentimental we must not tamper with words that we have regarded with affection all our lives. Under which king, Bezonian Jordan? Come, an answer. As a member of the Simple Spelling Board you've reduced the great university at Palo Alto to the level of the normal school at Greeley, Colo., which is fifty-two miles northeast of Denver and which practices simple spelling. Do not make it still more ridiculous as a simple speller by showing that you are qualified only to make confusion worse confounded.

An Intractable Vegetable

Dr. Luther Burbank's edible cactus may be a bonne bouche for Angora goats and Texas steers, but it is a tasteless morsel for the high livers and gastronomes of San Francisco; the edible cactus may please the palate of the Santa Rosan gourmet, but it is dust and ashes upon the esophagous of the cafe-trained epicures of the me-

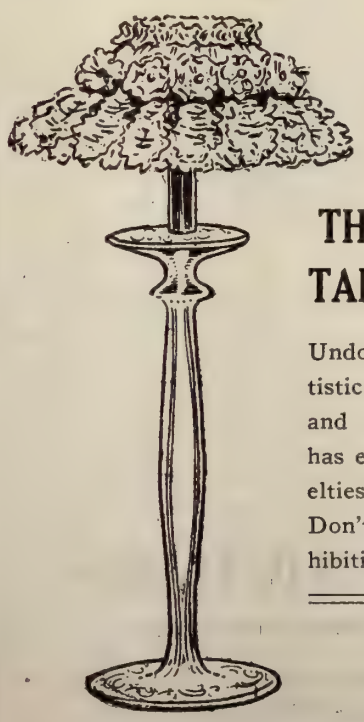
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tropolis. This spineless "creation" of the vegetable "wizard" of the Golden West was tried on the food experts of the Fairmont and by them found wanting in many qualities that should go to the making of a delicate and relishable dinner accompaniment in any form, cooked in a pot or mixed with a salad. The Burbank cactus may be edible but it is not eatable, and it is declared by those who make of eating a study as well as a pleasure, that in its present state of development it could not be cooked or otherwise prepared for consumption and digestion by educated stomachs, though its ultimate appeal were the result of the genius of a Brillat-Savarin. These gourmands insist that a taste for the cactus in its present condition of edibility cannot even be "acquired," like that for cavaire and olives; there is really nothing to "acquire"; one might as readily "acquire" a taste for the dessicated pulp of the Oregon fir or a curried ragout of Shasta daisies. As an oddity in vegetarian dietary, say the contemners, it might have been welcomed to a Vitellian banquet, but these classicists remind us in this regard that Vitellius was a Roman glutton who accepted everything eatable and was not at all averse to anything that nobody else could eat. Dr. Burbank need not be discouraged at this preliminary rebuff. Genius is invariably flouted in its first manifestation. Even those who refuse to eat the edible cactus say that they believe Dr. Burbank can improve his "creation." They suggest that he experiment with hybridization involving the pollen of the egg plant, the oyster plant, the plaintain, or the esculent yam of Fiji, which is also spined like the cactus and might be unspined by the Burbank process to fit the requirements of amalgamation with the spineless cactus. The critical epicures return Dr. Burbank's contribution to their alimentary magazine with thanks, as unsuitable for the special needs of their dietary; but they temper the rejection with an encouraging postscript to the effect that the wizard go to it once more along the lines suggested in impregnable confidence that he will eventually "create" something fit to eat.

He—"I love you, but I'm so nervous I'm afraid I can't propose."
She—"And I'm so nervous because you won't."

When "Oakland" Shall Be a Memory

Announcement is made from the other side of the bay that of the 34,040 citizens of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Fruitvale, Piedmont, San Leandro and Elmhurst who voted at the last election, 20,014 signed a petition to the legislature to pass an enabling act under which these same citizens may vote to consolidate themselves into a city and county. The showing is a good one if it represents the majority sentiment of each of the communities sought to be included in the consolidation. Heretofore there has been some objection by the citizens of Berkeley and Alameda to the proposition, chiefly on the ground that these cities are more respectable than Oakland; better governed; more economically administered; and wholly satisfied with conditions as they exist. It is possible that Berkeley has changed her mind in this matter since she lost the capital and is threatened with the loss of the State University; and it is possible that Alameda, on maturer consideration and closer analysis of the Oakland method of bonding, re-bonding and otherwise taxing its property owners, has finally decided that as these bonds and taxes cannot be charged to Alameda she can reap a large profit by accepting the benefits to accrue from this taxation. It is probable that the question of consolidation will come fairly before the citizens of these towns and cities; and it is possible that the consolidation will eventually be effected; but there is going to be a great rumpus over the name of the new city. It is generally conceded that there are too many "Oaklands" on the map, and it will probably be necessary for Oakland to consign her name to the limbo of other famous cities that have been—to be as Memphis and Thebes and Palmyra, and to hope that posterity will remember her achievements and failures as are remembered the history of those other cities now lost in the dim distance of antiquity where

> "In the red desert moulders Babylon
> And the wild serpent's hiss
> Echoes in Petra's palaces of stone
> And waste Persepolis."

What name will be chosen for the new city cannot be foretold; but it is pretty safe to guess that it will not be Berkeley, Alameda, San Leandro, Fruitvale, Piedmont, Melrose, Fitchburg, Allandale or Elmhurst; Oakland has votes enough to defeat any of those names; and it is also safe to assume that the new city will not be called "East San Francisco."

How to Advertise a New Metropolis

This question of naming the new city across the bay will certainly stir up much strife among the citizens of the several communities to be involved. Each of these communities banks on its "prestige" and wallows in its "local pride." As "boroughs" of the new municipality, each will retain its name, of course; but the generic title will certainly be something entirely different. Perhaps it would be a good plan to submit the question of a name to the voters of the entire nation at the next general election; or the consolidated city might offer a prize of say $10,000 for "the best name" in a competition open to all the world. It would be worth at least $10,000 to get a good name for the clustered towns of Alameda county after they have ceased to be a part of that county; and besides, it would be a tremendous advertisement for the new city—a world-wide advertisement that would bring the new city to the immediate attention of millions of people looking for easy money. Then, when the city is well consolidated and fitly named, it will probably be necessary to annex it to San Francisco. There's no telling what Destiny has in store for all of us or for any of us. In the meantime, however, there's going to be a lot of trouble over that name for our prospective "sister city" across the bay.

"Does your wife go through your pockets when you're asleep?"
"Does she. You ought to see the pockets after she gets through with them."

Polk the Dreamer

Willis Polk has risen beyond the reach of his critics. From the roof of the new home of the First National Bank he looks down on them not with an attitude of defiance but with a comical grimace that is characteristic.

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CRAIGELLACHIE " GLENLIVET

Note.—Any person proved guilty of re-filling our empty bottles with inferior whisky will be prosecuted.

In the old days when Willis and his brother Dan used to play the banjo at Press Club jinks, his pretensions as an architect inspired a deal of banter. Nobody took him seriously. It was admitted that he had considerable artistic taste and could design a pretty gateway or a handsome fireplace, but as for putting up a real building or designing anything except for show, the idea was preposterous. Has a very keen sense of the beautiful, his amiable friends admitted, but he's only a dreamer, dotes on Doric columns, Gothic effects and Byzantine fol de rols. It was said that he designed a house one time which could be entered only through the second story, and that the kitchen chimney ran into the bath tub. When Burnham, the Chicago architect, established an office here and took Polk in as an associate, the wise ones at the club gasped with astonishment. They felt sorry for Burnham. Well, to make a long story short, Polk's genius has been vindicated. He is the architect of the First National Bank building, a pretty substantial looking structure, easy of access, well lighted, and free from flaws. The surprising thing about it is that instead of costing more than the estimate it cost less. Evidently Polk has quit dreaming.

Gladys—"I hear that Miss Climber is talking of joining the Greenway dances again this winter."

Margie—"Again? Why, I didn't know she'd ever attended them."

Gladys—"She hasn't. I said she was again talking of doing so."

A Question of Privilege

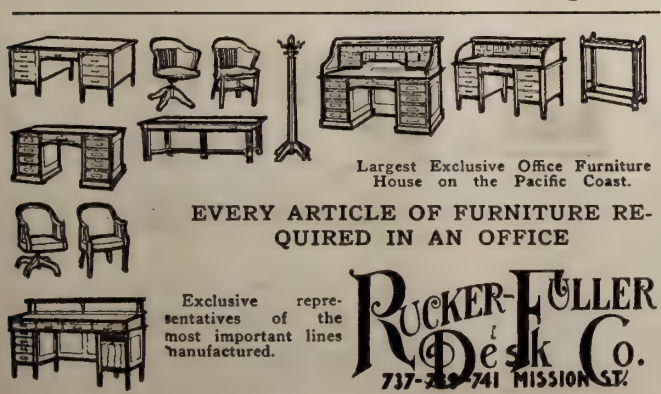
I am not so sure that Superintendent Bunker of the Berkeley school department is entirely accurate in assuming that he or the board of education can deny the privileges of the schools of that city to members of fraternities and sororities merely on that account. If the students by reason of their membership in these organizations are deficient in their studies or if they fail to reach the prescribed standards they may be dealt with individually as each case may require; but if a student accomplishes all that is expected of him and does not obtrude his fraternity upon the school to the detriment of the school, I do not see why he should be denied graduation or promotion. As long as a fraternity does not interfere with the course of study the member of a fraternity certainly has a right under the laws of the land to receive the education for which his taxpaying parents are paying. My own objection to these societies, especially those attached to some of the high schools, is on quite another basis. I think that a high school fraternity or sorority is an incentive to snobbery. They tend to inculcate a caste distinction entirely antagonistic to the spirit of our democratic institutions. They are fool imitations of the university societies by boys and girls whose knickerbockers and pinafores are still being worn by their younger brothers and sisters. They mean nothing because the members are not yet mentally capable of comprehending the purpose of an organization of this character. If the chief requirement of membership was high standing in the classes of the school to which they are attached there would be less objection to their existence; but as a matter of fact most of them are merely vehicles for the creation of a social distinction that owing to the extreme youth of the members cannot be maintained and which ought not to be encouraged. Still I do not think that a boy or girl who attains the required percentages in studies and deportment can, legally, be debarred from graduation or promotion.

A McAllister in Vaudeville

With a McAllister on the Orpheum stage there ought to be some fashionable parties at the vaudeville theatre next week. The McAllister who is coming is none other than our old friend Hall McAllister, nephew of the McAlllister who fenced off the Four Hundred of New York from the polloi, and son of the Hall McAllister whose statue adorns the grass plot in front of the City Hall on the street that bears his name. Hall McAllister, the actor, began his career in the profession of his distinguished father, but the law was not to his taste and about seven years ago he went East and to the surprise of his friends made his appearance on the stage. He has been true to the drama ever since, and though now in vaudeville he is still in the drama, for it is a one-act play that he is presenting. When last seen in this city McAllister was a member of Margaret Anglin's company.

A Great Journalist

Sam Chamberlain is on one of his periodical visits to San Francisco, and as usual is spending most of his time in the Examiner office. Mr. Chamberlain is probably the ablest newspaperman on Mr. Hearst's staff. His specialty is news handling, and as the manager of news-gathering facilities he has no superior in this country. He was among the original Examiner men, becoming managing editor of the paper shortly after Will Hearst assumed control. In the days when the Examiner was splurging, when it assumed the title of "Monarch of the Dailies," and made and won the fight for supremacy, which it has since retained, Chamberlain was at the helm. Prior to his coming to this city Chamberlain was the editor of the New York Herald and the chum of James Gordon Bennett. It was Chamberlain who established for Bennett the Morning News in Paris.



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ROOS BROS.

Fillmore at O'Farrell — Van Ness at Bush

The Resurrection of Wilde

Once more the story that Oscar Wilde is still alive has been revived. This time in the Examiner of last Sunday. George Sylvester Viereck first exploited that story in the Critic of July, 1905, and there is nothing new in the Examiner story, except that it attributes to the late Sybil Sanderson and the current Mary Garden knowledge of the imposture said to have been practiced in the interest of the unfortunate poet by his friends. Much is made of the circumstances that the funeral was an unostentatious affair and that a burial plot had been rented for a limited term long before the reported illness of Wilde. There were excellent reasons at the time of Oscar Wilde's death why his funeral should be conducted as quietly and unostentatiously as was decent. It was never the intention of his friends that his remains should lie permanently where they were first laid. Americans, who are not conversant with foreign customs are apt to become unduly excited over matters which they do not comprehend. They are horrified at the idea of renting a grave for a limited term, yet see no fault in their own custom of allowing burial places to fall into neglect and decay, the ground to be in time utilized for other purposes, and the bodies, or what remains of them, to be removed to a common plot in a pauper cemetery. It is only when such things are done in France or Spain or Italy that they are to be condemned. In these days of half-baked occultism, when Ella Wheeler Wilcox believes that she was Cleopatra and several other fascinating personalities, when there is a Mary, Queen of Scots, wandering about Europe, and any number of other celebrities and notorities abroad, it is probably only an afterthought that kept us so long without a resurrection of Oscar Wilde. Once start a rumor, no matter how preposterous, and there is never a lack of corroborative evidence. The same hypnotic influence which will lead a mob into violence which the individuals composing it would not commit alone seems to be responsible for the way in which evidence can be gathered for any proposition it may be wanted to sustain. The old trick of asking a room full of small children to listen for the fall of a pin, only to have a large percentage of them assert that they heard the sound never made, is familiar to us. Scientific tests have proved that comparatively few people see even the color of objects they look at, that they are incapable of correctly measuring time, space, speed or direction, and that in general their evidence is based on what they expect to notice. The frequency with which prisoners are positively identified, and afterward released because they have proved themselves to be other than the person wanted ought to make reasonable folk careful about positive statements. The probabilities are that some incautious one has remarked that a passing stranger bore some resemblance to Oscar Wilde, and that the rest is simply the old nursery game of "Russian Scandal," in which the first player makes a statement to the second in whispered tones; the second repeats to the third what he thinks he heard, and so on till the circuit is completed, whereupon the leader tells aloud what he did say and the last what he thought he heard. The result is always interesting and often instructive. When Mr. Viereck sprung his "surprise" on the literary world all he had to offer by way of evidence was what "a lady" whispered in broken sentences during an operatic performance and the admission of a bookseller's clerk in New York (name also withheld) on the supposition that he was speaking in confidence to one in on the secret that he had held a ten-minute conversation with Wilde in the street of that city within a fortnight. As another portion of the legend made him a monk in a Spanish monastery, where his identity was unknown to any but his superior, and still another domiciled him in Italy, there is, to say the least, little coherence in the "testimony." At all events, a sensation three years and a half old has earned a rest.

Rose Eytinge Is Penniless

From Portland, Ore., comes the news that Rose Eytinge, or "Lady Rose," as she was known, once upon a time a queen of the stage, is living in that city in straightened circumstances. Through illness she has become almost incapacitated from any regular work and on account of recent unlucky speculations she is now absolutely penniless. Mina Crolius Gleason of the Bungalow Theatre in Portland writes as follows on the subject of a fund which is now being raised: "I feel sure that Miss Eytinge has many friends who would be glad to contribute to this fund—a fund we are trying to raise to give a little comfort to a woman who was a great artist in her day and is now seventy years of age; a woman who throughout her life cast her bread upon the waters in many directions, with no thought of its returning."

Advertising Agency Removes

M. L. Hadley, who for the past twenty years has conducted a large and most successful newspaper advertising agency on the Pacific Coast, has removed his San Francisco offices to the Metropolis Bank building, the very heart of the financial and business center of the city. The very best advertising writers and specialists have been secured and the Hadley agency is more than ever a factor in the upbuilding and development of commercial and financial interests of the coast. One of the new features in connection with the agency is the promotion bureau or department for the use of clients wishing to float high-grade securities.

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The holiday season is coming nearer and nearer, and we are better prepared for it than we have ever been before. The TOY department, among others, is an innovation, and we have spent the last six months buying for it and arranging it for this opening.
TOYS
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OAKLAND

WEEKLY FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

Another week of advancing securities has been seen. There seems no stop to the upward trend of values. The market showed no favorites. Many low-priced stocks which have been dormant for a year took on new life and moved upward with the higher priced column. The week's gossip was most encouraging. The industrial list reported many large orders for their products having been booked since election. The American Locomotive Company reported orders pouring in faster than they could take care of them. The American Car and Foundry Company ordered its Detroit plant put into operation at once; this plant will give employment to 3500 men. The Steel Foundries Company will add 1500 additional men to their force. All of the larger manfacturing concerns are adding from ten to thirty per cent additional employes to their force. It is roughly estimated that fully one million laborers, mechanics, etc., have been given employment since November 4th. The time is growing very near when idle men will be a thing of the past. Stocks of all kinds of manufactured goods are extremely low; the period of over-production has passed; consumers will find it hard for some time to come to have their requirements filled with any reasonable dispatch. The most favorable condition in the commercial channel of business is the cheapness of money. It is almost certain we are to pass the period of tight money this year unmolested. About three hundred millions will be paid out in the way of dividends on January 1st; the time of disbursement being so close it is only reasonable to anticipate the continuance of low rates for at least one year more. Money will seek investment ere long at rates that will permit of many needed improvements throughout the whole country. It is believed a flood of eastern money will find its way to California for permanent employment. The large transcontinental railway lines are using every effort to bring into service an army of laborers. New extensions are being considered, both steam and electric lines, which will result in the immediate development of a vast amount of new territory adding to the greatness of our country. When one considers the vast resources of this country and the greater part yet to be developed, what can we expect to see twenty years hence? It is no idle talk to say that our country has outgrown its railway facilities; this condition will be more plainly shown as time goes on. It will be surprising if the greatest congested condition of freight traffic ever known does not become a reality the coming year. If law makers would show a little judgment the transportation companies could avoid such conditions by making the necessary improvements. The day of the rail fence orator has passed. The watchword for some time to come will be progress upon fair lines to both the public and transportation lines. The changed conditions in relation to railroads is plainly seen in the great demand for their short time notes which sixty days ago had few seekers. Almost every series of security issued by the Union and Southern Pacific is now eagerly sought after; this is not only true on this side of the Atlantic but on the other side, where, in fact, all of the Harriman issues are favorably thought of. The new high price record of the United States Steel common and preferred stocks caused many to believe an announcement of an increase in the dividend of the common stock would be made known soon. It is hardly reasonable to expect an increase at this particular time when the company is putting so much of its profits into betterments. No doubt within the coming year the common stock will be placed upon a five per cent basis. There is every reason to expect the common stock of the American Locomotive Company and the American Car and Foundry Company to return to their old dividend basis very soon; the earnings of both warrant this expectation. The copper properties are not receiving the favorable consideration many had anticipated. Stocks of copper, while not large, are quite sufficient for present consumptive demands. Later on a better price for the raw material will develop when these securities will have their day. The market for all kinds of securities ought to have what is termed a healthy reaction, and it may come unexpectedly. It is wise to take a cautious position until such a reaction has been seen. The public buying of late has been strong, the market could easily get into an over-bought state and cause a sharp reaction; on any decline of this character stocks and bonds can be safely bought. Before this bull movement is over present prices will look cheap. This does not mean that reactions from time to time will not appear.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Our New Smart Set

To get on the list of ladies who are to have charge of the Colonial dances at the St. Francis is one of the most difficult of achievements, I am told. At these dances is to be set the high-water mark of exclusiveness in our provincial but nevertheless exalted, aristocracy. The bars have been let down too often of late it is said, and the line must be drawn somewhere. Now for the bull of excommunication. Soon we shall know who is really who and who has not been properly branded. The list of patronesses is being made with much deliberation and great caution. Mrs. Henry T. Scott is in charge of the incubation of the new smart set and her judgment or discretion is not to be disputed. This is the list to date: Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Robert S. Coleman, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, Mrs. William Lent, Mrs. Robert J.



MRS. HENRY T. SCOTT

Who is supposed to know "just exactly the moment at which some [illegible] should [illegible] dances and the big guns at the St. Francis.

Wands, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. J. W. Kenney, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. I. I. Scott, Mrs. J. A. Sperling, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. A. J. Dibblee.

An Episode

A French maid, an aristocratic bulldog and a loaf of French bread figured in an amusing episode in Van Ness avenue on Sunday morning a week ago. The maid was of the household of the Vincent de Laveagas of Menlo, who have taken the de Vecchi house on Jackson street for the winter. Of the three it was the dog alone that knew the bread which had been left at the door that morning. The dog saw the bread before the maid saw it, but she must see the dog take the bread before the dog had time to eat it. Seeing that he was observed by the maid the dog set off with the loaf, the maid after him. Down by Van Ness avenue she met the dog with the loaf, the maid pursuing. Into Van Ness marched the dog and laughed with great French gusto and still pursued by a valiant French maid. In the opposite direction came Mrs. de Laveaga on the way home from church and to her she told the story of the theft. The maid pursuing the dog and the dog pursued by the maid, all excited. "I only care about the bread, but I know the dog knows I know the city and I was afraid he'd get lost."

His Aquarian Sentiments

A book reminds me of another dog story. One day last summer Dan Murphy was on hand to be bound to Burlingame with a dog tucked up on the seat beside him. "The nerve," said the conductor, "dogs are not allowed in the passenger cars. You'll have to take him into the baggage car."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Murphy.

The conductor insisted that the dog should be removed. Mr. Murphy was obdurate. During the discussion the dog jumped off the seat and got beneath it and Mr. Murphy refused to budge. As Murphy started to leave the train at Burlingame the conductor asked him if he wasn't going to take the dog with him.

"He isn't my dog," said Murphy.

Contagious Bohemianism

Even in Bohemia the lights sometimes grow dim, the music is almost hushed, the songs lose their Beranger quality, and the laughter becomes spasmodic for lack of proper wit incentive. So thought L. Ventura, litterateur, bon vivant and almost earnest disciple of Murger, Verlaine and Baudelaire, one day recently, while pondering upon what he regarded as inexcusable apathy of the Sequoia Club in matters of essentially Bohemian import. Mr. Ventura's idea of what should constitute the animat-



MRS. EDWARD FOSS

One of the successes of the coming Carnival Season.

ing spirit, the essence as it were, of Sequoian purpose, is best expressed in the material things of Bohemia, which are music, lights, some to make the heart merry, quips and jests to provoke glad laughter and always something good to eat, in environment to fit the occasion. He resolved to revive the drooping Sequoian Bohemianism by giving the real Bohemian element of the club a Bohemian dinner, in a Bohemian atmosphere, amid Bohemian surroundings and absolutely under Bohemian auspices. He chose an Italian restaurant on Polk street near Broadway, redolent of Neapolitan savors and reminiscent of Latin Quarter traditions. He ordered the viands, the wines and the lights, confident that the personnel, the bailiwick and the Bohemian spirit would come as a matter of course. Which is not. The guests were bidden and the feast went forward with alacrity. The lights were

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MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE

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bright, the music was up to Bohemian standard, the ravioli and the spaghetti were edible, the wine was drinkable, and the wit was passable. Soon the Bohemian spirit began to move itself aright and attracted the attention of the sidewalk tribes beyond the pale, and these, gazing in wonder at first, through the broad uncurtained windows of the cafe, observing that the male Bohemians were a merry crew, and that the women were smoking cigarettes as if they enjoyed them, were themselves infected with a contagious disorder, and responsive to the lilt of the music began to dance their national dances on the pavement. In kimonas and Mother Hubbards the women outside danced the dances of their native lands; the Italians whirled in the lively tarantella, the Spaniards



MRS. ADOLPH FLEISHMAN

A bride of last week. She was Miss Helen Bremer. Mr. Fleishman is a prominent resident of Los Angeles. They were married at noon on Sunday last in the ball room of the Fairmont. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served in the Red room. There were one hundred and twenty-five guests at the breakfast.

leaped in mad boleros; the Greeks waltzed gracefully and the Japanese gestured in the cheery dance—all to the tune of a ragtime Bohemian madrigal whipped from the strings of harp and fiddles of a macaroni band. The Bohemians within observing the animation of the Bohemians without, were gratified. They pronounced Mr. Ventura's dinner a great success. His Bohemianism was "catching." It not only permeated the guests at his symposium, but it spread itself abroad to gladden the entire neighborhood. Moreover it certainly revived the drooping Bohemianism of the Sequoia Club.

Sequoia Art Exhibit

The Sequoia Club's art exhibit was opened to private view of the club members and their friends on Saturday, and on Sunday the pictures were placed on public view, to remain until the 28th inst. Much praise is bestowed on Miss Evelyn Withrow's portrait of Mrs. Ramon Wilson and her pastel of the "Crystal Gazer." Other notable features of the exhibit are specimens of Mrs. Bertha Stringer Lee's summer work; and characteristic canvases by Charles Dickman, Margaret Dixon, Del Mue, William Sparks and Theodore Wores. Ada Romer Shawhan exhibited some interesting faces in red chalk. Rose Hooper Plotner was represented in some exquisite miniatures. The critical judges who accepted the pictures were Allan Dunn, Theodore Wores and Will Sparks.

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The Directoire

Some handsome and striking gowns were worn at the A. D. Shepard dinner at the Sequoia Thursday evening of last week. Masculine comment, however, seemed to concentrate upon the handsome costume worn by Mrs. Bruguiere, nee Shortridge, made for the de Young wedding. One of these men was inclined to class it with the Directoire mode, but paused somewhat embarrassed by the obvious lack of the side rip that all men think is the distinguishing and necessary feature of this peculiar innovation in feminine gear. Another man, married, and consequently wiser, informed the doubting one that a Directoire is not necessarily an open view of a lovely underskirt. The information was to the effect that the chief requirement of this fashion was a close fit. Whereupon another man, unidentified as to domestic relations, remarked that in his opinion a woman would experience greater difficulty in attempting to sit down attired in a Directoire gown than if she wore no gown at all. Which is indicative of how little most men know about women's clothes anyway.

Athol and Margaret

According to the gossips society has been more expectant than ever since Athol McBean's dinner and theatre party in honor of Margaret Newhall. "This," says a New York society journal which keeps in touch with social affairs in this city, "may be Athol's way of trying to cinch matters." "At any rate," says the same authority, "it is equal to a very broad hint to other aspirants"; furthermore: "Those who claim to know are always throwing them together at affairs, and there is also the little incident of the telegram 'up the road' which greeted Athol on his homeward bound journey early last May."

An Active Hostess

Mrs. Andrew Welch, who has taken her place among the prominent hostesses this season, is a very charming, home-loving woman, but she delights in giving happy little functions for her wide circle of friends. She was Miss de Laveaga before her marriage with the young millionaire. Andrew Welch, by the way, was the despair of matchmaking mothers, for he was so apparently oblivious to feminine charms. His marriage with Miss de Laveaga was a genuine love match. Mr. Welch's sister is Mrs. Eugene Lent. She was a young widow when she met Mr. Lent, who, though presumably an adamant-hearted bachelor, promptly fell in love and pursued a spirited courtship to the altar. The Lents live in San Mateo for the greater part of the year and the Welches are also identified with the San Mateo set. Mrs. Welch's series of luncheons at the Fairmont are talked of as most delightful affairs of the dove order. Other functions are being planned to continue through the season at the Welch's town house in Eddy street.

Such Beautiful Hair

A clever little woman, hearing of a well-known photographer's penchant for draping and coiffing his women sitters, decided that she would have a little fun with him. She is quite a beauty but her hair is not luxuriant. After she had made the appointment for her sitting, she borrowed three different switches from three

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of her chums whose locks were fortunately of the same shade as her own sparse hirstute adornment. Arrayed in all this reflected glory she proudly set forth to get her picture taken. When she took off her hat and displayed her crown of gold the expected happened. The photographer fell into raptures over her lovely tresses and proceeded to take out the pins. At which, lo and behold! Switch No. 1 dropped off. The artist censured her severely for wearing false hair, when with her wealth of it the addition was so unnecessary. But when the second and third false pieces followed the first he turned the fair jester over to his assistant and faded from the studio.

But San Francisco Has Charms

Jeanne Gallois, it seems, has become reconciled to life in the far west after all. They say she was somewhat bored at first on her return from Paris. There the hospitable Gallois home was the center of much quiet entertaining, prominent literary and artistic geniuses finding in it a most congenial atmosphere. Miss Jeanne, who believes most firmly in having an object in life, found her Paris environment congenial, and heavy time freighted her hands for a month or two after settling here again. But it seems she has changed her mind and has concluded after all that San Francisco has its own particular charms.

Tangled in Her Veil

A very amusing episode occurred the other day at one of the fashionable teas. San Francisco was indulging in one of its festive little afternoon breezes and so, though the young lady of my tale had only a block to go, she deemed it wise to wind a veil around her large black picture hat. Upon arriving at her destination and before entering the reception room to greet her hostess she proceeded to undo the yards of chiffon. Unfortunately a hard knot had gotten in somewhere and the more she tugged the tighter it grew. There was not even the possibility of slipping the veil over her head, nor of climbing out of it and there not a maid in sight. She seated herself on the hall bench and worked leisurely at it for a moment, then as new callers began to appear, she turned frantically to the butler. "Have you a pen knife?" she asked. Immediately he dropped his card tray and dashed gallantly to the rescue. The bell was permitted to ring and ring—somewhat emphatically, too—while the butler tugged at the veil in vain. Finally he took out his knife and cut the young lady out of her predicament.

The Colemans Entertain

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Coleman entertained at a very pretty dinner dance in the St. Francis last Friday evening in honor of Miss Constance de Young and Mr. Joseph Tobin, whose marriage this Wednesday is one of the most interesting social events of the season. Among those present to meet the guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brander, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Polhemus, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, Miss de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Katleen de Young, George Cameron, Edgar Mizner, Joseph O. Tobin, James Cameron and Charles de Young.

The Salle Fortune

By the recent marriage of a son of the house of Ellinwood to Miss Salle I was reminded that we still have among us the families of men who struck it rich in the mines. Of the contemporaries of the Bonanza Kings there are not many left in this neck of the woods, but the mines of California and Nevada are a continuous performance, and many are the fortunes that have been made since the days of Mackay and Fair. The Salle fortune is one of the many that came out of the mines. The Salle girls, by the way, while yet in their teens, went to Europe under the chaperonage of a cultured woman, and under her direction they studied music, painting and the languages.

Another Debutante

The debut of Miss Florence Hopkins, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins, will take place next Tuesday. This event will be celebrated by one of the largest balls of the season. The fair debutante's sisters, Mrs. A. A. Taylor, Mrs. W. H. Taylor and Mrs. Fred McNear, who are taking a lively interest in the arrangements for the coming function, will assist their father in receiving.

The Rudeness of Him!

A certain debutante function was the subject of discussion. "I'm not going," said the distinguished Burlingame matron who was being urged to contribute to the tone of the affair. "I don't like the way her brother has acted," she explained. "I've had him at two week-end parties and he hasn't had the politeness to call on me."

"I know he has been very rude," said the debutante's friend, "but you shouldn't blame her." The distinguished matron was on hand at the affair, but was inappropriately gowned in a black walking suit. Brother was there too, and he spent most of the afternoon in the company of a pretty debutante. Who cares for the social amenities anyway?

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The de Young-Tobin Wedding

The first of the much-talked-of de Young weddings has come and gone and Constance de Young and Joseph Oliver Tobin have been safely launched on the high seas of matrimony. The ceremony took place at noon on Wednesday at St. Mary's Cathedral, Archbishop Riordan officiating. The church was absolutely crowded, so much so that even some of those with entrance cards had to be turned away. Outside over a thousand people were congregated to catch a glimpse of the pretty bride and even the galleries were filled. The altars and sanctuary were elaborately decorated with masses of American Beauty roses so that the bridal party made an exceptionally pretty picture, the bridesmaids' dresses and picture hats repeating the same tints and shading. To the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march the bridal procession entered the church. The groomsmen were Charles de Young, Harry Simpkins, Edward Tobin, George Cameron, Wellington Gregg and Baldwin Wood. They were followed by the four bridesmaids, Genevieve Harvey, Rebecca Kruttschnitt, Kathleen de Young and Frances Stewart. Helen de Young was maid of honor and, like the bridesmaids, was in a directoire gown and carried a huge bouquet of American Beauties. The bride followed on the arm of her father, M. H. de Young. She certainly looked charming in her gown of white satin and there were many present who admired the grace and dexterity with which she managed her train, as it was fully eight feet long. Her bouquet was a wonderful shower effect of lilies of the valley and her dress was exquisitely trimmed with ropes of pearls and yards of rare old lace. Joe Tobin was attended by his younger brother Cyril as best man. Everybody remarked how blissfully happy he seemed and certainly he did not lose his self possession, as his responses could be heard in the entire church. About one hundred and fifty guests afterwards repaired to the de Young home on California street, where a very sumptuous breakfast was served. The house also was decorated in masses of American beauty roses and presented a truly beautiful appearance. Some of the toasts were exceptionally clever. Constance received some wonderful presents, the most beautiful of all being a magnificent dog collar of diamonds, a gift of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Joseph Tobin's present to his bride was a pair of costly earrings, the most wonderful any San Francisco girl can boast of. Another present from him was a traveling case, fitted in gold trappings. The young couple left for a tour of the southern part of the State, but will be back in time for Helen's marriage to George Cameron, which will be celebrated on the thirtieth.

Back from "Bolder Hill"

Society is awaiting with much interest the reopening of the town house of Mrs. J. D. Grant, which, since her arrival at the St. Francis a few weeks ago, has been rushed toward completion with the furnishing selected abroad by Mrs. Grant to harmonize with the artistic interior arrangement. When the residence is reopened in December it will afford a fitting setting for the delightful entertainments of one of the city's most charming hostesses. Mrs. Grant left here last February and spent the entire summer on her English country estate, "Bolder Hill."

The Donahoe Ball

The Donahoe ball at the Fairmont on Tuesday night was a very brilliant and elaborate function. The affair was to introduce to society Katherine Donahoe, the debutante daughter of the Joseph A. Donahoes. Miss Katherine is barely seventeen, so everyone expected she would spend another year in the schoolroom, and the news that she was to be one of the season's buds came as a delightful surprise to her many friends here. Most of her life has been passed at the Donahoe country home in Menlo Park. Like her cousins, the Parrott girls, she is devoted to riding and out-of-door sports, and while not exactly a pretty girl she has a rare charm of manner that is unusually attractive. The Donahoes belong to the inner Holy of Holies. Mrs. Donahoe was formerly Christine Parrott, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Abby M. Parrott. Like her mother, she believes in having her list extremely blue-penciled and the ball was decidedly exclusive. A great number of the Greenway set were not invited, but among those who were, some twenty or thirty were far from intimate with the family. The ball was really a brilliant success. It was pronounced the most perfect ball ever given here. Madam de Tristan and Miss de

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Guigne, who are also cousins of Katherine Donohoe's, are expected from Paris next week. They will spend the winter in San Mateo at the de Guigne homestead.

Miss Page-Brown Returning

The news that Mr .and Mrs. Francis Carolan are once more on their homeward way has been received with great rejoicing in the local four hundred, the more so as Miss Katrina Page-Brown is to accompany them. Miss Katrina is well remembered here from the occasion of her former visit and everyone is looking forward to the pleasure of again welcoming her. After all she really is a California girl, for it was only since the shocking accident that brought Page Brown to his untimely death that her mother has returned to New York, the home of her own girlhood. Miss Page-Brown is a very charming girl of a demi-brunette beauty quite her own. Mary Keeney and she used to be quite inseparable, going everywhere together. They were a very stunning couple, their beauty being of such distinctly different types as to attract considerable attention. Young John Parrott, Jr., they say, succumbed to the fair Katrina's charms, and rumors of an interesting engagement between the two were afloat. But John accompanied his family to Europe a year ago and Katrina returned to New York to make her debut and nothing came of it after all. The Carolans are to winter at the Fairmont and so Miss Page-Brown will practically join the season's band of debutantes. A number of elaborate entertainments have already been planned in her honor.

Son's Illness Causes Mother's Return

Mrs. R. E. Mucahy, who has been abroad for the past year, returned last week, having been called home on account of the severe illness of her son, Mr. Frank Coakley, who is now on the road to recovery. Mrs. Mulcahy spent last winter in Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. Mulcahy have taken apartments for the winter at the St. Francis.

Wismer and Ysaye

Hother Wismer, the talented violinist, who recently returned from Europe where he enjoyed the benefit of weeks of study under the direction of that great master Ysaye, will soon give a concert. I am told by a critic who has heard Mr. Wismer since his return that the improvement in his tones is wonderful. Wismer has been delighting his friends with stories of his interesting experience at Ysaye's studio at Godine, a village near Brussels where he spent several pleasant weeks. He was there when the great violinist celebrated his fiftieth birthday and also when he celebrated the birth of a grandson. He says that Ysaye has arranged to give a hundred concerts in Europe this season. While in London Wismer saw a great deal of that talented native son, Sigmund Beel, who is now rated among the leading musicians of the British capital. In New York he met Herman Brandt who is with the Saponoff orchestra.

Colonial Dame Breakfast

One of the most exclusive affairs of the season was the Colonial Dame breakfast which took place at the St. Francis Hotel on Saturday last. The affair was in charge of Mrs. Selden S. Wright, the organizer and president of the local branch. Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield, Miss Elizabeth Jones and Mrs. C. Elwood Brown assisted. The only invited guest was Bishop Nichols, who made a few remarks in a happy vein. Miss Louise Kimball spoke on family trees.

A Birthday Dinner

Mr. Cuyler Lee gave a birthday dinner on Wednesday evening at his home at Pierce and Vallejo streets. Those present were: Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Dr. W. A. McEnery, Joseph B. Murphy, Paul Cowles, Frank Goad, Edgar Mizner, Noble Eaton, Charles Rollo Peters and Courteney Ford.

Far From the Madding

Wise was the foresight of the Fathers in setting aside for thanksgiving celebration a certain day instead of a certain date. Whether intentional or not this adds vastly to the pleasure of the modern Thanksgiving holiday, as it enables one to enjoy four days instead of one. Because of this, busy men and women can find time to get away from the routine of city life and seek the joys of the outdoors at country clubs and hotels. Already there is talk of the large party which is preparing to visit the Yosemite and eat their Thanksgiving dinner amid its wonders. And there are any number of parties being formed to spend the week end among the beautiful surroundings of the Hotel Del Monte. There is talk of an amateur golf tournament for that day, but even if it does not materialize the superb condition of this excellent course will doubtless attract a great many. The Del Monte ground never appeared more beautiful and if the weather is pleasant Manager Warner will have a great family about his festal board.

Motoring to Del Monte

Motor parties are arriving almost daily at Del Monte from all parts of the State. Among recent visitors were Mr. and Mrs. E. Bosbyshell and J. S. Chanslor of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Thorson and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hicks of Berkeley; the junior F. W. Hellmans of

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ED. PINAUD BLDG. FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

San Francisco; the J. A. Seymours and the Charles C. Moores. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Smith of Sacramento and Miss Irene Neuberg of Victoria, B. C., arrived by motor Monday. Mrs. A. M. Easton of San Mateo motored down Wednesday, intending to make a stay of a week. A. W. Jackson, Miss Jackson and Miss Fritch of this city motored down Friday. After spending a day or so they will continue their journey south.

Society Notes from Berkeley

Among the guests at the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley are Mr. and Mrs. George Tripp, who have come from New Bedford, Conn., to attend the marriage of their daughter, Miss Grace C. Tripp to Mr. E. L. Vinal of the United States Coast Survey, which will be celebrated next week at the Unitarian church in Berkeley. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the Hotel Carlton. Last Saturday was a gala day at the hotel, many of those who came to see the big football game registering for luncheon. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, who had with them Miss Rebecca Shreve and Miss Marie Russell; Mrs. J. H. Hough and her daughter, Miss Helen Hough, who motored from their home in Stockton, and Mr. James Slawson, who came from Los Angeles. Other prominent guests at the hotel are Mrs. Kate Vosburg of Los Angeles, and Mr. H. G. Haskell, of Wilmington, Delaware, manager of the Dupont Powder Works.

Sloss-Ackerman Engagement

Great interest was aroused in society this week by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Louise Sloss and Mr. Lloyd Ackerman. Miss Sloss is one of the most interesting of the younger set, having traveled extensively in Europe where, being observant and eager for knowledge she absorbed much substantial culture. Lloyd Ackerman is one of the brightest of the younger members of the bar.

Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Devlin, who recently returned from a six months' tour abroad, have rented their home in Berkeley and will spend the winter in town.

Theo. Wores will soon give an interesting exhibition of his paintings at the rooms of Mrs. Helen Freeze on Van Ness avenue.

Mrs. Frank Findlay and her young son, who have been visiting in the East for the past few months, have returned to their home in Sausalito. Mr. Findlay was detained on business, but will join his family shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Comte, Jr., and family have returned from Woodside and are again at their Guerrero street home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Barrett are back from their trip to New York. Mrs. Barrett brought some charming gowns. She looks particularly chic in her riding costume, the dernier cri from Redfern's.

Miss Duncan, the pretty niece of Mrs. Edwin Griffiths, whose engagement to Richard Girvin was announced several months ago, will be married during the holidays at her home in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Girvin, Sr., Miss Lee Girvin and Mrs. Griffiths will attend the wedding, after which Mrs. Griffiths will spend several months in the East, visiting her son, Millen Griffiths, who is at present attending Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dibblee have taken a house in town for the winter, having closed their Ross Valley home.

Miss Anita Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Davis, will be married this month to Kenneth Macdonald, the well-known young architect.

Mr. and Mrs. Roundham Carley spent the week at the Granada. They have returned to their home in San Anselmo.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Forman of Goldfield are spending a few days at the Granada.

A party of society folk from San Mateo have taken apartments for a time at the Fairmont Hotel. It includes Mrs. M. J. O'Connor, Miss F. M. O'Connor, Monsieur and Mme. De Cazette.

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Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whiting Hopkins for a large dance in the ball room of the Fairmont on the 24th of November. This is in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Florence Hopkins. This dance promises to be one of the most delightful of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park have returned from the East, where they enjoyed a pleasant sojourn of a few weeks, and are now at the Fairmont. They are accompanied by Miss Jessup, Mrs. Coryell's sister.

Mrs. D. Samuels gave a luncheon at the Granada the other day to a party of eighteen young ladies in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Houseman.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and Miss Kruttschnitt of Chicago are at the Fairmont and being made much of socially by their many friends in this city.

Mrs. C. H. Hopkins of Santa Barbara has come up from her beautiful home in the south and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne with their children and their governess have taken their apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Gilbert, who have been spending the past month at the Fairmont, have gone to Los Angeles for a few days. The Gilberts are from England and are making a leisurely trip around the world, having taken about six months to come this far. They will be back at the Fairmont before sailing for Honolulu.

Mrs. Jonathan Kittle of Ross Valley and her son Allen will soon leave for an extended European tour.

The H. Coffins of Ross Valley have taken the Cornwall house on the corner of Pacific avenue and Webster street.

The Forum Club will give a large function on December 9th at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles Huse of Chicago will arrive in San Francisco on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wells.

Mrs. Arthur Brander nee Forman of Coronado, is at present visiting Mrs. James V. Coleman at the St. Francis. Later she will be the guest of Mrs. Harry Holbrook. Mrs. Brander will remain in the city for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Petherick nee Poultney have returned from their wedding tour and are now comfortably settled in Sausalito. Mrs. Petherick will soon be the hostess at an informal tea, when her many friends will have an opportunity to view her wedding presents, which are numerous and handsome.

Knox Maddox, known as "the eligible bachelor," made Miss Linda Cadwalader the honored guest at an informal dinner recently, after which the guests attended the concert of De Gogorza at Christian Science Hall.

Mrs. Clement Horst left for New York last week. She will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Worthington Ames returned during the week from Europe. Her sister, Mrs. Willard Drown, made her return the occasion for a jolly reception. The guests were the most intimate friends of these interesting matrons.

Miss Linda Cadwalader left during the week for a few days' visit in San Jose, where she will be the guest of her cousin. Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse. Mrs. George Cadwalader went to Woodside on Wednesday as the guest of Miss Mary Josselyn. Miss Josselyn recently returned from a visit of several weeks to Mrs. David Brown of Denver.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: From San Francisco, Mrs. Daisy Tinberg, Carrie Pinkerton, Humboldt Gates, D. E. Hayes, Mrs. R. Greenfield, Frances Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Butler, L. H. Torrey and wife, L. D. Torrey, E. G. Jurgensen, W. A. Leonard, Miss H. Doherty. From Mill Valley: Ferdinand Holtum and wife, Miss Laura Holtum. Miss Jane Holtum, Mr. J. Irish. From Paris: Mr. George Delaporte.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michel have returned to their apartment in the St. Francis.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab entertained at an elaborate dinner in the St. Francis last week, prior to his departure for the East. Present at the table were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Tynan, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Armes. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo P. Frear. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Illig, Mr and Mrs. J. M. Gregory, Mr. Campbell McGregor and the Misses McGregor.

News of the wedding of Miss Ella E. Stansbury and William W. Keith, which took place in Pasadena on Wednesday, November 11th, came as a great surprise to the lady's many friends here. Mrs. Keith belongs to one of the best families. She is a sister of Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield. The Keiths will reside in Goldfield, Nevada, where the groom is identified with the Tonopah & Tidewater Road.

A large party crossed the bay on Thursday to bid farewell to Mrs. Bessie Riddell who has gone East to take up her permanent residence at Rowland Park, Baltimore, with her sister, Mrs. O. B. Bidwell, who has been living in the East since her marriage some twelve years ago. Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. Bidwell are the daughters of the late Joseph Tilden. Mrs. Tilden was pretty Julia Foard, an early-day belle. Joseph Tilden was the well-known Bohemian clubman who was burned to death in Honolulu several years ago. Miss Riddell is the widow of George L. Riddell, whose death occurred two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer, nee Ellinwood, will leave in January for Seattle where they will reside for the next two years. Mr. Greer is at present in the north, but will return for the holidays.



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To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
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Stage

Cunningham a Star

Not to be reminiscent but frankly to afford a pretext for felicitating myself on the vindication of my own judgment I would revive recollections of the dear old Tivoli days of fond memories and cherished associations, the days of peace and tranquility, halcyon days that will return again if we live long enough. Back along the stream of time I would waft sweet memory, through the shadowy past, until upon the retina of the mind's eye there loomed the figure of that bold Irish lad, the highwayman who proved so gallant a hero that he excited the admiration of a certain distinguished lady impersonated for the occasion by Camille D'Arville. The highwayman, let it be recalled, was none other than Arthur Cunningham, the new star of theatredom now beaming over the footlights of the Valencia. In "The Highwayman" Arthur Cunningham first revealed his ability as an Irish character actor. The star of the performance was Camille D'Arville, and Cunningham was not expected to do anything more than improve her opportunities, but according to the judgment expressed in these columns he put that talented lady in penumbra. Indeed, it was here set forth that in the matter of temperament and brogue he was without a peer among the men who make Irish character work their specialty. So enthusiastic was I over his work that I urged several managers to make a star of him in Irish drama, but they considered themselves too wise to hazard their money in so questionable a venture. In view of all the money that has been made by such men as Joe Murphy (the richest actor of the American stage), Andrew Mack, Chauncey Olcott and Denis O'Sullivan, it seems almost incredible that after having exhibited his pre-eminent fitness for the roles with which they were identified, Arthur Cunningham should have had to wait all these years for his launching. From his experience one is inclined to marvel at the obtuseness of theatrical managers. In the kind of Irish drama with which theatre-goers in this country love to be regaled it is essential that the hero should have a brogue, a rollicking manner and the gift of song. All these are among Cunningham's professional assets, and he is far more satisfying than the average star of Irish drama, since by his vocal ability he can compensate for many of the shortcomings which by reason of an inane plot and sickly sentimentalities are too frequently characteristic of the Irish plays written for consumption in this country. I am pleased to report that he is a big hit at the Valencia.

"The Chorus Lady"

In view of the zealous and persistent quest of character types to which playwrights devote much of their energies nowadays it is strange that we had to wait so long for the heroine of "The Chorus Lady" who, at the Van Ness, is now giving us a touch of life behind the scenes. This heroine is a very interesting and amusing character study, but the playwright has done something more than familiarize us with a type. He has written a rattling good play, redolent of the atmosphere in which the chorus girl moves, and he has sprinkled it with the argot of the wings and the sprightly witticisms of the Great White Way. The play, though it was originally a vaudeville sketch is not without substance, the germ idea being one susceptible of amplification and it has been treated with exceptional skill and ingenuity. It abounds in the elements of good comedy, and the performance is without a dull moment. James Forbes, the playwright, has handled his theme with something of the artistry that characterizes the dramaturgy of George Ade. The company, headed by Rose Stahl, has a plentitude of talent, and the star receives excellent support. Rose Stahl is every inch and every tone and every move the character she portrays.

Comedy at the Alcazar

"A Strenuous Life," which the Alcazar will present next week, will be remembered by San Francisco theatre-goers as the only local college farce that has ever been produced successfully on the professional stage.. It was written by Richard Walton Tully, who is better known by his collaboration with David Belasco in "The Rose of the Rancho." The farce was a great college hit and later was produced in several cities on the coast and in New York and Chicago. When played in the old Alcazar several years ago, it drew such crowded houses that the management has decided to revive the piece for Thanksgiving week. The farce is peculiar in that it does not depend upon topical and local hits for its success but keeps the average spectator laughing from start to finish. It deals with the affairs of Tom Harrington, captain of the football team, who has gotten into debt and numerous complication. His father, who has been supplying money generously, decides to visit Berkeley to see how well his son has been doing, and his arrival is very inopportune, as Tom has just got home from an escapade in San Francisco, where he played soldier in order to attend a banquet and met a young lady, who later appears on the scene at the same time as the father. Tom's endeavors to keep his father from finding out his bad record as a student and the young lady from learning that he is not the handsome soldier she fell in love with keeps the excitement and fun going through three acts. The play will be an event in local college circles, as Tully



HALL McALLISTER

Who will appear in the one-act episode "The Girl of the Times," next Sunday at the Orpheum.

was a prominent man at the University of California during his college days, and his farce has long remained the standard of university farces. Next Monday night will be known as University of California night and a large number of theatre parties of old graduates will attend the reproduction of "A Strenuous Life." Wednesday night will be under-graduate night, when it is understood many students from the University of California and Stanford will attend.

Kolb and Dill's New Farce

"Weiner and Schnitzel, or We Won't Go Home Till Morning," is the title of the new play which Kolb and Dill will present this Monday night at the Princess Theatre. Aaron Hoffman, who wrote "Playing the Ponies," is the author of this new vehicle for the famous Dutch dialect comedians and it is the opinion of those who have witnessed the rehearsals that he has completely eclipsed all his previous efforts and that an entertainment which the audiences will be compelled to punctuate with shrieks of laughter will be the result. Weiner and Schnitzel (Kolb and Dill) are two wealthy brewers who through the mistake of a phrenologist named Reid Hedze, who is also a Justice of the Peace, marry two women of decided types. The phrenologist examines their bumps before the wedding, which takes place in the Statue of Liberty, and comes to the conclusion that the couple are unsuited to each other. Imbued with the spirit of romance the phrenologist weds them in the dark and purposely confuses the couples, marrying each of the women to the wrong man. Matrimony, instead of guiding Weiner and Schnitzel to bliss drives them to drink and after a prolonged spree they take refuge from the rain in a Turkish bath which was formerly a young lady's seminary. At the opening of the play the befuddled Dutchmen are discovered in shower baths and believing that the water which is dripping upon them is the rain from which they have escaped they have their umbrellas up for protection. A number of college girls and Mlle. Fleurette, their governess, who are unaware of the change of their seminary into a bath house, appear on the scene and having mislaid their keys gain entrance by the fire escape. Mlle. Fleurette has engaged two athletic instructors. M. Cartane Tierce and Kid Sluggem, an expugilist, and finding the two Germans on the premises she mistakes them for her new professors. Mrs. Wiener and Mrs. Schnitzel arrive on the scene and are thrown into the hot and steam rooms, where their husbands encounter them and a scene results which concludes the first act most divertingly. In the second act are complications as diverting as those in the first. The cast of Wiener and Schnitzel will be particularly effective. Among the new people who have been added to the company for this production are Harry Cashman, Sydney de Grey, Sarah Edwards and Marie Howe.



ROSE STAHL AND WILFRED LUCAS
In a scene from "The Chorus Lady" at the Van Ness Theatre."

The Adele Verne Concerts

The first of the series of three concerts to be given by Adele Verne, one of the most popular pianists who ever appeared in this city, will be given Sunday afternoon at Christian Science Hall, when the following varied and interesting program will be given: Thirty-two variations,



ADELE VERNE, PIANIST

Beethoven; Scherzo, Mendelssohn; Melodie, Gluck-Sgambati; Rhapsodie, Op. 79, No. 2, Brams; Sonata in D minor, Scarlatti; Sonata in E major, Scarlatti; Waldscenen (Forest Scenes), Op. 82, Schumann; Eintritto (Entrance); Jager auf der Lauer (in Ambush); Einsame Blumen (Lonely Flowers); Verrufene Stelle (Haunted Spot); Freundliche Landschaft (Pleasing Landscape); Herberge (The Forest Inn); Vogel als Prophet (The Prophet Bird); Jagdlied (Hunting Song); Abschied (Farewell); Au Convent, Borodin; Polonaise in E major, Liszt. Miss Verne will probably give the Schumann "Forest Scenes" a reading that will never be forgotten, for her temperament is particularly suited to this class of work. The second concert will be given Thursday evening and the farewell on Saturday afternoon, the 28th. On next Tuesday afternoon, November 22, Miss Verne will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse at half past three. The date was originally set for Friday, but it was necessary to change it to Tuesday. The above program will be repeated at the Oakland concert.

"Paid in Full" Coming

The second and last week of Rose Stahl's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre will commence Monday night. Most deserving is the great success achieved by this star in James Forbes' unusual comedy, "The Chorus Lady," and the best indication of the same can be secured by noting the big advance sale of seats for the remaining performances. Already seats have been taken in large blocks for every presentation of the comedy up to and including Sunday night, the 29th, when it will be seen for the last time. The management of the Van Ness Theatre an-

nounces that it has been unable to arrange the bookings of that theatre so as to allow any more than a week's stay for the great dramatic triumph, "Paid in Full," which is to be seen for the first time in the West on Monday, November 30th. The seven evening and two matinee performances of the Eugene Walter play will pack the theatre to the doors, as the reputation of the production is of the best and reports from New York during its long run have been such as to awaken unusual interest among theatregoers. Seats go on sale next Thursday.

Arthur Hartmann—A Master Violinist

The first of the violinists to visit us this season will be Arthur Hartmann, a young virtuoso and composer who has just made a great success with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra as its first soloist of the season. Hartmann possesses every quality of a great artist—breadth of tone, great powers of interpretation and a simply marvelous technique which like such masters as Ysaye and Kreisler he simply uses as a means to an end. He has the reputation of being in every respect a learned and scholarly player as well as an exceptionally brilliant virtuoso. With Mr. Hartmann will come Alfred Calzin, a young American pianist who recently made his debut in Berlin and received most favorable attention from the world's greatest authorities. The first Hartmann concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 29, when the artist will play Bruch's G minor concerto, an unaccompanied Bach "Prelude and Fugue," the brilliant fantasie on "Faust" by Wieniawski and three smaller works including a "Rhapsodie" of his own composition and his transcription of MacDowell's "Cradle Song." Mr. Calzin will play some Chopin works and numbers of Paul de Schloezzer, Glazounow and Liszt. An equally interesting program including the Mendelssohn concerto will be given Thursday night, December 3, and the last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 6. Complete programs may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where the sale of seats opens next Wednesday morning. On Friday afternoon, December 4, at 3:30 o'clock, Hartmann will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Next Shaun Rhue

The last performance of "The Kerry Gow," Joseph Murphy's great play in which Arthur Cunningham is making such a hit, will take place at the Valencia Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday afternoon "Shaun Rhue," its companion piece, will be staged on an elaborate scale. It was written by Mr. Murphy shortly after he achieved success in "The Kerry Gow." Mr. Cunningham, who will appear in the leading role, will have a number of the best Irish ballads to sing, including "The Donovans" and "Barney from Sweet Killarney." There will be a special matinee on Thanksgiving and on Monday evening "The Price of Money," for the benefit of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home will be given. On Tuesday night the Corona Club will hold forth.

Valencia's Leading Lady

Miss Blanche Stoddard is to be the new leading lady at the Valencia Theatre, and no better selection could possibly be made. She is possessed of a charming personality, gracious ways and a decidedly artistic temperament, and wherever appearing has always been received with approbation. Her successes have been achieved in the principal cities of this country and she has been associated with many stars. With the Frohman companies she achieved a distinct success; with Nazimova she played a season in Ibsen roles at the Castle Square, in Boston; she starred, and in San Francisco, where she is a great social favorite, she was leading lady during a notably successful season at the Grand Opera House.

The Gold Medal for quality in the Whisky Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to the "White Horse" Whisky, belonging to Mackie & Co., Distillers, Ltd., Islay and Glasgow. It was only last month this old-established firm was honored with the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs. Phone Market 500

Tonight, Sunday Night, and All Next Week. Matinee Saturday.
Special Holiday Matinee Thanksgiving Day

ROSE STAHL

In James Forbes' Four-Act Comedy,
"THE CHORUS LADY."
Last time Sunday Night, November 29
Monday, November 30 Attraction Extraordinary, Special Limited Engagement, "Paid in Full."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE Cor. Sutter and Steiner. Class "A" Building. Phone West 6036

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Monday Night, November 23, and all week, the Funny College Farce,

A STRENUOUS LIFE

By Richard Walton Tully.
Extra Matinee Thanksgiving Day, November 26th
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

ORPHEUM Ellis Street, near Fillmore. Absolutely Class "A" Bldg. Phone West 6000

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
THE NAKED TRUTH, AN ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA IN ONE ACT WITH GEORGE W. LESLIE AND A DOZEN MERRYMAKERS; HALL McALLISTER & CO., IN "THE GIRL OF THE TIMES"; RAYMOND AND CAVERLY; THE FOUR ORANS; WELCH, MEALY & MONTROSE; LEW HAWKINS; MORROW AND SCHELLBERG; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week, immense hit, STALEY AND BIRBECK'S NOVELTY TRANSFORMATION, INTRODUCING "THE MUSICAL BLACKSMITHS."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. Phone Market 17

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, Last Times of "The Kerry Gow."
Commencing Sunday Afternoon, November 22, Last Week of
ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM
Supported by the Valencia Stock Company,
In Joseph Murphy's Great Play,

SHAUN RHUE

Special Matinee Thanksgiving. Regular Matinees, Wednesday and Sunday. Prices, 25c to 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Next "Aristocracy."

AMERICAN THEATRE Market St., nr. Seventh. Phone Market 381

The Same Seat for the Same Price Always.
One week only, commencing Sunday Matinee, November 22nd,
George Ade's Latest Success,

JUST OUT OF COLLEGE

Supported by a company of metropolitan players.
Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, No Higher. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Next Attraction "The Honeymooners."



ADELE VERNE

PIANISTE
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL
Sacramento and Scott
This Sunday afternoon, November 22, at 2:30. Thursday evening, November 26th, and Saturday Matinee, November 28th
Seats $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where programs may be obtained.
OAKLAND CONCERT, next Tuesday afternoon, November 24, Ye Liberty Playhouse. Weber Piano Used.



ARTHUR HARTMANN

THE GREAT VIOLINIST
Assisted by Alfred Calzin, Pianist.
Sunday afternoons, November 29, December 6. Thursday evening, December 3.
Seats $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where complete programs may be obtained.
OAKLAND CONCERT, Friday afternoon, December 4, Ye Liberty Playhouse
Mason & Hamlin Piano Used.

Ade's Latest

"Just Out of College," a comedy in three acts by George Ade, with original musical numbers by Frank L. Callahan and lyrics by Stanley Murphy, will be presented for the first time in this city at the American theatre next Sunday afternoon. This comedy has met with great success in the East and ran for an entire season at the Lyceum Theatre, New York City. The original production in its entirety will be seen at the American theatre under the direction of Gus Bothner and Robert Campbell. Bubbling over with good humor, sustained by a dramatic purpose, seasoned with spontaneous wit and enlivened with music and a chorus of pretty girls, "Just Out of College" should meet with approval by local theatregoers. In this comedy George Ade brings out the humorous side of the adventures of a young man, a college graduate, who must make his own living, handicapped with a lady love and with little beside a tennis racket, a college diploma and a smooth tongue. He persuades the father of the young lady to loan him $20,000 to invest. The old gentleman is a member of the pickle trust. The youth starts in to sell pickles on his own hook and with the aid of a business woman succeeds in forcing the father of the young lady to buy him out, thus showing keen business ability and thereby winning the girl's hand. The satire is complicated, filled with humorous situations and like "The College Widow" and the balance of the Ade successes, it is a character play and there is ample provision for every part. A well selected company of players will be seen in the American Theatre production, including William A. Mortimer, James Cooper, Lester Crawford, William Henderson, Dickie Delaro and Ethel Lloyd. In addition to the usual matinees there will be a special Thanksgiving Day matinee on Thursday.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The program at the Orpehum next week will be remarkable in many respects. An innovation which should successfully appeal to the public will be an entire comic opera condensed to the vaudeville time limit, with Geo. W. Leslie, a clever comedian, a company of high-priced principals and an attractive and capable chorus. The name of this musical offering is "The Naked Truth," and it is said to possess a witty and amusing libretto interspersed with tuneful lyrics. Considerable interest will center in the first vaudeville appearance here of Hall McAllister, a native of this city who is very popular in society and club circles. Some years ago he turned his back upon the law for the stage and he has succeeded in winning a position which ranks him as one of the most distinguished of the younger actors in this country. Mr. McAllister will present with the assistance of a very capable company a one-act play entitled "The Girl of the



JOHN E. MAHER

Who will return to the Alcazar Theatre in "A Strenuous Life" next Monday evening

Times" by Fred Niblo, which affords him a splendid opportunity of exhibiting his histrionic ability. Raymond and Caverly, those two very popular German comedians, who are unequaled in their particular line of vaudeville and whom an eastern writer has styled "The Wizards of Joy," will render songs and parodies of their own composition. Their funny dialogue in which they distort the English language always proves too much for the gravity of the audiences. The Four Orans will make their first appearance in this city in an acrobatic novelty called "On the Sea Shore," which promises to be something novel in this style of diversion. Next week will be the last of Welch, Mealy & Montrose; Lew Hawkins; Morrow and Schellberg and Staley and Birbeck in their marvelous protean act including "The Musical Blacksmiths." A new series of motion pictures will conclude an entertainment that bids fair to be delightful throughout.

A New Tenor

Lawrence Strauss of this city has just returned from a two years' trip abroad, where he has been studying in Paris, London and Berlin. He will give a concert early in December at Century Hall. Mr. Strauss is said to be an exceptionally interesting and talented singer.

In the Limelight

Louis James has started for this city with his massive production of "Peer Gynt," in which he has created nothing short of a sensation. The production was originally built for Richard Mansfield and two enormous railroad cars are necessary for its transportation across the continent. An immense amount of costuming is also carried. Nearly a hundred people appear in the production.

Darrell Standing, an English actor of great reputation, will be one of the new men at the Valencia Theatre.

"Ben Hur" will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre next month.

Miss Beatrice Nichols, from the Bush Temple, Chicago, will be the new ingenue at the Valencia Theatre.

"The Lion and the Mouse" will play a return engagement here.

Miss Helen Lakaye, sister of Wilton Lackaye, will be the second lady at the Valencia Theatre during the winter season.

Robert Warwick, the leading man of the Valencia Theatre stock company, returns with "Aristocracy."

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CUYLER LEE AND PARTY IN NEW CADILLAC "30."

This automobile came by express last Saturday.

Letters

Boy Life in a Logging Camp

"All Among the Loggers" is as good a book for boys as Stewart Edward White's "Blazed Trail" is for their fathers, and there is just enough difference between the methods of Maine and Michigan to make either book acceptable to the reader of the others. Writing for boys of thirteen and upward, Mr. Burleigh has omitted all reference to legal difficulties and camp roughness. Norman Carver, who plays the part of hero, "Among the Loggers" is a bright youth, an only son of seventeen years, attending school in Boston. One of the funny stunts of his frat was that of breaking into a private house, appropriating a suit of mail from the collection of its owner, and decorating the statue of the founder of their school with the stolen property. Dr. Horton did not take the same lenient view of the escapade as did the fraternity and its sympathizers. Instead of a creditable exhibition of nerve and a proof of mettle, he called it plain burglary, a state prison offense, and Master Carver and his mates were held to answer in a police tribunal. When General Carver discovered that Norman's penitence was more for being found out and exploited in the newspapers than for his crime, he decided that a complete change of environment and plenty of hard work would be the best antidote. Accordingly, having lumbering interests in Northern Maine, it was arranged that Norman should spend the remainder of the winter as clerk in one of the camps. The sights and scenes are all set forth just as they appeared to this city bred boy who has now a chance to discover with what hard labor some of his idle dollars have been accumulated. Norman Carver found his work in the logging camp such good fun, and his new companion, Fred the Cookee, such a fine fellow despite his lack of schooling, that he prevailed upon his father to permit him to go back in the spring to clerk for the drive, so a second volume is to follow, detailing the adventures of "Two Boys with Pickpole and Peavey." Coming just now, when the attention of the nation is turned toward the conservation of our remaining forest area. "All Among the Loggers" is an especially timely volume. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, who have almost a monopoly of the juvenile field, are the publishers.

An Original Detective Story

In "The Distributors" Anthony Partridge offers something new in the line of mystery and detective stories. The reader, of course, can make a fairly good guess at what is going on, but this is an instance where the author and his clients form a partnership against society, and the initiates take their pleasure from the mystification of those outside the charmed circle. The foam of the very topmost wave of high society in England figure as the active agents. There were something like a dozen at first, of the select, who were banded together in an exclusive coterie for the study of esoteric philosophy and the "cultivation of their secondary selves." They were known as "The Ghosts," and the membership was limited. One of those whose curiosity was most ardent was an American heiress, a Miss Sophie van Heldt, and Miss Sophie, possessed of a fair share of native American impudence together with the aggressiveness which had won the fortune inherited, had no scruples against voicing her curiosity as openly as she would have discussed a common, ordinary stock. She wanted to know all about the "Ghosts," and know she would if human power could accomplish it. The leader of the coterie was Lord Evelyn Madrecourt. Associated with him were a King's councellor, a noted explorer, a dilletante scientist, an authoress of note, and one or two others. none of them past middle age, but all confessedly failures to themselves, people who had had too much of everything without sufficient exertion in the getting, who had lived too fast, exhausted their sensations, and now found the world a squeezed orange. Society at large was being treated to some surprising shocks and thrills, for a series of thefts of valuable gems took place one after the other. Scotland Yard and the metropolitan police were baffled and mystified, for no clue was forthcoming and no track of the missing jewels found. Several worthy charities, however, received anonymous gifts of large amounts and the world at large had its attention equally divided between interest in the identity of the thieves and speculation as to the origin of the mysterious benefactors. No one though to connect the two. Meanwhile, Miss Sophie Von Heldt had set an American agent on the track of the "Ghosts," expecting to come into possession of mysterious passwords, signs, grips and initiation ceremonies. Grunebar had at his services men of no scruples whatever and Sophie had plenty of money which she did not grudge, and had Grunebar but lived to tell what he knew there would have been sensation enough for both her and the rest of the world, for the "Ghosts," being all more or less abnormal to begin with, had simply grown more erratic by association, until they had all but lost their hold on sanity and could have argued themselves into the justice of any course they elected to follow. "The Ghosts" may be taken as a parable. The lengths to which they were led may be extreme, but they traveled the same high road which stretches before about one-half the clubs and societies which think they are improving their minds and cultivating their souls without first making sure they have the material on which to work. And, as Lord Evelyn said to the last, the amusing thing is that society takes them so seriously. Published by McClure.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Science Behind the Gun

(Continued from Page 8.)

the accompanying scientists are doubtful about Roosevelt will promptly be given the benefit of the doubt. This is where Curator Heller will be useful.

Of course there is no law, human or divine, nor any ordinance written or unwritten that prevents President Roosevelt from calling his hunting trip a "scientific expedition"; but it is a plain, ordinary, game slaughtering tour just the same, and the sycophancy of a sycophantic press can make of it nothing else. I wonder who suggested this latest vanity to the Strenuous One?

There seems to be an opinion abroad in this land that whatever Roosevelt says, goes; and this opinion seems to have extended to matters of science. He has declared that this hunting trip to Africa is a "scientific expedition"; and that settles the character of the expedition; as Another once said, "Let there be light"; and there was light. In the original instance, however, something was created that did not previously exist; while in this latest plagiarism of supreme prerogative something is sought to be achieved that has already been fully achieved. The zoology of the big game section of Africa has been skinned, stuffed and classified to a frazzle by scientists, who hunted the big game, not for the sport of killing it, but for the sole purpose of classifying it before it was skinned and stuffed. All the science of African fauna is now safely herded into the museums where it can be studied without the distraction of hunting it or the pleasure of killing it to corroborate the specimens already skinned, stuffed and classified.

Auto Notes

What promises to be the best piece of road for motorists in the State is now being built between Sacramento and Lake Tahoe. According to C. R. Parmenter of the Pioneer Automobile Company, who drove a Chalmers-Detroit car one-half of the two hundred mile non-stop motor test in Sacramento election day, the new road promises to be the finest in the State. "The three miles that are already finished are the best that I ever drove over," said the local saleman. "The surface is just like asphalt and the wheels of the car meet no resistance whatever. In fact, the road when completed would undoubtedly prove a fine place for a road race. I used the short stretch that is now completed to turn off a great many of the miles I drove in the 200 mile non-stop test, and the fact that I could turn the car loose for the whole distance of three miles, proved a time-saver in the long test." The new road, however, is the only one leading out of the capital that can be used by motor tourists and most of the owners of motor cars are working hard for the early completion of the Lake Tahoe road.

Mr. P. C. Hale, the well known dry goods merchant of this city, has just returned from a very successful trip through Mexico in his Model D '08 Franklin touring car. He reports covering about 1700 miles and advises that the roads in Mexico are exceptionally good. No adjustments of any kind were made on the trip and the tires were not repumped after leaving this city.

The 1909 White steam car has arrived, and as a result the local branch of the White Company is about the busiest place in town. The big garage was crowded all day yesterday with people who came to see the car that has proven one of the sensations of the year in automobile circles. Many of the interested ones were from the country and they made the trip especially to see the new White. Among the earliest arrivals were E. B. Waterman and a party of twelve prospective buyers from Fresno. The demonstrator which arrived Sunday is the Model O, the smaller of the two models turned out by the White factory for 1909. The car is rated at 20 horse power and seats five passengers. It has been generally pronounced the handsomest car ever made by the well known steam car makers. It is the straight line type, and the effect is one of graceful lightness and serviceable strength. In quality of workmanship the car more than lives up to the reputation for excellence already established by the machines made by the White company. The new car is equipped with a distillate tank. In addition to the economy in the cost per gallon distillate will run 20 per cent farther on a gallon than will gasoline, thus reducing the cost of automobile operation or fuel about 75 per cent or one-fourth the present cost. In addition to the new burner and pilot light, which are great improvements over the previous models, the engine on the new White has only one-half the number of parts of the former engine, the crank shaft is a solid drop forging and by using only two very heavy bearings does away with the possibility of getting the bearings out of alignment. The new car has the same horse-power as the 1908 Model L 20 horsepower; and as the model O weighs 500 pounds less than the model L and has a very much improved engine, it is reported to be the best hill climber and the liveliest and snappiest car ever turned out at any price. It will sell for $2000, which is $500 less than last year's model, notwithstanding the many improvements.

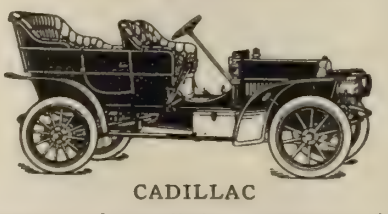
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ORDER APPOINTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5296. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET HOLY, Deceased.

George Holy, the Administrator of the estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an Order or Decree authorizing and directing him as Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, to execute a conveyance of the property in said petition described, to James M. Thompson, according to the terms of an agreement heretofore entered into between Margaret Holy, Deceased, and James M. Thompson, and good cause appearing therefor, on motion of Marshall Nuckolls, Esq., Attorney for said Petitioner.

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 24th day of December, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the above entitled court in Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice of the hearing of said petition be given by publication of this order in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, for at least once a week for four (4) consecutive weeks before such hearing.

Done in open court this 12th day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Petitioner,
417 Humboldt Bank Bldg., S. F. 11-21-5

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., S. F. 11-21-10

An automobile which has attracted more than usual attention on the streets of San Francisco during the past week is the Buick "White Streak" which W. F. Woods drove from Chicago, Ill., to this city. Mr. Woods purchased the "White Streak" in Chicago and after removing the single rumble seat fitted a tonneau to the car. The start was made from the "Windy City" with Los Angeles as the final objective point, the journey having been undertaken for the benefit of Mrs. Woods' health. The party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Woods and twelve-year-old daughter. The actual mileage covered between Chicago and Ogden was 2083 and the account kept by Mr. Woods of the cost of running his car shows the expenditure of $22.50 for gasoline, $10.45 for cylinder oil, $3.90 for heavy oil and the purchase of one casing, an average cost of two and a half cents per mile.

The question often arises whether non-stop runs or reliability tests are really an advantage to the selling of motor cars. The real value of such tests is seldom appreciated by even the dealers or manufacturers themselves, as the great amount of publicity given the event by the newspapers does a great deal to interest people who would otherwise never think of purchasing a motor car. That this is so is shown by the remarkable sale of the Chalmers-Detroit thirty horse-power runabout, which made a pefect score in the election Sweepstakes non-stop run in this city. Among the many motor owners and others who were interested in the event was A. J. Welsh, a prominent automobilist of this city, who visited the salesrooms of the Pioneer Automobile Company with the sole purpose of seeing the car that had made such a good showing in the non-stop run. After examining the car less than five minutes, Welsh handed E. P. Brinegar a check, jumped in the machine and drove away remarking that if the car could run over four hundred miles without an adjustment it was good enough for him. The sale was one of the quickest ever made by the Pioneer Automobile Co.

Madam Eva Fay, who is exhibiting her wonderful clairvoyant powers at a local theatre, is an enthusiastic White owner. She has been driving a White steamer car for three years, and has a steamer of her own at home, but while she is traveling she always rents a car for her exclusive use in each city where she is billed to play. She has been supplied with a 20 horse-power White touring car by the White garage of this city, and she can be seen driving in it every day. She scorns the service of a chauffeur. as she thoroughly understands the mechanism of the car.

E. G. Schmiedell, of Mailliard & Schmiedell & Co., of this city, has placed an order with the Consolidated Motor Car Co. for a '09 Pope Hartford Model S touring car, painted French gray and upholstered in green leather, fully equipped. Delivery is to be made about December 1st.

Miss Franc Merchants has just received her Packard 18 '09 touring car from Cuyler Lee.

The six-cylinder Thomas Flyer, probably the fastest car on the coast, arrived this week at the Pioneer Automobile Company. The car, which is finished in red, is along the same racy lines as the latest foreign cars and is rated at seventy miles an hour with seven passengers. The six cylinders, which are the same size as in the four-cylinder 60 horse-power cars, develop 80 horse-power. Although one of the highest powered cars on the coast, the new machine weighs only 4150 pounds. R. F. Ogden, who had placed an order for the car, upon being informed that his machine had arrived, called at the Pioneer Automobile Company's salesrooms and said: "Where is my car? I will give you just two hours to get her ready to travel, but just to show you my heart is in the right place, I will give you a check now for the car." He got the car within the time specified.

Last Saturday was the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, and on this day Mrs. Bowles was presented by Mr. Bowles with a Packard '09 touring car.

M. J. Nightingale drove to this city Friday to attend the University football game. The round trip from Oakdale was made in his two-cylinder Buick touring car.

The Consolidated Motor Car Co. report the sale of '08 Franklin Model G touring car to Gladding, McBean & Co., of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Woods and daughter spent the week touring Marin and Sonoma counties in their Buick "White Streak."

Frederick J. Butler, the well-known stage manager of the Alcazar Theatre, is the latest purchaser of an Oldsmobile. The theatrical motor enthusiast placed his order this week with the Pioneer Automobile Company for a 1909 Olds touring car for immediate delivery.

The Consoldated Motor Car Co. report the arrival of a complete line of Franklin demonstrators, including the Model G 18 horse-power, the Model D 24 horse-power, and the Model H 42 horse-power.

Mr. A. H. Marten of San Jose has just received the first '09 Packard 18 runabout to be delivered on the coast by Cuyler Lee.

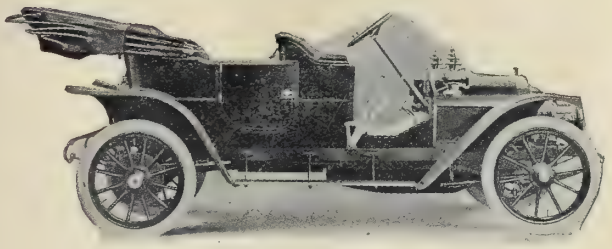
W. W. Bryan of Oakland, has purchased a '08 Pope Hartford touring car from the Consolidated Motor Car Co.

Automobilists! Please Take Notice.
Exposure to Strong Winds and Dust
Make Weak Watery Eyes.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes
And Affords Reliable Relief.

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CHALMERS-DETROIT

"Election Sweepstakes"



$1500 F. O. B. Factory

200-Mile Non-Stop Run, Perfect Score
No adjustment of any kind

200 Miles on 11½ Gallons of Gasoline

This Chalmers-Detroit or a duplicate now on exhibition at the

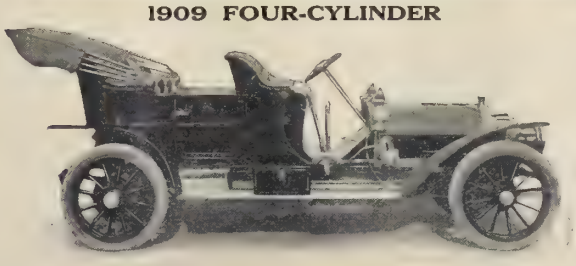
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1909 FOUR-CYLINDER



MODEL X. $2750.

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Jefferson Square Bowling Alleys and Billiard and Pool Parlors

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LARGEST AND FINEST IN THE WORLD.

NOTICE UNDER TORRENS ACT

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of VINCENZO PAGANO and PASQUALE CIRIMELE, to Register Title.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to A. Pacello, B. Juliano, C. Linale, W. Ehlers, L. Demartini, H. Kohler Co., and to all whom it may concern. Take notice that a petition has been filed in this court by Vincenzo Pagano and Pasquale Cirimele for the initial registration of the title to the real estate hereinafter described, as provided by "An Act for the certification of land titles and the simplification of the transfer of real estate," approved March 17, 1897, known as the Torrens Land Act, praying for a decree of this Court declaring said petitioner to be the owner in fee of said land, subject only to the estates, easements, liens, charges and incumbrances therein set forth; that said petition has been set for hearing by the Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Grant Building, Seventh and Market streets, San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place said petitioners will apply for a decree in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer said petition within ten days after the service on you of this notice, if served within said City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, and show cause, if any you have, why said petition should not be granted, said petitioners will take a decree quieting their title to said land and directing registration thereof in accordance with the terms of said Act, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

The real estate hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Kearny street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches northerly from the intersection of said line of Kearny street with the northerly line of Vallejo street; running thence northerly along said line of Kearny street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty (20) feet and thence at right angles easterly sixty (60) feet to said line of Kearny street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot No. 219 and of Block No. 85 of the Fifty Vara Survey.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23d day of October, A. D. 1908. Pursuant to an order of Court on file herein.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER H. ROBINSON, Atty. for Petitioners, Chronicle Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DEMARTINI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John Demartini, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of J. A. Stephens, 630 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Demartini, deceased.

FLORA DEMARTINI,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Demartini, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

J. A. STEPHENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
630 Chronicle Bldg. 11-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Pierre Boulin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the ndengemisrdFNhrdlutaoinhrdluaoinrdlnm
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased.

LANDRY C. BABIN,
Administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., S. F. 11-14-5

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Of Counsel.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 5313. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, Deceased.

M. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, deceased, having on this daypresented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at public auction or at private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient money with which to pay the claims outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration of the estate of said deceased, already accrued and hereafter to accrue, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some part of the real property belonging to said deceased in said petition, for the reasons set forth in said petition;

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Eliza A. Pittsinger, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, department No. 10 thereof—Probate, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of November, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause if any they have or if any either of them have, why an order should not be made authorizing, empowering and directing said M. J. Hynes, as administrator as aforesaid to sell the said real property described in said petition, at public auction or at private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1908.

Oct. 31-S5t THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP C. MEYER, Deceased.

May H. Meyer, the Administratrix of the Estate of Philip C. Meyer, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court her verified petition praying for an order of the sale of all the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge most beneficial for said estate;

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the court from the said petition, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property of the said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

NOW THEREFORE, on motion in open court of said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor;

IT IS ORDERED by this court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 21st day of December, 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Superior Court in Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, situate on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Street in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix for the sale of the whole of the real property of the said estate of said deceased;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four consecutive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 2d day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney at Law,
Russ Building, San Francisco. 11-7-7t

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CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

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Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,

Plaintiff,

vs.

FRANK HOPPER,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,

vs.

MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of DESIRE SOURIAU, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Desire Souriau, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Desire Souriau, deceased.

CLARA QUEYREL,

Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Desire Souriau, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 22, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

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Afflicted with any private ailment consult the United Physicians and Surgeons. Strictly reliable specialists in Genito-Urinary, Blood and Skin diseases, and all reflex ailments of men. Prompt, efficient services; fees moderate; consultation free and confidential. Write or call. Hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 2.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

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Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908	$34,474,554.23
Total Assets	$37,055,263.31

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

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HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

508 CALIFORNIA STREET Phone Kearny 711

Residence, 852 Grove St. Phone Page 55

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And Notice the Wonderful Effects. Bright, Strong and Healthy Eyes will be the Result

A simple and perfectly harmless Eye Remedy for children and adults. Highly recommended for weak eyes, poor sight, smarting, itching, inflamed eyes, floating spots, crusty eyelids, cloudy vision, etc.

For Sale at all druggists, or direct from George Mayerle, San Francisco, Calif.
Price, 50c; by mail, 65c; per dozen bottles, $5.

IT IS MARVELOUS

The effect of Mayerle's Eye Water has been marvelous and I shall recommend it as the peer of all eye remedies. Yours truly, P. KELLY, Alameda County Hospital, San Leandro, Cal.

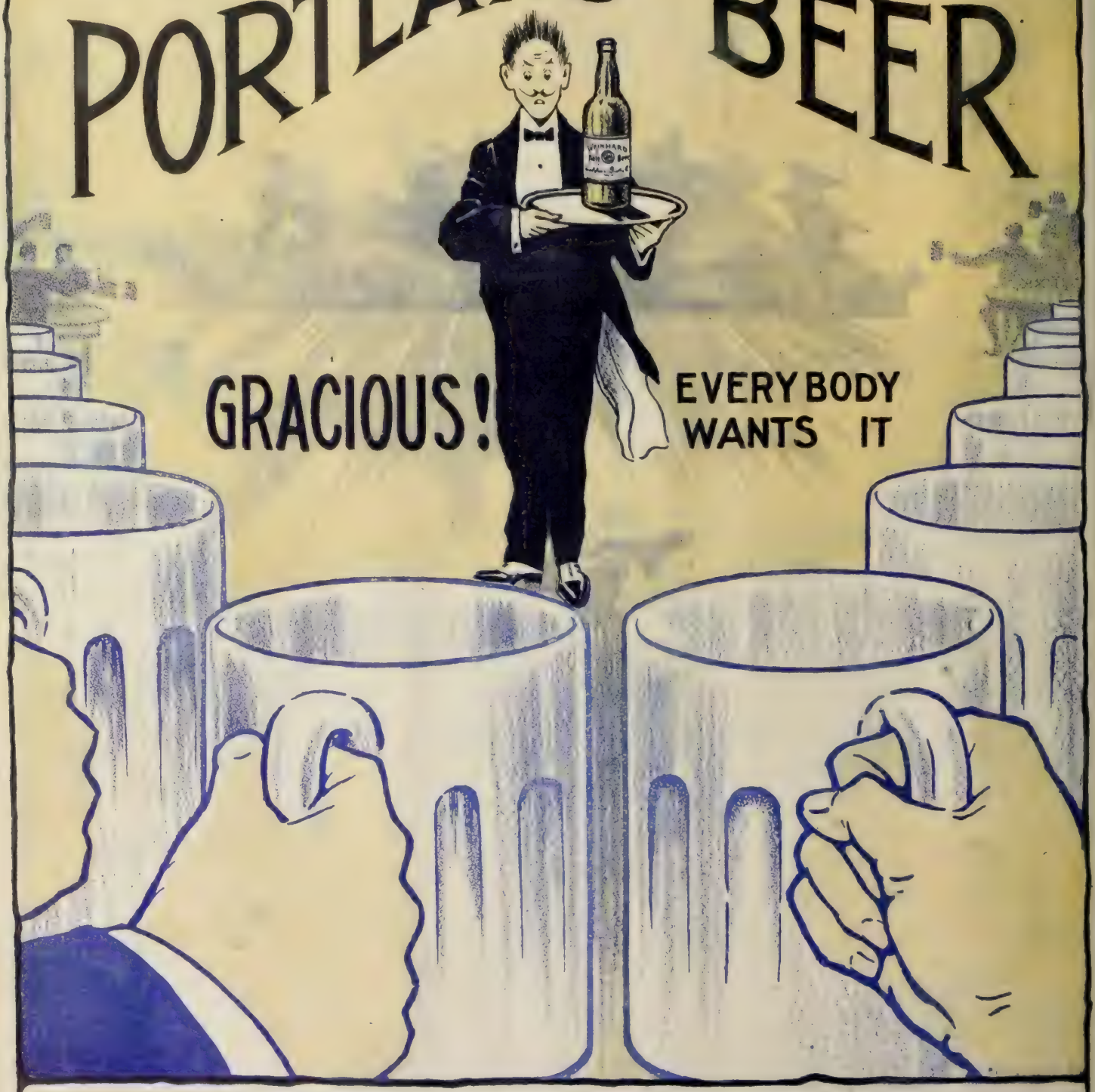
Mayerle's Antiseptic Eyeglass Wipers, to be used when glasses blur, tire or strain the eye, 2 for 25 cents.

Mayerle's Glasses Rest the Eye, Strengthen the Optic Nerve and Preserve the Sight.

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GEORGE MAYERLE, Graduate German Expert Optician, Charter Member American Association of Opticians and Vice-President Optical Specialist Association of America, 1149 Golden Gate Avenue, between Webster and Buchanan streets. Phone Park 3153. San Francisco, Cal.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

CALIFORNIA STATE

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It was always good enough, but now it is better than ever. Made of the choicest wheat that grows, steam-cooked, malted, rolled in thin flakes and baked until it is crisp and delicious.

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Always crisp it before serving it by pouring it into a pan or earthenware dish and warming it in oven; then serve in large dish with cream, piling the flakes on one side of the dish and pouring the milk in on the other side, dipping the flakes as eaten.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, November 28, 1908. No. 848.



SCENE FROM THE CURRENT DRAMATIC SUCCESS, "PAID IN FULL."

To be seen for one week only at the Van Ness Theatre, beginning Monday, November 30th.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First Street, San Francisco.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Hearst and Roosevelt Meet as Friends

The whirligig of time brings its reconciliations as well as its revenges. For example ponder the case of Mr. William R. Hearst and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. According to the Associated Press these eminent citizens were engaged the other day in a social chat in the White House for half an hour. Mr. Hearst was the President's guest. What matters of moment were discussed we know not, but it is fair to presume that the election of Mr. Taft was touched upon and mutual felicitations exchanged apropos the happy event. During the campaign it was suspected that Mr. Hearst's zeal was inspired with concern for Mr. Taft's interests rather than enthusiasm for the Independence League, but as it was generally understood that the President and Mr. Hearst were irreconcilable foes the suspicion never became widespread. It was believed they would rather pour the milk of concord into the lower regions and uproar the universal peace than enter into partnership even if it promised the justification of confounding their mutual enemy. But now that we know they are friends, that old sores have been healed, and that the deadly breach has become a thing of the dead past, perhaps we may be justified in describing as masterly teamwork some of the historic coups of the months of September and October. Mr. Hearst rendered valuable service to the Republican party, not by the votes that were diverted from Bryan to Hisgen but by his exposure of the Nebraskan's insincerity and shiftiness, and especially by breaking the legs of the high horse ridden by the Hon. Samuel Gompers. Until Hearst tackled the mighty chief of organized labor and ridiculed his lofty pretensions the politicians deemed it wise to treat that blatant demagogue with much deference. His person was regarded as sacred. The supposition was that organized labor would resent criticism of its vociferous leader. Though Gompers had espoused the cause of the Peerless One no Republican orator dared to charge him with treachery and disloyalty to his friend the President. It was not until Hearst charged that Gompers had proved false to the interests of labor and made it clear that the autocrat of the unions was only a tin god that the bold and truculent Teddy plucked up the courage to gird at his old friend and protege.

The Objection to Root

It is somewhat curious that notwithstanding the reconciliation of Mr. Hearst and the President, there has been no abatement of the distinguished journalist's vindictiveness toward Elihu Root. It has been decreed by the President that his Secretary of State shall be the next Senator from New York. Mr. Roosevelt, it appears, having made a President, feels that the lesser achievement which he contemplates is quite within the compass of his powers. But Mr. Hearst objects to Mr. Root ostensibly on the ground that he is morally unfit, having once been engaged in pointing the way whereby rich men might evade the law. Of course Mr. Hearst's real reason is that he has not forgiven Mr. Root for obtruding himself in a State campaign for the purpose of persuading the people of the unfitness of a certain distinguished candidate for Governor. But obviously it is unjust to Mr. Root to be vindictive toward him after having forgiven Mr. Roosevelt, for it was at the instigation of the latter as was admitted at the time, that the Secretary threw himself into the campaign and denounced Mr. Hearst. The objection that should now be urged against Root is the one that is being urged by the New York Sun: that he is being forced upon the people of New York by the President of the United States, who ought to be attending strictly to his own business, if not disciplined by the people, for using his powers in a way that is highly prejudicial to the best interests of the country. But if Mr. Hearst were to urge this objection it would give offense to his exalted friend at Washington.

A Plea for Peace

We cannot praise too warmly the sentiments expressed by the Monitor, the official organ of the Catholic archdiocese of San Francisco, with reference to the deplorable turmoil in which we have been weltering for two years. Long have we felt and frequently have we asserted that nothing is to be gained by mutual recrimination and reproach. We believe that the oil and wine of the good Samaritan have far greater curative powers than the rage that scourges and the anger that brands. So we appreciate the amiable sentiments expressed in the Monitor; and considering that this city bears the name of the most perfect exponent of the gentleness and charity of the Christian tradition, we feel that the sermon which has hit the mark of the occasion emanated from a most appropriate source. Gently, without severity, the Monitor has rebuked the preachers of the city who have made shipwreck of their charity and become thorough-paced sticklers for their passions and prejudices; the misguided moralists of the pulpit who would draw up in deadly array against the courts all the hatred and ignorance of the mob. The Monitor proclaims the importance of abating turbulence and reminds us that in the fierce contests of contending factions, when human nature is stirred by such mighty agents as indignation and rage the understanding rarely deliberates. It urges us to respect those who administer our laws and counsels us to practice moderation in speech and in writing, and, in all personal intercourse to discourage the expression of personal bitterness and hatred. These are sentiments from which no man will dissent who has the interests of San Francisco at heart or who is animated by the principles which are essential to good citizenship.

Tampering With Justice

Perhaps the keenness of our appreciation of the Monitor's sentiments is due to the circumstance that they have inspired most of our animadversions on the things that have been done in this city in the name of justice within the last two years. We have objected principally and persistently to the efforts that have been made to intimidate our higher courts and to blacken the character of the judges therein. If we have ever been intemperate in our censure of any judge it was because we could not control the indignation which he excited by the foulness of his act in impugning the motives of the higher court which could not be intimidated into acquiescing in his perversion of the law. It is our opinion and one to which we have repeatedly given utterance, that more important than the punishment of men who have polluted a municipal government is the conscientious administration of justice, and that no crime should be more vehemently reprobated than that of persuading a minister of justice to deny an accused person, however strong the proof of his guilt, any of the rights which he is guaranteed by the laws of his country. The enormtiy of this crime lies

not in the injustice that may be done to an individual but in the pollution of the magistrate who has dishonored that glorious and beautiful robe by which, in the language of Bishop Horne, he is expected "to render his tribunal a fit emblem of that eternal throne of which justice and judgment are the habitation."

Fruitless Admonition

Of the preachers of San Francisco, those who have poured out their wrath as from teeming and exhaustless fountains and contributed with all their lungs to the feverish unreason that has dominated many members of the community, the Monitor says that while they seem to have received some special inspiration for their purpose "from their language their inspiration does not appear to have come from a God of justice and mercy." From time to time we too have taken occasion to utter precisely the same suggestion with respect to our cocksure and somewhat vociferous pulpiteers. We have done our best to persuade them of the error of their attitude, our main objection to their conduct being that they were seconding the efforts of men who were trying to substitute an inflamed public sentiment for the law. Now this, we conceive, is bad business for a minister of the gospel of Christianity to be in. It is a mistake, a grievous one, to suppose that public sentiment is higher than the law in this country. The law, it is true, is an expression of public sentiment, but it embodies not the sentiment or whim of the moment; nor is it to be interpreted by the multitude in mass-meeting assembled. The interpretation of the law is a function reserved for the judiciary; and it is not conducive to public interest to influence the judiciary by clamor. As Justice Story has said "government is never so oppressive or mischievous as when the actual administration of justice is dependent upon caprice or favor, upon the will of rulers or the influence of popularity"; and he added: "When power becomes right it is of little consequence whether decisions rest upon corruption or weakness, upon the accidents of chance or deliberate wrong." It was because some of the congenital agitators of the pulpit yielded to the persuasions of the personally conducted Graft Prosecution organs and sought to intimidate the Appellate Court that we mildly censured them and undertook to guide them that they might "see clear and think straight." But most of the preachers who have been seconding the efforts of the lay moralists resent wholesome admonition and instruction. They have yet to learn that it is the man without argument who is most impatient of contradiction and who is given to furious explosions, radiating no light save from his inflamed countenance. They have made it quite apparent that they are irrational partisans, that they have lost their temper and are incapable of logical discussion. All that they care to know is that crimes have been committed and that so far efforts to punish them have proved futile. Unquestionably this is a bad state of affairs. Nay, it is a disgrace to San Francisco. But instead of falling into the fulminating style of the wrathful Hebrew prophets and propagating slander with a view to silencing critics, would it not be well to inquire why the criminals have not been punished? In the hope of stimulating inquiry among the honest men of the pulpit we beg leave to ask this question: Is it not asserted today that the prosecution has failed because the venal press has misled public opinion? Assuming that that question will be answered in the affirmative, we will follow it up with this one: By what authority is it assumed that men charged with crime in this country must be tried at the bar of public opinion? Incidentally we should like to know what ought to be the judgment of an honest citizen with respect to the conduct of men engaged in the prosecution of accused persons who demand that the public shall make the force of their opinion felt at the bar of justice. If we are under a misapprehension as to what that judgment ought to be then the readers of Town Talk should reject as sophistries all that has been urged in these columns on the subject of the graft prosecution.

A Word Defined

There are divers definitions in the dictionaries of the meaning of the word "assassination," a word that recently has served various purposes in the controversies arising among the citizens of San Francisco. As commonly understood an assassination involves the cruel, cold-blooded, cowardly murder of a human being; but it may also be applied to an attempt to murder in the manner thus described. The word is of Arabic origin and contains the history of the religious and military sect founded in Persia about the year 1090 by Hassan ben Sabbah. Secret murder in unquestioning compliance with the will of their chief was the distinguishing feature of the cult, and the practice of stupefying the instruments of this murderous propaganda with hashish to give them courage for the perpetration of their horrible crimes, is believed to have also given a name to their peculiar method of spreading the tenets of their "faith," one article of which was to the effect that the Holy Spirit resided in their chief and that his inspiration proceeded directly from God. There is a psychology of words, which the adepts call "shades of meaning." The Arabic word hashshasin," or "hashishiyyin" is a term that may be translated "hashish-eaters." It is the specific application of the word that gives it a hideous complexion. An assassin is not necessarily a hashish-eater; but the hashish-eater may be, potentially, an assassin. It is not the root-meaning that conveys the horror of the word; it is the association of ideas engendered by knowledge of the historical use of the word that incites a shudder of terror and abhorrence. Its force is emphasized by its sound, which is like the hissing of a venomous serpent in the very act of striking.

Newspaper Assassins

By extension of the original meaning of the noun "assassin" and the verb "assassinate" we frequently apply the term to any action that blights or destroys treacher-

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ously or wantonly, with malice and malignancy of heart. It is accurate, therefore, to speak of "an assassin of character," or of "a reputation that was foully assassinated." This is what has apparently happened to the Rev. Payson Young. His character has been done to death by a woman's reckless tongue in conspiracy with the unscrupulous newspapers of this city. His reputation has been cruelly and malignantly assassinated. He has been compelled to resign his position as rector of the church over which he had charge; his health has been shattered under the shock of the horrible accusations that were spoken and published against him; and seemingly he has no redress against those who have thrust the daggers of their envenomed lies into his heart—he is an outcast among men, a derelict on the sea of circumstance. If the Rev. Payson Young had been the man that his contemners said he was, these accusers would now be facing the bar of justice to answer a charge of criminal libel; they would be on their defense to show why they uttered and printed libels upon this man which they now acknowledge they cannot substantiate; libels that, as the evidence now indicates, were never based upon even the shadow of a fact and never bore even the semblance of truth. But the Rev. Payson Young is a broken man; he has not the brute courage to arraign his enemies and to force them to an accounting. His assassins will probably escape. He is but an incident in the daily "news"; his character, a helpless victim of the newspaper assassins, is in the morgue of dead reputations—and there will be no inquest.

Conviction by Accusation

Here we have a vivid and satisfying example of accusation without proof, and the result of such accusation. The Rev. Payson Young was accused, and that was sufficient for the newspaper reading public of San Francisco. But the Rev. Payson Young is not a singular instance of the effect of a mere accusation upon the credulity of this community. It has come to a pass in this city that not only is an accusation equivalent to proof of guilt in the minds of the citizens, but any denial, however probable or plausible, is confirmation of the original accusation. "If the accused were not guilty, he would not be so glib to deny it." This is the attitude of a considerable section of this community, now loud in its demand that the accused shall be "speedily" punished for the crimes of which they are accused. It is no longer a rule of law, apparently, that a prosecution shall prove its charges—the defendant must prove his innocence; and he must furnish this proof without delay and wholly divested of the "technicalities" that a wise legislation founded in centuries of experience has thrown about the defendant accused of crime. So it was in the good old days of Venice when the Council of Ten was supreme and anonymous assassins denounced their victims to torture and death through the lion's mouth. Comparisons are instructive as well as odious; but they are inevitable when we consider that history has a habit of repeating itself, and that human nature has not changed for the better during the past millennium.

Only Genius Is Free

Complaint is frequent in our little world of letters because the dollar-chasing, dollar-getting publishers compel the authors and other literateurs to "write down to the level of the reader." It is urged with perennial insistence that no author or literateur should be hampered by the commercial requirements of the publishing business. There is a well-defined opinion abroad in this little world of letters that each author and each literateur should be permitted to write as he pleases irrespective of the demand of commercial literature that he shall write to please, and that what he writes shall please the widest possible area of readers. Without wholly denying the validity of this perpetual protest from the ladies and gentlemen of ephemeral literature, we venture to ask a very simple question, which may admit of an equally simple answer: Why don't you write as you please, and tell the publishers to go hang if they object to what you have pleased to write? The answer from the little world of letters is immediate, spontaneous and unanimous: If we don't write what pleases the publishers they will not print what we write. This is probably true in the case of those authors and literateurs who are complaining. They are, indeed, probably subordinate to the tyranny of the publishers—and that is not their fault. Why? Because the authors and literateurs are not big enough to dominate the publishers. It is common literary history that genius in letters not only commands its price nowadays, but that it dictates its terms to the publishers servilely acquiescent of every detail of the treaty. Take the case of Kipling for one example. Away back in 1902 Frank Moore Colby lamented that "there is no sign in Kipling's writings that he has ever learned anything from his critics or made any concessions to his public's demands. Take it or leave it has been his attitude from the first." Mr. Colby's complaint would have more point to it if he, or for that matter, any other critic, or any appreciable portion of the public which takes upon itself the liberty of making demands on an author had the remotest idea of wanting any definite thing or even of knowing what it did want. To be sure, as W. D. Howells once put it in the mouth of one of his characters, there is a vast difference between not knowing what one does want and knowing what one does not, but the fact remains that the author who attempts to please the public is apt to find himself in the condition of the old man of the ancient fable who in his effort to appease the mob not only failed to please any one but lost his donkey into the bargain. Perhaps it has been a fortunate circumstance for Kipling that he has not been obliged to transform himself into a journalistic hack writer in order to keep the domestic pot a-boil. When the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker must be appeased from the products of the pen it is a bad business policy to say the least, which will counsel a man to venture abroad into fresh and untried fields. It is safer to keep to the treadmill and grind the weary grist that is marketable at the fixed price. Between wondering whether publishers will accept, critics approve and the public purchase, there is not much room left for originality and by the time the habit of watching for the weather signals is formed the mind has lost its poise. More than one writer has confessed that he has forgotten how to write. It is generally conceded that though newspaper work is the best preparation for literary occupation, the writer who does not make his escape by the time he is thirty is unlikely ever to emerge. It was Bernard Shaw who said: "Those who can do; they who can't criticize," and some other philosopher has added to this the cryptic clause that "those who can do neither teach." Perhaps Kipling has shown his greatest wisdom in his complete indifference to what the public demands. There is nothing that piques curiosity like apparent apathy. If Kipling had

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continued to write stories of Indian life, as the critics advised him, they would long ago have turned and rent him for his monotony. If he had yielded to the fashion of the hour and given them romances of the Zenda order, they would have regretted his loss of originality. If he had turned his attention altogether to machinery they would have wanted men and women. As it is he probably pleases himself, and each successive production has the novelty of a sealed package. It is an interesting speculation to take up the back numbers of any literary periodical and note the names and portraits of those who are hailed as new stars on the horizon. Perhaps one in twenty has attained some prominence, but the vast majority, who are simply twinkling a little by reflected lights, go out as completely as a candle which is quenched. Kipling is a comparatively young man yet. Time and again it has been heralded abroad that his star has set forever. He is as heedless of guide posts and fences today as he was when his stories first came before the public, and as far as his critics are concerned, one of his own lines is applicable: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." And the Kipling example furnishes ample proof that genius has not the slightest difficulty in coming to its own and holding it in spite of the publishers and in defiance of the dictum that all authors and literateurs shall "write down to the level of the reader."

Ennui

Alas for the lay of the true blase!
"Tis a sorrowful one, though brief,
With never a tone that is joy alone,
Or a note that is only grief.

It is "Heigh-ho!" but the hours are slow,
With never a woe or bliss.
My grief and joy are a dull alloy
That can neither be that nor this.

"I cannot think of a novel drink
Or a dish that is pleasant to me.
The music I hear is the same each year
And so are the girls I see.

"'Mongst vices, too, there is nothing new;
And I wish that the might of men
Could commandments add to the few we've had,
For I've gotten quite through the ten."

—Phil Johnson.

Perspective Impressions

A Christmas story—"I don't expect anything this year."

It is reported that the Statue of Liberty is turning this way with a reproachful look on her face.

"Nothing but Leaves" is the name of a new hymn. It ought to be the title of a best-seller.

Mr. Roosevelt is advocating the election of Elihu Root to the Senate. And Mr. Root was the man that defended the infamous Boss Tweed of New York—the Henry Ach, as it were, of the years agone!

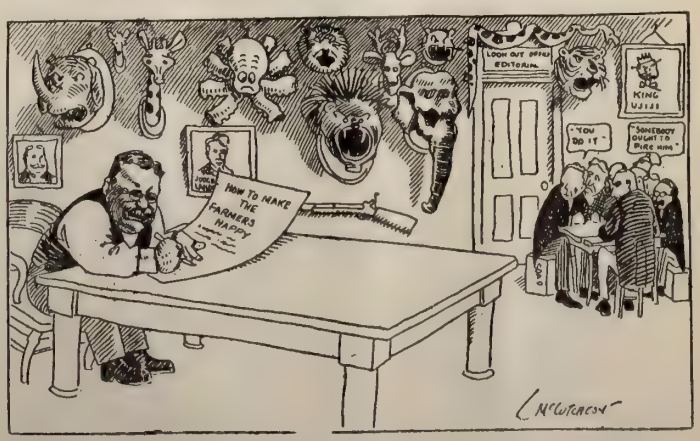
The young man who is saddest when he sings is probably not indifferent to the feelings of others.

Kaiser William is gradually learning why silence is said to be golden.

Mr. Roosevelt says it doesn't matter who owns the Outlook as nobody can influence his opinion. Unfortunately this is quite true.

So Los Angeles isn't to blame for the defeat of the Harbor Improvement bonds! Then we owe Los Angeles an apology.





WHEN MR. ROOSEVELT WORKS FOR A STANDARD OIL PUBLICATION WILL IT BE

Like this?

Or like this?

A Letter From Ina Coolbrith

Containing a Clear, Concise and Final Statement from the Poet Concerning Her Relations As a Beneficiary With Those Who Were Instrumental in Assisting Her at a Time of Need.

Editor Town Talk:

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to some words of the "Spectator"—"A Poet's Income"—in your columns of November 14th, with regard to the Spinners' Benefit Fund and myself. While I thank you for your kind championship of my cause I ask the favor of a little space in your paper in which to speak for myself, and thus make impossible any further misunderstanding of this affair, unhappy to both sides, and end it, so far as I am concerned, I hope forever.

First let me correct a mistake. The honor paid me by the San Jose Women's Club had no connection with the Spinners. They are distinct organizations.

Two ladies, as a committee from the Spinners' Club, waited upon me immediately after the disaster of April, 1906, with the proposition to publish a volume of their (the Spinners') stories if I would accept the income therefrom; this to pass on at my death to others. This proposition was the only one made me, and the only time I was consulted. My name was given to the project, "The Ina Coolbrith Fund," later changed to "The Spinners' Benefit Fund." Later on the Spinners' own work which was to have composed the book was set aside for the stories solicited and obtained from leading Pacific Coast authors, as per your article of November 14th, in my name, with a dedicatory poem to myself by George Sterling. "The Spinners Book of Fiction" was not published until October, 1907. The Spinners got a royalty of only 20 cents; the interest on this royalty—about one cent per copy—was to come to me. The Spinners increased their profit on some 400 or 500 copies purchased by them outright from the publisher and resold, but I do not know the exact figures. Nor do I know the disposition of the royalties; not having been consulted I could hardly have given the "unqualified expressions of disapproval" with which I am credited. In addition to the book, the Spinners solicited cash contributions amounting to $800, to which they added $200 of their own club fund. The additional $140 said to have also been given was repaid from the first book sales. With the $1000 thus obtained they purchased a five per cent railroad bond. The interest on this bond—$50 per annum, or $4.16 per month, beginning September, 1907—was paid to me. I had nothing from the book until September 5th last, when I received a check for $15.80, interest on the royalties. This was two days after the cruel attack upon me in the Call of September 3rd, which is the direct cause of this present statement, and—as the only possible course left to me—the return of all monies received from the Spinners' Benefit Fund—just $90.80—and my resignation from the organization.

The Spinners publicly accuse my friends and self of "demanding that they sell their bond and turn the proceeds, together with the book royalties, over to me." I am aware that many of my friends, Mrs. Atherton among the number, have thought that as my misfortunes were made the opportunity and my name the means for the collection of both bond money and book material, and as the results, from no fault or effort on the Spinners' part, had proved so wholly inadequate to any material aid, that the sums which they had acquired should be divided with me. On the "other side" the Spinners claim that their fund, as finally formulated, is a perpetual one, for the benefit of others as well as myself, and therefore they cannot legally give over any part of the whole. Nor would I have them do so, though the legal aspect seems to afford no protection to the beneficiary. Now, I distinctly affirm that I have never made, nor instigated any demand upon the Spinners for any part of their fund, capital or interest. Nor have I borrowed from them. Because of the almost constantly advertised "Ina Coolbrith Benefits," the public naturally believes that all my needs, past, present and to come, have been and are covered by the Benefit Fund. This belief has hurt me greatly as it has tended to frustrate my personal efforts to reestablish myself. The correction of it has long been imperative. The only request I have ever made or meant to make of the Spinners has been that they publish, for this purpose, a statement of just what they had accomplished and the exact sum of money paid me. This would have made any trouble impossible; and this request, and the fact that I denied receipt of benefits not received are all the Spinners can truthfully bring against me. If there are other reasons for their attitude I am in ignorance of them, and they should have made them known and given me an opportunity to answer before condemning and executing me.

In answer to the Spinners' other specifications, it is true that when shelterless from the fire I found temporary shelter with Mrs. John H. Boalt, who made me welcome, not as a Spinner, but as my most intimate friend of twenty-five years' standing. Not as a "Spinner," but because the Spinners fund was still in abeyance, Mrs. Atherton brought about, under the auspices of the Bohemian Club, the "Authors' Reading" (which netted, out of all the "benefits" in the field, the only sum which came to me personally, unreservedly and unlabeled with the sign of the coffin, and which I have used towards a home. Nor did any Spinner's sole efforts obtain for me aid from the relief funds. It is a mistake that "the Spinners made arrangements for me to live comfortably at Carmel-by-the-Sea." Chiefly through the interest of a resident member of the Women's Press Association, a lot for life was offered me if a house could be built upon it. For physical and financial reasons this was not done. The "library position" which I would not take had a hazardous salary of $10 a month, collected from the citizens, and I was told "I must not disturb the incumbent." It is true I wished to remain in San Francisco, "the city of my love and my desire," and that I preferred Russian Hill as my old-time home, and because it was the most economical part of the city to live in. I did not know that these were faults meriting public criticism. As for the "failure to induce me to add something by my own effort to what had been given me," as no one of those for whom my accuser acts as sponsor had made inquiry as to what I had done or was doing, I fail to understand upon what authority such assertion was based. I am known to be no drone in the hive. Since early girlhood I have worked hard for my own support, and for a large portion of the time for that of others as well. To attempt such daily routine positions as were mine for nearly thirty years was not possible, since for three-fourths of the last two years I have been unable, from inflammatory rheumatism to cross my threshold, but I have done all I could find to do.

I had determined to make no public answer to the Spinners' attack upon me, but circumstances resulting from that attack compel me to do so. The whole matter involved is so pitifully small that but for its disastrous results to myself and the unhappy comment to which it has subjected the Spinners, it would be ridiculous. No words can express my sorrow for it all. I realize that the Spinners worked hard to secure the money for the bond and the stories for the book, but they have their reward in the possession of both. I am not "inappreciative of any effort in my behalf" (though resulting in no benefit to me) nor of any kindness received from any source. But neither did I give my name over to the Benefit Fund to have it pauperized, and that I should be left at the last with my only opportunity lost, and be covered with unmerited shame and humiliation.

There was once a Man who preached a Sermon on a Mount. It might be well for all of us to recall that portion contained in St. Matthew vi, 1, 2, 3, 4.

INA COOLBRITH.

The Dwarf's Bargain; For the Love of Gold

By J. H. Pierce

The yoke of poverty galled him exceedingly, and he hated his task-mistress with a most rancorous hatred. As he climbed up or down the dripping ladders, descending from sollar to sollar towards the level where he worked, he would set his teeth grimly that he might not curse aloud—an oath underground being an invitation to the evil one. And when he was at work in the dreary level, he brooded so moodily over his bondage to poverty, that he desired to break from it at any cost.

"I'd risk a lem for its weight in gowld; darned ef I wedn'!" he muttered savagely, as he dug at the stubborn rock with his pick. He could hear the sound of blasting in other levels—the explosions traveling to him in a muffled boom—and above him, for he was working beneath the bed of the ocean, he could faintly distinguish the grinding sea as the huge waves wallowed and roared across the beach.

"I'm sick to death o' this here life," he grumbled. "I'd give a haand or a' eye for a pot o' suvrins. Iss, I'd risk more than that," he added, darkly, letting the words ooze as if under his breath.

At that moment his pick detached a piece of rock which came crashing down on the floor of the level, splintering into great jagged fragments as it fell. He started back with an exclamation of uncontrollable surprise. The falling rock had disclosed the interior of a cavern whose outlines were lost in impenetrable gloom, but which here and there in a vague fashion, as it caught the light of the candle flickering in his hat, seemed to sparkle as if its walls were crusted with silver.

"Lor' Jimmeny, this es bra' an' queer! he gasped.

As he leaned on his pick, peering into the cavern with covetous eyes, but with a wildly-leaping heart, he was aware of an odd movement among the shadows.

It was a certain squat, humpbacked blotch, that was sprawling blackly beside a misshapen block, was either wriggling on the floor as if trying to stand upright . . . . . or else there was something wrong with his eyes. He stared at the wavering gloom in the cavern, with its quaint, angular spalshes of glister, where heads of quartz and patches of mundic caught the light from the unsteady candle, and presently he was certain that the shadows were alive.

Most of all, he was sure that the little humpbacked oddity had risen to its feet and was a veritable creature: an actual uncouth, shambling grotesque, instead of a mere flat blotch of shadow. Up waddled the little humpback to the hole in the wall, where Joel stood staring, leaning on his pick.

"What can I do for 'ee, friend?" asked the humpback, peering at the grimy, half naked miner, with his little ferrety eyes glowing luminously.

Joel moistened his lips with his tongue before he answered. "Nawthin', please sir," he gasped out, quakingly. "Nonsense, man!" said the humpback, pleasantly, rubbing his hands gleefully together as he spoke. And Joel noticed that the fingers, though long and skinny, were adorned with several sparkling rings. "Nonsense, my man! I'm your friend—if you'll let me be. O never mind my hump, if that's frightening you," and the lean brown face puckered into a smile. "Come! In what way can I oblig' 'ee, friend? I can grant you any wish you like. Say the word—and it's done! Just think what you could do if you had heaps of money, now—piles of suvrins in that owld chest in your bedroom, instead o' they two-an'-twenty suvrins you now got heeded away in the skibbet." Joel stared at the speaker with distended eyes, the great beads of perspiration gathering on his forehead. "How did 'ee come to know they was there?"

"I knaw more than that," said the humpback, laughing. "I could tell 'ee a thing or two, b'leeve me, if I wanted to. Wedn 'ee like they two-an'-twenty suvrins in the skibbet made a hundred-an'-twenty?" asked the humpback, insinuatingly. "Iss, by Gosh, I should!"

"Then gi' me your hand on it, cumraade, an' you shall have 'em!" "Here goes, then!" said Joel.

The humpback seized the proffered hand in an instant, covering the grimy fingers with his own lean claws. "Oh, le' go! le' go!" shouted Joel.

The humpback grinned; his black eyes glittering.

"I waan't be niggardly to 'ee, cumraade,' 'said he. "Every drop o' blood you choose to shed for the purpose shall turn into a golden suvrin for 'ee—there!"

"Darn 'ee! thee ben an' run thy nails in me—see!"

And Joel showed a drop of blood oozing from his wrist. "Try the charm, man! Wish! Hold un out, and say, Wan!"

Joel held out his punctured wrist mechanically. "Wan!" There was a sudden gleam, down dropped a sovereign; a bright gold coin that rang sharply.

"Try agen!" said the humpback, grinning delightedly. Joel stooped first to pick up the coin, and bit it eagerly. "Ay, good Gosh! 'tes gowld, sure 'nuff!"

"Try agen!" said the humpack. "Make up a pile!" Joel held out his wrist and repeated the formula. "Wan!" And another coin clinked at his feet.

He leaned on his pick, and kept coining his blood eagerly, till presently there was quite a little pile at his feet.

The humpback watched him intently for a time; but Joel appeared to be oblivious of his presence; and the squat little figure stealthily disappeared. The falling coins kept chiming melodiously, till presently the great stalwart miner had to lean against the wall of the level to support himself. So tired as he was he had never felt before. But give over his task he either could not, or would not. The chink of the gold pieces he must hear if he died for it. He looked down at them greedily. "Wan! —wan!—wan!"

Presently he tottered and fell over on his heap.

At the same moment the halting little humpback stole out from the shadows immediately behind him, and leaned over Joel, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"I must catch his soul," said the little black man.

And with that he turned Joel's head round sharply, and held his hands to the dying man's mouth. Just then there fluttered up to Joel's lips a tiny yellow flame. There on Joel's lips the flame hung quivering. And now a deeper shadow fell upon his face.

Surely the tiny thing shuddered with horror as the humpback's black paws closed upon it! But, in any case, it now was safely prisoned. And the little black man laughed long and loudly.

"Not so bad a bargain after all!" chuckled he.

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Ambrose Bierce---Satirist

By Democritus

Of One Who Wrote:

"When gold or power is their aim,
The smile of beauty or the wage of shame,
Men dwell in cities; to this place they fare
When they would conquer an abiding fame."

Announcement of an edition de luxe in ten volumes of the writings of Ambrose Bierce is issued from the publishing house of Neale & Company of New York and Washington. Ten volumes is not too much of Bierce, nor is a sumptuous edition of his varied literary activities beyond the worth of the work or the merit of the workman.

If I were to attempt to classify the results of Bierce's literary effort during more than thirty years, I think I should proceed upon a process of elimination rather than upon a method of segregation. It would be easier to say what he is not, than to tell what he is. His ability is many-sided and wholly intellectual. There is little of pathos in Bierce's work but there is a vasty sympathy underlying all that he wrote. He realized as do all men who think clearly, that pathos in literature is near akin to bathos, and that the tear of the crocodile is little different in its outward aspect or its physical element, from "drops that sacred pity hath engendered." It has not been the bent of Bierce's genius to conjure the gentler emotions of men nor to play upon them with all his thumbs. That which will live longest in Bierce's far-flung contribution to the literature of his age will be the portion which is firm set in the eternal verities; and there is much of this—for Bierce is nothing if he is not in the final analysis of his work an earnest, honest, truthful advocate of Justice; therein lies all his force in his chosen field of satire; and it is of his satire that I wish to speak briefly in this relation.

Bierce has been accused of dealing too constantly in mere personalities; that he has bludgeoned butterflies on the wheel of his wit; that he has wasted the force of heavy ordnance in the slaughter of inconsequential sparrows—whose value is but two for a farthing (Matt. x. 29) or five for two farthings (Luke xii. 6). He has himself sufficiently answered this criticism in his frequently iterated denial of "the remarkable doctrine that while condemning the sin the satirist should spare the sinner":

"Against abstractions evermore you charge;
You hack no helmet and you need no targe.
That wickedness is wrong and sin a vice
That wrong's not right and foulness never nice
Fearless affirm. All consequences dare:
Smite the offense and the offender spare."

Following this rule strictly, Bierce has invariably compelled the vicious to suffer the penalty of their vices. Thus it was that in his scorn of venal hypocrisy and smug self-sufficiency he singled out the Call and the Bulletin of this city as conspicuous targets for the arrows of his epigram and the shafts of his invective, the editors of those newspapers being the bull's-eyes in which the unerring missiles of his wit found permanent lodgment:

"O bad old man, must thy remaining years
Be passed in leading idiots by their ears—
Thine own (which Justice, if she ruled the roast,
Would fasten to the penitential post)
Still wagging sympathetically—hung
On the same rocking-bar that bears thy tongue?

* * * * * *

No, no—beneath thy multiplying load
Of years thou canst not tarry on the road
To dabble in the blood thy leaden feet
Have pressed from bosoms that have ceased to beat
Of reputations margining thy way,
Nor wander from the path new truth to slay."

And of those who "lie for the lust of lying" and to glut the ire of their envious prejudice, he wrote:

"In mental combat but a single end
Inspires the formidable to contend.
Not by the raw recruit's ambition fired,
By whom foul blows, though harmless, are admired;
Not by the coward's zeal, who, on his knee
Behind the bole of his protecting tree,
So curves his musket that the bark it fits,
And firing blows the weapon into bits;
But with the noble aim of one whose heart
Values his foeman for he loves his art,
The veteran debater moves afield,
Untaught to libel as untaught to yield.
Dear foeman mine, I've but this end in view—
That to prevent which most you wish to do.
What, then, are you most eager to be at?
To hate me? Nay, I'll help you sir in that.
This only passion does your soul inspire:
You wish to scorn me. Well, you shall admire.

* * * * * *

No falsehood you can tell, no evil do
Shall turn me from the truth to injure you.
So all your war is barren of effect;
I find my victory in your respect.
What profit have you if the world you set
Against me? For the world will soon forget
It taught me this or that; but I'll retain
A vivid picture of your moral strain,
And cherish till my memory expire
The sweet, soft consciousness that you're a liar
Is it your triumph then to prove that you
Will do the thing that I would scorn to do?
God grant that I forever be exempt
From such advantage as my foe's contempt."

The political preacher, the demagogue of the pulpit, the Boanerges thundering damnation upon all opinion not in accord with their own concerning the cause and remedy of this "sorry scheme of things," were special objects of Bierce's scorn and contempt. In rebuke of those who had denounced the profane press as immediate spasm of a Satanic progenitor, he delivered this ultimatum of stinging invective:

"Sir, what were you without the press, What spreads
The fame of your existence once a week,
From the Pacific Mail Dock to the Heads,
Warning the people you're about to wreak
Upon the human ear your Sunday freak?
Whereat the most betake them to their bed
Though some prefer to slumber in the pews
And nod assent to your hypnotic views.

Unhappy man! can you not still your tongue
When (like a luckless brat afflict with worms,
By cruel fleas intolerably stung
Or with a pang in its small lap) it squirms?
Still must it vulgarize your feats of lung?
No preaching better were, the sun beneath
If you had nothing there behind your teeth."

What Bierce wrote in those days he might repeat with emphatic variation in these times that seem to be trying men's souls in the same city where once before the "counsel for the Man of Sin" stood and swayed

"That magic wand which, like a flame,
Leapt, wavered, quivered and became
A wonder-worker—known among
The ignoble vulgar as a Tongue."

Still might he find "the Judge on the bench looking awfully stern," when "the District Attorney begins to attorn"; where "public sycophants in homage bend the populace to flatter ,and repeat the doubled echoes of its loud conceit"; cautiously and furtively creeping "to eminence through paths of shame

"Till fixed securely in the seats of pow'r,
The dupes they flattered they at last devour";—

confronting again the same breed of vox populying demagogues whose influence still gathering head "to east and west its tides encroaching spread" until

"There'll be, on all God's foot-stool, when they meet,
No clean spot for God to set his feet."

Here too, as of yore, will he find in his later visitation

> "Liars for witnesses, for lawyers brutes
> Who lose their tempers to retrieve their suits;
> Cowards for jurors; and for judge a clown
> Who ne'er took up the law, yet lays it down;
> Justice denied, authority abused,
> And the one honest person the accused—"

forced to exclaim as he did then,

> "Thy courts, my country, all these awful years,
> Move fools to laughter and the wise to tears."

Surely this Bierceian humor is all pervasive and as permanent in its applicability to men, manners and the methods of self-seeking panders to ochlocratic clamor in these modern conditions as was the mordant sarcasm of Juvenalian comment upon "the doings of men, their hopes, their fears, their runnings to and fro" in the days when Rome had become undisputed mistress of the world, and resting on her blood-stained conquests was content to grow inert and powerless. Yet only in its rough and rasping invective is the satire of Bierce a reflex of Juvenal; in its finer quality, its more subtle essence, it is vividly reminiscent of Horace whose odes proclaim him the consummate master of diction and fit to wear the laurel crown conferred by common consent upon the brow of one who refused to take it from the imperial hand of Augustus. If in Bierce we discover an abiding trace of the Pantagruelism which its creator defined as "a certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of fortune," we may also observe in a still more marked degree the influence of Swift and Pope mellowed and refined by studious contact with those scintillant geniuses of witcraft who did such wondrous things at the Mermaid.

San Francisco furnished much of the material upon which Bierce bestowed his "satire, keen and critical, not sorting with a nuptial ceremony, but very tragical mirth" for those who were compelled to endure it. Our Stricken City then as now was thick-infested with a pestiferous and persumptuous folk strutting with braggart effrontery in the presence of better men and wiser; pious pharisees of the pulpit dealing venomous vituperation round to make "a godly-thorough reformation" by compounding for sins they were inclined to and damning those they had no mind to; jack-poets "lolling on the Parnassian mount" "to wake the lyre and put the world to sleep"; politicians well content to "let Glory's sons manipulate the tiller of the State," if theirs might be "the humble, useful toil to work the tiller of the soil"; editors of newspapers, howling dervishes of the tripod, denouncing other editors in language "scathing," writ with pens called "trenchant"; bullying lawyers arguing law with one hand on their hip pockets; political puritans snuffling and snivelling in the market place, bemoaning the unchastity of their fellowmen and demanding that the meretricious drabs be incontinently immured in the Magdalen asylum, the while their own harems resound to the bickering of frowsy odalisques; lantern-jawed "moralists" whose "morals" repose in whited sepulchres; stone-throwing "reformers" blatantly proclaiming themselves without sin, heaving their brick-bats all unheedful of the danger of retaliatory assault upon their own citadels of glass—these and a score of others typical of the tribe of Ishmael, were merry game for Bierce's merry muse; and long before he went out from this environment the motley crew of those by whom he was offended were in hiding or scurrying to cover. But Bierce was ever true to the rule of his art which prescribes that the mazzard of vice shall be thwacked athwart the jowls of the vicious.

The Spectator

Perils That Environ a Social Cicerone

That eminent social arbiter, Mr. Ned Greenway, had a narrow escape the other night, his friends say, from an unpleasant experience with the familiars of the graft inquisition. To appreciate the episode in its entirety it should be understood that the ramifications of the graft feud extend through the entire fabric of local society, involving all the members of the "exclusive" as well as the "smart" set. As the masculine protagonists in this great drama are arrayed in bitter antagonism to each other so are the women of their households far from "speaking terms" with one another. Parties, receptions, routs and cotilions in which the prosecution ladies participate are not graced by the presence of the women folk whose kindred and friends are in the defendant class, and the feminine contingent of the prosecution is not on the visiting lists of those accused. Verona is a city divided against itself and the followers of the house of Montague Prosecutor will have naught in common with those who are loyal to the house of Capulet Calhoun—therefore even Romeo and Juliet do not dance in the same set and they have not yet reached the balcony phase of their revolt against the unhappy conditions imposed by their warring families. The social arbiter of elegant "affairs" and "events" bavarded in the court columns of the newspapers, is wholly disinterested in the matter of the invitations he issues to the exclusives and the smarts, and this impartial attitude has offended the Montague wing of the prosecution who have issued a peremptory order that none of the Capulets shall be bidden to his dancing club. The arbiter of course has disregarded the command and as a consequence his friends have warned him to beware, but whether merely to have some fun at his expense it is hard to say. At any rate, so the story goes, he was almost caught napping recently. One night when seeking relaxation from his arduous duties in his automobile on the beach a bunch of rubber-heeled individuals got on his trail, but a friendly insider warned the arbiter that it had been arranged to raid the beach resorts that night as soon as he should be safely within the precincts of any one of the casinos he might select as the scene of his mild little orgie. Alighting from his chariot he sent the vehicle empty to the door of a cafe-by-the-sea and watching afar in the night gloom, where the "ribbed-sea-sand" shimmered response to the caress of the starlight, he saw four "plainclothesmen" ghost-dance out the shadows and peer down at the number on the tailboard of the auto. When they had scented their prey they went into the joy house to nab it but it wasn't there. Consequently nothing was raided on the beach that night. And the smile on the face of the arbiter was as a moonbeam of wine of choicest vintage frapped to cool the palate of one who has thirsted in a weary land.

Defining a Newspaper

The boycott on the Examiner proposed by the ladies and gentlemen of the League of Justice, vociferously in-

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dorsed by the self-interested Call, and ably seconded by the erudite editor of the Red Dog Clarion, is not likely to avail much profit to the Call or much damage to the Examiner. Nothing in journalism "turns a corner" with more fox-like agility than a daily paper when the dogs are in full cry and the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill. The Call in this instance is certainly no match for the Examiner in the newspaper game. The news of the world in detail, and all the essential news of the parish may now be found featured in the Examiner, in striking contrast with the wasted columns of ill-digested opinion of "the graft situation" in this city quoted by the Call from the Yreka Bugle of Freedom and the Inyo Palladium of Liberty. Great events are gathering in Europe; the German emperor has been exercising his right of free speech contrary to the statutes made and provided for the curbing of unruly members of royal families; there's a hint of war in the Balkans; China seeks a "triple alliance"; India is on the verge of revolt against British tyranny; Roosevelt can shoot anything that walks on four hoofs or flies within range of his rifle in Africa; Japan insists upon being our dearest friend; the Servians and the Austrians are shooting each other on sight; Carnegie has declared in favor of revising and lowering the tariff; Taft will probably sit down on "Uncle Joe" Cannon with a dull, sickening thud—all this is in the Examiner, and much more of minor importance but intense with "human interest," demanding that it be read by every intelligent citizen who would reinforce his intelligence with knowledge of the world's history in the making. Little or none of this news is printed in the Call. There is no room for it. The "space schedule" of that newspaper is exhausted upon "stories" from the hospital, the morgue, the county jail and Judge Lawlor's courtroom, boycott resolutions, Walter McArthur's speeches, remarks upon the moral depravity of the town by the gifted authoress of "In the Bishop's Carriage," a moral novel depicting the amusing adventures of a street outcast who was arrested for shoplifting; more resolution by people who insult their own intelligence by insisting that assassin Haas was "inspired" by the "higher-ups" to shoot Special Prosecutor Heney and was subsequently assassinated in his turn by the agents of the "higher-ups" aforesaid, the spare columns being filled with additional "editorial opinion" of metropolitan affairs by the Yuba Dam Tidings and the Poverty Flat Courier. It is the difference between a newspaper and an organ. And no boycott can long prevail against a newspaper; neither can it long sustain an organ. The Examiner survived the McKinley hue and cry and it will probably survive the hysterical resolutions of the Ladies' League of Justice and the frantic efforts of the Call's circulation agents. The Examiner may be a bold, bad newspaper as it was when it was accused of assassinating President McKinley, but it is a newspaper now as it was then, and those who refuse to "take" it at their homes because it is "unfit to be read in a respectable family" that reads the Call in the morning and the "boughten Bulletin" at night, will buy it "on the way down town" to inform themselves concerning what is going on in the world outside of the local parish. As long as the Examiner continues to print what the people want to read it will be immune from the bubonic plague of the boycott; and as long as the Call continues to print less than the people want to read it will play third fiddle in the newspaper orchestra of San Francisco.

A New Vintage—Old Soaker (at the club, dreamily). "I say, waiter. That's the best wine I've had for ages. Bring another bottle." Waiter: "You have had no wine, sir. You drank the Worcestershire sauce."

J. C. WILSON

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The Jumping Hopper of Carson

In the days before the fire the Palace Hotel was the rendezvous of old-time Nevada mining men who got into the habit of assembling there when Senator Sharon was alive and never got over it. Their ranks are thinning rapidly, but occasionally one meets a little bunch of them at the Fairmont where, with the garrulity of age, they revive recollections of the gay and romantic days of the Comstock. The other night, while listening to the reminiscences of two grizzled veterans at the Fairmont my patience was rewarded by one good story in which figured John Mackay and Maurice Hoeflich, the broker who died several years ago. According to the narrator Hoeflich, who was in Mackay's employ at Carson, had a habit of backing his opinion with money, a circumstance that was annoying to the millionaire. One day Hoeflich was playing with an enormous grasshopper. It could jump over twenty feet, he said. "I'll ped you fifty dollars, Mr. Mackay, dot you can't find a hopper to peat him." Mackay sent a trusted emissary down to Carson Valley to secure a contestant. The man spent nearly a week catching hoppers, and reported that the best gait any of them made was seventeen feet. He doubted if a bigger jumper could be found anywhere. The next day he arrived with about a dozen hoppers, and Mackay gave them quarters in his rooms. Each had a cigar box to himself, and every morning they were taken out and put through their paces. It was impossible, however, to get one to jump over eighteen feet. Mackay was in despair; but one morning a hopper sniffed at a bottle of ammonia on the table and immediately jumped thirty feet. Next day Mackay announced to Hoeflich that he was ready for the match. The expert came an hour before the time with his pet hopper. Not finding Mackay in, he noticed the bottle of ammonia. A light broke upon him. Grabbing the bottle he rushed to a drug store, threw away the ammonia, and ordered it to be filled with chloroform. Mackay soon arrived with a half dozen mining superintendents, whom he invited to see him have some fun with Hoeflich. They were hardly seated when Hoeflich came in with the hopper in a cigar box under his arm. "I vas a leetle late, Mr. Mackay, but I'm here mid der hopper and der coin." He laid down the money, which was covered promptly. Mackay got behind somebody and let his hopper sniff at the ammonia bottle, which held Hoeflich's chloroform. Time being called, the hoppers were placed side by side on the piazza, and at the word "Go" each one was touched on the back with a straw. Hoeflich's entry scored twenty-four feet. Mackay's gave a lazy lurch of some four inches, and, folding his legs, fell fast asleep.

Old Lady—Is that a madonna you're painting?
Artist—No, a prima donna.

Marines Are Now Policemen

At the naval stations hereabouts the only topic of discussion nowadays is the order issued by President Roosevelt last week withdrawing the Marine Corps from the ships of the navy. The duties of the corps in future will be to garrison navy yards and naval stations, both within and beyond the continental limits of the United States; to furnish the first line of the mobile defence of naval bases and naval stations beyond the continental limits of

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the United States; to man such naval defences and to aid in manning, if necessary, such other defences as may be erected for the protection of naval bases and naval stations; to garrison the Isthmian Canal zone, and to furnish such garrisons and expeditionary forces for duties beyond the seas as may be necessary in time of peace. The order becomes effective at once, and will be carried out as it suits the convenience of the navy to send the various detachments ashore. This is the most revolutionary change in the history of the navy with the exception of the amalgamation of the engineers with the line officers, and it will take the service a long while to get used to it. It was done against the protest of the highest marine officers and will probably have a blighting effect upon the future of the corps, which, aside from foreign service, will be reduced to policing navy yards. It may lead to proposals to amalgamate the marines with the army as in some foreign services.

A Revolutionary Order

President Roosevelt's order, which, by the way, has hardly been mentioned in any of our parochial daily journals, is sensational and revolutionary. The marines have been identified with our navy for 133 years. They have formed a part of the complement of every ship of any size since the first American man-of-war went to sea. History credits the Marine Corps with some of the most brilliant achievements of the American navy. In all the early battles of our navy the marines played a conspicuous and honorable part. In the civil war the landing of marines for shore attacks was one of their chief uses. They fought side by side with the sailors. The gallant conduct of the marines at Guantanamo won them the favor of Congress, with the result that the corps was increased from 78 officers and 1450 men to 328 officers and 9,521 men. To the American marines belongs the credit of having saved the legations at Pekin during the Boxer rebellion. And now they are to be dubbed the "navy yard police," and, in all probability, contrasted to their disadvantage with the army. Naturally, the versatility of the officers and the mobility of the corps will suffer.

Rural Guest—What precautions against fire has the proprietor of this hotel taken?

Bellhop—He's had it insured for twice what it is worth.

More "Ancestors" Than Population

I think it was David Starr Jordan who said that by the laws of permutation or some other arithmetical hocus-pocus, it would be an easy trick to trace the lineage of anybody to William the Conqueror, or any other glorified bandit of the barbarous age. The Jordonian process of roping a suitable ancestor from the herd of ancient heroes runs something like this: Every son of posterity has two parents; these parents have or had four parents; these in turn had eight progenitors and these were the offspring of sixteen parents; the next calculation gives 32 and the next sixty-four, exhausting the fragments of only seven generations. Thence backward the computation proceeds until we have covered twenty-eight generations of thirty years or an accumulation of 840 years which would bring us well into the period of the Norman's illegitimate progeny. If our calculation has been accurate, each of us ought to have, according to Dr. Jordan, 189,459,456 ancestors, among whom, of course, William of Normandy would be included, for the very palpable reason that there were not at that time anywhere near 189,459,456 ancestors then living in Normandy, and it is doubtful if all Europe as it was then populated contained that number. Yet figures, it is said, do not or cannot lie. And I do not believe that Dr. Jordan would be an accessory before or after the fact as averred by these appraently impossible and inveracious figures.

Noble Normans for American Dollars

However, Miss M. E. Tillinghast has just ascertained after much research, that Mrs. Russell Sage's ancestors not only "came over with the Conqueror," but that a goodly bunch of them were all sorts of aristocrats as the aristocracy of that rabble horde of robber barons was graded and classified at that time. One in particular, Drogo de Monte Acuto, an ironclad warrior in the train of Robert, Earl of Moreton, after the Conquest, is identified as the real beginning of Mrs. Sage's family; there were others before Drogo, but Miss Tillinghast deemed them superfluous and perhaps not entirely respectable. Anyway she pauses at the cognizance of the progenitor of the Dukes of Sandwich and Manchester, of Lady Wortley Montagu and the Duke of Salisbury, and having safely delivered these genealogical goods with a footnote to the effect that Mrs. Sage's "ancestral home" was the famous castle of Battle Abbey, pockets her fee and writes the record of her opulent client in her Book of the American Descendants of the English Peerage. Miss Tillinghast will perform the same ancestral services for anybody who will pay her price, which is per schedule according to the magnitude of the ancestry desired—Mrs. Sage's family tree was a comparatively cheap one, for, by the expenditure of a little more money she might have had Old Bill the Norman himself for her grandparent in the 28th degree under the simple Jordanic plan of accumulation, aggregation and elimination.

"Her husband has quit his night prowling."

"Yes, she gave him absent treatment."

"Well, there's nothing like Christian Science."

"She didn't use Christian Science. She took a trip through Europe and had a corking time."

Pampered Educators

Dr. Fred Burk, of the State Board of Education, has accused the text-book sellers of corrupting the official morals of his colleagues of the State Board by wining and dining them into a mood unduly favorable to the superior merits of the books printed by the firms represented by the purveyors of the bottles and birds. Dr. Burk has also mentioned duck shooting excursions at the expense of the book drummers as a means to a similar end; and finally he has charged that the hitherto innocuous pastime of tennis has been utilized by the same agencies as a lure preliminary to a long slide on the toboggan that leads easily to the Avernus of the publishing trade. It is an occult bribery in the form described by Dr. Burk; only the keen eye of a rank insider would

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be able to discern the dark iniquity of its purpose. Many crimes, it is true, have been plotted at the banquet board; hunting excursions of various purpose have been the vehicle of conspiracies that have found lasting record in the pages of history; and it was in the hall of the Jeu de Paume or royal tennis court of Versailles that the noble representatives of the Third Estate swore their famous oath to form a constitution for France; but this is the first intimation that they could be used as the fulcra upon which to rest the lever that pries open the coffer of the text-book buying public of California. Bridge whist or draw poker would have been a much readier method of "reaching" the educators. In this connection, however, the question obtrudes: Why buck against the shadow of a bribery when a more substantial profit might be achieved by settling the entire text-book question for a definite period of years? Why should the parents of California be taxed in dollars that many of them can ill afford to pay for new text-books ordered at the beginning of each term of the schools? Why is it never possible to pass the schoolbooks from child to child of the same family as it reaches the grade in which the book has been used? Herein is the iniquity of our text-book system; and if Dr. Burk will concentrate his efforts on a stationary list of text-books for our schools, he will earn the lasting gratitude of every parent in the State. It is even possible that these parents may erect a monument in his honorable memory with some of the money they will save after Dr. Burk has effected this long-desired reform.

Wife—I think you should join a church.
Husband—I prefer to remain a Christian.

Foo Duck Doesn't Have To Go

The most recent decision concerning the Chinese exclusion act was rendered the other day in the United States District Court for the State of Montana, in the case of Foo Duck, who appealed from an order of deportation. The question presented for consideration was this: Where a minor comes to the United States from China for the purpose of joining his father, who is a merchant lawfully domiciled in the United States, and thereafter during his minority such minor labors and studies in the United States, is he entitled to remain in the United States after attaining his majority or is he liable to deportation? "In my opinion," said the Judge of the court, "such a person is lawfully entitled to remain within the United States. The boy while a minor acquired a right of domicile by virtue of his father having such a right; that is, the father's domicile being in this country, as the parent he has the right to have his minor child enter. This right was independent of any application for a certificate or compliance with other provisions of the law. (U. S. vs. Mrs. Gue Linn, 176 U. S. 459.) The minor really had no occupation when he entered, hence was not within the purview of Section 6, relating to those who must obtain certificates. The reasoning which led to the construction of the statute whereby it was decided that the wife of one who is himself entitled to enter may enter without any certificate is applicable also to the case of a minor child of one so entitled to enter. Both are natural and lawful dependents upon the one who may lawfully have established his domicile in the United States."

ASK FOR
BLACK AND WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKEY
IT IS THE BEST
NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

Obituaries That Were Death Warrants

When the dispatches first announced the death of the Empress of China I was inclined to doubt the report. This versatile and wholly untrustworthy old lady has been dead before and at the point of death a score of times; and in every instance the presumption that she had been gathered or was swiftly gathering to the tombs of her ancestors has been fatal to those whose political or personal aspirations made it difficult or impossible to dissemble their joy. On one occasion the Dowager raised herself from the dead and off went the heads of a dozen Chinese Buckinghams at one fell swoop of the palace executioner's vorpal blade. She has frequently laid down to die and given out that she had been given up by all the astrologers and soothsayers of the Forbidden City, only to rise again like a tiger cat refreshed to glut her venegance in the blood of hardy conspirators whom she had long suspected but who had managed to elude her until they imagined they were safe in expressing their candid opinion of her utter unworth. I hope her immortal part will pardon me for doubting her when she is dead beyond recall. From him who often doth deceive the truth itself is not believed.

Fatal Politics

The coincidence of the deaths of the Dowager and the Emperor was ground for the suspicion of a palace intrigue of unusual virulence. It was thought that if the Dowager was poisoned first she immediately commissioned her familiar, the pseudo eunuch Li, to put a quietus upon her imperial nephew, to the end that he should not thwart her life-long policy of reaction by postmortem disobedience of her express command that there should be no drastic reform in China in any direction. It may be, however, that the complication worked the other way and that Huang Hsu got the dope first but managed to put the cup to the lip of his amiable aunt before she was aware that her own plot had worked its deadly climax. It is certain that if either felt the intestinal twinge that warned of an incurable indigestion the other knew where to plant the counter poison. There is no antidote for the mandragora that is brewed in the imperial laboratory of toxicology within the vermilion walls of the Yellow City.

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We may believe any of the tales that will whisper from the dark recesses of the ghost-haunted, blood-drenched court of the usurping Manchus.

Genesis of the Dowager

A strange career is that of the old woman who died shrieking in Peking the other day. The daughter of a small military mandarin in Yunnan of Southwestern China she passed her girlhood in almost abject poverty, so poor that when her father's meager pension from the government was delayed a few days the rice merchant with whom the family dealt refused to give them any more rice on credit. High spirited in her youth and her destitution as she was in her mature womanhood and the plenitude of imperial power, she cursed the reluctant rice merchant to his face, with the hope that all his children might be girls—the most insulting anathema in the Chinese Book of a Thousand Unhappy Fates. Another rice merchant standing by, sympathizing or seeking to forestall a probable appeal to himself, offered the rice that the other had refused. That rice merchant died a viceroy. Yet the missionaries say the Empress Dowager knew not what gratitude was. The father died and the mother, the daughter and a numerous family took junk down the Great River to seek a fortune predicted to Tsi An by a prophetic old hag of the village. At Han-yang they were starving upon a scant bowl of rice for the entire family and unknowing where the next bowl would come from. One of the protecting gods, the one that inspired the village sibyl, no doubt, induced the Governor of the province to send to the widow of the mandarin and her hungry brood not only bowls of rice (the bowls of Nanking porcelain) but also huge platters of roast pork, hampers of boiled pigeons' eggs, crates of broiled ducks, caddies of flower pekoe, a tea quoted even in that region at 125 taels a picul, besides all the luxuries that complement a banquet composed of these viands. The truth of history compels the statement that the Governor did not intend to send this sumptuous fare to the widow of a small mandarin; his blundering coolies mistook the junk of the widow for that of a red-button mandarin who was passing that way and whom the Governor wished to specially honor. But when he received the grateful widow's letter of thanks the next day it was too late to recall the gift and the official, following a well-known Confucian precept, accepted the credit of his charity without protest. That Governor died many years after full of honors and rich with a viceroy's spoil of two provinces.

Full of Years and Iniquity

Thenceforward the destiny of the future Empress of China was as the old woman of the village had predicted. Whether she sold curd cakes and perserved ginger in the streets of Peking, or danced for hire in the sing-song houses of the Tartar City is of little moment; that she was the favorite concubine of a nobleman of high degree is well authenticated; and when the annual edict issued from the imperial harem for a candidate to be the mother of a son of heaven, this fortuneless daughter of a small military mandarin was entered in the lists and chosen by the imperial commissioners. She went to the Western Palace and there gave birth to a man child who was named to be the Emperor of the Middle Kingdom. From that event the power of this waif of the sunset province was illimitable and irresistible; as the legitimate wives of the imperial household were relegated to the common seraglio of the Eastern palace. Some died suddenly and others lingered and wasted. Then the emperor died; but the counter-stroke fell on the son of the imperial favorite. If it was all premeditated it was a useless thrust for by this time Tsi An could dictate the succession, which she did. Then at the opportune time she deposed the young emperor and reigned absolute in his place—supreme arbiter upon the life, death and fortune of a third of all the people who inhabit the earth! Now she is dead in her seventy-fourth year—a hale and hearty old age—preserved it is said to that period in the outward bloom of a woman of forty, by a diet of human milk from nursing women, changed monthly. A wonderful old woman! A terrible old woman! A veritable dragon coiled on an age-battered throne—a Manchu of the Manchus, and a wise old serpent—wise and ferocious; inscrutably wise and treacherously ferocious! Millions rejoice that her tablet hangs in the hall of her ancestors.

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AND ALL PAIN INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY
BAUME BETULAE
THE ORIGINAL APPLICATION BY ABSORPTION
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS FOR 50 CENTS A TUBE
AND AT OWL DRUG COMPANY STORES.

Professor (to foot of Botany class)—Mention some of our common trees.
Student—Redwood, pine, ash, oak, maple, horse——
Professor (prompting)—Chestnut.
Student—All right, sir, if you've heard 'em before, I'll stop.

A Ladylike Conspiracy

I hope I may be permitted to say a few words in answer to an honest young lady proponent of the Graft Prosecution who has been advising a conspiracy of women to ruin the business of any merchant who will not pledge himself to support the prosecution. I would like to utter my thoughts on the subject. Ordinarily, I am aware, it would be ungallant and ungentlemanly to offer the slightest objection to the opinion or the wishes of a lady; but in this instance I think the lady has abrogated her right to be treated differently from a mere man who may arise to advocate violation of the Cartwright law by inciting a boycott upon such business men of this city as happened to hold opinions concerning public affairs contrary to the opinions of the person organizing the conspiracy in restraint of trade. I hope that she will not plead her petticoats in bar of my protest against what she is reported to have said at a public meeting of women assembled to "assist the cause of justice" by "withdrawing their patronage" from everybody who attempted to exercise the

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peculiarly American privilege of honestly expressing any honest opinion on any subject, whether of politics, religion, sociology, psychology, literature, art, science, or the graft prosecution.

A Moral Groceryman

"There are several grocerymen in my neighborhood," this lady is reported to have said. "I deal with the man whose morals are clean, although his stock is not so plentiful and so varied as the other dealers. But I am rewarded in knowing that his morals are right." I hope this lady justicer will eventually reveal the name and address of this moral purveyor of provisions. Perhaps some of the rest of us would like to deal with him. Most of us are now forced to buy our groceries from immoral grocerymen, villainous wretches who would not hesitate to cut throats or scuttle ships if the laws that some of the reformers threaten to have repealed by the next legislature, did not forbid such babarous practices. We are tired of eating immoral groceries and we yearn to feed upon ham, for example, that is butchered from the limbs of strictly moral hogs, and upon eggs that were laid in the odor of sanctity; we long to traffic for our daily bread, our weekly butter and our monthly cheese, with some grocery saint-elect as yet uncanonized because he is still untombed. It sounds absurd to mix morality with our groceries like a coffee blend of Costa Rica and Java, but the inception of the absurdity is not mine—the lady opened the debate; as her moral groceryman would open a can of tomatoes or a box of sardines. Furthermore, it must be admitted that if we are justified in demanding absolute purity of the food we buy in the grocery stores we are logically justified in demanding that the purity of the groceryman himself shall be immaculate as the food he sells. It should not be necessary to thrust morality on the dealer by virtue of the pure food laws; on the contrary the morality of the dealer should be so contagious that it will infect the food in his shop. And since a "great wave of morality" is now "sweeping" over the town, let us all unite in a prayer that it may roll on until every immoral groceryman in the city is permanently and effectually submerged.

An Immoral Newspaper

I don't suppose that the lady whose illegal conspiracy on behalf of the cause of morality has excited my ribald laughter, will deny that consistency is a phase of morality. I don't suppose the lady would knowingly advise her sister moralists to "patronize" only moral grocerymen and in the same breath counsel them to put their money into the purse of immoral newspapermen. Yet that is precisely what she is doing in commending the "Boughten Bulletin" to her co-conspirators in the holy cause of morality. Wherefore I assume, in all charity, that she is either a stranger in San Francisco, or that she has not read Congressman Kahn's speech delivered in the recent campaign, reviewing and analyzing the immoral status of the newspaper which she so earnestly commends to the moral consideration of her sister conspirators.

Irene—Say, my little sister Sadie's got a new job passing around the hat.

Gwendolen—"What! Working in a church?"

Irene—"Naw, she's dustin' off the head gardens in a milliners full of 'Merry Widows,' see?"

Wedding Invitations

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Accused Us of the Bubonic Plague

Norman Hapgood and Charles Dana Gibson have been in town. Norman Hapgood is one of Peter Collier's weekly editors and Charles Dana Gibson is chiefly famous for a creation in art called "the Gibson girl," a kind of girl that never yet on sea or land confirmed incarnate the ideal of her maker. Norman Hapgood is the editorial writer who recently libeled this city by offering it as a horrible example of the bubonic plague and a contagious warning for other cities, especially New York, where the plague has probably always existed unknown to the learned doctors because those wise medical guys have never received orders from the superior medical guys of Washington to chase the rat to catch the flea that bites the man that dies of this distemper. When asked about this matter Mr. Hapgood promptly dodged by saying that he had commended San Francisco for its fight against the plague while condemning the inaction of "the cities and counties about the bay." He even expressed surprise that San Francisco had been angry over the article while the cities "really attacked" had passed it in silence. Evidently Editor Hapgood acts as he writes, and in neither relation is he the artful dodger that a shifty editor should be. For when Hapgood isn't dodging he is retracting; and when he isn't retracting he is plucking the barbs from wounds inflicted by those whom he has offended and hanging them up as ornaments in his editorial sanctum duly labeled with his editorial comment facetiously expressed. Still, notwithstanding all the mean things that Hapgood has said about us and all the damage he has done to the business interests of the town in addition to that which we are doing ourselves, we will not advise a boycott of the weekly for which he writes. We prefer to reserve that tyranny for our own newspapers.

California Sugar Magnates in Opposition

Two Californians are taking an active part in the tariff discussion that is now engaging the attention of the Ways and Means Committee at Washington. And singularly enough they are in opposition to each other. One is Henry T. Oxnard, who represents the beet sugar in-

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Oakland's March to Clay Street

..Up to a month ago many people thought that Clay Street was a long way off the beaten track of shopping. Now that our big building is daily thronged with crowds everybody realizes the truth, viz., that Fourteenth and Clay is one of the easiest places in Oakland to reach and an ideal location for comfort and convenience. Just a short block from the City Hall, just a short block from San Pablo Avenue—easily reached from all directions.

The Millinery Display

The handsome Millinery Section on the light-flooded second floor is now in trim to invite you to see a complete, correct display of Autumn Hats. All grades from the most popular prices to the exclusive imported novelties. This week especially, a strong showing of elegant Street Hats, $5.00 and $7.50.

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terests, and the other is Claus Spreckels who wants the tariff taken off sugar. The fight for free trade in sugar is led by the Administration forces in the interest of the Philippine planters. The subject is of course of considerable interest to California for here much money is invested in the raising of sugar beets. Addressing the Committee Mr. Oxnard pointed out as evidence of the need of being let alone the small increase in the number of sugar refineries since 1897, which he attributed to agitation and the failure to get encouraging legislation that they had reason to expect from party promises. In the opinion of Mr. Oxnard the tariff on sugar should be increased. The menace of Philippine and Cuban sugar should also be checked. In the beet sugar business there was $60,000,000 invested and the return did not exceed six per cent. If the beet sugar men could not make money under existing conditions he did not see how the other sugar men could do it.

What Spreckels Said

Claus Spreckels as president of the Federal Sugar Refining Company submitted to the committee a prepared statement containing the following: "Beet sugar factories located in proper localities such as Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Oregon should, and I am informed can, produce granulated sugar at two and one half cents a pound. Of course if it be the purpose of this government to impose a tariff which will enable the production in unsuitable localities at the expense of the American public then an import duty is necessary and will always have to be maintained." Under fire of Mr. Fordney of Michigan of the Ways and Means Committee Mr. Spreckels agreed that free trade would drive the sugar factories out of Michigan and end sugar beet growing there. Michigan, he contended, was not the proper place to raise sugar beets or to turn them into sugar, and the protection of the industry there should not be continued. Mr. Spreckels started out by saying that his concern was independent, having no affiliation in any way with the sugar trust. Free trade on raw and refined sugars would benefit the whole country, he told the committee. The sugar trust, he declared, was the special beneficiary of the tariff. "I take no stock," added Mr. Spreckels, "in the old and threadbare theory that a duty on sugar must be maintained in order to provide adequate revenues for the government. I am satisfied that this committee can find other commodities on which to place duties for necessary revenue. The present tariff on sugar should certainly be reduced and gradually wiped out, and the quicker it is wiped out the better."

HUMANITARIAN ANNOUNCEMENT

Mountain resorts are now robbed of terrors. "ANTI-OAK," the absolete chemical and physiological antidote to Poison Oak and Ivy has been discovered. Put a fifty-cent bottle in your kit and feel secure. Distributers: Oriental Incense and Perfume Company, 424 W. Seventh street, Los Angeles, Cal.

SOME OTHER GOOD THINGS WE HAVE.

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O, yes, our Balm O'Gilead will rest tired, burning, sweating, aching feet; large bottle 50c.

He—Won't you give me the next dance?
She—Perhaps, if you press me.
He—I'll do that as we dance.

One More Wing

Now that the third wing of the St. Francis is "running full," as the hotel men say, the directors have definitely determined upon the fourth, or tower, wing on the corner. All the new part of the St. Francis is now open, except the Tapestry Room, and this will be finished in marble within a very short time, although in view of the two years required to weave the design of Arthur Matthews into fabrics, the tapestries may not be ready for many months—perhaps a year. The Club Room opened about a week ago and set a new standard for rooms of its type. The color scheme is said to be one of the finest ever conceived, the ceiling being rendered in grays of warm colors, a soft and pleasant transition from the fine wood panelling of the walls, upon which the huge Italian fireplace throws light from big burning logs. Arthur Putnam's modelling for the bar is an unusually good treatment of a simple decorative motive, and evi-

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seeding to the finished article.

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THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

dences the desire of the St. Francis to use the resources of native art rather than stock designs from the Continent. The gymnasium, on the twelfth floor of the new wing, has received general commendation; no less an authority than James Corbett declaring it to be the "real McCoy."

A Snap for Artists

That the esthetic element is a profitable one in business is recognized by the Hotel St. Francis management, which, after securing the tapestry designs of Matthews, the modelling of Putnam and the canvas of Charles Rollo Peters, has decided to set apart a room for exhibitions of the best California art. No charge will be made to the artists, whose only expense will be the trouble of handling the exhibitions; and it is thought that this will be an exceptional opportunity for our representative western painters and sculptors, not only to familiarize the travelers of the world with the fact that this is an art center, but also to dispose of their work to those who appreciate its value.

Mistress—"What did you say when he asked you if I was as young as I looked?"
Kitty—"I told him it was none of his business."

The Loewenberg Book Discussed

The Players Club of Alameda has been discussing Mrs. I. Loewenberg's notable book, "The Irresistible Current," which has excited interest in most of the women's clubs on both sides of the bay. Several of the literary women of Alameda analyzed the work and commended the sentiments expressed therein. Mrs. Loewenberg was the guest of honor and enjoyed the discussion, at the close of which she addressed the members of the club. With sincerity and frankness she defined her position, saying that she appealed neither to the Jew nor to the Christian, but had aimed at the truth and was trying to break down the barrier of prejudice that exists between the two faiths and that her desire was for a universal religion, one that would embrace the four essential points: Right thinking, humanity, immortality and God. Religion is a moral force and vitally important, a necessity for mankind. It is more the result of environment than of personal feeling. Charity should be given for mankind and not for any special church or order.

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By C. S. AIKEN. A study of "The King's Highway" today. Superbly illustrated.

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Beautifully Illustrated, from drawings by Gertrude Partington, Maynard Dixon, Gordon Coutts, M. J. Spero and other artists.

The Blue Moon

Mary Austin's latest and most notable novel of the West will begin in the January number of Sunset.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Rodrigo Knell, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Morrison, Cope & Brobeck, Rooms 701-6 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

PHILIP KNELL,
Executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1908.

The Gold Medal for quality in the Whisky Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to Mackie & Coy's "White Horse Cellar" Whisky. This following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, speaks for the quality of this old established firm, who own the famous Lagavulin distillery, as well a sthe Malt-Mill and Craigellachie distilleries.

THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

As predicted in last week's letter a moderate reaction in Wall Street securities has taken place. The upward movement has gone farther than is general in a bull market without a shaking out. Now that it has come and gone the market is in a healthier position; weak holders have liquidated and their holdings have passed into stronger hands. There has been no news of particular moment during the past week that would affect market values. The examination of Mr. Rockefeller had no particular significance. Some rumors gained currency to the effect that Mr. Harriman was against any further advance in securities at the present time. It is seldom one dislikes to have their holdings appreciate. It was the best kind of a tip to buy on, as such information generally makes its appearance when the big market operators want to buy without attracting attention. It was quite evident that some one with a basket was catching all the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific securities that were thrown over by those who became scared. There has been a great deal of activity in the Hawley securities. There has been strong buying in all of the Colorado Southern issues, also Minneapolis and St. Louis and Iowa Central stocks. Hawley is one of the leading market factors although little is heard of him. Much interest has been manifested in the Standard Oil group, especially M. K. & T. This property has shown wonderful physical improvement within the past two years. Its business has made a very remarkable growth. It is claimed that the next annual report of this property will make a wonderful showing. There has been good buying of all the M. K. & T. stocks and bonds for some time past. The Gould properties are showing some life. The near at hand completion of the Western Pacific has stimulated interest in all the Gould securities. The steel issues were somewhat depressed on account of tariff revision talk; the steel company's officials say they are not worried in this respect from the fact that any revision of the tariff would affect the smaller properties virtually driving the little fellows out of business, thereby giving the larger concerns a monopoly. It is an even guess that whatever legislation takes place all conditions will have been taken well into consideration beforehand. The late depression has not been blotted from our minds long enough to disregard caution. Fair play will be more in evidence in the making of laws than ever before. The public have been educated sufficiently to understand all public issues and will not stand for the personal whims of politicians. We are starting on the right road; there should be no reason why our start should not continue to the end on a sound basis unless some crazy idea should be sprung. There never has been a period in the history of this country when so much prosperity was knocking at our door as at the present time. It is here with us in spite of conditions as many view them. I believe money will be plentiful for the next three years, and that three per cent investments will receive unusual consideration. Farmers are seeking employment for their surplus funds, which is the keynote to the whole situation.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Where the Rules are Enforced

Fancy a member of the Francisca Club entertaining gentlemen at luncheon behind the portals of that club, sacred as it is to the female of the species. The idea you will say is preposterous. Such a thing you will vehemently affirm never occurred. No indeed! The rules of the club forbid. But the rules notwithstanding one of the most distinguished members of the club ventured not long ago to make the club the scene of a little luncheon for men. And the ladies of the Board of Directors would not permit an infraction of the rules—no not even



MISS MAY FOULKES

Who became the bride of Rev. William Thomas Renison.

for Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who happened to be the lady that proposed giving the luncheon. As though any harm might be done in making an exception of the case of that amiable and beloved dowager! Awfully stingy with their old club—those Franciscans.

Fair Debutante, Beware!

There's trouble ahead for one of the sweetest of the debutantes, a vivacious little blonde who is somewhat indifferent to the amenities. She breaks her dancing engagements, I am told, and the young men are getting very sore. The specific charge against her is that at more than one dance where she met dancing partners who seemed to her particularly agreeable she forgot all about her other engagements. Now this is a pretty serious offense, for the victims sometimes enter into combination and resolved to make a wall flower of the offender. There has been some talk of inflicting this cruel and inhuman punishment on the fair debutante in question, though she is really sweet enough to be forgiven.

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The Passion for Culture

The passion for culture in San Francisco society is gradually overcoming the propensity to vulgar frivolity. In more than one clique are to be observed aspirations toward the world of manners, wit and taste, and several representatives of the fashionable herd have developed a fine enthusiasm for the etheral atmosphere of culture. In some quarters Bohemianism is giving itself a great deal of swagger about its superiority to the vulgar conventions of society, and on all sides are women who have gone in for the intellectual and who are intoxicating themselves with the breath of the gods. The Spinners and Sequoia Clubs are doing their best to diffuse the light, such as it is, and the dark corners of Philistinia are



REV. WILLIAM THOMAS RENISON

Who was married last week to Miss May Foulkes. He comes from a family of divines

being illuminated. Mrs. William Mayo Newhall is taking so serious an interest in the intellectual that she has started a class in literature and has engaged Professor Wilson, formerly of Miss Hamlin's school, to deliver a lecture once a week. At the first meeting of the class at this lady's home ninety disciples availed themselves of the opportunity for edification. Mrs. Ramon Wilson, who has absorbed a vast volume of knowledge on the subject of the drama, has been emitting copious draughts of it for the refreshment of her friends. She recently talked at the Spinners on "The Religious in Dramatic Art," a pregnant theme as all educated persons know. The lecture was illustrated with dramatic action by Miss Alice Colman. On another occasion lately Mrs. Wilson spoke on "The Revival of Art in India."

The Most Beautiful Woman

Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed, and a compliment from Charles Dana Gibson is worthy of preservation in family tradition. It is not surprising then that

when the creator of the Gibson girl came to town the other day and beguiled the time in the lounging rooms of the Fairmont that he was more or less beset by pretty women, conscious of their own charms. Wherever the artist rendered himself accessible that could be seen a parade of femininity in its best bib and tucker, but the artist rendered himself accessible there could be seen a beautiful appeared to be off duty. But as a matter of fact he was on the qui vive and he did see one face that fascinated him, and it was the face of a young woman who was as unconscious of his presence as he appeared to be of the presence of nearly everybody. The face was that of Miss Anna Peters of Stockton. "Here," said Mr.



Photog Scharz GRACE LAYMANCE

An Oakland Society Girl Who Contributed to the Success of "Tag Day" in Oakland

Gibson, filled with enthusiasm, "is a perfect type of a beautiful woman." At his request he was introduced to the beautiful Stockton girl. Hats off to the Slough City of the San Joaquin Valley.

The Beauties of Stockton

Miss Anna Peters, bythe way, does not walk off with all the laurels of the family. Her sister Genevieve, now Mrs. Syx, was once besieged by artists and photographers. The curve of her chin and throat was pronounced perfect and camera artists rushed out to her house to take her sitting at the piano and in all sorts of domestic poses. Stockton, by the way, takes high rank as a beauty cradle. Of Stockton were Mamie Wilhoit, now Mrs. Sid. Hodgkins, and Mrs. Francis Hodgkins (Mae Budd), who made her debut at sixteen at her uncle Jim's inaugural ball, and Ollie Neil, who was Mrs. Jim Budd's niece, Elsie Sperry (Mrs. Arno Dosch), Lily Bours, who married Dr. Wallace, and scores of beauties before the advent of these prizes. Ethel and Beth Sperry, now Mrs. Will Crocker and Princess Poniatowski, are remembered



Ihoto, Scharz HAZEL PALMENTEER

One of Oakland's "Tag Day" Workers

among the beauties, and there were the Kelsey and Trahern bevy of beauties, and Fannie Marks, who married Mr. Steinhart, and there are still dozens of them left—the three Mastos, and Florence Guernsey, Haidee Trahern and Leslie Hammond, besides others who are not "in society." If artist Gibson wants types of beauty Stockton is full of 'em.



Photo, Scharz MRS. MONTEL TAYLOR

One of the energetic "Tag Day" Workers in Oakland

Stockton's Great Climber

But Stockton's pride is not in her beauties only. She can claim as her own the first woman that ever climbed Mount Thibet—Harriet Chalmers Adams, who is now giving lectures through the East on the subject of her trip through the wilds of South America. Before her marriage with a popular clubman she was one of the belles of Stockton and a leader in her set. She is an accomplished musician and a delightful hostess. Though a woman somewhat frail of physique, she accompanied her husband into the wilds of South America, whither he was sent by an electric company. Now she commands big prices for her lectures and writes under an assumed name for leading magazines.

The Invitation Miscarried

A certain prominent young artist, whose paintings have been on exhibition of late, tells a good joke on himself. On the eve of a recent large wedding to which neither he nor his wife had received an invitation he met the sister of the bride-to-be with a number of mutual friends and the conversation turned on the impending event. Turning to the artist very sweetly the young lady said she hoped she would have the pleasure of seeing both his wife and himself the next morning. "We did not know exactly where to address your invitations, so we sent them to the Fairmont. Everybody seems to stop there when they come to town, so we were sure they would reach you." When recounted at the breakfast table the sharer of his joys and sorrows decided she'd go. Forthwith the artist went to the Fairmont to get the cards. "No," the clerk assured him, "there was no mail, nothing whatsoever." But the artist was positive and a thorough investigation not only of the M's but also of the Cs followed, and with no result. He returned empty-handed and at the festive board both his wife and he were conspicuous by their absence. The story has gone the rounds of the clubs and provided a good laugh. The artist, having a sense of humor, appreciates the joke.

The Brand of the Elect

The Colonial Dance invitations are out and the minds of the recipients are set at rest. Now society at large knows exactly who's who. Those who have not received cards in the opinion of those that have, are no longer of the social elect. The patronesses for the most part belong to the exclusive Burlingame coterie of intimates. In the daily social columns first one and then another of these ladies has been credited with having originated the idea of this new club. All of which makes one wonder what has been going on in the inner circle; what during these last weeks has been "the little rift within the lute." For to Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, who is said to have organized this new series of dances, little of the credit and much of the blame is given. In reality matters from the first were practically carried over her head. A number of her personal friends have been excluded from the list, which is a long one, and many of the unsuspecting who do not run around to every pink tea have been roused by an invitation from their social lethargy. It is practically a shaking up and a reorganization of the entire social system. Every name submitted was voted on and only those appearing on the greatest number of lists were marked eligible. Now that the fiat has gone forth the question on every side is, "Of course you are going to the Colonials?" It would never do to say "No," for at once you would be branded as socially inadequate. From the gossip of the hour it is evident that there is to be a lot of secret weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the supremacy of the Burlingame plutocray will be vindicated. The two balls to be given under the auspices of the new organization will of course be brilliant affairs. The second of these on February 23d is to be in regular Colonial costume, with fancy dress and powdered coiffures. It certainly will be a pretty sight to those of the elect who have been asked to participate.

Debuts Deferred

The debutante band, which originally was to have numbered thirty-three, has already dwindled down to twenty-eight. The girls who have dropped out will be sincerely missed as they were very popular. So far as Marian Miller and Vera de Sabla are concerned society can look forward to the pleasure of meeting them next winter when their postponed formal bow will be made. The Eugene de Sablas decided to winter at the St. Regis so Vera will spend the next few months in New York, much to the regret of her many friends here. She is a very pretty girl with a sweet vivacity of manner which is very attractive. Her sister, Mrs. Clement Tobin, will occupy the de Sabla home on Octavia street during their absence. Marion Miller is a very striking looking girl. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and like Vera de Sabla will spend the coming months on an Eastern trip. Lucile Wilkins, who was shortly to have been formally presented, forestalled matters somewhat by announcing her engagement to Tulliver Milton, so in place of a coming-out tea cards to her wedding are expected. Anna Weller and Eliza McMullan were to have made their debut at a large tea given in their honor by

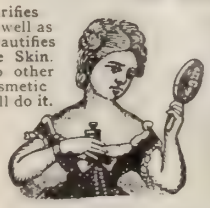
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their grandmother, Mrs. John McMullin. The date was changed, however, and they will not make their formal bow for another week or so. The two Boerikes, Ruth and Dorothy, the attractive daughters of Dr. and Mrs. William Boerike, are also yet to be formally introduced. They already have attended all of the season's functions and bid fair to be among the most popular of the debutantes. Elena Brewer was to have been presented at a tea given by her sister, Miss Isabelle, but as the family will live in Mill Valley for another month the date of her formal coming out is indefinite. She has, however, received at most of the debutante teas so far, and is very much in demand at all social functions as she is a remarkably sweet and clever girl. Her sisters, Isabelle and Marie, made their debuts under the chaperonage of Mrs. Charles Alexander, whose daughter is winning laurels of her own this winter.

Our Debutantes

Harriett Alexander is considered by many the prettiest of the debutantes. She certainly is a very fascinating girl with a rare charm of manner unusual in a girl of eighteen. She made her formal bow at the first large tea of the season, that given by her aunt, Mrs. Mountford Wilson to Elizabeth Woods and herself. Elizabeth Woods is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods and a niece of Charles Rollo Peters, the well known artist. She is a bright, clever girl and is very well liked. Gladys Brigham, a cousin of Harriett Alexander, is going to a few affairs this winter, although she will make no formal debut. Enid Gregg, the daughter of the Wellington Greggs, is also on the debutante list, as she has joined all the dances. But she will not be formally presented. She is of a very striking type and is more attractive than most of the debutantes. Enid is also a very accomplihsed maiden, being one of the most brilliant pianists among the younger girls. Dorothy Chapman and Avis Sherwood, who are first cousins, made their initial bow at a large ball given by their grandmother, Mrs. Robert Sherwood. Dorothy Chapman is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman. Innes Keeney and Dorothy have been voted the most vivacious of the buds. Innes is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney and a sister of Mrs. Tomlinson of New York. Innes so far has held the front rank with Harriett Alexander in popularity. She is very lively and full of fun. Added to that she is an unusually pretty girl, so she is bound to enjoy her first season to the full. Helen Jones made her debut at the large tea given by her mother, Mrs. Clinton Jones, two weeks ago. Helen is a remarkably pretty blonde, with very winning manners. She also is noted for her quick play of wit and her naive remarks and like her brothers Paul and Frank, will be a great social favorite. Suzanne Kirkpatrick, I consider, the daintiest of the debutantes. She is very pretty and has a decided charm of manner as has also her cousins, Clara Allen, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Allen. Both girls made their formal social entrance at a large tea given them by Clara's parents. Suzanne is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and is living at the Fairmont. She has entertained at a number of delightful teas and dinners, as has also Jeanne Gallois, who has recently returned from Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois will winter at the Fairmont and it is there that Jeanne will be formally presented. She is a very original girl and a very pretty one of the brunette type. She has been alluded to already as being "the cutest of the debutantes."

Married in Her Mother's Wedding Gown

The marriage of Miss May Foulkes, daughter of the late Dr. John Franklin Foulkes, and Rev. William Thomas Renison took place on Wednesday afternoon, November 18th, at 4 o'clock at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Margaret Foulkes on Spruce street. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother the marriage was without pomp or glittering circumstance. None but relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Robert Renison, the father of the groom. The bride belongs to an old and aristocratic Southern family. Her father, the late Dr. John Franklin Foulkes, was a prominent physician of Fayetteville, N. C., who came to California many years ago and settled in Oakland, where the family were prominent in business and social circles. The bride, a strikingly beautiful girl, never looked more lovely than she did at her marriage, gowned as she was in quaint style, the dress she wore being the one in which her mother was married. Much sentiment marked the wedding, the day of the ceremony being the anniversary of the marriage of the bride's mother and also of her grandmother. The groom, Rev. William T. Renison, is a graduate of Trinity College, Canada, and comes from a family of clergymen. His father, Rev. Robert Renison, is rector of an Episcopal church in Los Angeles, and one of his brothers, Rev. Robert Renison, Jr., is archdeacon of the Hudson Bay district, New York. Another brother, Rev. George Renison, is a missionary. The young couple will live in Stockton,

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the groom having lately been appointed rector of St. John's Episcopal church in that city.

Another Debutante Dance

Florence Hopkins is to make her intial bow on December 4th at a ball similar to the one at which Katherine Donohoe was introduced. She is considered the beauty of her family and she has a most gracious manner. Margaret Calhoun, Martha's younger sister, is the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and like her sister she is a very great favorite. The du Bois sisters, Hannah and Emily, are among the most frequent entertainers among the buds. They and Elizabeth Simpson, another bud, are wintering at the Hillcrest. Elizabeth Simpson is a vivacious little army maiden, the daughter of Colonel Simpson. She has been the motif for much delightful formal entertaining and has been the honored guest at two or three large bridge parties. Marian Marvyn and Doris Wilshire made their debut at the tea given by Mrs. W. B. Wilshire. Marian Marvyn is a dainty little blonde, not quite so beautiful as her sister Emily, whose marriage to Ray Somers was celebrated two years ago. Doris Wilshire is Mrs. Jack Polhemus's younger sister and bids fair, judging from her first Greenway, to be every bit as popular as her sister was before her marriage. Maud Wilson and Ethel McAllister were both presented at two of the season's largest teas, and Alice Oge, a sister of Mrs. Truxton Beale, will make her first appearance at a reception to be given this coming week at her home in San Rafael. Maud Wilson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson and is a cousin of Lucile Wilkins. Ethel McAllister is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister and has quite recently returned from a tour of Europe. The two Newhall sisters, Virginia and Frances, are fonder as a whole of out-door sports than of high teas, but they have already proved themselves well able to take their place in the debutante band, and as they play very cleverly and sing sweetly they are very much in demand. They are the daughters of the Edwin Newhalls and while not as pretty as their cousins, Elizabeth, Margaret and Marian, they promise to be every bit as well liked. It is to be regretted that Sarah Coffin will not be able to make her debut this year, but, they say, the fair maiden herself does not mind. If the debutantes keep up the good work as well as they have begun it is expected there will be many wedding bells ringing before the year is over. There are already one or two whispered engagements, but as the responsible parties continue laughingly to deny them, it is no use giving them publicity just yet.

Miss Pratt's Introduction

Miss Fernanda Pratt, who was introduced at a large tea given by her mother, Mrs. Simpson, the other day, is a strikingly handsome girl, a brunette with rich coloring. She has a great deal of literary talent, and when she was in Boston pursuing her musical studies she wrote letters home that are said to have been far more interesting than the matter that gets into print as "correspondence." She is a piano pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, and was one of the organizers of the Mansfeldt Club of clever amateurs. She also sings well. She is a favorite with a large circle of friends, and her debut tea was a great crush. Particularly prominent among the callers were the ladies who form the cultured Channing Auxiliary, of which her mother is president.

A Californian's Success

A California girl is sharing in the honors Mrs. Fiske is winning in her new play, "Salvation Nell." I refer to Miss Merle Maddern. She is a cousin of Mrs. Fiske and a daughter of Mrs. Will Maddern. She is well known here, as she has given dramatic readings in clubs and drawing rooms on both sides of the bay. In "Salvation Nell" she plays the part of a drunken woman of the street, and her friends say that to all her innate refinement and beauty she must add great artistry to realize such a role.

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The Latest from Paris

Although Enid Gregg has never been formally introduced to society she is going to all the bigger functions this winter, "just oozing out by degrees," as one very vivacious debutante expressed it. The Wellington Greggs have just returned from an eight-months' tour of Europe, and Miss Enid has come back with all the very latest in the wardrobe line. Her dresses and wraps are particularly beautiful, but her hats, they say, are "ultra." One that she wore to a luncheon this week is so large and drooping that from the right side no glimpse whatsoever of her face can be seen. It is terribly Frenchy and very chic, and consequently it matches the charming debutante.

Dunned at Bridge

If you were enjoying yourself at a fashionable card party, and you were called to the 'phone there to learn that the person to whom you were called wanted to know if you didn't think you should pay a certain bill contracted by a member of your family, wouldn't it jar you? I'm told that is precisely what happened to an estimable lady in Sausalito recently where she was playing bridge, and that she was so rattled by the occurrence that she immediately quit the game.

Debutante Luncheon

The luncheon given by Miss Jeanne Gallois in the gray room of the Fairmont last week was one of the most elaborate of the season. The table was exquisitely decorated in pink roses and autumn leaves. There were twenty-one guests, among whom were Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Vera de Sabla, Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Peggy Simpson, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Clara Allen, the Misses Newhall, the Misses DuBois, Miss Ethel McAllister and Miss Elizabeth Woods. One of the most delightful luncheons given in honor of this season's debutantes was that of Mrs. James King Steele at which Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick and Miss Clara Allen were the guests of honor. Covers for twenty were laid in the gray room of the Fairmont and the table was beautifully decorated in pink roses with corsage bouquets of baby roses for each guest. Among those who assembled to meet these very popular young women were Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Florence Breckenridge, Miss Elizabeth Simpson, Miss Helen Du Bois, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Lowe, Miss MacRae, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Olive Craig, Miss Macia Fee, Miss Maye Coburn, Miss Emily Du Bois, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Mary Keeney, Mrs. James E. Abbott and Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson. After the luncheon the hostess and her guests attended the matinee dance given by the officers aboard the French cruiser Catinat.

The Morrison Sisters Entertain

The Misses Morrison of San Jose are among the most frequent visitors to the city during the social season and entertain lavishly during their stay. Their apartments at the Fairmont are always in readiness for them. They have been the hostesses at a series of pretty teas in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont during the last week. On Tuesday they entertained representatives of the army. Their guests were Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, General and Mrs. George R. Smith, Captain and Mrs. Cranston and Captain Lockwood. On Thursday their guests were of the judiciary, including Judge Holden, Judge and Mrs. Weller, while on Saturday they divided honors

Mrs. Warfield

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among the society folk and the debutantes, including Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Eliza McMullen, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mrs. James E. Abbott, Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson.

Social Gossip from Berkeley

The Hotel Carlton in Berkeley has been the scene of much gaiety during the past fortnight. On Thursday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Edgar R. Lewis, of New Bedford, Conn., who have been spending several weeks at the hotel, entertained at dinner a number of friends, complimentary to Captain and Mrs. H. H. Stout. Among their other guests were General and Mrs. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. George Tripp, Miss Grace C. Tripp and Mrs. E. L. Vinal of the United States Coast Survey. The marriage of Miss Tripp and Mr. Vinal was celebrated on Saturday in the Unitarian church in Berkeley and following the ceremony a breakfast was served at the Hotel Carlton. The Pacific Coast branch of the American Historical Association of which James D. Phelan is the president, held their fifth annual convention in Berkeley on Saturday and during the noon intermission lunched at the Carlton, and on Saturday night thirty members of the Minnesota Alumni enjoyed a banquet in the private dining room of the hotel. Thanksgiving was the occasion of a number of dinner parties at the Carlton, among the hostesses of that day being Mrs. Henry Rogers, who entertained about fifteen friends in honor of Mrs. Farmer and Miss Hazel Farmer of Santa Rosa, who are visiting her. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wood entertained a party of eight and there were several other merry little dinner parties. An orchestra furnished music during the meal and later in the evening there was an informal dance for the guests of the hotel and their friends.

Social Spotlight

Mrs. J. B. Coryell returned from the East last week. She expects to spend the rest of the winter at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. Rosa Hooper Plotner is painting the miniatures of the two young sons of the Coryells.

Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder will celebrate their silver wedding on Saturday, for which occasion they have invited a large house party to Eagle Ranch, in San Luis Obispo County.

The Misses Edna and Sidney Davis were hostesses at a bridge party at their home on Scott street on Wednesday, November 25th. The guests occupied fourteen tables. The prizes, which were very handsome, were purchased by the young ladies during their recent visit to Paris.

The younger set in San Francisco are feeling greatly disappointed over the late positive news that Mrs. Carroll Buck will not visit California this winter. There is also a probability that the second series of Monday night skating parties will not be continued.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. They will probably remain at Del Monte until the wedding of Helen de Young.

Mrs. Gerald Rathbone was hostess recently at a dinner. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Josselyn. Bridge closed an enjoyable evening.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and her daughter, Miss Antoinette, have taken Mrs. Hooper's house on Pacific avenue for a few months. Mrs. Hooper expects to leave for New York in the near future on a visit to Mrs. Perry at Fort Totten.

Mrs. Theodore Payne, who has been spending a few days at Woodside with Mrs. Josselyn, returned during the week to her apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson gave a luncheon at her home in Burlingame the other day to Miss Marion and Miss Elizabeth Newhall and Mr. Creson of Philadelphia.

The explanation of Margaret Newhall's absence from the Donahoe ball is that she was ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stubbs and Mr. B. S. Foss motored from San Francisco to Del Monte Friday. They intend spending several days there. They have as their guest Miss Sallie Maynard.

The marriage of Miss Ruby Tonn and Mr. Louis Scheeline took place on Thanksgiving day at high noon at the home of the bride's parents, 3440 Clay street.

Manager Wolfe of the Granada announces that commencing Friday, November 20th, tea will be served in the red room every Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 3:30 until 5. Music will be furnished by Faulkner's string orchestra.

John J. Byrne, assistant general passenger agent of the Santa Fe, is a guest at the St. Francis.

Horace D. Pillsbury spent a few days in town last week at the Hotel St. Francis.



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Stage

McAllister at the Orpheum

Hall McAllister of the Pacific Union Club is worth the price of admission at the Orpheum this week. The bare idea of a member of the Pacific Union Club contributing to the merriment of an Orpheum audience is in itself screamingly ludicrous. The Pacific Union Club is popularly believed to be the haunt of solemnity, the abiding place of frigid dignity, where, in the midst of June one feels December, and whence no laughter ever emanates save that which is sepulchral. Of the typical Pacific Unioner it is said that he will be pompous even in his grave, and that if he were suddenly possessed by a sense of humor he would die of humiliation. That the popular impression is inaccurate one may learn by witnessing "The Girl of the Times" at the Orpheum. This is the sketch in which Hall McAllister is appearing with most gratifying success. Before going on the stage Mr. McAllister spent nearly all his leisure in the Pacific Union Club and apparently the atmosphere thereof was not fatal. The Orpheum has an exceptionally strong bill this week with McAllister, Raymon and Caverly, Lew Hawkins and the Four Orans.

Another "College" Comedy

George Ade's farcical comedy, "Just Out of College," now on at the American is just that and nothing more or less—a comedy shot full of farce. It was written to provoke laughter that need not be restrained by doubt of the congruity of purpose or an effort by even the judicious to avoid grieving because the motive is otherwise futile. The actors live up to the intention of the play—they fit their fantastic environment, and what more can we ask of those who know so well how to make us forget for an hour or two that there are more tragedies than comedies in the drama of real life. The story of the comedy is evidently in line with an effort to perpetuate the success of Ade's "College Widow." The substance of this play, however, is not as firm as that of the original comedy, but it is a glittering pendant to hang in the pink-tipped ear of the "Widow." It is full of bright sayings, catchy topical songs, hilarious lines, witty gags and exaggerated characterization; and what more can we demand from those who merely promise to furnish us with an evening's funn and merriment, full measure and running over?

Adele Verne's Art

Christian Science Hall was nearly filled last Sunday afternoon when Adele Verne stepped upon the stage to greet the people who, upon her American debut just a year ago, were captivated by the peculiarly fascinating quality of pianistic art. Her opening number the thirty-two variations of Beethoven, displayed at once a greater degree of mastery over her instrument and surety of herself than she possessed last year, but aside from that no other trace of change was apparent in her playing. In the Beethoven number, as well as in the Mendelssohn Scherzo and the two charming Scarlatti sonatas which followed, there was the same dignity of reading and admirable adherence to the text that have hitherto characterized Miss Verne's interpretations of the classics, while the Gluck-Szambrati "Melodie" revealed the beautiful and colorful tonal qualities that make her art so very alluring. The nine "Forest Scenes" of Schumann belong to the last period of his creative activity and are, like his other compositions of that time, of less musical import than his earlier works; but Miss Verne's deep musical feeling brought forth all of their beauties, notably in the "Hunting Song" and "Bird as Prophet." But the chiefest charm of this pianist, her splendid and exhilarating temperament, found its most natural outlet in the Brahms "Rhapsodie," with its smoldering passion and bursts of gloomy climax, and the Liszt E major Polonaise. Her version of the Polonaise was of magnificent proportions and one to remain long in the memory, and quite justified the thunderous applause that succeeded it. Such performances as these, added to Miss Verne's unforgettable interpretation of the Chopin B flat minor sonata on her first visit to us place her securely at the head of all pianists of her sex in spite of her youth. And what sort of an artist will this girl of superb talent and fine mentality be when she reaches her thirties? Truly a pleasant speculation. Four encores were graciously added to the above program, a repetition of the Mendelssohn Scherzo, a Handel "Minuett," Alkan's "Le Vent" and "Etude" by Diemer.

The Play of the Hour

The manager of the "Paid in Full" company which is to appear at the Van Ness next week is not one of the cynics of theatredom that sneer at dramatic criticism. "There are thousands of people in this country," he says, "who never go to see a play until it has been endorsed by their favorite critic." And he adds: "It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of plays have gone on the rocks simply because the critics condemned them." Speaking of "Paid in Full" he says: "To find the critics of New York and Chicago unanimous is a rare thing, but that is what they are on the subject of this play of contemporary life in America. All critics have pronounced it the play of the hour." A specially organized company



FELICE MORRIS
To appear next week at the Orpheum

for the production of this play will be offered here by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Van Ness Theatre Monday night for a limited engagement of one week only with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Arthur Hartmann, the Great Violinist

Next Sunday afternoon, November 29, at Christian Science Hall, Arthur Hartmann, the famous violin virtuoso, composer, writer and all-round musician will make his debut before a San Francisco audience. Hartmann is a musician of brains. His main object is to interpret the thought of the great masters and although he has a technique equal to any living virtuoso he uses it simply as a means to an end. He is a musician of the Kreisler and Ysaye type. At this first concert he will be heard in all classes of violin work. For his opening number he has chosen the big and noble G minor Concerto by Max Bruch. After this he will play the "Prelude and Fugue" in G minor by Bach for violin unaccompanied. For lighter works he will play the "Cradle Song" by MacDowell, "Une Pensee," by Arthur Nevin and a "Rhapsodie" of his own composition. For those who care for the brilliant technical performances he will close with the "Faust Fantasie" by Wieniawski. Mr. Alfred Calzin, the pianist with Mr. Hartmann, is not a mere accompanist but a virtuoso player, and his numbers will include the Chopin "Scherzo in B minor" and "Etude Op. 10, No. 3, Liszt's" "Rhopsodie No. 15," "La Nuit" by Glazounow and an "Etude" by de Schloezer. At the second concert, which will be given Thursday evening, December 3, Mr. Hartmann's numbers will be the Mendelssohn concerto, "Grand Fugue in A minor," by Bach, Wieniawski's "Russian Airs," "Zephyr" by Hubay, "Mazurka" by Zarzycki and "Allegro de Concert e Cadenz" by Paganini-Hartman. Mr. Calzin's numbers will include a Schumann sonata. The last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 6. Seats and complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's stores. On Friday afternoon, December 4, Hartman will play in Oakland at "Ye Liberty Playhouse."

"The Little Minister" to be Revived

J. M. Barrie's delightful romantic comedy, "The Little Minister," made famous by Maude Adams, will be revived by the Alcazar players next Monday evening. Of all the Barrie writings there is, perhaps, none more entertaining than this picturesque story of life in a Scotch village, nor has the stage ever presented a sprightlier or more winsome character than that of Lady Babbie, the girl whose fanciful notions form the background of the tale. It was by her interpretation of Lady Babbie that Miss Adams first established herself as one of the country's leading actresses. The story of "The Little Minister" is undoubtedly well known to the majority of theatre-goers, but for those who have neither seen the play nor read the book, it may be as well to give a brief outline of it. The scenes are laid in one of the rural districts of Scotland, a small manufacturing town, over the destinies of which presides a youthful minister. The male members of the kirk are at odds with their employers, and a detachment of redcoats is sent to the town to apprehend the leaders. Lady Babbie, the daughter of Lord Rintoul, is anxious to warn the people against the arrival of the soldiers, so, adopting the costume of a gypsy, she ventures forth into the night to sound the alarm. Fate throws her into the path of the little minister, and, despite the girl's heathenish garb, he falls madly in love with her. Lady Babbie, without disclosing her identity, prevails upon the minister to give the signal which will warn the village of the soldiers. To please the girl the minister gives this signal without realizing



ARTHUR HARTMANN
The Great Violinist

what he is doing, and, although he has at all times counselled a peaceful surrender to the authorities, he is in this way innocently instrumental in frustrating the plans of the soldiers. The result of this act is a complicated state of affairs, to which is added the mystery surrounding the identity of the little girl who has induced the minister to perform an act of treason. And not until the minister has been subjected to all the tortures that a man in love can possibly experience does the malicious Lady Babbie come to his rescue by disentangling the confusion which she had brought about.

The Nordica Concerts

The inquiry for seats for the two concerts to be given at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday afternoons, December 13 and 20, by Lillian Nordica, has been so large that Manager Greenbaum announces he will open a mail order sale at once. Seats will be $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Orders enclosing checks or money orders will receive careful attention in the order received. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Nordica's only evening appearance will be under the auspices of the St. Francis Musical Art Society. Her Oakland concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Princess Theatre

Next Sunday night Kolb and Dill will conclude a run of five weeks in "Playing the Ponies," and next Monday night they will present for the first time on any stage another story with music by Aaron Hoffman and J. A. Raynes, entitled Weiner and Schnitzel. Great things are predicted for the new play, which deals with the adventures of two Dutch brewers who have succumbed to the tender passion and concluded to wed their affinities in the Statue of Liberty. The Justice of the Peace who is

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also a phrenologist and jack of all trades, mixes up things by marrying each of the women to the wrong husband. The Dutchmen soon discover that matrimony is not what it is cracked up to be and drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl. After a prolonged spree they take refuge from the rain in a Turkish bath house which has recently been a young ladies' seminary. The cast of Weiner and Schnitzel will include Billy Clifford, Maud Lambert and the entire Kolb and Dill company, which will be further strengthened by the addition of Sarah Edwards, Marie Howe, Sydney de Grey and Harry Cashman.

Adela Verne's Farewell Concert

The last concert of that wonderful pianiste, Adele Verne, will be given this Saturday afternoon at Christian Science Hall at 2:30. An exceptionally interesting and beautiful program has been arranged. By special request the artist will give her wonderful interpretation of the Chopin "Sonata" Op. 35, the one with the glorious funeral march. Mendelssohn's "Variations Seriuses" and "Rondo Capriceioso," two Hungarian dances by Brahms, the paraphrases on "Rigoletto" and the "Song to the Evening Star" by Liszt and the same composer's "Dance of the Gnomes" will be interesting features, while the two novelties will be a "Staccato Etude" by Alice Bredt-Verne, a sister of the performer, and "Elegie" Op. 1, No. 1, by Albert I. Elkus, the talented young Californian. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Caly & Co's until one o'clock Saturday afternoon, after which they will be on sale at the box office of the hall.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The program for next week at the Orpheum makes an appeal which should prove irresistible. Among the new attractions are Castellane and brother, two daring acrobats and cyclists who during the past two years have been a sensational feature in New York. The Castellanes perform a number of extraordinary feats which they declare to be entirely safe, but which certainly appear most daring and dangerous. Their concluding feat, a double somersault in midair, is the most spectacular performance ever accomplished on a bicycle. In this both riders at the same time descend a steep incline and turn somersaults on the bicycles as they travel through space after leaving the track round which they have sped. Miss Felice Morris, daughter of the late Felix Morris, one of the most justly celebrated of character actors, will present a one-act comedy by Frances Wilson, "The Old, Old Story." Harry Linton and Anita Laurence will present a pretty light comedy sketch called "Married Now," with just enough plot to hold together a charming dancing and singing arrangement. Happy Jack Gardner, singing comedian and clever musician, who has become one of the most popular monologists in the country, will indulge in novel and witty parodies. Next week will be the last of Raymond and Caverly and the Four Orans. Hall McAllister will conclude his engagement in his bright comedy, "The Girl of the Times." With the coming program George W. Leslie and his merry makers will also conclude their engagement, in "The Naked Truth," which is proving one of the greatest successes the Orpheum has known. A new series of motion pictures will impart interest and amusement to a most delightful bill.

Valencia's New Stock Company

The opening of the winter season at the Valencia Theatre will be made memorable by an elaborate production of "Aristocracy," Bronson Howard's greatest drama. The play will be handsomely mounted and lavishly costumed and in every way the performance Sunday night will resemble another opening such as aroused San Francisco's theatregoers on that other evening last September when many records for fashionable audiences and perfect productions were broken. Signalizing the return of the stock company and in a measure forecasting the future policy of the playhouse will be the appearance for the first time as leading woman of the Valencia stock company of Miss Blanch Stoddard, together with a half dozen other established favorites fresh from engagements in New York and Chicago. Miss Stoddard will be best remembered as leading woman for Margaret Anglin, with whom she appeared at the old California Theatre just before the fire. Prior to that she was the leading woman for fifty weeks at the old Grand Opera House. She has played leading roles with Nazimova, Henry Miller, Sir Henry Irving, William Gillette and many other notable stars and has played leading engagements under the management of Charles Frohman for a number of seasons. Besides Miss Stoddard other new members of the company are Miss Helen Lackaye, sister of Wilton Lackaye; Miss Beatrice Nichols, formerly ingenue at the Bush Temple in Chicago; Guy Darrell Standing, a clever English actor; Gerald Harcourt, a finished light comedian and Thomas MacLarnie, who comes direct from a notable run in the Bush Temple, Chicago, where he made a tremendous success in the leading roles. The entire company will appear in "Aristocracy," and the new members are all cast in roles which will afford them the best of opportunities to show their worth.



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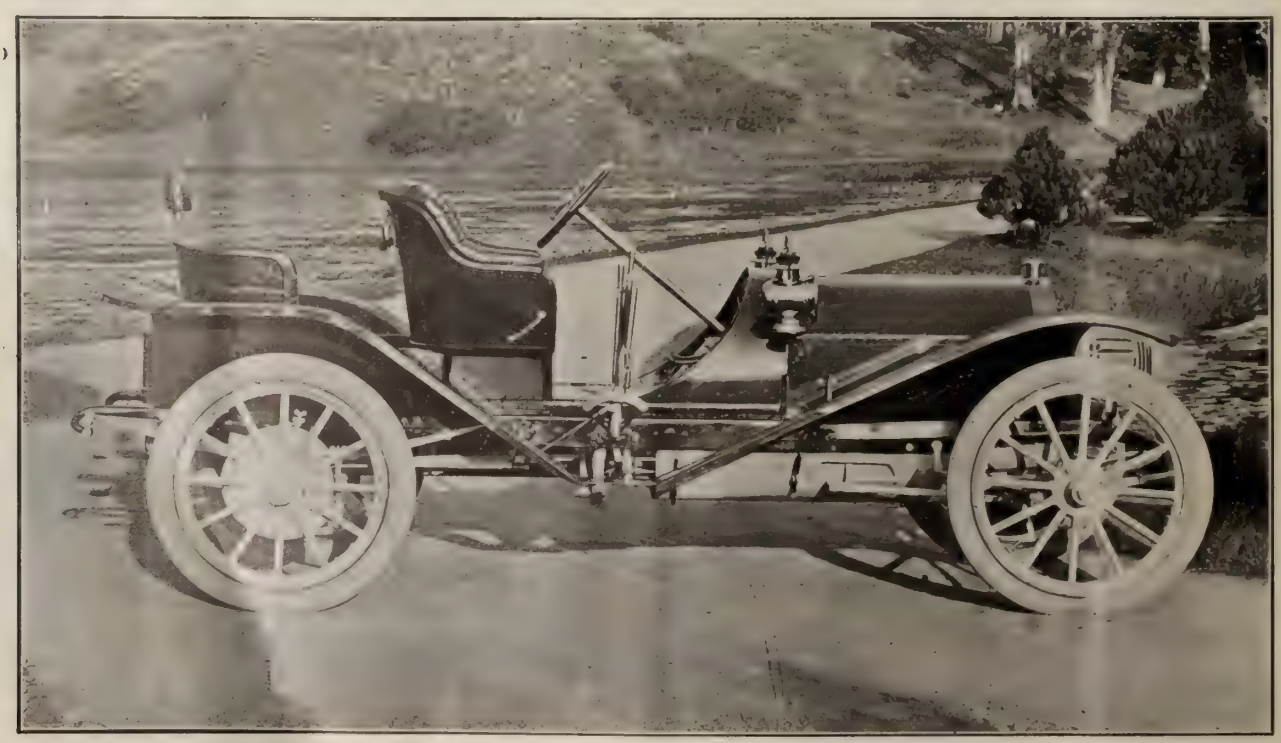


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STEVENS-DURYEA 1909 RUNABOUT

Letters

Anecdotes of Lincoln

Perhaps, as long as the American Republic shall last, the slightest and smallest incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln will be inspiration for a book of some sort. "The Boyhood of Lincoln" is one of the latest additions to the "Lincoln Library." It contains about sixty pages of wandering reminiscence by Dennis Hanks, told to Eleanor Atkinson and preserved in print by her. Dennis Hank's was a cousin of Lincoln's, and raised with him. He was some years older and able to remember for himself the advent of the future president, but apart from the words being spoken by one who knew the facts at first hand there is nothing new to be gleaned, unless perhaps, a new attitude with regard to the extreme poverty and hardship suffered by the Lincoln-Hanks people. One gathers from old Dennis that they were not in greater stress than their neighbors. George Washington did not miss the telephone, an automobile nor a private car and Alexander the Great was never defeated because his powder was damp. McClure's are the publishers of this latest Lincoln booklet.

On the Beauties of Nature

The Paul Elder Company has made of Stanton Davis Kirkham's essays, "In the Open," a book to tempt the eye, and satisfy the mind. Mr. Kirkham is not laying down laws nor teaching facts, nor insisting on the notebook and visible display of trophies in the shape of concrete observations. Evidently he is of those who do not miss the beauty of the woods by too close contemplation of the trees. His is the larger outlook which makes of a walk something more than health-preserving constitutional, of a bird more than a mere feathered biped and of a plant more than an edible or inedible vegetable. "Nature is in herself a perpetual invitation to the open. The woods are an unfailing resource; the mountains and the sea companionable. To count among one's friends the birds and flowers and trees is surely worth while; for to come upon a new flower is then in the nature of an agreeable event, and a chance meeting with a bird may lend a pleasant flavor to the day." "A flock of wild geese on the wing is no less than an inspiration. When that strong-voiced, stout-hearted company of pioneers passes overhead, our thoughts ascend and sail with them over the roofs of the world. As band after band comes into the field of vision—minute glittering specks in the distant blue—to cross the golden sea of the sunset and disappear in the northern twilight, their faint melodious honk is an Orphean strain drawing irresistibly." Of Wild Gardens, he tells us, The Ways of the Ants, Winter Woods, Signs of Spring, Pasture Stones, Mountains, Forest and Sea. The frontispiece is a colored reproduction of a flight of wild geese by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Other illustrations are photographs by Rudolph Eckenmeyer.

Romance of a Lost Mine

Romances of lost mines are so commonplace on the Pacific Coast that only those who invest their savings in searches for Cocos Island treasure and build castles in Spain out of the proceeds are apt to give more than passing heed to rumors. In New York, however, it is different, and therefore when Robert Hayden returned from Peru, where he had been building a railroad, in search not of a lost mine, for he had been fortunate enough to discover that, but of those who were its lawful owners, and without whose consent and co-operation he could make no use of his information, it was the beginning of a romance of mystery. The mine, which was no myth, was known as the Veiled Mariposa. Almost immediately after his arrival in New York Robert Hayden's attention was attracted by a beautiful society belle whose favorite adornments were butterflies in one form or another. There was some mystery about Marcia Oldham's income. When her father died, practically bankrupt, a few years before, it was assumed that she would be obliged to teach languages as a means of support for herself and her mother, instead of which she remained in New York, content to shine in society, and lived in the same style as before. Her partiality for butterflies had won for her the name of Silver Butterfly. Yet another butterfly flew into the open, for a mysterious fortune teller who preferred to meet her clients of the ultra fashionable set in a black masque and mantilla, was known as the "Veiled Mariposa." Some intuition guided Hayden to the belief that Marcia Oldham, the Silver Butterfly of society, as well as Ydo Carruthers. otherwise the Veiled Mariposa. were both in some way connected with the lost mine. Of couse it goes without saying that he was correct in his surmise and that he fell in desperate and deep love with one of the owners, and all the original mysteries, besides a few of later manufacture, were eventually cleared up. It has always been more or less of a mystery why the principal male characters of modern novels have been dubbed heroes, but it must be because of the courage they display in marrying the girls whose mothers are before them in the flesh to pose as warnings and awful examples of what the future may develop. "The Silver Butterfly" is a long way from Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's last book, "The New Missioner," which was located entirely in a Colorado mining camp. Published by Bobbs-Merrill. Illustrations by Christy.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Auto Notes

D. G. Doubleday, the well-known motorist, arrived this week from Los Angeles in his six-cylinder Thomas car. The tourist came by the Valley road and reports the touring fine. According to Doubleday, motor tourists going to the southern metropolis should take the Valley road, as the Coast route is badly washed by the recent rains, while the only obstacle on the interior road is the sand near Bakersfield. "We had no trouble on the way, and only had a few miles of deep sand to travel through," said the returning motorist. "I would advise you to take the Valley road." Doubleday, who has been living in Los Angeles, was accompanied by his family, and will make this city his future home.

Emile Adet, capitalist and artist of San Jose, spent several days this week in this city. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter and the round trip was made in their two-cylinder Buick touring car in which they had just returned from an extended tour of Southern California, which included a visit to Old Mexico.

One automobile man who is not worrying about the outlook in San Francisco is Mr. C. A. Hawkins, Western manager of the White Company. "The prospects for the coming season are certainly most encouraging," he remarked. "The number of interested people who called at our salesrooms is increasing every day and it looks very much like a banner year for us here. We are writing orders every day for 1909 cars, and since the twenty horse-power model, the miniature of the $4,000 forty horse-power car, has put in its appearance, have taken deposits for from one to as many as four a day. We have on our books three times as many advance orders as last year at this time, and I look to double our retail business this season without any difficulty whatever. Our new car has made the hit which we were confident it would, and before the season is over I am satisfied that it will again be the same old story with us: 'Demand was greater than the supply.'"

Mr. George A. Trout, western sales manager for the Cadillac motor, of Detroit, Michigan, has been in San Francisco all this week with the Cuyler Lee selling force. Mr. Trout reports immense sales of the Cadillac 30 throughout the West, and all the agents of the Cadillac are insistent in their demands for an increase of their allotment. As the ten thousand car product of the Cadillac is entirely sold out they are deemed to disappointment, but they have been promised an increase of their contracts next year, when the Cadillac Company expects to increase its product to fifteen or eighteen thousand cars.

An interesting model of the Chalmers-Detroit car arrived last week at the Pioneer Automobile Company. The new car, which has created a great deal of interest, is a 45-50 Chalmers-Detroit Roadster, capable of doing better than seventy-five miles an hour. The cylinders on the new car, and in fact, every important bearing of the new machine is equipped and finished with the object of speed. Calvin C. Eib, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, after a ten-mile speed test on the boulevard, says that the car is even faster than the famous Chalmers-Detroit Blue Bird, which broke the world's record at Fresno. The car is equipped with two gasoline tanks capable of carrying forty-six gallons, and an extra oil tank of four gallons capacity. Differing from the regular Chalmers-Detroit touring car, only in the extra boring of the cylinder and unusual gasoline and oil tanks, the car is expected to create a sensation in speed contests and hill-climbing events.

Fillmore street hill, on which the down trolley car raisesthe up-going trolley car by means of a cable provided at that point, is somewhat of a Waterloo for motor cars. When Mr. Trout first looked down this hill from the seat of a Cadillac 30 in spite of his faith in the car he begged not to be taken down, as he had never experienced anything like it in Detroit; but after the splendid little car had handsomely negotiated the hill both ways he wore "the smile that won't come off."

F. J. Lebert started for San Diego this week in his White steam car. He was accompanied by his wife, small son, and T. A. Churchill. If the weather does not become too threatening no attempt at a fast trip will be made, and the party will enjoy all of the splendid sight-seeing which the coast road affords. Mr. Lebert's machine is a 1905 model, and it has a mileage of 17,000.

Mr. O. H. Greenwald has just received from Cuyler Lee the first Packard "18" limousine to be delivered on the coast.

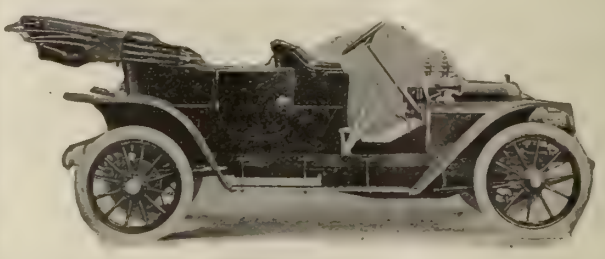
The first 1909 six-cylinder 70 horse-power Thomas arrived last week at the salesroom of the Pioneer Automobile Company. The machine, which is of the seven passenger touring car type, is rated at seventy-five miles an hour. There are few racing cars that can equal it in speed.

The model O White steam car performed a feat seldom attempted by cars of its power when it climbed the Fillmore street hill from Union street to Broadway on the day of its arrival. There were five passengers in the little twenty horse-power cars, and E. B. Waterman, the White Company representative of Fresno, was at the wheel. Waterman is not familiar with the city streets, and as he turned into Fillmore from Union street he was going at a low rate of speed. One of the passengers asked him to drive up the hill which confronted them, and he obeyed the request without going back for a running start. It was an anxious moment for the passengers, who knew the dangerous reputation of the steep incline, but the car never faltered, and was going as fast at the top as at the bottom.

VICTORY FOR

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"Election Sweepstakes"



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200-Mile Non-Stop R n Perfect Score

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200 Miles on 11½ Gallons of Gasoline

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 45 Kearny St., S. F.

11-21-10

According to A. C. Wheelock, Fresno representative of the Pioneer Automobile Company, the sale of motor cars in that territory for the season of 1909, will be confined to small cars, but a great many of the higher horse-power machines will be disposed of. "I have had a number of inquiries on the six-cylinder forty horsepower Thomas," said Wheelock in a letter yesterday to the local agents. "Several prospects who have been considering buying Chalmers-Detroits, have decided that they would just as soon have a big car, and have placed orders for early delivery of the 6-40 Thomas machines. Judging by the present outlook nearly as many high-powered motor cars will be sold in the raisin center as small machines."

The White Company has just issued an attractive booklet devoted to the White ambulances, patrol wagons and 'busses. Considerable space in the booklet is devoted to the ambulance used by the United States War Department and Navy Department and to the official government records recommending the White for this service. The ambulances owned by the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Trenton also receive attention, the descriptive matter used in this connection being the letters from the superintendents of the several hospitals where the machines have been in use. Some space is given to the private ambulances, which have proved most profitable investments for auto-running concerns. The White patrol wagons, such as used by several cities in this country and abroad, are illustrated in the booklet and the various types of White 'busses, especially designed for hotel and livery service, receive due attention.

Mr. C. W. Judson has just taken delivery of his 1909 Packard "30" touring car.

Word has been received by the Pioneer Automobile Company to the effect that the first large shipment of six-cylinder forty horse-power Thomas cars will arrive this week. In the lot will be the tourist gentlemen's roadster and regular touring car models. A number of early orders have already been placed for these cars, and immediate delivery will be made.

Cuyler Lee has just delivered to Mrs. B. L. Welch a 1909 Packard touring car.

Carl Christensen, formerly engaged in the garage business at Watsonville, is now the Buick agent for Alameda county.

R. Masson Smith and wife returned to this city last week after completing a novel tour of Northern Mexico in their White steam car. It is nearly a month since the Smiths left their home in San Francisco to start on an automobile trip to Mexico and return. They traveled in their eighteen horse-power '06 model White steam car, which by an ingenious device of Mr. Smith can be made into a house on wheels. The back of the front seat is so constructed that it can be swung back at night, thus making comfortable sleeping quarters. With the side and storm curtains in place the Smiths were well provided for in any kind of weather, either at day or night. The weather has been so agreeable that they did not find it necessary to use these curtains at night. A Japanese boy accompanied them and acted as cook and general caretaker of the car. He slept in a hammock outside the car. Every convenience imaginable for a trip of this kind was carried in the machine. They carried a complete camping outfit, including guns and fishing tackle. When they came to a stream that suggested fishing or a good hunting place they simply stopped and enjoyed the sport until they felt inclined to journey on. At night they camped wherever they happened to be, and thus were not bothered by the lack of a good hotel or even the lack of any at all. The trip by the coast route from San Francisco to Los Angeles covered the first ten days, stops being made at Paso Robles, Del Monte, Santa Barbara, etc., but especially at all of the missions on the way and in several instances they went miles out of their way to see the ruins of an old mission. After spending some time in Los Angeles visiting friends and being entertained they left for San Diego over the road along the coast and, like their downward trip, they stopped at all points of interest, including the missions, whether they were on their course or some distance from it. At San Diego both before and after leaving for Mexico and on their return they spent several days taking side trips such as Coronado, La Jolla, Point Loma, etc. From San Diego the party spent a short time touring in their White in Mexico, but the roads were not good and not much of special interest could be seen without journeying farther into the southern wilds than their time would permit, the trip was shortened. They returned here from the seaport by the inland route, stopping at Lakeside, Elsinore, Oceanside, Redlands and other places of interest. Since quail season has opened Smith has several times neared the limit. The Smiths spent some little time on the Warner ranch and in the Temecula country; in several places in this region they drove their car where no other automobile had ever been. During part of the time spent in Southern California the Smiths were accompanied by Mrs. W. A. Irwin and Miss Allie Osborne. The Smiths returned by way of the Valley route, passing through Bakersfield, Fresno and Modesto. They made a side trip to Snelling, and then crossed the San Joaquin Valley to Banta and home by way of Livermore and Haywards. The trip of 2500 miles was made in a car which already has a mileage of 40,000. The trip was so successful that the tourists are already planning to tour the Orient in their veteran car next year.

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Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes.



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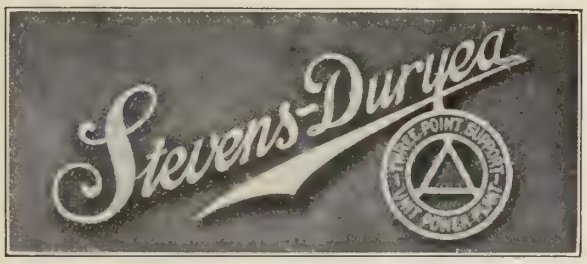
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is produced in only one place in the world. It is non-carbonizing, and keeps cylinders and spark plugs in perfect condition. It is practically friction, carbon and *trouble* proof.

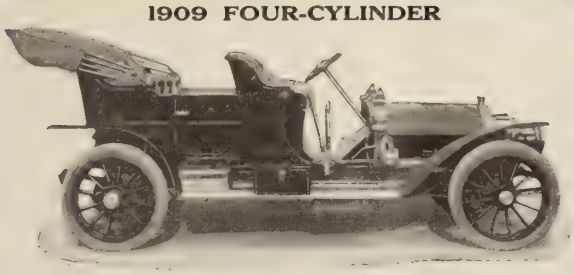
Absolutely free from all trace of acid.

ZEROLENE is put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also put up in barrels for the garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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1909 FOUR-CYLINDER



MODEL X. $2750.

In response to a demand for a larger and roomier car than our 20 H. P., 4 Cylinder, Model "R", and more moderate in price than our Light Six, we have produced the Model "X". This car represents the most advanced ideas in automobile designs.

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Six races each week day, rain or shine.
First Race at 1:40 p. m.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market street; leave at 12 M.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M.

No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

NOTICE UNDER TORRENS ACT

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of VINCENZO PAGANO and PASQUALE CIRIMELE, to Register Title.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to A. Pacello, B. Juliano, C. Linale, W. Ehlers, L. Demartini, H. Kohler Co., and to all whom it may concern. Take notice that a petition has been filed in this court by Vincenzo Pagano and Pasquale Cirimele for the initial registration of the title to the real estate hereinafter described, as provided by "An Act for the certification of land titles and the simplification of the transfer of real estate," approved March 17, 1897, known as the Torrens Land Act, praying for a decree of this Court declaring said petitioner to be the owner in fee of said land, subject only to the estates, easements, liens, charges and incumbrances therein set forth; that said petition has been set for hearing by the Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Grant Building, Seventh and Market streets, San Francisco, State of California, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place said petitioners will apply for a decree in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer said petition within ten days after the service on you of this notice, if served within said City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, and show cause, if any you have, why said petition should not be granted, said petitioners will take a decree quieting their title to said land and directing registration thereof in accordance with the terms of said Act, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

The real estate hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Kearny street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches northerly from the intersection of said line of Kearny street with the northerly line of Vallejo street; running thence northerly along said line of Kearny street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty (20) feet and thence at right angles easterly sixty (60) feet to said line of Kearny street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot No. 219 and of Block No. 85 of the Fifty Vara Survey.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23d day of October, A. D. 1908. Pursuant to an order of Court on file herein.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER H. ROBINSON, Atty. for Petitioners, Chronicle Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP C. MEYER, Deceased.

May H. Meyer, the Administratrix of the Estate of Philip C. Meyer, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court her verified petition praying for an order of the sale of all the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge most beneficial for said estate;

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the court from the said petition, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property of the said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

NOW THEREFORE, on motion in open court of said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor;

IT IS ORDERED by this court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 21st day of December, 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Superior Court in Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, situate on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Street in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix for the sale of the whole of the real property of the said estate of said deceased;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four consecutive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 2d day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney at Law,
Russ Building, San Francisco. 11-7-7t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Of Counsel

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 5313. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, Deceased.

M. J. HYNES, administrator of the estate of ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, deceased, having on this daypresented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at public auction or at private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient money with which to pay the claims outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration of the estate of said deceased, already accrued and hereafter to accrue, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some part of the real property belonging to said deceased in said petition, for the reasons set forth in said petition,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Eliza A. Pittsinger, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, department No. 10 thereof—Probate, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of November, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause if any they have or if any either of them have, why an order should not be made authorizing, empowering and directing said M. J. Hynes, as administrator as aforesaid to sell the said real property described in said petition, at public auction or at private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1908.

Oct. 31-S5t THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5296. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET HOLY, Deceased.

George Holy, the Administrator of the estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an Order or Decree authorizing and directing him as Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, to execute a conveyance of the property in said petition described, to James M. Thompson, according to the terms of an agreement heretofore entered into between Margaret Holy, Deceased, and James M. Thompson, and good cause appearing therefor, on motion of Marshall Nuckolls, Esq., Attorney for said Petitioner.

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 24th day of December, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the above entitled court in Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice of the hearing of said petition be given by publication of this order in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, for at least once a week for four (4) consecutive weeks before such hearing.

Done in open court this 12th day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Petitioner,
417 Humboldt Bank Bldg., S. F. 11-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DEMARTINI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John Demartini, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of J. A. Stephens, 630 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Demartini, deceased.

FLORA DEMARTINI,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Demartini, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

J. A. STEPHENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
630 Chronicle Bldg. 11-14-5

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,

Plaintiff,

vs.

FRANK HOPPER,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,

vs.

MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Peirre Boulin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased.

LANDRY C. BABIN,
Administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, Deceased
Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., S. F. 11-14-5

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PAPER

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IT IS MARVELOUS

The effect of Mayerle's Eye Water has been marvelous and I shall recommend it as the peer of all eye remedies. Yours truly, P. KELLY, Alameda County Hospital, San Leandro, Cal.

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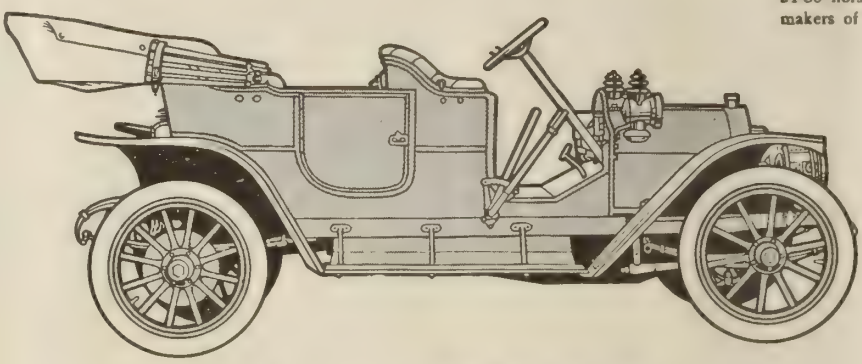
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Price $1500

"The only man who doesn't praise the Chalmers "30" is the man who doesn't own one."

806 of our $1500 "30's" have been delivered up to this date (October 31st, 1908). Not last year's models, but ***all of them built this year.***

806 people are actually running these cars.

806 people know they are the best $1500 cars made, because they have proved them out by use.

806 people will tell you so if you ask them. And after all, are they not the best judges? Some are nearby you — some are your neighbors, perhaps. Ask them what they think. We will gladly abide by their judgment.

If you doubt our word, get hold of a mechanical engineer—let him examine and test the other cars and then ours. Take his word—we will rest our claim on that.

Our car is built by engineers who have designed more successful medium-priced cars than anyone else; engineers who put their names in print and stand back of their designs and statements with their reputations.

Any competent engineer will tell you that these men have now made the best low-priced car on the market.

Remember, 806 of these cars have been delivered already. They are our salesmen. Salesmen of other companies won't tell you the good points of our cars. They are not paid to do that. Don't expect them to do it. Advertising writers are paid enormous salaries to make other cars look good in print. Our cars look good to engineers—look good on the road —look good to people who use them—will look good to you if you will look. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. 806 people "are eating theirs now."

These Facts are Important

Our "30" car has the specifications known to belong to real touring cars. 110-inch wheel base, close coupled body, hung in the middle of the car, not away out over the rear axle to make room for a "big handsome hood" that don't make the car run, the hood isn't important —it's the engine under the hood. Ours is right, engineers will tell you so, multiple disc clutch, three speed transmission, floating rear axle, ½ elliptic springs, quick detachable tires, etc.

One of our $1500 cars has been running 200 miles a day for 91 days. This run is from Detroit to Pontiac and back, and the car goes every day, rain or shine. 18,200 miles have been run so far without a miss, right on schedule, and it is still running. If you know anyone in Detroit, write to them to verify this statement. ***No other car at any price has ever done this before.*** That's the kind we sell. That's the kind 806 people are using now.

At the Sweepstake Races run over the Vanderbilt Cup course on Saturday, October 10th, our cars won first and second in their class, distancing everybody else, beating the next car 34 minutes, which means that our car was more than 25 miles ahead in a race of 150 miles. The "30" that won first averaged 48 miles per hour on this course, and the "30" that won second averaged 46 miles per hour.

The car that won the Vanderbilt Cup Race on Saturday, October 24th, averaged 64 miles per hour, which was record-breaking time. In comparison with this ***specially built racing car*** consider our "30", ***selling for $1500,*** averaging 48 miles per hour over this same course. We more than lapped every one of our competitors in the Sweepstake Race. Do you want any better evidence that our car is absolutely right, that our two-bearing crank shaft and our cylinders cast *en bloc* are the very best construction?

The consistent performance of the two cars shows it was not luck that won for us. One averaged 48 miles per hour, the other 46 miles. Further than that, the car that won second in this race was driven by a man who had never seen the car until an hour before he drove it in the race. We had to get a new driver because the driver we had was disqualified the day before the race because he hit a cow on the course. This car that hit the cow had only the radiator damaged and went into the race the next day and won second.

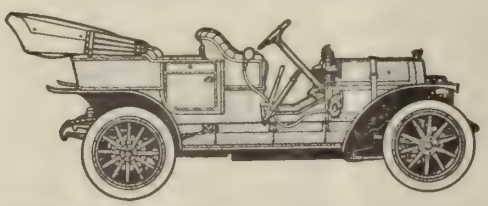
Our cars in this race were stock cars. There are 806 cars just like them running on the streets and roads of this country. We don't build special cars for racing purposes and build other cars to deliver to our customers. The cars we deliver to customers are the same cars that we enter in races.

In a Nutshell

We have sold 3047 cars to dealers, 806 of these have already been delivered. We are shipping from 15 to 18 cars a day.

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Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" Touring Car, $2750



The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is a dandy car, as a thousand users know. It is by all odds the best medium-priced car on the market.

The day of mere extravagance in automobile buying is over. People nowadays will not pay $4000 or $5000 merely for the purpose of saying that they spent that much for an automobile.

What more could you get for $4000 or $5000 than you can get in the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" at $2750? More power, and more weight, perhaps. Why more power? The "Forty" will do anything that any other car will do. As far as more weight is concerned, it will merely add to the cost of upkeep.

The "Forty" is the speediest, quietest, most economical car of its class. It has won first place as a hill climber; it has won dozens of contests in speed and endurance.

So, far, we have delivered 178 of the 1909 "Forty." Our capacity for the year is only 500. Last year we ran about 200 short of the demand, and there is sure to be a shortage this year. So that if you want a "Forty" please place your order now, either for immediate delivery or for future delivery.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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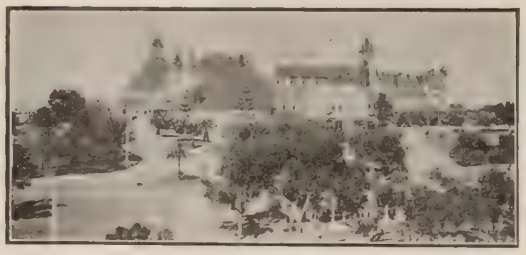
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, December 5, 1908. No. 849.



APHIE JAMES

Appearing with Louis James in a massive production of "Peer Gynt" at the Van Ness Theatre beginning Monday, December 7th.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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The Philanthropic Rockefeller

Under the microscope John D. Rockefeller does not appear so black as he has been painted. No man is either a god or a brute, and the Standard Oil King is a man. On microscopic examination it appears that Mr. Rockefeller has high ideals up to which he tries to live. In this respect he is no better than the average man; nor in any respect is he worse than the average man. We all have our ideals and we all fail to realize them. There is constant warfare in every man between the spiritual and the physical. That Mr. Rockefeller seems worse than the average man is due to the exceptional magnitude of his potentiality for evil. His morals have been impaired in the degree in which he has accumulated power. He has made power the object and end of existence, and so has the average man. Money is the symbol and principle of power, and that is why we all love it; that is why we waste our lives in the pursuit thereof. Mr. Rockefeller having unparalleled talent for the attainment of what he conceives to be the end and object of existence has amassed so great a fortune that today he is the most powerful man in the United States. That he has abused his power we all know, but where is the mortal to be found of whom it may truthfully be said that were it possible for him to possess himself of all the power which John D. Rockefeller has accumulated, in the course of the prodigious struggle for supremancy he would have fewer transgressions to repent. The fact is that John D. Rockefeller is a man of very good intentions but of very bad instincts. We have no reason to doubt the sincerity of his philanthropic professions. It is entirely credible that he is deeply concerned for the welfare of others, and that from sympathy for less favored mortals he has done much toward improving industrial conditions, but unfortunately the whole mass of his spiritual and intellectual virtues has been frustrated by his consuming passion for money which he has been too well able to indulge. All the good that he has done or that he is capable of doing cannot balance the evil that has sprung from his exploits. With Mammon as his prophet, his god the golden calf, he represents that rapacious hunger for money which has become a serious problem in the life of the nation, and he is responsible for practices the mischievous consequences of which are not soon to be obliterated.

Duty of the Women Students

The sempiternal ebullition at Stanford University manifests itself this week in a protest by the young women students against certain restrictions that have been placed upon them by their dean, Mrs. Evelyn Wright Allan. It is apparently assumed by the protestants that they are collectively and severally capable of judging for themselves what may be the proper and maidenly expression in their conduct and especially in the matter of what they shall wear. They object to the edict of their dean that they shall not wander away alone into the by-ways and lanes of Palo Alto with male students, because the admonition infringes on the promise of the "house mothers" who are supposed to exercise maternal supervision of all such association, prescribing time, place and duration, and passing upon the suitability of the squires of demoiselles. As to the dean's interdiction of crepitatory underskirts, stockings in pastel and peek-aboo waists, the girls are unanimous in their opinion that all sumptuary prescription in this regard is impertinent, therefore superfluous and of no avail. Ordinarily the attitude of these young women concerning their action and their apparel would be impregnable. In their home life they are answerable only to their parents; but if they are dutiful daughters they are absolutely amenable to the strictest discipline that may be prescribed by those who have the natural and legal right to regulate their conduct and to provide their raiment. When these young women go out from their home life they are still subject to the sovereignty of the home. The circumstance that they are separated from the direct influence of home life and home discipline does not absolve them from compliance with any reasonable demand that may be made upon them in matters that would have been similarly regulated at home. When a young woman goes to college she does not thereby emancipate herself from parental control, nor does she achieve the "independence" that is presumed to attach to womanhood in its maturity. In truth, the young woman at college is necessarily more closely within the purview and discipline of the delegated authority of the college than she was under the direct and intimate authority of the home. The college authority is of right more jealous of its prescriptive sovereignty over its woman students than is parental authority. The responsibility of the faculty of a co-educational institution in guarding its feminine student body from harm in morals, association and their own folly, is greater than that which falls upon the parent, because it is an assumed responsibility. It is a responsibility that includes not only the good name and the modest demeanor of the women students, but looks to the fair fame of the institution itself. This responsibility is peculiar to co-educational colleges and universities. It does not rest upon institutions devoted wholly to the education of men. However flagrant may be the conduct of men students, the fame of the college does not suffer. But the expulsion from college of one woman for conduct unbecoming a woman student would blight the prospects of the college as a co-educational institution, almost irremediably. Therefore it may be concluded that any protest by the young women of Stanford in opposition to any decree by the dean of the women students, however drastic or sumptuary, is untenable. It is assumed that the decree would not have been issued if it were unnecessary, and it is not within the province of the students to determine its validity. It should be obeyed as implicity and with as little questioning as if it were the mandate of direct parental authority.

Arranging a Commercial Partition

It may be a little early to discuss the American-Japanese alliance reported with such verisimilitude from Washington. However, as the "agreement" is announced in all the newspapers there must be some truth in it; but it is incomplete. For one matter we are not informed whether it is an American-Japanese alliance or a Japanese-American alliance. This is important as it will indicate, when the information is vouchsafed, whether the proposition came originally from the Japanese or from the White House. If it was proposed by Japan we may rest assured that its operation will redound to the profit of Japan in a larger degree than to the Americans. If the treaty was hatched in the White

House it may still profit the little brown fellows more than it will profit us, for it will almost inevitably have been a by-product of one of "my policies," to be passed on to the Taft administration and ratified by a subservient Senate. It is yet to be determined whether any or all of these "policies" are potential with profit for the American commonwealth. It is stated that the "agreement" is not exactly a treaty but has been drawn up in the form of a "declaration," and we may therefore infer that it is merely a protocol and only tentative in its immediate purpose. The real thing will come after the respective parties to the contract have learned what their constituents think of the proposition. Primarily the pact is to conserve and preserve the commerce of the Pacific by "encouraging its free and peaceful development," and "the maintenance of the existing status quo in the Pacific," which is queer tautology in the diction of a carefully considered State paper. The meat of this diplomatic cocoanut, however, is within the hard shell of its international comity. The agreement thus entered upon between the present occupants of the White House of America and the wily far under reaching statesmen of the Mikado's empire sets forth, as reported in the newspapers, that the United States and Japan express their determination "in the common interest of all the powers" to support "by all peaceful means at their disposal" the independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal commercial and industrial opportunity for all nations in the empire. This is all very well for Japan and the United States and "the powers," but, in the language of the street, where does China get off or come in? It does not appear on the surface of the event that the party of the third part has been consulted in the matter at all. It is possible, of course, that the recent embassy from China to this country, ostensibly to thank us for remitting a portion of the loot that fell to our share after the Boxer emeute, is really an authorized commission to accept whatever the parties of the first and second part may see fit to accord under this apparently jug-handled "agreement," "declaration" or whatever its framers may see fit to call it. Most of the commerce of the Pacific will come from or be transported to China, and it would seem that in all fairness and in strict accordance with the "square deal" so loudly proclaimed from the roof top of the White House and so vociferously re-echoed in the great heart of the American people, China should have been asked if she was willing to have this commerce and "industrial opportunity" in that country monopolized, controlled and operated by outsiders. We hope, in any event, that the White Householder and the Japanese statesmen are going through the perfunctory form of saying to China, "By your leave." There would be a deuce of a hullaballoo if it were proposed to "parcel" the Middle Kingdom into definite "spheres of influence," but there will probably be no objection whatever to this method of arriving at the same end. "Spheres of influence" are individual monopolies of the "agreeing" nations; but in the distribution some of the parcelling "powers" are sure to get larger slices than others; so it has been decided to go at it in another way by "agreeing" to support "the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China." Poor old China! Boob of nations! Verily thy glory and thy self respect departed with Kublai and Ghenghis and the terror of thy hordes trampling the power of Europe beneath their invading feet!

The Literary Man's Lot

Richard Le Gallienne is lamenting the hard lot of the literary man. He is regarded as a superfluity in these commercial days, and there is more room in the world for the stockbroker and the burglar than there is for the maker of books. True it is, but no particular pity, for the average book is as futile and useless as the gimcracks which are painted or pasted together by ladies of decayed gentility and foisted upon victimized purchasers who cannot escape the importunities. Nine-tenths of the books which are put forth every year are but feeble echoes of something else, and too often the something else was unwanted. The old story which used to be told as a characterization of the English gentleman: "It's a glorious morning. Let's go out and kill something" needs but to be paraphrased to fit the case of the average writer. "Here are pen and paper. I'll write something." There is a certain type of mind, endowed with the capacity to produce words as a leaky faucet drips water. A child endowed with this quality is invariably called "gifted," and throughout his school days is encouraged to cultivate the superficial talent. On any and every occasion he falls into the ink bottle, and it is assumed by all and several that he must be an author. The result is that every time he takes a walk or reads a book the unprotected public is made to suffer the infliction of his views and opinions. Like the electric piano, he needs but to be started. Somebody touches the button and there is no relief but in headlong flight. Sense he does not consider, but he revels in words, words and still more words, varied by lamentations at the lack of appreciation with which he and his kind are received. Now a tradesman or handicraftsman, before he sets up in business will first consider the situation. Is there business enough to offer a fair chance for another man, and can I get my share of what there is? Can I increase the demand for the particular thing I can do, or shall I but enter into a scramble for a bite of the half-loaf? Not so the writer. The materials of his trade, (for trade it is more than half the time), cost but little, and his time is his own, while, like other mere laborers, he is satisfied with a copy or an imitation. If it is as good or nearly as good as his model he sees no reason why it should not be as much in demand, and the result is that we have "poetry" by the mile which is nothing more than tinkle-tinke; essays which are but streams of words cut into length; novels which can be unerringly classified, and are as much alike as clothespins, and as in the days of Solomon, "of the making of books there is no end." Of a truth, the world would scarcely be a loser if all the writers existent were to turn their attention to some other occupation. There are books enough, and good

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books enough to satisfy every reasonable demand, and the law of the survival of the fittest works unerringly. It would prove a far greater disaster if the art of making paper or manufacturing pens and ink were to be suddenly lost. If the army of mechanics who now make and put together the machinery in use for producing books and newspapers should drop out of existence it would be a more serious business to train their successors to efficiency than it would be to find new scribblers and scratchers. The fifth and sixth rate purveyors of literary pabulum seem to lose sight of one patent fact, namely, that a book once put into concrete form lives forever. Cloth and clothing wear out; houses decay; fuel is destroyed; building material decays and food is consumed. The long, slow process of evolution, lasting through centuries of time, is necessary ere they may again come into use, but thoughts and ideas, once committed to print, may be reproduced unendingly. A dinner may be eaten but once; a book may be read a thousand times. Imperative hunger may compel one to eat what is not otherwise appetizing, and cold may counsel the utilization of any garment, but there is no obligation to read. The writer who wins recognition must fight his way against opposition and literally force his work on the attention. If he cannot he would better dig ditches than complain of that for which he alone is to blame.

The Muzzling of the Press

A writer in the New York Evening Post reminds us that Bishop Butler once speculated on the possibility of an entire nation going mad; and he says that while this peril is not so remote as some would think, far this side of outright mania there are dangers in the shape of invincible prejudices, unfounded opinions and baseless sentiments which take the form of an obsession and prevent the mind from working clearly or naturally. "To cultivate open-mindedness," says the same writer, "and to secure the free play of the intellect upon all subjects, have been adduced as the chief end of education." And he adds "that anything which prevents us from discussing all public questions on the basis of reason, is a sign of defective education." All of which, in our opinion, might have been inspired by things that have happened of late in San Francisco where we have a League of Justice composed of gentlemen who profess a high regard for the welfare of the city, but who call mass-meetings in the midst of great public excitement, ostensibly for the purpose of assuaging feverish impulses, and who undertake, under a democratic form of government, to interdict free discussion by destroying the liberty of the press. Upon the spirit that inspires organizations of this kind we do not care to animadvert at this time; nor should we take up for discussion the chief principle of the League of Justice were it not for the circumstance that among its members are representatives of the faculties of two institutions that are known as universities. We conceive it to be of some significance that here in California are men recognized as educators who affirm publicly their opposition to what the writer in the Evening Post declares to be the chief end of education: that is, the cultivation of open-mindedness and the free play of the intellect. The enunciation of this principle by a representative of the so-called university from which Professor Ross was dismissed is not surprising as it is pretty generally known that in Palo Alto the right of private judgment was long since extinguished, and that the atmosphere of the village is precisely what the atmosphere of Massachusetts was in the days when frightful persecutions were carried on systematically against Baptists, and Quakers and Catholics, and when Roger Williams, for merely suggesting to the public authorities of the colony that no person ought to be punished on account of his opinions, was driven into the woods and pursued ever afterward with a ferocity that put his own life and that of his friends in constant danger. It is not surprising, we repeat, that at Palo Alto there should be men calling themselves educated, usurping the authority of the educated while impeaching their own pretensions by energizing the principle that it is just to discourage freedom of conscience, and to impair the liberty of the press by advocating a boycott against journals whose crimes consist in setting forth arguments that cannot be refuted. The really significant and surprising phenomenon, and the one deserving reflection, is that employees of the State itself should be engaged in the practices of the infamous Court of Star Chamber, that arbitrary court of systematized tyranny into which the press was cited to answer for the odious offence of attempting to enlighten mankind. This we conceive to be a startling phenomenon and one to which, in our opinion, the next Legislature ought to give some attention. A conspiracy against the press aided and abetted by employees of the State is surely no trivial matter. Among the principles with which this government is inspired is one that affirms that where the press is enslaved government acts on delusion and the people on their passions. And De Tocqueville in his excellent work on "Democracy in America" tells us that it is an axiom of political science in this country that "the only way to neutralize the effect of public journals is to multiply them indefinitely thus to secure a wide diversity of opinion"; for, as he also says, "it has been demonstrated by observation and discovered by the innate sagacity of the pettiest as well as the greatest of despots, that the influence of a power is increased in proportion as its direction is rendered more central." Now what do we find a few of our California university professors attempting in this city? Apparently their purpose is to centralize the power of the press and to extinguish the right of private judgment. Apparently what they hope to achieve is unanimity of opinion, thus to safeguard against criticism a little band of self-anointed patriots who are now in control of all the machinery of government, and of whom it is now admitted even by their warmest admirers that they have transcended the bounds of decency and justice and are deserving of palliation only because they are actuated by the most beneficent motives. Are these learned educators who would confine the voice of the press to a single megaphone actuated by concern for the public welfare? If so then in the role of educators they are the most transparent of pretenders. The chief end of education as the New York Post writer tells us is "to cultivate open-mindedness and to secure the free

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play of the intellect upon all subjects." This is not the chief end of the activities of the pedagogues of Stanford and Berkeley who, like the Cleons of every age, invoke the ignorance of the multitude to stem the tide of controversy. An odious practice this, and one to which no self-respecting man should ever resort. The honest, educated man worships nothing but reason and justice, and he never looks for those qualities in what Edmund Burke termed "the swinish multitude." The agitators of Berkeley and Palo Alto, we regret to say, behave more like schoolmasters than members of a university faculty. Most of them afford a strong and pregnant contrast with a man of the character of Henry Morse Stephens, who is an educated man, one whose reputation for learning is world-wide. Holding himself aloof from the agitation that has kept this city in turbulence for two years, Professor Stephens has won the high tribute of the hostility of that pharisaical journal, the Bulletin. Being an educated man Professor Stephens is a man of experience; not merely of the experience that comes from contact with the world, but the more valuable experience acquired in the study of mankind. To educated men of the Stephens order of intellect experience stands as a divinity and clamors out, "Nay, let them speak although they know not what they say; there is wisdom even in the babble of children." There is nothing of the dogmatist or the fanatic about Stephens. Being an educated man he is not intolerant. He was trained in a university where men would be ashamed to frown upon discussion; where it was recognized as fundamental that men who believe themselves right never clamor for the support of might. All educated men know there is nothing more conducive to human knowledge and to the advancement of truth than free discussion. They are aware that even errors must be allowed room in which to express themselves. The educated man will tell you that one of the ideas essential to reverence for truth is faith in its capacity for self-defense. Do the so-called educators who have been trying to set this town by the ears believe in the truth of their cause? If so why don't they defend it like men? There are problems here that should be approached with candor, with solemnity, with patriotic purpose, with earnest scrutiny, without subterfuge and without reserve. Surely these problems are not to be solved by men whose pride has been stung, whose motives have been impugned, whose acts have been pronounced criminal, and consequently, whose blood is up. If they have no mistakes to be flattered, nothing to be screened from the public, then they should have no quarrel with the independent press. All power founded in wisdom and conducted with virtue, invites examination. It is the property of truth to court exposure, to solicit discussion. It is deception which in its baseness weakens the obligation of law by destroying its purity that would render its power omnipotent by controlling the press. Nowhere but under despotic and corrupt government has the press ever been looked on with alarm and terror; by none save those that recognize truth as their inexorable enemy. The so-called educated men of this bailiwick who would follow the example of the Inquisition by holding "opinion in chains of adamant" would justify themselves by the argument that they would proscribe only the corrupt press, by which they mean the newspapers that are not kept by the immaculate Spreckels or leased by the sacrosanct Phelan. This is not the argument of educated men who are conscious of the elementary laws of controversial warfare, and who would disdain the trick which the civilized world bars as illegitimate—the employment of personal abuse to excite prejudice against an opponent. Discussing this very same argument J. Sydney Taylor says that upon the same pretext "religion has been often abused to the detriment of morals, to destruction of charity and to the infliction of individual oppression and national calamity," and he adds, "We should never be afraid of the contention of free opinion because we know the truth will ultimately prevail. Those who dread discussion distrust their own cause; reason is not to be confused by alarm or subdued by force." Do the schoolmasters of Berkeley and Palo Alto who, knowing their text-books, pretend to speak from the height of accumulated learning,—do they dread discussion? If not let us raise the veil boldly, let those behind it face the light, and let the world know of the things that have been done in the name of justice, to purify an American city in the twentieth century.



A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINER

—Philadelphia North American.



ART ON THE WITNESS STAND

—Philadelphia North American.

Biggy's Tragic End

It was observed in Town Talk a few weeks ago that in these parlous times the people of San Francisco not only sup full on sensations but breakfast and dine on them also. It was by no means a light breakfast that we had the other morning when served with the startling news of the mysterious disappearance of Chief of Police Biggy, who is now believed to have gone to his death in the cold, dark waters of the bay. Whether his death was accidental, or, by reason of the cruel and malevolent persecution to which he was subjected, in the frenzy of a moment he was driven to suicide, is a question which perhaps will never be solved. It is useless to speculate on this subject, but surely the suggestion will not be taken amiss that the case is one which affords a broad field for the exercise of the imaginative faculty, a field in which it is possible to theorize with as much freedom as was taken by journalists devoid of intellectual hon-



WILLIAM J. BIGGY

esty in discussing the suicide of that unfortunate wretch Morris Haas. The concrete facts however do not justify more than the statement that Biggy was the victim of cruel misrepresentation. It is believed that a sinister purpose animated the newspaper organs in which he was berated and maligned. It is known that under the cruel lash he suffered great mental agony, and that in seeking stimulation he greatly weakened his body reducing himself to such a condition that it must have been hazardous for him to venture on the bay on a dark night in a boat.

The most significant information that has been disclosed in connection with the death of Biggy was given to the Examiner by Congressman Julius Kahn. "Chief of Police Biggy," said Kahn, "was about to tell all he knew of the events that have taken place in the last two years. He made an appointment with me on Monday afternoon and promised to relate the whole story. He spoke of being persecuted by two newspapers of this city and said that he was subjected to this annoyance because he had refused to do politics with their favorites." How unfortunate that Biggy did not live to tell the whole story!

Biggy's last words of any interest were with Commissioner Hugo Keil to whom, according to the Examiner, he complained of the attacks that were being made on him by the paper owned by the Spreckels family—the Call. With the nature of these attacks the public is familiar, but the public had no intimation of the things that were to be done to Biggy. From the Examiner of Wednesday, in its report of an interview with Keil, it appears that Biggy "was much concerned over reports that had come to him of schemes devised by his enemies whereby certain alleged misdeeds of his private life were to be published." Word was conveyed to him," says the interviewer, "that a certain newspaper was seeking to induce his wife to commence suit against him in order to form the basis of an expose of his private life. All these stories it is said were rehearsed by the worried Chief during the two hours conference with Commissioner Keil." So hideous a design as the one disclosed by the Examiner will startle many people.

The Chronicle of last Wednesday tells us that Keil made a formal statement to Mayor Taylor of what occurred on the occasion of Biggy's visit. Keil reported that the purpose of the visit was to hand in his resignation. The Call of the same day contained the following: "The real interest centred in the business which took Biggy across the bay to visit Commissioner Keil because of the light it might throw as to the Chief's state of mind and the matters which were occupying his attention. Keil's statement however is of the most meager character, covering only the physical details of the visit, making a reference to Biggy's worry over the **public attitude toward him and remaining absolutely silent as to the real purpose of the trip."** This is the paper which has been howling about newspaper misrepresentation.

It also appears from the Call that the Citizens' League of Justice "was about to file charges" against Biggy. In this connection it is instructive to ponder the words of Mayor Taylor: "I am glad of the opportunity to express my high regard for Chief Biggy as a public spirited official. He was almost fanatical in his devotion to duty, absolutely incorruptible—money could not touch him—and he was one of the most conscientious officials I have ever known." Mayor Taylor's opinion of Biggy was shared by many. In his time Biggy held many positions of trust in public life, and nobody ever questioned his honesty. Nor was his fitness in the position of Chief of Police questioned until he refused to permit interference with his functions in the Haas case.

Apparently the League of Justice was not as well acquainted with Chief Biggy as was Mayor Taylor; for otherwise, it is fair to presume, the League would not have aided the designs of the Call and Bulletin. If Chief Biggy was all that Mayor Taylor says that he was then the League of Justice should have been eager to keep him in his position and to discourage such cruel methods as were employed to drive him out in disgrace. The League of Justice is a very active body of men. It has many designs occupying its attention, one of which is to censor the press. Is that incredible too? The editor of Town Talk received a letter from the League of Justice this week requesting him to set a date for a conference with its Press Committee, the object being a discussion of a resolution into the adoption of which the mass-meeting called after the Heney shooting was suggestionized by perfervid orators who had told the people that the press was perverting public opinion. The resolution demands a fair and honest attitude of the press, a sentiment in which Town Talk heartily acquiesces. It is prepared to defend every statement that it has ever made, or in pursuance of its uniform policy, to retract publicly and conspiciously any of its statements which can be proved erroneous.

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In the Cause of Science

Reviewing the Strange Case of James Jackson a Life Term Convict Who Accepted the Short End of the Briggs Alternative of a Long Life in the State Prison or a Brief One in a Hospital for Incurables.

By Democritus

Dr. Wallace A. Briggs, Vice-President of the California State Board of Health has suggested that the State laws be modified to allow scientists to experiment on condemned murderers sentenced to death or to life imprisonment, for the purpose of ascertaining whether Koch or Von Behring is right in his theory regarding the origin of tuberculosis—Kock maintaining that human tuberculosis is practically never, Von Behring that it is practically always of bovine origin.

As proposed by Dr. Briggs it shall be optional with the condemned murderer whether he shall submit to the scientific experiments or suffer himself to be hanged outright; or, in the case of one condemned to life imprisonment, whether he will take his chance of eventual pardon or receive as a reward for his services on behalf of science a reasonable commutation of his life term.

I take it as fully granted that any murderer condemned to death would eagerly accept the experimental alternative. I take it as also granted that the healthy, robust life termer would hesitate a long time before he consented to go into the vivisecting room of the scientific investigator. And there is another—an ethical—view of the matter which I wish to present in the form of an allegory, a hypothesis, or, if you will, a logical conclusion to a possible phase of Dr. Briggs' proposition.

James Jackson and John Johnson loved the same woman. Both men were high-spirited young fellows, and both were determined to win the woman. The rivalry became more bitter and acrimonious as time went on and the fair one persisted in refusing to declare her preference. Each suitor, as afterwards developed, made vague threats as to what would happen if the other was finally chosen as the bridegroom of the reluctant lady. One day it was announced in the gossip of the neighborhood that John Johnson had been accepted. That night about half past eight o'clock the policeman on the beat where the fiancee of John Johnson lived heard a cry for help followed by a pistol shot, and hurrying to the spot found James Jackson with a pistol in his hand standing over the body of John Johnson. The policeman first arrested Jackson and then ascertained that Johnson was quite dead. Then the citizens of the neighborhood gathered and the patrol wagon was called. The tragedy had occurred at the gate, almost on the doorstep of the woman for whom these two men had been striving.

At the trial it was proved that Jackson had on several occasions said that he would "fix" Johnson if he won the girl. The policeman testified that he caught Jackson red-handed immediately after the murder of Johnson. A dealer in guns identified the pistol as one he had sold to somebody whom he thought resembled Jackson; but he was not positive. The woman in the case testified that while Johnson was somewhat violent in his language concerning the suit of his rival, Jackson was much more so; oftentimes exhibiting an uncontrollable animosity for Johnson. That was one reason why she refrained from accepting Jackson as her affianced husband.

The defense was simple and straightforward. Jackson said he had gone on that night to the woman's house for the purpose of making a last appeal to her, not believing the story that she had engaged herself to Johnson. As he approached the house he heard the cry for help and the pistol shot that was also heard by the policeman. He was nearer to the scene of the tragedy and reached the dead man first. He had just picked up the pistol when the policeman arrived and arrested him.

This version by the defendant was wholly unexpected by those who listened. It had been settled in the minds of the general public that Jackson would plead self defense in some form. The jury, after deliberating twenty-four hours, gave the defendant the benefit of all the doubts in the case and returned a verdict of guilty, fixing the penalty at imprisonment for life. On the first ballot they had voted five for the death penalty and seven for life imprisonment. It was admitted by those of the jurymen who confided in the newspaper reporters, that if Jackson had pleaded self defense and testified that he had killed Johnson with his own pistol, they would have rendered a verdict of acquittal. It was argued in the jury room that the defendant and his attorneys were foolish people, and finally, the five jurymen who wanted to hang Jackson on the general proposition that the world is over populated with fools, yielded to the superior argument of the other seven to the effect that the death penalty was not prescribed in the penal code as one of the punishments to be inflicted on such persons.

One day about ten years after James Jackson had received his sentence the Warden of the State Prison announced to the "lifers" and "rope-enders" that the Legislature had enacted a law permitting them to accept commutation of their sentence to death by consumption if the medical gents could kill them by inoculation with the same facility that they killed their ordinary patients by other processes. It was pointed out to the favored bunch by the Warden, however, that acceptance of the tender mercies of the doctors was entirely optional in their case, whereas he, for instance, though a free agent, would be compelled to risk his life in any adventure with the knives, potions and diagnoses of an empirical science. The Warden's remarks were gratuitously humorous, for he was a man given to mad waggery on the gravest subjects. He had acquired the habit in frequent effort to lighten the gloom of doomed men with their feet on the lower rung of the fatal ladder. Otherwise he was a good citizen and a very capable official.

James Jackson had grown tired of the monotony of his life-long seclusion. The faces of those about him wearied him and the routine palled upon him. He had no complaint to make concerning the treatment to which he was subjected; the food was wholesome and he had gained thirty pounds in weight during the ten years that he had served in the prison; he was robust in every part of him, his appetite was excellent and he slept well o' nights. Mentally, however, he was not so well off; he wanted to get out and see the world once more before he died; it was a whim, perhaps, but these vain fancies are oftentimes the most persistent incentives to human action and the most powerful springs of human desire.

After due consideration of all the chances in the game James Jackson accepted the alternative thus offered. Some of those condemned to death rejected the proposal. Perhaps these lacked, in some degree, the true spirit of scientific inquiry. Jackson signed the statutory agreement in such cases made and provided. He delivered himself to the doctors on condition that if the consumption virus "took" on him he would receive an immediate pardon and that if it didn't his sentence should be commuted to ten years' imprisonment in addition to that already endured.

One year later James Jackson was a well-advanced consumptive. He was accordingly pardoned by the

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Governor on the recommendation of the doctors who had poisoned him. He was free—free at last! But he was doomed—doomed to perish! The doctors guessed that he would live about one year longer, as they had doped him liberally from cows that were moribund and from cows that had been dead forty-eight hours. Jackson was a "living triumph of science," soon to be a dead one. He was a human document corroborative of guinea pig testimony in favor of the Von Behring theory that human tuberculosis is "practically always of bovine origin." As he left the prison the Warden shook him heartily by the hand and "congratulated" him. It was an ambiguous farewelling, for, as I have said, the Warden of that prison was prone to crack the merry jest even in the raw ribs of Death. Dr. Briggs, who is not a humorist in scientific matters, also congratulated James Jackson: "My dear Jackson," he said: "you have every reason imaginable to be proud of yourself; you have contributed yourself, your body and your life itself, to the noblest cause in the world—the cause of suffering humanity; you have preferred scientific experimentation in the service of your fellow men, and you must feel that this service is some slight expiation of your offense; you ought to realize that it would have been cruel to deprive you of this last solace of your conscience." But James Jackson was not "solaced." He was not a humorist. "Thank you, doctor," he said; "I suppose it was all in the day's work —your work and mine; but to tell the truth, I wish that jury had ordered me hanged."

The next day it was proved that James Jackson did not kill John Johnson. He was killed by the brother of the woman that caused the trouble. It was a deathbed confession by a consumptive who had acquired the disease in the regular way. He had neglected to confess while he was in good health because he was hoping that his political influence would be sufficient to obtain a pardon for the innocent Jackson. He had no particular reason for killing John Johnson. He was merely "tired of seeing him round," and maddened by the prospect that as the husband of his sister John Johnson would wear upon his nerves perpetually. He was sorry for James Jackson, but he "congratulated" him on his release from prison and his eminence in the public estimation as a "living triumph of science." Some dying men are unconscious humorists. This consumptive murderer was sincere in his "congratulation" but the joke was on Jackson nevertheless.

DIED

JACKSON—In this city, December 18, 1909, James Jackson, aged 31 years, 5 months and 2 days.

Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral tomorrow (Friday) December 22, 1909, at 3:30 p. m. from the dissecting room of the Tuberculosis Medical League under whose auspices the obsequies will be conducted.

William Marion Reedy's Opinion

(The following sentiments were printed under the caption, "What He Deserved," in the St. Louis Mirror, the most influential and ablest edited magazine of the Middle West. The article was signed by William Marion Reedy, the editor of the Mirror. Mr. Reedy enjoys the reputation of being one of the most conscientious and forceful of American journalists. A man of the highest literary attainments, a philosopher and critic, his judgment in all matters that he seeks to illumine with the light of his genius is respected by the thousands of his readers that have been made conscious by his writings of the qualities of his mind and heart. Perhaps it should be observed that so far as Mr. Reedy's judgment on the subject of the shooting is concerned, it is based on the concrete facts presented in despatches that were remarkable and exceptional for their fairness.)

That the country is glad Mr. Francis J. Heney, prosecutor of the San Francisco boodlers will recover from the wound inflicted upon him by the ex-convict Haas, who afterwards killed himself in prison, goes without saying. Heney was and is doing a great work of purification and doing it against innumerable obstacles put in his way by the greater part of the wealth and culture of the California metropolis. Respectability has rallied against him to prevent the punishment of the wealthy and influential givers of bribes, claiming that enough has been done in convicting the small-fry bribe-takers. Nevertheless, it seems from what we have read, that Mr. Heney might have challenged the venireman Haas as a juror without, in spite of that person's protest and plea, exposing him as an ex-convict. Haas had paid the penalty of his misdeeds. The account of the State against him was closed. The slate was clean. Haas had an undoubted right to ask that the old score be not brought up against him, that he be not pilloried before the community in which he was trying to live as uprightly as he could, even if he was a saloonkeeper. That he valued his standing, such as it was, his plea not to be exposed clearly demonstrated. It was proof of his possession of a feeling that anyone but a supra-sensationalist, though an efficient and earnest public servant, like Mr. Heney would have respected. It was wrong for Haas to shoot Mr. Heney, but it was wrong for Mr. Heney to expose Haas in spite of his appeal for silence, and drive him to desperation through reviving an old disgrace. There's too much of this thing of pursuing the ex-convict and dragging to light his old disgrace. It is a form of official activity most contemptibly cruel. The State has no right to persecute a man who has made atonement for his sins against it. It is all very well to sympathize with Mr. Heney's heroics, but what of the poor devil, Haas, who was wantomly humiliated by the prosecutor? He was hurt worse than he hurt Mr. Heney. We hope the incident will restrain the police in such of their energies as consist in finding ex-convicts leading decent lives and revealing the fact to employers, to neighbors and to the public. We hope that when Mr. Heney shall have recovered he will be chastened of heart and that he will not again ruthlessly disgrace a man who, whatever his past, has enough sense of self-respect to dread disgrace. And let us say right here that a man sensitive enough to be tortured into insanity by the revelation of a sin or sins fully and fairly atoned for, is not wholly of "well known infamous character" even if the President of the United States himself, "takes his pen in hand" to say so. Poor Haas was the more to be pitied victim of the San Francisco episode. Mr. Heney emerges from it only with a brighter halo, to the eyes of the thoughtless. To our thinking, putting ourselves in the place of Haas, a man trying to live down a bad past, Mr. Heney came pretty near to deserving what he got, especially as there is absolutely no evidence that Haas was anxious to get on the jury for the purpose of obstructing the course of justice.

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The Two Inns

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Returning from Nimes one sultry July day, I trudged along a scorching white road, with never a sign of shade or a breath of wind until I came to a group of white houses at what is called the relay of St. Vincent. On the outskirts of the little hamlet were two large inns staring at each other from opposite sides of the road.

There was something striking in the proximity of those two inns. On one side, a large new building, full of life and animation, all the doors thrown open, the diligence stopping in front, the steaming horses being unharnessed, the passengers drinking hastily on the road, in the short shadow of the walls; the courtyard crowded with mules and vehicles; carters lying under the sheds, awaiting the cool of the evening. Within, outcries, oaths, blows of fists on the tables, the clinking of glasses, the clicking of billiard-balls, the popping of corks, and above all that uproar, a jovial, ringing voice, singing so loud that the windows shook:

"Pretty little Margoton,
As soon as dawn was waking,
Took her silver pitcher,
And went off to the well."

The inn opposite, on the contrary, was silent and seemed deserted. Grass under the gateway, shutters broken, over the door a rusty twig of holly hanging like an old plume, the door-step strewn with stones from the road. It was all so poverty-stricken, so pitiful, that it seemed an act of charity to stop there and drink a glass.

On entering, I found a long room, deserted and dismal, which the dazzling light, entering through three curtainless windows, rendered even more dismal and deserted. A few rickety tables, on which stool broken glasses dull with dust, a dilapidated billiard-table, holding out its four pockets as if asking alms, a yellow couch, an old desk, slumbered there in an oppressive and unhealthy heat. And the flies! flies everywhere! I had never seen so many: on the ceiling, clinging to the windows, in the glasses, in swarms. When I opened the door, there was a buzzing, a humming of wings as if I were entering a hive.

At the end of the room, in a window-recess, there was a woman standing close to the window, busily occupied in looking out. I called her twice:

"Ho there! hostess!"

She turned slowly, and showed me the face of a poverty-stricken peasant woman, wrinkled and furrowed, earth-colored, framed by long lappets of rusty lace, such as the old women in our neighborhood wear. She was not an old woman, though; but much weeping had faded her completely.

"What do you want?" she asked, wiping her eyes.

"To sit down a moment and drink something."

She gazed at me in amazement, without moving from her place, as if she did not understand me.

"Isn't this an inn?"

The woman sighed.

"Yes, it is an inn, if you choose. But why don't you go opposite, like all the rest? It is much more lively."

"It is too lively for me. I prefer to stay here with you."

And without waiting for her reply, I seated myself at the table.

When she was quite sure that I was speaking seriously, the hostess began to go and come with a busy air, opening doors, moving bottles, wiping glasses, and disturbing the flies. It was clear that a guest to wait upon was an important event. At times the unhappy creature would stop and take her head in her hands, as if she despaired of ever accomplishing anything.

Then she went into the rear room; I heard her shaking great keys, fumbling with locks, looking into the bread-box, blowing, dusting, washing plates. From time to time a deep sigh, a sob ill stifled.

After a quarter of an hour of this business, I had before me a plate of raisins, an old loaf of Beaucaire bread, as hard as standstone, and a bottle of sour new wine.

"You are served," said the strange creature; and she turned back at once to her place at the window.

As I drank, I tried to make her talk.

"You don't often have people here, do you, my poor woman?"

"Oh, no! never any one, monsieur. When we were alone here, it was different; we had the relay, we provided hunt-dinners during the ducking-season, and carriages all the year round. But since our neighbors set up in business, we have lost everything. People prefer to go opposite. They consider it too dull here. It's a fact that the house isn't very pleasant. I am not good-looking, I have fever and ague, and my two little girls are dead. Over yonder, on the contrary, they are laughing all the time. It is a woman from Arles who keeps the inn, a handsome women with laces, and three bands of gold beads round her neck. The driver of the diligence, who is her lover, takes it to her place. And then she has a lot of hussies for chambermaids, so that she gets lots of custom! She has all the young men from Bezouces, Redessan, and Jonquieres. The carters go out of their way to pass her house. And I stay here all day without a soul, eating my heart out."

She said this in a distraught, indifferent tone, with her forehead still resting against the glass. There was evidently something which interested her at the inn opposite.

Suddenly, on the other side of the road, there was a great commotion. The diligence moved off through the dust. I heard the cracking of the whip, the postillion's bugle, and the girls who had run to the door calling out:

"Adiousias! adiousias!" And over it all the stentorian voice that I had heard before, beginning again, louder than ever:

"She took her silver pitcher,
And went off to the well;
From there she could not see
Three soldiers drawing near."

At that voice the hostess trembled in every limb, and, turning to me, she said in an undertone:

"Do you hear? That's my husband. Doesn't he sing well?"

I gazed at her in stupefaction.

"What? Your husband? Do you mean to say that he goes there too?"

Thereupon, with a heart-broken air, but with the utmost gentleness, she replied:

"What can you expect, monsieur? Men are made that way; they don't like to see people cry; and I cry all the time since my little girls died. And then this great barrack, where nobody ever comes, is so melancholy. And so, when he is bored too much, my poor Jose goes across the road to drink, and as he has a fine voice, the woman from Arles makes him sing. Hush! there he goes again."

And she stood there, as if in a trance, trembling, with her hand outstretched, and tears rolling down her cheeks, which made her look uglier than ever, to hear her Jose singing for the Woman from Arles:

"The first one said to her:
'Good day, my pretty dear!'"

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Perspective Impressions

Christmas is not here yet but forehanded people are preparing for it.

Among other things that are self-made in this Age of the Self-Made are principles and manners.

It was once believed that to women exclusively belonged the sacred privilege of deciding things offhand. Apparently it is now shared by half-baked divines and university professors of little learning.

A New York editor says that the people of the West have large ears. He must have caught the echo of some of the braying that has been splitting the empyrean in this section of the country.

A dollar doesn't go as far as it used to but it makes faster time.

Bill Taft says that he has quit drinking. From the bulkiness of him we should judge that he ought to quit eating too.

The Esperantists have decided to occupy a small neutral territory in the heart of Europe. Let us hope there may be room enough for the simplified spellers.

An Italian expert says that Cleopatra was not a handsome woman. Some centuries ago there lived an Italian expert who had the advantage of close inspection and he found her very beautiful, very fascinating and worth while.

The Spectator

Yi's Father Was a Pioneer

While in town Tong Sao Yi, diplomat, statesman, commissioner from Pekin to Washington, talked for publication on the generalities of international affairs. The interviewers failed to extract from the amiable visitor anything that from any viewpoint could be considered of "absorbing," or even more than trivial interest. The Chinese diplomat is never a fountain of political information. But Tong Shao Yi, if he had been interviewed with reference to matters of a personal nature, might have been induced to unfold a tale of rare human interest. For this exalted heathen in all probability experienced curious emotions as he came into this harbor, and doubtless upon him recollections crowded and raised in him the impulse to talk of other days when he occupied a humble station in life and entertained sentiments toward the American people far different from those by which he is now animated. Ton Shao Yi lived in this city many years ago. His father lived here in the days of the Kearny riots. Tong Shao Yi, Ambassador from Pekin, deputized to thank the American people for their kindness is the son of a man who was stoned in the streets of San Francisco in the days when public sentiment was expressed once a week on the sandlot in front of the City Hall. Tong Shao Yi's father worked in the mines of this State in the early fifties. With the gold that he took out of mountain streams he opened a store in Sacramento street between Kearny and Dupont and there established the Tung Yung Company. His fourth son Tong Shao Yi came to San Francisco at the age of twelve years and lived here until he was old enough to go to Harvard whither he was sent by the Chinese Government along with Owang King, who since became Chinese Consul in this city, and Lian Chaing who preceded Wu Ting Fang as the representative of his country at Washington. After finishing his education at Washington Tong Shao Yi was appointed consul to Chemulpo, Korea. He was afterwards appointed vice-president of the Board of Foreign Affairs under Prince Ching, and later he became Governor of Mukden. In all probability on his return to China he will be appointed President of the Board of Foreign Affairs, the most important post in the gift of the Government.

Why Did Metcalf Resign?

In the East, I am told, there is much speculation with regard to Secretary Metcalf's resignation from the Cabinet. While it has been attributed to ill health, it is said that he could have held his office nominally for three months longer. It is suspected that there is something sinister behind Mr. Metcalf's resignation and that the truth will be sprung somewhere in California. There have been rumors of Mr. Metcalf's contemplated withdrawal from the Cabinet for more than a year. In these columns fully a year ago it was reported that the Secretary of the Navy was considering a proposition to accept the presidency of a bank in this city, and I have since intimated that there was friction between him and certain other Washington officials. It will be remembered that I commented on the signficance of his failure to attend the Republican State Convention in Oakland and say a few words for his colleague Mr. Taft, on the occasion of the nomination of electors. Mr. Metcalf was not only in Oakland at the time but he was within a stone's throw of the hall in which the convention was held.

Scene—A lonely spot on a dark night. "Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man? Beside this revolver I have nothing in this wide world."

The Mystic Lure

Though Charles Dana Gibson spent but a short time in town on his recent visit he absorbed enough of the atmosphere to get a taste for more. Just before leaving he said he would return soon and do some sketching here as he had seen enough to convince him that it would be worth while. "For many years," he said to a friend, "I have been curious to know what the San Francisco spell consisted of, and though I haven't solved the problem I think I have experienced a touch of the witchery that holds men and that inspires them with a yearning for the

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atmosphere when far away." According to Mr. Gibson, though he has heard many persons extol the charms of this city, he never met a more enthusiastic boomer than the late Hermann Oelrichs. He related that one night in New York, in company with Oelrichs he attended a theatrical performance which was so bad that it bored them very much. Oelrichs expressed his feelings by falling into an attitude of repose, and closing his eyes with half of a wooden toothpick adjusted over each lid as though to bolt it down, he exclaimed in a tone loud enough to be heard by half the audience, "I'd rather be an iron lamppost in San Francisco than a brownstone mansion in New York."

A Tribute to Her Father

Dollie Evans, the girl selected to act as sponsor on the occasion of the christening of the new Government collier "Prometheus" at Mare Island, is only ten years of age. She was chosen as a tribute to her father, Constructor Holden Evans, who made a wonderful record in the building of this ship. Assistant Naval Constructor Edward C. Hammer Jr. of Mare Island has been appointed escort for little Miss Evans during the ceremonies



Photo, H. Pierre Smith.

MISS DOLLIE EVANS

She will christen the "Prometheus." She is the daughter of Naval Constructor Evans.

Weston to Succeed Smith

A friend writes me from Manila that Major-General John F. Weston who is to relieve Brigadier F. A. Smith of the command of the Department of California will make his appearance in this city in the latter part of January. General Weston's health has suffered from his long stay in the tropics and he is now a victim of recurrent malarial fever. Major-General William P. Duvall, assistant chief of staff will succeed to the command of the army of the Philippines. He will leave Washington for his new post sometime in February, and he will probably be succeeded as assistant chief of staff by Major-General Thomas H. Barry commanding the Army of Cuban Pacification. Pending the arrival of General Duvall in the Philippines, Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss will be the senior officer in the islands.

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War Within Six Years

In view of current discussion of our relations with Japan and the contradictory reports with reference to the real state of feeling in the Mikado's realm toward this country, of considerable importance is the information which I have received as to the opinion of the army on the subject. It is not a subject which army officers care to discuss for publication; nor is it one on which they would be interviewed, and therefore one of the best sources of information has been closed to the public. My information, however, as to the opinion prevailing in army circles comes from an army officer, one who has seen much of Japan and who witnessed the great demonstration made on the occasion of the visit of our battleship fleet. "The Japanese," says this officer, "would open hostilities tomorrow were they not in sore financial straits. This is the firm conviction of nearly every American army officer in the Orient. The people of



Photo, H. Pierre Smith.

HOLDEN A. EVANS

Naval constructor at Mare Island. The man who superintended the construction of the "Prometheus" which is to be launched this Saturday.

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Japan are at present under a prodigious load of taxation, and there is no likelihood of their going to war before reducing their big debt, but within six years, unless something unforeseen occurs to engross their attention, they will be after us."

"I hear that she belongs to a very fast smart set."
"Yes, she keeps the best of bad company."

What Our Pacific Fleet Needs

The Pacific fleet has just completed a voyage of about 10,000 miles from this city to Samoa and back to Magdalena Bay, each armored cruiser towing a destroyer. This voyage was taken ostensibly for practice in towing destroyers, and now, I hear, naval officers are asking if the same information that has been acquired could not have been obtained as well and at infinitely less cost by an armored cruiser towing one destroyer from San Francisco to Bremerton as many times as necessary. Additional information, they suggest, could be obtained from any of the companies engaged in towing barges on the Atlantic Coast. The point is made that much time has been lost that might have been given to manoeuvring practically little of which has been done by the Pacific fleet for the last year. The officers of the fleet realize that the crying need of the navy is practice in manoeuvring in fleet formation. Fortunately notwithstanding the little encouragement received from the bureaucrats at Washington our navy has learned to hit the target, but if a fleet cannot be manoeuvred, perfect shooting against an enemy that can shoot only passably well, but whose fleet is even fairly well handled, will be wasted because it cannot be utilized. Of the Pacific fleet of eight cruisers it is said that it has never steamed in line ahead at a speed above twelve knots. On the recent Samoan trip it was impossible to steam above eleven knots or to manoeuvre at all with the destroyers in tow, so that at a time when the President was threatening war against an Asiatic Power a large part of the mailed fist was ponderously doing collier or towboat duty; and had this fleet gone into battle with its then and present lack of practice in manoeuvring it would have fought at an enormous disadvantage, for all first class navies except our own are keenly alive to the importance of manoeuvring and are drilling assiduously at it, and not wasting time and money in world cruises.

Absurdity of Long Cruises

Apropos of the proposed trip of the Pacific fleet to South America it is said that four hours a day are to be devoted to manoeuvres. But the probability is, it is said, that the manoeuvring will be done at twelve-knot speed. It can't be much more for the coal carried by the vessels will not permit them to go much faster and still reach port. But why these cruises to foreign ports? Why would it not be infinitely better to select a base, say Santa Barbara Channel or Magdalena Bay, go to sea for five days out of each week and manoeuvre all day and part of the night, and really manoeuvre, starting in at fifteen knots and working up to twenty- possibly twenty-two? The fleet that can manoeuvre as if chained together and at the highest speed is the fleet that will win future naval battles. What has the Navy Department done and what is it doing to make the best use of the high speed armored cruisers we have? Is a 5,000 mile cruise to South America doing it? Is there not a lot of humbug in these long foreign cruises? Is it a fact that the extensively and industriously given out reports from the Navy Department as to the wonderful training of the officers and men of the Atlantic fleet are treated with ridicule by the officers and men themselves? Some good has doubtless been accomplished, but does manoeuvring sixteen to nineteen knot battleships at eight knots and twenty-two knot armored cruisers at twelve knots really not do more harm than good?

Keep the Money at Home

Aside from the advantages to be derived by the navy from manoeuvring near a base, there is a commercial element which is of such importance to us that it might be well for Pacific Coast Statesmen to take cognizance thereof. It is estimated on reliable information, based on actual experience, that the Pacific fleet's next cruise will cost in coal for steaming alone $495,000, that the officers and men will spend in foreign ports in the four months absence $736,000, and that the expenditure for fresh provisions will be $288,000; in all a million and a half spent abroad in four months. The other side is the effect on the morale of the officers and men of the fleet by shutting them off from even a short stay in a home port for the best part of a year and sending them to the ends of civilization, where life is a burden and disease and dissipation march hand in hand. If there were some necessity for so exiling them, forcing an unnatural existence upon them, there could be no criticism; but the necessity for such cruises has long since gone by and has no place in a modern navy or fleet. They have been given up by all other naval Powers. The efficiency of a navy depends on concerted effort and action in manoeuvres

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and drills, things impossible where the material is dissipated in long cruises that have no end or object and which prohibit concentration in anything.

Mrs. Henpekt (scornfully)—"I don't intend to live with you any longer. I shall get a divorce."
Henpekt (humbly)—"I wish, my dear, you would get me one, too."

Ho! For the Million Mark

A Million Club is in process of organization in this city. The object of the club is to give San Francisco a population of a million between now and 1915. The purpose is patriotic and practical, and it ought to be easy of accomplishment—much can be done in six years notwithstanding that London has been 2000 years accumulating a population of 6,000,000 and that Rome was not built in a day. There are fifteen cities in the world with more than a million population each; San Francisco in the census of 1900 was placed 61st in the list of the largestest cities in the world and ninth among the cities of the United States. This relative position may have changed somewhat since the census of 1900, but there are no trustworthy figures on which to base an estimate, and there is no form of exaggeration so common as that which "populates" a city. Los Angeles is one of the horrible examples of this kind of lying. If, however, the Million Club succeeds in its public spirited effort San Francisco will, in 1915, rank 16 in the list of the world's largest cities and fourth in the list of the largest cities in the United States. Outside of the United States, on the American continents, only Buenos Ayres will exceed San Francisco in population.

Population by Annexation

The plan proposed by the Million Club is simple enough. It consists in a united effort on the part of all the citizens of San Francisco to induce people to live in San Francisco. This means that about 350,000 boosters are to make it their business to advertise San Francisco and to make it possible for a population of a million citizens to live comfortably within our corporate limits. The task that the members of the club have set for themselves would be easier if they could annex all the suburban cities; the population of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and their suburbs, and the population of San Mateo and part of Marin County, would add at least 250,000 to the present population of the city, giving Greater San Francisco an aggregate population of more than half a million to start with. It was by annexation, consolidation and absorption that London, New York, Chicago and other millionopolises became such. But although most of the leading citizens of the transbay suburbs are really citizens of the metropolis, they would probably reject the privilege of becoming citizens of the 16th largest city in the world. Their ambition just now does not crave anything more substantial than the proud distinction of being a little bigger than Los Angeles and only a little less populous than San Francisco.

In Unity is Our Only Hope

So the Million Club will probably have to depend almost wholly on its own unaided effort. Here again the only difficulty to be suggested is a possible inability to keep the citizens of San Francisco "united." San Francisco is now more than half a century old and it has never been "united" on anything. There is a local apothegm which says that "where two or three boosters are gathered for the good of the town, there will you find five hard knockers with their little hammers." Recent history records the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, the Good Government League and the Citizens' League of Justice as authors of formularies of unity in the cause of morality, progress, reform, civic decency, rehabilitation, municipal beautification, official beatitude, honesty, virtue, square dealing, and many other good intentions which would have converted a Gomorrah into a New Jerusalem if only the unity plan could have been made to work according to the desire of the reformers manipulating the crank of the regenerator. But somehow it got abroad in the community that these organizations were the offspring of self interests, and this suspicion (baseless as the fabric of a dream, of course) created distrust among those who were not members of the Holy Synods. And the more these apparatuses of regeneration and reform strove to unify the sentiment of the community the wider grew the breaches until now the crevasses are impassible even for airships. It has even been charged that these "reform movements" have had a pernicious effect upon the business interests of the city and that our credit abroad is as one whose fair name has been blown upon by rude gusts of foul slander. In the matter of increasing the population of San Francisco to a million, however, there should be no difference of opinion, no distrust, no selfish interest, no personal politics, no hatred of our neighbor because he doesn't think as we do, no backbiting, no false accusation, no detraction, no hint from the labor unions that increased population means competition and low wages, no tirades against the "predatory rich" and the "associated villainies," no denunciation, no parochialism, no hysteria, no knocking. Everything ought to go along smoothly in the Million Club—a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together; one prolonged boost instead of a swift slide on the toboggan; for lo, it is hard to boost, but it is easy to slide. I hope the Million Club will get there. Much power to all its arms. But let it not depart from its purpose; let it be always remembered that it is the object of the organization—the only object—to populate and not to decimate.

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Citizen—What is your showing for the past year?
Fire Insurance Agent—Four tons of blotting paper.

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An Hawaiian Captain of Industry

My Honolulu correspondent writes: "The Planters Association at its meeting last week elected Hon. Samuel M. Damon president for the coming year. Mr. Damon has borne an important and a somewhat unique relation to the sugar industry of the islands for a great many years. He is at the head of Bishop & Company, a



HON. SAMUEL DAMON

Formerly Minister of Finance of the Republic of Hawaii who was recently elected President of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association.

banking institution which celebrated its golden jubilee a few weeks ago. It was established by Charles R. Bishop now of San Francisco. Mr. Damon entered the service of the bank a good many years ago, later becoming a partner, and for twenty years or more he has been the head of the institution. Until eleven years ago this was the only banking institution in the islands and as such financed the developing sugar industry of Hawaii over many a rocky road. Mr. Damon himself never had very extensive plantation interests until the collapse of the sugar boom ten years ago when the Olaa plantation was thrown into his hands with all its load of debt. Under his careful management the property steadily improved and now it bids fair to become one of the very large sugar estates of the islands. The past year has been the best year in the history of the sugar industry of the islands. The crop is the largest ever harvested and prices have been on a high plane throughout the year."

Sam Parker Gets an Annuity

"The publication of the will of the late Mrs. Abigail K. Campbell Parker," writes my correspondent, "excited a good deal of interest in the islands. Mrs. Parker was the widow of the late millionaire sugar planter James Campbell who figured years ago in a sensational abduction in San Francisco. She was the mother of the Princess Kawananakoa, and some years ago she became the wife of that gay blade Col. Samuel Parker, who, in the days of his affluence achieved a reputation in San Francisco as a great spender. Mrs. Campbell Parker was an exceptional Hawaiian inasmuch as she possessed the acquisitive faculty. In addition to her first husband's estate she left property valued at nearly half a million dollars which she accumulated since his death. By her will she left $5,000 to her brother, $1,000 to Kawaiahao church, $5,000 to the Kapialani Maternity Home, an annuity of $240 to a faithful servant, and $3,000 a year to her husband, so devised that it cannot be attached by creditors, her object being as she states to provide for his support during his life. Her jewelry she divided up among her five daughters, including her little granddaughter Abigail Kapiolani, the daughter of the Princess Kawananakoa whom she adopted as her own a year or so ago. The remainder of her estate she bequeathed in trust to her children and grandchildren. The estate is to be kept intact until the death of the last surviving daughter when it is to be distributed among her grandchildren. In the meanwhile the net income is to be divided into five equal portions, and one portion paid to each of the four daughters, the Princess Kawananakoa, Muriel, Beatrice and little Abigail Kapiolani, and the other portion to the children of her daughter Alice—Mrs. Walter Macfarlane.

Gentleman (to hod carrier)—Doesn't it make you tired, Pat, to climb that ladder all day?

Pat—Yes, sir; but I have foine rest comin' down.

Not Very Far Off

A New York paper has been taking to task for attributing all our troubles to labor union domination. While owing to misrepresentation the New York press has a most imperfect conception of conditions in this city, the paper that has been charged with inaccuracy, as a matter of fact, has hit pretty near the truth. Not by reason of their influence or of their aggressions in industrial affairs have the labor unions given impetus to our troubles, but entirely in consequence of the designs which they have inspired in others, who have made use of them for political purposes. Many things that have

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been done ostensibly in the interest of the community were done for the purpose of coddling organized labor. And organized labor is today one of the principal elements of strength in the political machine by which this city government is controlled. A mighty powerful machine it is too; the most powerful, perhaps, that ever dominated San Francisco. It controls the machinery of the Democratic party and of the the Labor party and it has the support of an organized element of the disgruntled in the Republican party. This powerful political machine is the outcome of the great moral movement by which the city government was purged and purified. It is probably a most desirable blessing, but the concentration of so much power in the hands of a few men is hardly consistent with democratic principles, nor has there ever been an instance of which I am cognizant of human nature proving itself capable of exercising so much power without yielding to sinister persuasions.



MERELY A SHAM "MERRY WIDOW"

Looks like the real thing, but it's only a clever young clubman in the costume which he wore at a little entertainment given at the Bohemian Club not long ago.

At the Public Crib

So far this machine has vindicated its devotion to the interests of the people by harassing one or two public service corporations, and strengthening its hold on union labor politics. As late as last week the machine rewarded a distinguished labor agitator, the Hon. J. W. Sweeney, for services rendered in the recent campaign. He was appointed Secretary of the Playground Commission. The Board of Public Works is dominated by labor leaders, there is a professional laborite on the Election Commission, and that vociferous agitator, the Hon. Richard Cornelius, the man that precipitated the memorable railroad strike, which, according to a committee of organized labor was unjust and should never have been declared, still holds his job as a member of the Civil Service Commission. The union wage-earner, it is true, had no hand in the making of our troubles, but who knows how different things might have been had it never been considered advisable to appeal to his passions and his prejudices.

Old gentleman—And how old are you, my little man?
Little Willie—I'm not old at all, sir; I'm nearly new.

China Reawakened

The New Contributor is at work; he has taken his pen in hand and put the shoulder of his mighty intellect to the wheel of his first Idea. Roosevelt is enlightening the world. We must not expect too much from the New Contributor in his first article, and we don't get it. His subject is "The Awakening of China," published in the December number of the Outlook, and his first sentence as telegraphed in the "special dispatches" is "China is Awakening." There is a combination for a starter that would procure the rejection of any other manuscript short shrift and without benefit of syntax or saving grace of etymology. "The Awakening of China!" "China is Awakening!" Well, what of it? We've heard all about it, Mr. Roosevelt, and so often that we're sick and tired of the damnable iteration. China has been "awakening" for at least thirty years—stretching her skinny arms, yawning from ear to ear, winking and blinking her oblique eyes, looking at the clock, and plumping over on the other side for another nap before the dawn of civilization shall roseate the morning mists of the Far East. We certainly expected something more original than "the awakening of China" from Contributor Roosevelt in his "maiden effort." Why didn't he tell us that China was awake? Perhaps he thinks we don't believe the other contributors who have awakened China. Perhaps he thinks that only he can speak ex cathedra on this subject; or it may be that he has only just found it out. I begin to fear that I am near to the commission of lese majesty, or sacrilege, or misprision of heresy, or something worse. A vague apprehension creeps upon me warning me that I go too far in my ribald remarks concerning this matter. The awakening of China has certainly been announced before, but it has never been announced by Contributor Roosevelt until this writing. Africa was discovered and explored a long time ago, but

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it will not be really discovered or properly explored until Scientist Roosevelt shoots through it. There have been Presidents of the United States before Roosevelt, as there were heroes before Agamemnon, and there will be Presidents after Roosevelt; but, in truth there has never been but one President; it was ncessary to call the others by some title, and we couldn't call them anything else; but fortunately a Roosevelt duplicate was impossible—where Roosevelt McGregor, or McGregor Roosevelt sits is the head of the table! I am indeed guilty of felonious innuendo, treasonably felonious, in suggesting that China was awakening before Contributor Roosevelt informed us of the fact. It was a false alarm. It didn't happen until Contributor Roosevelt officially announced it in the Outlook. Now may the Lord have mercy on me for a short and ugly sinner and a citizen of the undesirable class. I deserve to be beaten to a frazzle.

A Master of Platitudes

Contributor Roosevelt has earned his privilege of writing platitudes at a dollar a line. If he had begun his "literary career" by writing platitudes he would have ended by writing editorials for the Red Dog Clarion or the Podunk Palladium. If he had not been strenuous in his youth along other lines than those required to make him a "valued contributor" to a ten-cent magazine, he would never have been worth even a penny a line to a "popular periodical"; Laura Jean Libbey and Ella Wheeler Wilcox would have had him entirely frazzled. He would have been telling us in the "leading journal" of Red Dog or in the Palladial Podunkian as he now tells us in the Outlook, that in China "there is increasing contact with foreigners, increasing foreign trade and a growing adoption of modern methods of communication and transportation, while some progress is being made in the introduction of labor-saving devices, with consequent industrial evolution." His editorial Alexandrines would end his song, and, "like a wounded snake, drag its slow length along"; or, as "when Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw," his line too would labor "and the words move slow." But the future associate editor of the Outlook was wiser than that. He first made himself something entirely foreign to an editor or even a "valued contributor." He prepared himself for his ultimate destiny by advertising himself in politics and through rapidly widening phases of that career finally reached the top of the heap. Thus prepared for his real work he has not the slightest difficulty in procuring acceptance for anything he may write, however banal or turgid or platitudinous. All of the "best sellers" in modern popular literature, except Bertha M. Clay and Miss Libbey, have been "rejected" frequently because they had not fortified themselves with a reputation or notoriety commercially valuable to the magazines. Kipling was rejected in this city by the Sunday editor of the Examiner because he was unknown; Jack London boasts that he sold a barrel full of rejected manuscripts to the publishers who had rejected them; Archibald Clavering Gunter offered his "Mr. Barnes of New York" to every publisher in New York and was at last compelled to publish it at his own expense—because the publishers didn't know that Gunter had written the best seller in American literature. The list could be extended indefinitely. Mrs. Wilcox, nee Wheeler, is excluded because she fluked into literature with her "Poems of Passion," an erotic immorality that achieved fame for the gifted authoress almost before she was in long skirts—a fame largely due to denunciation by decent people. Contributor Roosevelt has gone about it in the right way. He made himself famous before he became a contributor. As in the case of Kipling, London, Gunter and Wilcox, it is not necessary that he should write anything worth while; his name is sufficient to carry the weight of his platitudes and his commonplaces—his sermons from copy-book texts and his ponderous philosophy rehashed from the hoary wisdom of the ages.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

Wall Street security values continue on the upward grade, the advance during the past week has been seen in spots. Pacific Mail was taken hold of by prominent traders who believe a subsidy bill will be passed by Congress this winter, which seems more than likely; unless something is done in this direction soon Japan will have the Pacific Ocean to itself so far as shipping is concerned.

One of the strongest features of the stock market recently has been Consolidated Gas which continues to advance without any material setback. It has been well know that the assets of Consolidated Gas were equal to a value of $200 per share for the stock, nevertheless, this fact was lost sight of during the panic when the price dropped to around par.

The Industrial list has been given a great deal of attention of late and prices for these securities show an advancing tendency. Reports from large manufacturing centers show an increasing demand for labor of all kinds. It is quite noticeable in the steel trade, and is a barometer of more than passing moment.

The early convening of Congress will be used as a check to bull enthusiasm, but if present conditions continue it will take more than a tariff scare to keep prices from going higher; there may be some readjustment in this particular way but nothing radical will be done. It is no time to experiment with new ideas or fads.

We hear a great deal of grumbling regarding a small advance in freight rates, this comes mostly from consumers of paper; one has only to take up a foreign rate sheet, either passenger or freight, and compare it with the American rates to learn how much greater are freight and passenger charges abroad. In this country 150 pounds of baggage is allowed each passenger. Where abroad is such a privilege granted? It might as well be understood first as last that American railroads must live and be able financially to give the public quick dispatch for their goods and travelers. A readjustment of tariffs is at hand and in the long run the public will be benefitted. The amount of money necessary to bring almost every rail line in this country up to public requirements will be enormous; therefore, there is considerable justice in the rate position taken by railways. We are rapidly nearing the end of the year when three hundred million dollars will be distributed to go into commercial use; this will result in greater expansion of our commercial resources and cause cheaper money. Everything is going along very nicely and will continue to do so unless something unforeseen comes out of a clear sky. The prosperity now being enjoyed by the East will work its way westward soon. It generally requires six months to catch the fever along the Pacific Coast. The time is not more than five years away when San Francisco will have a population of one million people. The croakers couldn't stop it if they tried. No one realizes how rapidly our city is growing. San Francisco is the only city in America which is behind its country territory. Its natural advantages are so great that it cannot be kept down. Eastern capital will soon find its way here in abundance. Therefore many local securities around present prices are cheap and afford as good security as many of those of eastern properties. The demand for Western Pacific bonds and stocks has been very brisk of late. There has been a good demand for the common stock which would sell for $50 per share if any could be found for sale. It is a reasonable guess to say that Western Pacific common stock will sell at 100 within three years. The Western Pacific will have about 18,000 miles of tributary territory from which to draw business. It passes through a territory made for it, the business is awaiting its command; few railways are so fortunate.

We are in a period of development, from this time forward the changes that will take place will surprise the most sanguine as well as a lot of the old dry bones who are living in the past. The rich plums will come to those who have the courage to progress.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Denied the Brand

Reports are coming in of the turning down of members of the fashionable herd by the patronesses of the Colonial dances and of heartburnings that have been inflicted by the cruel edict of exclusion. Several young men who had been flattering themselves that there was nothing too exclusive for them have not been invited to the first of the dances, and they are so sore that they have been telling their troubles to their friends. I haven't much sympathy for the young men who take social preferment so seriously, but my emotions have been stirred by the news that two of the season's debutantes have been barred. The supposition is that they were voted against for no reason save that some of the patronesses didn't happen to know them. Up to the issuance of the Colonial invitations they were invited everywhere, and it seems rather cruel for them to be



Photo, Bruguiere & Eisen.

MISS INNES KEENEY

One of the popular debutante's of the season.

made conspicuous by being discriminated against in this manner. This is a cruel world and a large percentage of the cruelty of it is concentrated in fashionable society. I heard the other day of a social leader who invited a debutante to a dance, but sent no invitation to her mother. The latter wrote to him saying that she supposed it was through an oversight that he had failed to send her an invitation; that of course he knew her daughter had to have a chaperone. He replied that it was not an oversight; that the daughter was invited on account of her friends, but as her mother was not of his set of course he would not invite her.

A Bachelor's Reported Engagement

That loquacious dame, myriad tongued Rumor, is now hinting that another representative of the Tobin clan is on the point of yielding to the persuasions of Cupid. I refer to Richard Tobin, brother of Joe Tobin and Agnes Tobin and Mrs. Charley Clark. Long regarded as an incorrigible bachelor, of late he has shown symptoms of repentance, and now it is said that one of the season's buds is the object of his sentimental concern. "Dick" Tobin is one of the brainiest of the brainy Tobin family. He is a man of culture and has seen much of the world. He has just returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean on which he and his sister Mrs. Clark were the guests of Lord Lonsdale. He owns a beautiful home in San Mateo overlooking the new polo field at El Cerrito.

May Wed a Newport Belle

The report comes from New York of the probability of the early announcement of the engagement of Mr. Louis Bruguiere, brother of Pedar, Francis and Emile Bruguiere. His rumored financee is Miss Laura Swan a



MRS. RALPH McCORMICK

One of the most active of the season's hostesses.

representative of the innermost circle of Newport society, a young woman of pedigree but no fortune and the chum of Cathleen Vanderbilt. Louis Bruguiere lives in Newport with his mother where they have a cottage known as Coddington Cove. He is now in Europe and Miss Swan is soon to sail to spend the winter on the other side.

De Young-Cameron Wedding

It was fitting that the wedding of Miss Helen de Young and George Cameron should have been elaborate with elegance, good taste and the refinement that marks and emphasizes long established social position. The bride has won the hearts of her friends and intimates by the womanliness of her nature constantly expressed in her action and demeanor, her innate kindliness, and her instinctive regard for all the amenities that make

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for sweetness and light within a wholesome and rational social environment. There were, consequently, more than the wedding party to rejoice at the happiness that has come into this young girl's life. The wedding was at noon of last Monday in the presence of about one hundred guests assembled in the spacious reception apartments of the de Young residence. It was in all its details a home wedding and therefore lacking in the expansive and striking features of a church ceremony. Thus it was inevitable that this affair should invite contrast with the church wedding of Constance de Young



THE BRIDE OF THE WEEK
Mrs. Cameron (nee Helen de Young)

and Joseph Tobin, and of course there were differing opinions especially among those who are yet to be married, as to which of the two is preferable—the ceremony in which pomp and circumstance is dominant; or the less obtrusive, more genial and more familiar contact of intimate friends within the home environment. It is a question that will always be food for maidenly discussion enforced by argument that only those prospectively interested could urge because for them a wedding is the new beginning for all things—the real beginning. But in this instance there was no dissent of opinion concerning the appropriateness of the setting. The bride was lovelier than she has ever appeared, not only in the grace of her own presence but adorned with the exquisite creations of French art, so appealingly in every circumstance to the imagination of woman. And the charm of picture was enhanced by the ensemble of bridesmaids in their filmy gowns of chiffon. Phyllis de Young, and Dorothy Dean, cousin of the bride, led the bridal party as flower girls. The bridesmaids were Edith Simpson, Lucie King, Kathleen de Young and Alice Hager. Mrs. Tobin attended her sister as matron of honor. Wellington Gregg was best man, and the groomsmen were James Cameron, Charles de Young, Joseph Tobin, Walter Dillingham and Cyril Tobin. Archbishop Riordan officiated.

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The congratulations bestowed upon the bridegroom were sincere in the knowledge of those who offered them that his prize in the lottery of marriage was substantial in every qualification of gentle, tender, loving kindness, in every gracious element that goes to the making of womanhood and wifehood. The wedding gifts were costly and some of them rarely precious. The bridegroom's gift was a dog collar of diamonds and pearls. Mr. and Mrs. de Young presented a chest of silver, duplicating that which they gave to their daughter Constance; and in addition they gave the young people a handsome Limousine. Others gave handsome pieces of jewelry. After the breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Cameron took their departure in their automobile for a tour of the southern part of the State.

They're Now of the Burlingame Set

The de Young girls are expected to revive the drooping spirits of Burlingame. That fashionable settlement has been suffering a long time from dry rot, and it is badly in need of the infusion of a little new blood. Life in Burlingame has become dull and insipid. Its affected air of exclusiveness has become something of a joke as nearly everybody realizes that it is no longer animated by anything but tradition. The old atmosphere has been dissipated, and ennui has settled upon the little enervated colony. The husbands of the de Young girls are of the Burlingame set, and the young couple are to live within a quarter of a block of each other in San Mateo. Mr. Cameron has taken the Kaufman house and the Tobins are to live in the Paxton Howard house which was formerly occupied by the Tom Driscolls.

Not In The Cards

One of the Burlingame cliques, I hear, does not approve of the capers that Dan Cupid has been cutting of late. He was expected to match a fair member of this clique with a young man to whom she would gladly have given her heart and hand, but the little god disappointed expectations by exciting the young man's passion for one in whom this particular Burlingame clique had not the slightest interest. But fortunately there are better fish in the sea than ever were caught, and patience is a virtue which the best of maidens must exercise.

To Wed a French Nobleman

The announcement of the engagement of Marie Christine de Guigne and Monsieur de Tampierre came as a delightful surpise to the many friends of the bridge-to-be

To those who have not seen the new cafe of The Emporium, an invitation is extended to view and use the best noonday place to dine in San Francisco. Those who have seen the cafe are its steady customers.

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on this coast. Monsieur de Tampierre comes of one of the finest French families belonging to the old nobility. As he is very well endowed with this world's riches, this may be considered a genuine love match on both sides. It was hoped Marie Christine would marry a Californian as most of her life was passed here and her formal social debut was made in this city about four years ago. Her father, Christion de Guigne, who by the way can boast of a title of his own, came hither from France when he was a very young man and it was here that he met and married Minnie Parrott, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Abby M. Parrott. His children have been to Europe many times, and they speak both French and German as perfectly as they do English. It was while in Paris acting as maid of honor to her cousin, Regine de Lalande, now Vicontesse Louis de Tristan, that Josephine de Guigne, the younger sister, met Philippe de Tristan, the best man at his brother's wedding. After only a ten day acquaintance their engagement was announced; and since her marriage to the young Viconte Josephine has spent half of the year in San Mateo and the remainder in Paris, where she has a beautiful apartment. Marie Christine de Guigne has made her home with the de Tristans ever since she met Monsieur de Tampierre. Unlike most of the American girls that married foreigners the de Guigne sisters made their own matches. Monsieur de Tampierre should be a very happy man as not only is his bride very accomplished, playing and singing exceptionally well, but she is of a very beautiful and unselfish character. She was a very devoted daughter to her invalid mother, whose death six years ago was a cause for general mourning. Mrs. de Guigne was one of the best loved women in California, and no higher tribute could be paid to her daughter than to say she has inherited her mother's qualities. Marie Christine is a cousin of Katherine Donohoe, who made her debut this season, and of the Parrott girls, who are still abroad. Her marriage will take place in January and like the Vicontesse de Tristan her time will afterwards be divided between Paris and San Mateo.

Two Questions

The retort courteous was given at the Sequoia Club not long ago on the occasion of a little reception. Addressing the most beautifully gowned woman of the evening, a lady wearing a heavily dotted vail said:

"Don't you think Mrs. B— that you are very elaborately dressed for this occasion?"

Said Mrs. B—: "Don't you think that on an occasion of this kind you ought to remove your vail?"

Bridge Prizes

The standard of taste in bridge prizes has reached a pretty high altitude in this city, and nowadays when a woman decides to give a bridge party she experiences no little anxiety in selecting her prizes. Rare works of art are of course the objects that usually engage attention, but it isn't every woman that knows a work of art when she sees one. The handsomest bridge prizes, I hear, that have been given since Mrs. Athearn Folger's baskets of lilies of the valley and jade necklaces and Mrs. Joe Chansellor's embroidered Mandarin coats, were the pairs of tall colonial candlesticks given by Mrs. Frank Deering at her last bridge luncheon.

The Polo Season at Blingum

The polo season in San Mateo and Burlingame has re-opened with fresh enthusiasm on the part of the local teams. Now that young Joe Tobin is a benedict and is making his home in San Mateo he will once more take an active interest in the sport, and Walter Dillingham of Honolulu is another polo expert who will take part in the coming matches. As it is we can boast of some excellent polo players. Tom Driscoll, Richard Tobin, and Cyril Tobin are among the cracks and as for Frank Carolan—well there is one thing that Frank can distinguish himself at and that's polo. George Cameron has just purchased eight polo ponies and he will try his luck this winter as will also Dr. W. McEnerney. The opening match on Thanksgiving day was to celebrate the opening of the new El Cerrito club house as well as the new polo field. It is on this field that all the big coming matches will take place, but Charles Clark and Frank Carolan have both offered their private fields for practice work. This series of games will bring society people Burlingameward over Sundays and winter week-end parties will again be the order of the day.

Miss Siegelman's Success

Miss Mabel Siegelman of Oakland, protege of Madame Gadski, and pupil of M. Louis Crepaux of this city, is attracting attention in Germany by her vocal ability. She has signed a contract for a two years' engagement at the Stadtheater of Stettin and has received much praise every time she has appeared on the stage. The critics say she has "a pleasing and well-schooled voice," and "graceful charm of manner," and that she exhibits exceptional knowledge of music.

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Hill Pays $500,000 to Keep Sunlight in His Home

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—James J. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern Railroad, has bought the four-story dwelling adjoining his residence here in East Sixty-fifth street. The consideration, it is said, was about $500,000. Hill made the purchase in order to forestall the erection of any structure near his residence which might cut off the sunlight.

PRESIDIO TERRACE

San Francisco's Only Residence Park
Washington Street at First Avenue

It cost J. J. Hill $500,000 to buy a few rays of sunshine in New York. "Spite fences" and obstructive flats are keeping the sunlight away from many homes in San Francisco. Not so in Presidio Terrace, however, where spite fences and flats are barred and residences are kept 15 feet away from the street line. We have a few choice lots left at $150 per foot. Prices will be increased this month.

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Has It Come To This?

Has our society reached the deplorable state of complete subservience to Madame Nicotine? One of our most prominent matrons tells me that while she was searching for bridge prizes the other day in one of the leading jewelry stores she asked to see something suitable for both men and women, whereupon the obliging clerk brought forward an ash tray. She stared in astonishment for a second, but she could not repress a smile and while that is not the prize she selected she says she will keep it in mind for another occasion.

Because the Name Was New

Some girls when about to take the momentous plunge cultivate an acquaintance with the name they are about to acquire just to get accustomed to the sound, but evidently not so Gertrude Hyde-Smith. At a recent large luncheon, her first big post-nuptial function she made the tour of the table without discovering her name, and she called the attention of her hostess to what she supposed was an omission. On investigation it was learned that she had been looking for "Hyde-Smith" and took no notice of "Mrs. Baldwin Wood."

The Tale of a Sapphire

That beautiful sapphire ring which Miss Elizabeth Newhall wore at the dinner given by the Mayo Newhalls the night of the Donahoe ball was not at all of the significance which some of her shrewd friends believed. How they did gossip about that ring! What a prodigious amount of inspiration for the gossips there is in a sapphire when it appears on the finger of a charming girl. The fact is the dinner was in celebration of Miss Elizabeth's birthday and the ring was a present from her fond parents.

Debutantes Attend Junior "Prom" Dance

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick chaperoned a party of the season's debutantes at the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley last Friday night, the young people having crossed the bay to attend the junior "prom" dance, which is one of the social events of the year in the university town. In the party were Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklan, Miss Newhall, Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Marian Miller.

Engagement Announcement Expected

Rumor hath it that a very beautiful Stockton girl who spends a lot of time in town will soon announce her engagement to one of our most popular bachelors. The girl and her mother were recently entertained at luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club, and they have been the motifs of several dinner and theatre parties and motor excursions. In addition to these significant circumstances there is the fact that several young men are sighing at their inability ever to get a glance nowadays.

Among the notable sales of late from the Del Monte Art Gallery was that of C. Chapel Judson's beautiful picture, "The Oaks," which was purchased by Mr. Wm. Fries of San Francisco to place in his apartments at the Fairmont.

THE NEW YEAR'S CARNIVAL

By Tom Dillion (of the Finance Committee)

The motto of "One for all and all for one" is to be exemplified on New Year's Eve by the greatest and most spectacular celebration ever held on the Pacific Coast. The retail merchants, have, for the first time in my recollection, cast aside all petty jealousies and are working shoulder to shoulder to make the down town New Year's Eve celebration one to be pleasantly stored away in memory's casket for many years to come. The streets are to be illuminated by thousands of electric lights, each storekeeper will do his utmost in having his place of business decorated with evergreen and holly, flags and bunting and myriads of colored lights. Prizes are to be awarded for the best decorated stores and buildings and the finance committee have as yet to meet with the first refusal for subscriptions to carry this stupendous affair to a successful issue. The committee on autos have reported that there will be 1000 beautifully decorated machines in line for which special prizes will be awarded. The hotels and cafes have taken a great interest in the coming celebration and have contributed very generously to the fund. The Chinese merchants are spending a great deal of money in decorations and Grant avenue will be one blaze of light from Market street to Clay. The Chinese will put into the procession a monster dragon three hundred feet long, carried by two hundred Chinese; also a number of gorgeously attired celestials, all helping to make the closing of 1908, similar to the Mardi Gras celebrations held in New Orleans. San Francisco is celebrated the world over for the New Year festivities, and the committee in charge of the affair promises some innovations and great surprises even to the most skeptical. Visitors to San Francisco on New Year's Eve will see a celebration that will be most unique.

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In the Social Spotlight

The J. R. Jackson's of New York have decided to make their home in California. For several years they have spent their winters here but this time they have come to stay. Mr. Jackson is negotiating for property in Burlingame, upon which he will erect a handsome home. Until the place is ready for occupancy, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and their daughters will reside at the Victoria.

Rev. William Thomas Renison and his bridge returned from their wedding trip on Monday and are visiting Mrs. Renison's mother, Mrs. Foulkes on Spruce street. Mrs. Renison will remain in town indefinitely as her mother is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson in Burlingame.

At a tea last week Mrs. Thomas Morffew announced the engagement of her granddaughter, Miss Genevieve Peel and Grover Cleveland Elam. The wedding will take place next June

Miss Alma Birmingham, the talented daughter of Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, will make her debut as a professional pianist at Golden Gate Hall on December 18th.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges is having a gay time in the East. She was a guest of honor at one of the dinners that preceded the dance and vaudeville show of the Columbia Yacht Club at the club quarters on the Hudson. She was also one of a merry box party at the opera the other night.

Mrs. Marguerite Hanford who left California several months ago is at present visiting relatives in Quebec. It is not unlikely she will go abroad before returning to California.

Mrs. Virginia Aldrich Beede who has been very ill for the past few weeks is now slowly convalescing. To Mrs. Beede belongs much of the credit for the successful vaudeville tea recently given at the St. Francis by the Albert Sidney Johnson Chapter.

The Tom C. Grants have closed their Napa place and are located for the winter at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies who left California a few weeks ago for New Orleans will extend her visit abroad for a few months before returning to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stevens Kiersted, U. S. A., are among the latest and most welcome additions to the Army and Navy colony at the Fairmont.

The S. T. Piersons have closed their place at Saratoga and will be at the Victoria all winter.

Louis Josse and Pierre Germain of Paris who were out of town for ten days returned to their apartments at the Fairmont early in the week. These gentlemen expect to be in the city off and on during the winter.

Jos. D. Redding spent the week at Del Monte, putting most of his time on the golf links.

Mrs. W. H. Snedaker gave a very pretty luncheon in the red room of the Granada on Monday afternoon. The rest of the afternoon was spent playing bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. William Graham of Santa Barbara have come up to the city for the winter and have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Templeton Crocker, who has been spending the early part of the winter at the St. Francis, leaves December 6th for New York, with his sister, Miss Jennie Crocker, and their grandmother, Mrs. Easton. Together with a number of guests they will make a pleasant journey in the Crocker private car, remaining in the East for the holidays.

Mrs. Drury Malone and Miss Ethel Melone who have been enjoying a visit abroad, have returned to California, are now at their handsome home "Oak Knoll" in Napa County where they will pass the winter.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe who has been visiting Mrs. John Kittle in Ross Valley has returned to the city.

Mrs. Carrie Green Noble has returned from abroad where she attended the wedding of her daughter, Mrs. Noble, her mother, Mrs Green, and Miss Florine Green will spend the winter with Mrs. George Maynard on Pacific avenue.

The picturesque home of Mrs. J. H. Sullivan at Belvedere has been locked up for the winter and the family is domiciled at the Hotel Victoria. The party includes Mrs. Sullivan, her two daughters, Elizabeth and Miss Sophie, and her sister, Mrs. A. L. Foye.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers will give their annual breakfast at noon on December 5th at the Hotel Argonaut in the Pioneer Building. This will be the Auxiliary's first breakfast since the fire. It will be a brilliant affair. The decorations will be in yellow and green.

Quite a large proportion of the society folk of Burlingame make the Fairmont their home when in town. At times it seems like a regular Burlingame coterie. Among those who were seen at the Fairmont the past week were William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone and their guests, Miss Havemeyer and Miss Vera Havemeyer of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, and the A. R. Cottons.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis D. Mead of Byron Hot Springs have moved into town and will make their home for the present at the Colonial. They will doubtless be gladly received by the young married set. Mrs. Mead is of an old Southern family.

Arrangements are now complete for the vaudeville performance and reception to be given by the Daughters of the American Revolution in the White and Gold Room of the St. Francis on the afternoon of December 5th, and promises to be a delightful affair that will reveal most happily the carnival spirit of San Francisco's holiday season. With the most prominent society leaders of the city as patronesses, with an exceptionally clever program to be rendered by the best talent in the city, and with a most artistic scheme of costumes and decorations, a big success is easily forecast.

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Music

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Odd Things in the World

Disguised Herself as a Man

Paris is laughing at a story which has only just leaked out in connection with the recent performance of the Assyrian play "Sardanapalus" in the Berlin Royal Opera House. It is a story of costume; not at all connected with Assyria—the Kaiser saw to it that the habiliments were true to the period—but a male costume worn in the auditorium by Mme. Dieulafoy, the wife of the eminent professor of Assyriology of that name. Mme. Dieulafoy, herself a scholar of no mean attainments, accompanied her husband on various exploration trips on camels and horseback in the wild parts of Syria, Persia and Mesopotamia, when for the sake of convenience as well as for safety she adopted masculine garb, which since then she retained in private life. Among the learned assembly specially invited by the Emperor William to witness the performance of the new historic play were Professor and Mme. Dieulafoy, and here a difficulty arose, for even the costumes worn by women in the Berlin Opera House are subjected to a rigid set of rules and regulations and Mme. Dieulafoy refused to don skirts for the occasion. However, all went well and the professor's wife in male clothes played her part so naturally and well that no one except a few intimate friends suspected the disguise. The Kaiser heard of it afterward and laughingly complimented her on her success in impersonating a male part.

Daring Bank Swindle

No one but a daring humorist could have chosen to swindle a bank under the suggestive name of D. S. Windell, but the man was shrewd also, for he got no less than $13,000 from nine suburban branches of a big London joint stock bank by a beautifully simple method. Thirteen managers of branches of this bank received on the same morning recently an advice note apparently sent by the manager of a northern suburban branch notifying them of the transfer of an account of $3,750 standing to the credit of a client, D. S. Windell. The letter, a forgery, bore the secret code word of the bank and created no suspicion. Later in the day an affable, quietly dressed man wearing gold-rimmed spectacles drove in a taxicab to nine of the branches and at each drew $1,450 on the newly opened account. The fraud might have remained undiscovered for a few days longer but for the fact that one of the managers happened to write to his brother manager of the northern branch thanking him for sending on a customer. The letter, not being understood, led to inquiries which revealed the swindle. Less fortunate in the matter of plunder was another rogue who stole a heavy box of specie at Plymouth from the West African liner Sekondi. He had, however, omitted one precaution, that of making sure of the value of his haul, and he found himself in possession of a large case of small coins current among west coast negroes. A handful might be handy perhaps as card counters, but the rest are of no earthly use to anybody except among the blacks of the west coast of Africa.

Century Old Customs Discontinued

With the advancing years comes the passing of old customs, and in Waltham the early morning mill bell has outlived its usefulness and its ringing is discontinued after generations of use. For nearly a century the bell on the cotton mill of the Boston Manufacturing Company has been rung at 5 o'clock in the morning. In the early part of the century, even before General Banks became a bobbin boy, the 5 o'clock bell called the residents of the town from rest to labor. It was to give the housekeepers warning that the bell was rung at 5 o'clock, a warning that they would have just time to get breakfast and allow the employes to get to work at 6:30 o'clock. A second

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This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seeding to the finished article.

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THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

bell was rung at 5:45 o'clock as a warning to the employes to arise and prepare for the day's work. But as the town grew methods changed. The boarding house features fell into disuse, those who were employed in the mill moved to a more remote distance and the corporation houses passed into other hands. But the bell system remained unchanged. Its brazen tones fell on ears for which it was not intended. The reason given by the management for discontinuing the bell is that it is not necessary; that the system calling for its early ringing has passed away, and because mills in other cities have adopted the idea of less bell ringing.

Wanted To Be Remembered

The lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?" "Yes," answered the attorney. "On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" asked the man of law. "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."

THE MAN WHO RECITES

There's a man (Oh, I know it's not right,
But I'm longing to shoot him on sight!)
Who, when asked "Do you sing?"
Will reply, "Not a thing;
But I've got quite a lot to recite!"

He takes his stand on the hearthrug,
With a restless look in his eye,
As he settles his cut-throat collar
And adjusts his straggling tie.
He gasps with his mouth wide open,
Then stops with a sudden blush;
While the company eyes him coldly,
And somebody whispers "Hush!"

He faces the audience boldly,
With a resolute, stony stare,
As he first gives out the title,
With a bored and blase air.
It is probably Sims's "Lifeboat,"
(Where the sea gives back her dead!)
Or perhaps he will Clement Scott you
With "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

His voice has a throaty gurgle,
That will make your blood run cold,
And he works himself to a frenzy,
As his harrowing tale is told.
He waves his arms like a windmill,
And he shouts till his throat is dry,
The story of Texan "Lasca,"
And the death she dared to die.

On the feminine heads the hairpins
Stand up like the fretful quills
Of the porcupine; and the tear-drops shine
In their eyes; while curdling thrills
Run rippling down their backbones,
As he piles the agony up;
Or startles them all with the story
Of thoroughbred "Kissing Cup."

He may be a "Dickens" demon,
Whose tears are drawn from the well
Supplied by the younger Dombey,
Or he'll tell you how Sydney Carton
Went forth to be guillotined,
With a sickening thud! Till you long for the blood
Of the Recitation Fiend!

—Daisy.

The Gold Medal for quality in the Whisky Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to Mackie & Coy's "White Horse Cellar" Whisky. This following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, speaks for the quality of this old established firm, who own the famous Lagavulin distillery, as well a sthe Malt-Mill and Craigellachie distilleries.

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"Paid in Full"

A Drama That Appeals to Reason Rather Than to Emotion and Exploits What Might Have Been Rather Than What Ought to Have Been.

By Charles Brant

A cad, a gentleman, a man and a woman are the ingredients of the melodramatic comedy "Paid in Full," over which the floating population of New York has been flowing in billowing audiences for a year. The cad is the husband of the woman, the gentleman is the rejected admirer of the woman still in love with her, and the man is rich enough and reckless enough to pay $16,000 to prove that the woman is as good as he thought she was. "Paid in Full" has been advertised as "a great play," with limitations as to time—it is the "greatest" written in fifteen years. Still, this is high self praise considering the circumstance that great plays are exceedingly scarce even in the critical comparisons of half a century. This play, which the audiences at the Van Ness Theatre have been applauding cordially during the past week, possesses many of the elements of a popular drama—a classification that does not necessarily include "greatness" however persistent its staying qualities may be in cities like New York and Chicago where it is easy to assemble a new audience every night year in and year out. The play is possible but not wholly plausible and only convincing in spots. It is possible that a man might risk his wife's honor to save his own or to keep himself out of the penitentiary; but such a man is exceptional and where he has been depicted in fiction, as in Balzac's Marneffe, he is a monster, absolutely abnormal and so steeped in the depravity of his foul nature that every sane mind pronounces the characterization impossible. As a vehicle for the playwright's premier climax, however, the character of Joe Brooks is excellent and necessary. It enables virtue to triumph over love, and that is a unique situation even in melodrama. It also enables Captain Williams, the rough, hard, half piratical capitalist to pay $16,000 as the price of a test of that virtue—all of which is possible, of course, but hardly plausible and by no means convincing.

The original excuse for the ultimate depravity of Joe Brooks is the circumstance that his salary as collector for the Latin-American Steamship Company is only $18 a week while his temptation is the constant possession of hundreds and occasionally thousands of dollars. This temptation is not only possible and plausible—it is the ordinary routine of every cashier of every bank in the world. The theft is also possible and plausible; but the selfish disposition of Brooks veiled under the false pretense of discontent because his wife is compelled to endure his domestic hardships consequent upon his inability to keep her in luxury, is an exaggeration for dramatic purposes, plainly apparent in the dramatic necessity of making Mrs. Brooks a cheerful, patiently-enduring and loyal wife, striving to put courage, hope and ambition into her husband's timorous, rebellious, impatient, fretful heart. Then it must not be omitted that the resentment of Brooks is largely justified by the meddling of a nagging mother-in-law and a sneering sister-in-law. This incentive to rebellion against the existing conditions added to the injustice of the small salary and large responsibility goes far to palliate the crime committed by Brooks. They are extenuating circumstances in an ethical problem even if they are not legal objections to the full penalty for the actual crime.

Another possible, but scarcely plausible situation in this play is the refusal of Brooks to receive aid from the friend of his wife. He rejects this aid ostensibly because he does not wish to receive "charity," but really because he knows that "Jimsy" is still in love with Mrs. Brooks. The complication would have been natural and logical if, in the further development it did not appear that this jealousy of his friend who is also the friend of his wife, is so inferior to the intensity of his selfish purpose that he is willing to "market" his wife to Captain Williams to accomplish the end that would have been honorably attained by accepting his friend's generous offer. This whole scheme is dramatic, but it is impossible.

The characters are well portrayed. The Captain Williams of Clarence Handyside is true to the reality as it exists anywhere "east of Suez." And the merit of the delineation both by the author and the actor is enhanced by painstaking fidelity to detail, in manner, action, expression and moral habit. Captain Williams is "true to life" as a type and as an individual. Albert Braum's handling of the character of James Smith the friend of Brooks and his wife is sympathetic and replete with the sort of humor that appeals to an American audience. William L. Gibson snarls through his delineation of the caddish and contemptible husband, with all the zeal necessary to carry an utterly thankless part. Miss Perry's rendition of the virtuous wife is commendable for its restraint under strong temptation to indulge gallery heroics in "the great scene" between herself and the Captain wherein her virtue triumphs over her love for her husband, as it should triumph, as we knew it would triumph, and in the final scene between herself and her husband wherein she "leaves him forever."

In the last analysis, however, "Paid in Full" is not really "a great play." It is a good play, a strong play, and it is well named. All the debts incurred during the action, and they are many, are "paid in full," including that which Captain Williams says he paid "to be decent."



MISS BLANCHE STODDARD
Leading woman at the Valencia Theatre.

Spring 1909, Silk and Opera Hats just arrived. Tom Dillon, Milliner for Men, 712 Market street, opposite Call Building.

Stage

James as "Peer Gynt"

Ibsen, the poet, Creig, the composer, James, the actor, are comprised in the "Peer Gynt" production with which theatre-goers are to be regaled at the Van Ness next week. Mr. James has a concert orchestra to perform not only the first and best known Grieg suite but also the second suite which Grieg wrote on Ibsen's invitation when "Peer Gynt" was first produced in Copenhagen. "Peer Gynt" is aptly described in the Balzac term, "A comedy of human life." James is said to do everything as Peer. He is at first youth, a bragging brawler, an amiable, beloved scamp; in his cups he sees visions of troll (fairy) land, to which he rides across the mountains on the back of a wild boar. In the later scenes he is the life-shriven old home wanderer. The ship on which he is sailing splits on a rock in the storm, and though others sink with the wreck, he is saved. Finally, after a career of extraordinary material success, and the gratification of every "pleasure," he finds real "happiness" in the arms of his boyhood sweetheart. The scenic side is embroidered in fourteen massive settings. The cast numbers thirty-seven, and the James' organization totals nearly eighty. There are three ballets, one whole scene being given to "Anitra's Dance" of the first Grieg "Peer Gynt" suite. There are two lyric numbers. It is the longest and most exacting role Mr. James has ever played, not even except "Hamlet."

"The First Born"

In response to numerous requests the Alcazar management has decided to revive "The First Born," the little drama of San Francisco's old Chinatown that ran seventeen weeks when it was first presented by Belasco & Mayer, eleven years ago. Since then the old world-famous Chinese quarter has forever passed away, but its sights, sounds and atmosphere are preserved in "The First Born." Survivors of the half-million people who witnessed the play's original production desire to see it again, and the newer generation of theatre-goers yearn to sit through a performance which they have heard so much in eulogy. Between these two elements the demand for the revival became so urgent that it could no longer be graciously ignored. Francis Powers wrote "The First Born" and David Belasco clothed it with the atmosphere that makes it such a wonderful reminder of old Chinatown's tinseled gorgeousness and dingy squalor. The story, briefly told, is of a bondwoman's vengenace. Chang Wang, father of little Chan Toy (The First Born), is a merchant who has been abandoned by his wife, Chan Lee. She is living in the house of a rival merchant, Man Low Yek. Seeing her little boy playing in the street, she decoys him into her home and hides him. But the kidnapping is witnessed by a pipe-bowl mender, Hop Kee, and Loey Tsing, a bondwoman, formerly the mistress of Chan Wang, who had cast her off before the superior attractions of the woman who subsequently deserted him and her offspring. Burning to be revenged on her rival, the bondwoman informs her former admirer of the whereabouts of his lost son. He rushes into the house, with a drawn knife in his hand, and in the scuffle which ensues the little boy is fatally injured and dies in his father's arms. In the second act, the disconsolate father revenges himself by assassinating Man Low Yek as the latter is leaving his house. Nothing could be more picturesque that the scenes in which the little tragedy is enacted. The first act takes place in a Chinatown street. In the foreground are two large and ornate dwellings, one on either side occupied respectfully by Chan Wang and Man Low Yek, the rivals. Between these structures hurries and strolls a motley throng of Chinatown denizens, while groups of them lounge about, talking volubly in their vernacular of the brightly-garbed women and children who pass, while various itinerant hawkers cry their wares, increasing the din created by the weird Chinese music that comes from unseen joss-houses and restaurants. As the development of "The First Born" consumes only about an hour, T. W. Robertson's three-act comedy drama, "David Garrick," will be used as a curtain-raiser. In this play Bertram Lytell, Evelyn Vaughan and the cream of the Alcazar company will be afforded opportunity to do some very impressive acting.

Arthur Hartmann's Farewell Concert

Next Sunday afternoon at Christian Science Hall, Arthur Hartmann the young Hungarian violinist and one of the most gifted geniuses that has ever appeared in San Francisco will bid farewell to our music lovers with a glorious feast of violin music. Artists like Hartmann are few and far between and his return will be eagerly awaited by our music lovers for we are very loyal to those we admire and Hartmann has certainly won a warm place in the hearts of our concert-goers. Although born in Hungaria Mr. Hartmann was raised in this country and is an American citizen. But he plays with all the fire and spirit of his native land which is famous for its violinists. Alfred Calzin who is the accompanist as well as soloist with Mr. Hartmann has likewise left a deep impression. For this farewell concert Mr. Hartmann will play the "Concerto in D minor" by Vieuxtemps, the "Chaconne" by Bach, by special request his own transcription of Claude DeBussy's song "Je pleur dans mon coeur," his transcription of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," "Farfalla" by Emil Sauret and a "Grand Fantasy" which he calls "In the South" by Mr. Hartmann. This last named is a transcription of favorite southern melodies which Hartmann characterizes as a bit of light nonsense. Mr. Calzin's numbers will include works by Chopin, Alberto, Jonas, MacDowell and Liszt. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday after 10 a. m. at the hall, corner of Sacramento and Scott streets.



LAWRENCE H. STRAUSS

To appear at Century Hall, Tuesday evening, December 8th.

In Margaret Anglin's Role

It is doubtful if a "stock" actress ever before found herself in just the position Miss Blanche Stoddard, the new leading woman at the Valencia, will face next week in the title role of "Zira," the second offering of the winter season by the new Valencia stock company. For Miss Stoddard played through Margaret Anglin's long engagement in the famed emotional drama in the part of Ruth Wilding, the part which has long been held to be the strongest "second woman's" role ever written. And as the English gentlewoman who has been robbed of her name and individuality by the unhappy Hester Trent (Zira) Miss Stoddard strived bravely to force her personality beyond the footlights in a way that would bring home to the audience the relative value of the two parts. Beginning Monday evening Miss Stoddard will play the role she saw Miss Anglin play so many months and will experience the unique sensation of watching another ambitious actress, Miss Helen Lackaye, the Valencia's new second woman, playing opposite imbued with the same ambitions that formerly stirred her to do her best. Admittedly a revamped version of Wilkie Collins' celebrated novel, "The New Magdalen," the play "Zira" has fastened on the public's favor so infinitely more tenaciously as to make a comparison unnecessary. And in truth there is a decided difference in the book and the drama. For Zira has not sinned and Wilkie Collins' heroine did sin. Hester Trent, discovering the man she married in good faith has another wife living, seeks to bury herself and the past by becoming a nurse in the British army. The prologue of the play finds her in this capacity inside the British lines in South Africa during the Boer war. When Ruth Wilding, possessing all the joys of life denied to Hester, is struck and supposedly killed by a stray shell—it is rather the impulse of a moment (and not the deed of a wicked woman) that leads Hester to change her nurse's garb for the traveling dress of the English lady. And later, in England, when Hester finds herself successful in her impersonation of the real Ruth Wilding there seems indeed no evil done anyone in her continuing the masquerade which is bringing her not alone all the comforts of life but a lover whose regard is of the kind that stands testing. Miss Stoddard has proved so conclusively her ability as an emotional actress not only by her work in "Aristocracy" but by her long record of eminently gratifying realizations of leading roles, that Zira in her hands should prove as wonderfully a portrayed character as even the woman she played "opposite" in the original production made it.

The Nordica Concerts

Mme. Lillian Nordica who is making a transcontinental tour will appear in this city Sunday afternoons, December 13 and 20, at the Van Ness Theatre. Mme. Nordica has the honor of being one of the few foreign artists invited by Frau Wagner to participate in the great Wagnerian festivals at Bayreuth, and at the famous cycles in Munich no singer is as popular as our own Nordica. With Mme. Nordica will come Frederick Hastings, a talented baritone, Emma Showers, a piano virtuosa, and Andre Benoist, one of the finest accompanists in the world, who will be remembered here for his splendid work with Jean Gerardy just previous to the disaster. Although Mme. Nordica carries this company with her she sings no less than a dozen lyric and one great dramatic aria at each concert. For her first concert (Sunday the 13th) she has selected the big "Narrative and Curse" scene from the first act of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," "Seligkeit" by Frank Van der Stucken, "Mein Liebe ist Gruen," Brahms, "In Mitte des Balles," Tschaikowsky, "Cacellie," Strauss, "Vielle Chanson," Bizet, a specially made transcription of a Chopin "Nocturne," "Nell," Faure, "Mattinata," Leoncovallo, "Twilight," Walter Rummel, "Kashmiri Song," Amy Woodforde-Finden, "A Theme," Andre Benoist, "Spring Song," Hammond, and Schubert's "Der Erlkonig." Mr. Hastings will sing the "Aria" from "Marriage of Figaro," and songs by Hatton, Elgar and Strauss, and Miss Showers will play numbers by Grieg, Liszt and Chopin. Seats will be $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, and will be ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programs for all the concerts may be obtained.

Max Figman Coming

Max Figman comes to the American Theatre Sunday afternoon, December 6th, when he will present for the first time in this city his latest comedy success "The Substitute." Mr. Figman has established himself a firm favorite with the theatre-goers of this city through his admirable performance of "The Man on the Box." His art and earnestness are well known to the public and coupled with his remarkable versatality renders his appearance in a new play a matter of more than ordinary expectation and interest. According to all accounts "The Substitute"



GUS. EDWARDS'S BLONDE TYPEWRITERS

Who will light up the Orpheum with their bright smiles next week.

fits his temperament and personality fully as well as Harold MacGrath's hero did, and gives him more scope to show his ability as an actor of serious moment. Manager John Cort who directs his tour has provided him with an exceptionally strong supporting company and a production that is complete in every detail. The story of "The Substitute" relates the experiences of James Smith, a New York lawyer, who goes to a little country church in Connecticut to preach a sermon, and act as the substitute for his prospective brother-in-law, a young theologian, who had been engaged for the service, but was unable to fill it owing to having been prostrated by the heat while journeying to the town. Smith had promised to find a substitute in one of the New York seminaries, but failing was compelled to go himself. The ludicrous situation of a sporty New York lawyer posing as a country parson may be more readily imagined than described.

The Lawrence Strauss Tenor Recital

Lawrence H. Strauss, the young tenor who has just returned from several years study abroad and who is in addition to a singer a thorough musician and pianist will give his first recital next Tuesday night, December 8, at Century Hall, corner Sutter and Franklin streets. Mr. Strauss will present an exceptionally fine program of songs in Italian, French, German and English. He will open his program with "Venni Amore" by Fesch. This will be followed by a group of German works, including "Ruhe Sussliebchen" by Brahms, "Auf dem grunen Balken" by Hugo Wolff, Richard Strauss' "Traum durch die Dammerung" and "Lockruf" by Ruckauf. There will also be a group of especially attractive numbers in the French among which will be an aria from Massenet's "Manon," "Adieu" by Faure, and a group of old French songs of the 18th Century. There will be five of these delightful gems. Miss Dorothy Pasmore will play two cello numbers, "Tarantelle" by Popper and "Kol Nidre" by Max Bruch, and Miss Therese Ehrmann, an exceptionally clever pianiste, will be the accompanist. Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the price being $1.00

The Dutch Comedians

Kolb and Dill have gathered fresh laurels in their new play, "Weiner and Schnitzel," which is every bit as funny a vehicle for their comic talent as "Playing the Ponies." From their first entrance till the fall of the final curtain they convulse their audiences with laughter, and judging from the enthusiasm displayed by crowded houses at every performance there is every indication that "Weiner and Schnitzel" will have a long and prosperous run. Every one should witness this delightfully humorous play. Those who are able to refrain from shrieks of laughter should immediately seek out a doctor as there must be something radically wrong with them.

Orpheum Vaudeville

A particularly captivating program will be presented at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee. A tabloid beauty show and musical comedy, entitled Gus Edwards' Blonde Typewriters and consisting of six handsome and dainty girls, who are the real thing in blondes and can truthfully exclaim Peroxide' Avaunt! I know thee not, will be the headliner. They excel as comediennes, singers and dancers. They are associated with Arthur Conrad, an excellent eccentric



ARTHUR HARTMANN
THE GREAT VIOLINIST
Last Concert This Sunday Afternoon, December 6
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL
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Sunday after 10 at Hall.
Mason and Hamlin Piano Used.

SONG RECITAL
LAWRENCE H. STRAUSS
TENOR
Assisted by Dorothy Pasmore, Cellist, and Therese Ehrmann, Accompanist.
CENTURY HALL, Sutter and Franklin
Next Tuesday Evening, December 8, at 8:15
Tickets $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

NORDICA
Assisted by Frederick Hastings, Baritone; Emma Showers, Pianiste, and Andre Benoist, Accompanist.
VAN NESS THEATRE
Sunday Afternoons, December 13th and 20th.
Seats $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, ready Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order payable to Will L. Greenbaum.
Oakland Concert, Tuesday Evening, December 15th
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
Seats ready Thursday

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Engagement Limited to One Week, Beginning Monday, December 7th.
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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE
Valencia Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth
Phone Market 17
Sunday evening, last time of "Aristocracy."
Beginning Monday Night, Dec. 6th, the greatest emotional drama of a decade.
ZIRA
The Tale of a Modern Magdalen
Presented by the complete Valencia Stock Company, including Robert Warwick. Miss Blanche Stoddard in the title role.
Mission matinee Wednesday. The entire house 25c. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box seats, $1.00
Nex Week—"Richard Carvel."

AMERICAN THEATRE
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One Week Only, Commencing Sunday Matinee, December 6, 1908.
Mr. John Cort Present America's Foremost Comedian
MAX FIGMAN
In the four act comedy drama
THE SUBSTITUTE
Prices: Evenings, Lower Floor, 1st 10 rows, $1.50. Balance of lower floor 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee: 25c, 50c, 75c. No higher.
Next—"Sis Hopkins."

comedian and a remarkably agile dancer. Another novelty which is expected to create a tremendous hit is the witty and clever comedy "Motoring," which will introduce Harry Tate's original London company. It is a timely skit on the automobile craze and tells of the adventures of a typical British clubman who goes for a spin in his motor car with his half witted son Ronald, and a chauffeur, who assassinates the King's English and doesn't know the difference between a sprocket and a carburette. The Italian Trio, who hail from Naples, will make their first appearance here next week. The Majestic Trio, Towle, Smith & Towle, one of the best colored singing and dancing teams in vaudeville, will give the Orpheum audience a taste of their quality. These talented brunettes are always a hit and will emphasize the variety of the entertainment. Next week will be the last of Felice Morris & Co.; Linton & Laurence; Happy Jack Gardner and also of Castellane and Brother whose daring bicycle act with its double somersaults in midair is one of the greatest sensations that vaudeville has presented in a long while. A novelty in Motion Pictures will conclude a performance or rare merit and enjoyment.

Australian Critics Praise Margaret

Louis Nethersole, manager for Margaret Anglin, writes me as follows from Melbourne under date of October 25th: "The success that Margaret Anglin achieved in Sydney was more than equaled in Melbourne, where until the 29th instant, she is playing, completing then a ten weeks' season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Among the plays that she has presented here are Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Twelfth Night" and she scored heavily in both comedies. Indeed the consensus of opinion among the critics is that Miss Anglin is by far the finest Shakespearian actress either England or America has ever sent to their shores. Miss Anglin having already extended her original agreement which was to play in Australia for four months, purposes to end her tour here at Christmas and then at once to sail for Egypt where she wishes to spend a few weeks with her sister and enjoy a well earned rest and vacation. She will not appear in America again until next September when she opens at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, in Mrs. Delande's dramatized story, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," which, you may recall, she has already successfully tried in Philadelphia last Spring."

In the Limelight

Manager Bishop will lay off his entire stock company at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, on Tuesday night, December 15, in order to give the music lovers of Alameda County an opportunity of hearing Mme. Nordica and as a personal accommodation to Will L. Greenbaum.

"Ben Hur" will be the immense attraction at the Van Ness Theatre in the latter part of the month. Klaw and Erlanger will stage the play on even a more elaborate scale than when it was first offered at the old Grand Opera House.

"The Lion and The Mouse" is announced for a return engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, opening there on Monday, December 14. The Charles Klein play holds its popularity this the fourth season of its existence.

Will Greenbaum announces a two weeks' season of Italian Grand Opera by the re-organized and increased Lambari Company for the middle of January. The company numbering 150 people will come here from Guatemala.

The final performance of "Paid in Full" will take place at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night. The Eugene Walter play has made really a great sensation.

E. H. Sothern as Lord Dundreay and a one week return engagement of "Brewster's Millions" are January attractions for the Van Ness Theatre.

After January 1st the box office for the Greenbaum attractions will be maintained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Sutter and Kearny streets store only.



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Auto Notes

Fred Swanton, Manager of the Casino at Santa Cruz, and a prominent motorist of the Sea Beach resort, has purchased a six-cylinder 40 horsepower Thomas touring car. Swanton will take immediate delivery of his car, and expects to do a great deal of touring this winter.

Mr. Geo. H. Woodward, the local auto expert, won the prize this week for the fastest operation of the new Diamond Demountable rim, the second try resulting in the removing and applying in one minute and five seconds. He is enthusiastic over the new rim.

The first shipment of the new Cadillac "30" for San Francisco left Detroit, Michigan, on November 19th, and is expected here about the 10th of December. These cars will be delivered to Waterman Bros., Fresno, Salbach-Middlekauff Co., Stockton, Clarence Letcher, San Jose, Mr. J. W. Stetson, Oakland, and Weinstock-Lubin Co., of San Francisco.

Howard Hickman of the Alcazar Stock Company purchased from the Howard Automobile Company a Buick "White Streak," which he finds much pleasure driving about the city between performances, matinees and rehearsals in company with his wife, who in public life is known as Bessie Barriscale, and is also a member of the Alcazar Stock Company.

A clean sweep in their respective classes was scored by the Chalmers-Detroit cars according to the following telegram received this week by the Pioneer Automobile Company: "Chalmers-Detroits win every event entered in Automobile Club of Maryland Hill Climb. Chalmers "30" wins $2000 and under class, time one min. 3 sec. Chalmers Forty wins $3000 and under class, time 50 seconds, hill six-tenth mile, very muddy, both cars carried full equipment. Zell Motor Car Co."

M. H. De Young of the San Francisco "Chronicle" is the latest to purchase the new Diamond Demountable rim, having placed an order for two sets for his cars this week.

Dr. L. R. Johnson of Angels Camp, Calaveras County, spent the week end seeing the sights in and about this city. He made the round trip in his Buick "White Streak."

What is probably the record for economy in the upkeep of a modern automobile is shown in the following letter from Charles Schock, who owns and drives a Chalmers-Detroit car at Montague, California: "Pioneer Automobile Company, San Francisco, Gentlemen:—Have run this car over a thousand miles and haven't paid out five cents for repairs. Drove over hills and through plowed ground where it seemed impossible for an automobile to go. Never even had a puncture in the Diamond tires. Yours truly, Charles Schock, Jr."

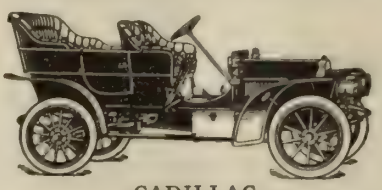
An unusual feature of the automobile business in this city, and one that has not been fully appreciated, is the great number of motor cars used in the rent service. There are probably over two hundred cars in the rent service. That the drivers of cars in the public service find it profitable is shown by the large number of expensive machines now in that business. No less than sixty-five Thomas Flyers are being used daily in the tourist and sight-seeing trade. Practically all of the owners of these cars have an investment of several thousand dollars in their car

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Letters

Safe Books for Children

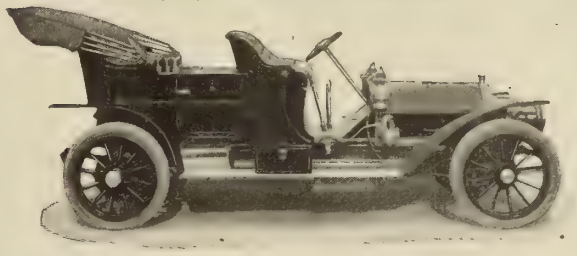
For little girls just on the outer verge of absorption in fairy lore there is nothing better than Nina Rhoades' Brick House Books. The volumes are detached, and the little maid who misses one or two is not disturbed by a breaking of the sequence. Yet by mentioning the same characters now and then a pleasant sense of intimacy and long acquaintance is secured. It is the cover design, a red brick house, which gives the series its title. Miss Rhoades' little girls are always well-bred, whether they are rich or poor, and they are never little prigs, but healthy, hearty mortals who do the wrong things in perfect innocence and make mistakes, and are good and bad by turns but always safe companions. "Brave Little Peggy" of the present story might have been very lonely and unhappy if she had only known the way, for she was only ten and her father and mother were both dead. She had lived with her grandmother since she was four and now grandma too was dead. Peggy had a big sister and brother in New Jersey, and the little girl in Southern California never once suspected that Edith, who took six months to acknowledge her little sister's Christmas gift, and Harry who never acknowledged it at all, were not just as fond of her and just as anxious to see her as she was to meet them. When Aunt Mary seized the first opportunity to send Peggy East the little girl assumed that she was to stay always, and very much dismayed she was to overhear the beloved Edith telling one of her fashionable friends that Peggy was to be sent back to California in a few weeks. Edith, it must be confessed, was a selfish and thoughtless young lady, and the little sister, left alone both day and night, despite her efforts to avoid "being a bother" had some thrilling adventures. The tendency to make little girl heroines either abominable prigs and Pharisees or to go to the other extreme and create slangy, rude hoidens whose good hearts are presumed to counterbalance their bad conduct is so strong that the Brick House books are in a class by themselves for the younger readers, and parents who have not time or opportunity to examine minutely before purchase will be safe in "going by the label." Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Story of An American Kingdom

For a setting for the dramatic incidents of "The Courage of Captain Plum," James Oliver Curwood has chosen that little known episode of American history, the setting up of a monarchy with a veritable king on an island off the shore of Wisconsin, in Lake Michigan. James Jesse Strang was perhaps, the ablest of the followers of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism. After the Smith brothers had been executed by the Nauvoo mob Strang, who was then in Vermont, produced a letter which he claimed to have received nine days previous to the tragedy, in which Smith related to him at length a divine revelation of his own death and a command to name Strang as his successor. The Mormon leaders refused to accept the communication as genuine, and Strang withdrew, taking with him an appreciable following. He at once proceeded to discover metallic plates covered with strange characters unintelligible to any one but himself and to receive communications from on high, among them one to proceed to Wisconsin and eventually to Beaver Island, there to "plant a stake in Zion," which orders he carried out to the disgust of the fishermen and farmers already settled there. He adopted the title of King and set up a well equipped printing plant from which he issued his various manifestoes and books "printed by command of the king." In 1851 the U. S. steamer Michigan was sent to break up the colony, it being believed that the Mormons were trespassers on the public domain. Strang and some others were taken to Detroit for trial and were acquitted. Mr. Curwood has not adhered closely to historical accuracy. The dissension which wrecked Strang's kingdom came partly from the jealousy of some of his leading disciples and partly from the revolt against the severity of his sumptuary laws and strict enforcement of punishments. The uprising of the coast fishermen did not occur until after the death of Strang. They fell upon the colony and evicted the Mormons. The faithful were given but one day of grace. Ax and torch were freely applied to homestead and crops and the exiles who were turned adrift were in as pitiable a plight as the Acadians of "Evangeline." Mr. Curwood has made free use of only the closing scenes. Captain Plum, a young lake sailor, having been made a victim of the Mormon pirates, determined to revenge himself on them, and returned with his vessel well armed and prepared. He landed on the island and fell into the hands of an old, half-crazed elder of the church. Plum, young and impressionable, fell in love with a beautiful young girl, one of Strang's victims. He also made practical objection to the carrying out of Strang's law, and found himself, in consequence, imprisoned and condemned to a horrible death. Just in the nick of time to prevent the annihilation of two pair of fond lovers, Mr. Curwood sent the Michigan into the harbor of St. James to bombard the town, wipe out the nest of traitors and bring the reign of King Strang to an end. There is enough real history in "The Courage of Captain Plum" to save it from being all fiction, while the tangled threads of the double love story, and the long-nursed enmity of Obediah Price furnish the romantic interest. From Bobbs-Merrill.



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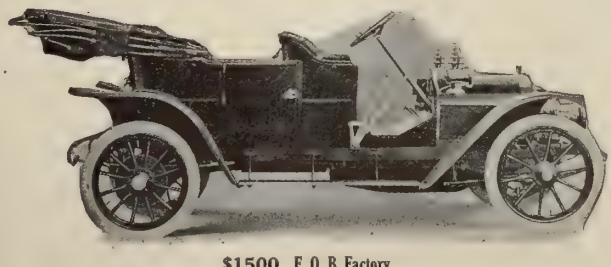
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5296. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET HOLY, Deceased.

George Holy, the Administrator of the estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an Order or Decree authorizing and directing him as Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, to execute a conveyance of the property in said petition described, to James M. Thompson, according to the terms of an agreement heretofore entered into between Margaret Holy, Deceased, and James M. Thompson, and good cause appearing therefor, on motion of Marshall Nuckolls, Esq., Attorney for said Petitioner.

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 24th day of December, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the above entitled court in Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice of the hearing of said petition be given by publication of this order in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, for at least once a week for four (4) consecutive weeks before such hearing.

Done in open court this 12th day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Petitioner,
417 Humboldt Bank Bldg., S. F. 11-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Rodrigo Knell, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Morrison, Cope & Brobeck, Rooms 701-6 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

PHILIP KNELL.
Executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1908.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARTIN C. HOGAN, Deceased.

Edward C. Harrington, executor of the last Will and testament of Martin C. Hogan, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain part of the real estate of said decedent, for the purpose therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, at the corner of 7th and Market Streets on Monday the 28th day of December, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at private sale as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order shall be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open court this 24th day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

12-5-5

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Of Counsel.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of PHILIP C. MEYER, Deceased.

May H. Meyer, the Administratrix of the Estate of Philip C. Meyer, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court her verified petition praying for an order of the sale of all the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge most beneficial for said estate;

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the court from the said petition, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property of the said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

NOW THEREFORE, on motion in open court of said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor;

IT IS ORDERED by this court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 21st day of December, 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Superior Court in Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, situate on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Street in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix for the sale of the whole of the real property of the said estate of said deceased;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four consecutive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 2d day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney at Law,
Russ Building, San Francisco. 11-7-7t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DEMARTINI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John Demartini, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of J. A. Stephens, 630 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Demartini, deceased.

FLORA DEMARTINI,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Demartini, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

J. A. STEPHENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
630 Chronicle Bldg. 11-14-5

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., S. F. 11-21-10

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. 15943.

NANCY MAMIE HOPPER, sometimes known and called MAMIE HOPPER,

Plaintiff,

vs.

FRANK HOPPER,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Frank Hopper, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of said plaintiff. Also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

FRED WOODWORTH,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Woodworth Bldg.,
319 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,

vs.

MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Peirre Boulin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased.

LANDRY C. BABIN,

Administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, Deceased

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., S. F. 11-14-5

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PAPER

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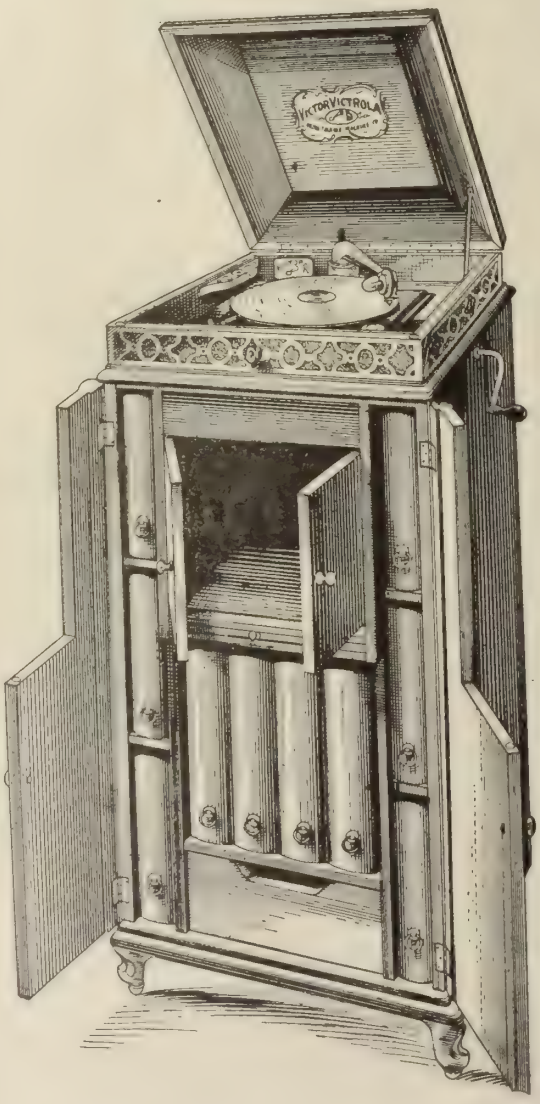
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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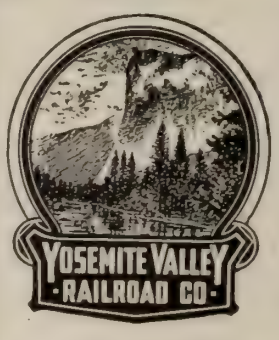
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, December 12, 1908. No. 850.



EDNA ARCHER CRAWFORD AND PAUL EVERTON

In a scene from "The Lion and The Mouse" at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday, December 14th.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager
88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Supreme Court Upheld

Of the works of reference for the legal profession of the United States there is no higher authority than "The Lawyers' Reports Annotated," published in New York. The editors of this work are critics of the courts, and they devote themselves to discussions of selected cases involving important principles, their purpose being to show wherein decisions are in harmony or at variance with the rules of law. Before taking up a case for discussion they read not only the decision of the court but also the briefs of the lawyers on both sides. Their aim of course is accuracy of statement and soundness of reasoning, and their competency is attested by the reputation of their reports which are to be found in every private and public law library in the country. In view of the high character of these reports it is very gratifying to learn that in the volumne which came to hand last week the judgment of our Supreme Court in the Schmitz case is approved. On account of its decision in that case the State's highest tribunal was pretty severely criticised; nay, it was villified and held up to the scorn of men. The decision itself was distorted, and through the medium, in some instances, of unscrupulous newspapers, and in others, of ignorant editors, the impression was created in this country and even in England that a California court had decided that blackmail was not a crime. We are now curious to see whether the newspapers that calumniated our Supreme Court; that intimated that the judges thereof had been influenced by politics or worse; that gave publicity to the ridiculous criticisms of obscure attorneys on the fringe of the profession, will now record the fact that a New York authority which cannot be suspected of any partisan interest in a controversy in California has declared that the theory of the court in the Schmitz case "is in harmony with such other cases as have had occasion to pass upon the question involved." A good deal has been said in the last two years of the importance of rehabilitating ourselves in the eyes of the world. Surely we should deem it of no small importance that the world should know that the highest tribunal of the State is not composed of men who would hold that blackmail is not a crime.

A Plan to Improve the Judiciary

A new scheme in furtherance of a much to be desired consummation—the separation of the judiciary from politics is to be advocated at the next session of the Legislature. After a great deal of talk during a long period of years on the importance of improving the method by which we select judges, at length a plan has been formed by which non-partisan judicial elections may be insured. This plan is embodied in the rough draft of a proposed new section of the political code which provides that the names of all candidates for judicial office shall appear in the first column on the ballot without any party designation and without any description save in the case of incumbents who shall be merely so designated. The rough draft further provides that "any incumbent of a judicial office may become a candidate for re-election and have his name placed upon the ballot simply by serving notice of his intention on the registrar." One of the commendable purposes of this proposed amendment is to render judges independent of machine influence. If adopted the result will be that no judge will ever feel that he is under obligations to a boss or to a political faction. So far as it goes the plan is excellent, but it does not provide for the elimination of all the elements that affect the independence of our judiciary. Our judges should be as independent of the people as of the corrupting influences of political machines, for the people are more or less swayed by the subtle persuasions of the demagogue who is quite as dangerous as the boss and far more despicable. We have heard in connection with plans for the improvement of the judiciary what we believe to be a wise suggestion, and it is this,—that some provision should be made for the selection of a presiding judge of the Superior Court of the State, and that he should be empowered to assign judges to duty wherever he sees fit. The object of this plan is to minimize the effect of local passions and prejudices.

A Sleuth in the Senate

Joseph Little Bristow, Senator-elect from Kansas, has consecrated himself publicly to the task of reforming the Federal judiciary. Mr. Bristow, though typical, is one of the most zealous of the country's reformers, and we earnestly commend his future career to the attention of our readers. We believe that Joseph Little Bristow will be worth watching. He was formerly Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General and he was the protege of Chester I. Long whom he has succeeded in the Senate. From Washington he went to Panama as a railroad examiner at $15 a day and expenses and $5 a day for a stenographer. When he left Washington he was the most cordially detested man that ever went out of the District of Columbia; for in the capacity of sleuth of the Postoffice Department, while exposing a great deal of graft, sloth, waste and inefficiency, he converted many a mole hill into a mountain and threw out some ill-founded insinuations damaging to the reputation alike of girl stenographers and distinguished statesmen. "The fact of the matter was," as somebody said, "Bristow was a demon for zeal to investigate everything and abnormally short on human nature." But his methods being sensational President Roosevelt took him to his bosom and gave him the Panama sinecure. He afterwards wrote to his friend Long that the way to get something out of Roosevelt was to cajole, flatter and bullyrag him, and he boasted that he would like himself to go after the President with the big stick. Subsequently Bristow coveted Long's job, formed an alliance with "Battle Bob" La Follette and in a contest for the Senate defeated the man who started him in his political career. It has been made evident that Mr. Bristow has not a lively sense of favors received, but he is a demon for zeal to investigate and he has ambition. Let us keep our eyes on him for the fun of the thing, and see to what heights his heroics will lead him.

Sound Journalism Promised

When the Evening Globe changed hands last week the Boughten Bulletin threw a spasm and emitted a shriek that must have been heartrending to the friends and admirers of the afflicted journal. Evidently the Bulletin doesn't relish keen rivalry. The mere promise of it occasioned a characteristic fulmination of overwhelming violence and a hysterical message pregnant with ominous warnings addressed to organized labor. The new own-

ers of the Globe signalized their entrance into the local field of journalism with becoming modesty and a dignified salutatory, assuring us that they purposed holding aloof from factional strife and devoting themselves entirely to the business of publishing a newspaper. It ought not to be hard to believe that this sincerely is the purpose of the directors of the new Ocean Publishing Company; for the policy is the very one that would suggest itself to men of average sense entering upon a newspaper enterprise in San Francisco at this time. The situation in this city is peculiarly propitious for an independent, honest daily newpsaper, devoted to the welfare of all the people and entirely free from the impulse to defend a partisan course such as has been followed to some extent by every local journal. It is quite true, as the Globe says, that "there is no parallel in the annals of American newspaperdom for the bitter warfare which rival millionaires have waged in San Francisco during the last two decades, using newspapers as their weapons." And doubtless the people, especially the enlightened ones who are aware of all that this city has suffered by reason of the uses to which newspapers have been put by millionaire demagogues, will gladly give support and encouragement to a journal conducted with zealous adherence to the policy outlined by the new owners of the Globe.

Roosevelt on Safe Finance

Mr. Roosevelt has written another letter. His latest contribution to the art epistolary is not as suggestive nor as sugary as those he wrote to "Dear Maria," but it lacks nothing of the virile diction and sinewy syntax that characterized some of his oratory subsequent to the publication of those letters to Mrs. Storror. This letter is in answer to one written by William Dudley Foulke calling the President's attention to strictures on the Administration published in the Indianapolis News relating specifically to an accusation that the Government paid American citizens $40,000,000 for the Panama tract upon which they had invested but $12,000,000. Mr. Roosevelt's comment on this charge is emphatic but in no manner convincing. He says the statement is false. Now unless we are compelled to accept Mr. Roosevelt's statement as we should be compelled to accept the dictum of a despot ruling over us by divine right, we are at liberty to deny its absolute infallibility, thereby reducing the Rooseveltian imperative to an equality with a similar affirmation by the humblest citizen. In this circumstance we may even question the validity of the President's statement. It is not enough that Mr. Roosevelt shall denounce this or any other statement as false. He must bring corroborative proof of its falsity. He endeavors to do this by pleading the sophistry that as the money was paid directly by this Government to the French Government the mere supposition that any American received from the French Government a "rake off" is "too absurd to be discussed"; and he clinches his argument in the usual way—"it is an abominable falsehood and it is slander not against the American Government but against the French Government." Yet if Mr. Roosevelt had been as candid with his correspondent as he is with those upon whom he heaps his wrath in words not only short and ugly but frequently long and ambiguous, he would have admitted the bare possibility at least of an American-French lobby in the interest of the Panama canal investors under French operation. He would have intimated at least, that there might be some truth in the virtually admitted fact that the American investors did lobby to further the purchase of the Panama canal for $40,000,000; that the French investors did lobby with the French Government for the sale of the canal at that figure; and that there was a very close conspiracy between the Americans and the Frenchmen to accomplish the purpose in hand. This is what the Indianapolis News meant, and there is good reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt was fully aware of the meaning. The attitude of Mr. Roosevelt in this matter is very similar to his attitude in relation to the charge by Judge Parker that the presidential candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt was pecuniarily assisted by the trusts and corporations. His language in that instance was almost synonymous with that which he now uses in denial of an important financial transaction in which the Roosevelt administration has been largely interested. Yet it is now known to the fraction of a dollar how much money was contributed for the election of Mr. Roosevelt; and the nation is especially well informed regarding the amount that was contributed to that fund by Mr. E. H. Harriman.

Mr. Laffan's Ugly Word

In this letter to Mr. Foulke Mr. Roosevelt kills another bird with the same stone. Perhaps he thought it was a good opportunity to clear off a lot of old standing scores. So he takes down his brotherless sling and hurls a rock as big as a paving cobble at Mr. Laffan of the New York Sun. It is not that Mr. Laffan has been accusing the administration or the brother of William H. Taft, with unholy dealings in the Panama canal matter; it is rather in the nature of a general indictment of the editor of the Sun for "every form of mendacity known to man, from the suppression of the truth and the suggestion of the false, to the lie direct." Mr. Laffan, however, is an editor who knows by long experience with men like unto Mr. Roosevelt, how to take care of himself in a controversy of this kind. He crumples Mr. Roosevelt in an editorial of not more than forty lines in which he gracefully acknowledges the compliment of Mr. Roosevelt's disfavor, and then proceeds to his demolition in forthright Roosevelt style by stating in language well within the courtesy of parliamentary usage that a person who is "capable of suppression and perversion of individual correspondence," would in ordinary life "in the cognizance of any club or association of self-respecting gentlemen, suffer his prompt expulsion." If this plain allusion to some guilty reminiscence of the life of Mr. Roosevelt is not lese majesty; what would you call it? But apparently Mr. Roosevelt is helpless. He cannot reply to Mr. Laffan. He may be rash to the

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verge of a reckless hardihood; but he is not at all eager to meet Mr. Laffan in the arena of this sharp debate. Moreover, Mr. Laffan has classified one of Mr. Roosevelt's letters to Mr. Foulke, denying that he was using the Federal patronage to aid Mr. Taft's candidacy, "among the most valued incunabula of veracity." And Mr. Roosevelt has the good judgment to avoid combat with an antagonist who knows the use of such an ugly word as "incunabula."

The Passion for Flaws

Meredith Nicholson's name has been added to the list of "nature fakers." Mr. Nicholson mentioned robins nesting above Nimrod's grave in the cathedral church yard of Columbia, and the Secretary of the Historical Commission of South Carolina has entered a vigorous protest. Robins, it seems, do not appear in South Carolina during nesting time. Mr. Nicholson's criminal propensity to misrepresent robins was revealed in the pages of "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," a whimsical succession of improbabilities which would be about the last place any one would think of going in search of natural history; but apparently we are breeding up a race of critics who are in their way as agreeable to meet and as useful to art and science as a cloud of gnats. To coin a clever phrase and use it with slight variation on every possible occasion is to pose as a profound wit with one set of these self-constituted judges. To discover minute and unimportant misstatements is to another set the occasion for them to spring forward and condemn, wholesale and entire what, but for the one triviality, is beyond their power to appreciate. "Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge are things men are very apt to be conceited about," said the Autocrat. One may no longer enjoy a good story simply and only because the plot is original and entertaining and the characters vital. Louise Imogen Guiney's definition of reading, well, "to make an impalpable snatch at whatever item takes your eye, and run," will not do in these days. No, we must sit down and laboriously unjoint each sentence, turn every word over, scrape and file and test with acid, and if the bright glitter of pyrites catches the sun it will never do to enjoy the yellow sparkle. Nothing but solid gold shall content us. Rather must we do without pleasure than accept it thoughtlessly and without due proof. If some one inadvertently mentions spring violets, almanac and calendar and the tabulated reports of the weather bureau must be consulted in order that day and date may be certified to. Violets on the fifth of May and none officially reported until the seventh! Away with him! Nature faker! A robin where a red bird would seem more appropriate? What are facts beside scientific theories? A Piute squaw in Alaska? The critic never met one and that settles it for time and eternity. Let us recall "Lang Tammas" of Thrums, who held the view, contrary to that of his countryman, that Burns's poems had an immoral tendency. Tammas admitted that he had never read them, but nevertheless he asserted his "opeenion," which was quite as valuable as about one-half of what today passes for literary criticism in so-called educated society.

Exit the Toy Dog

"There is no great loss without some small gain." It is reported from the centers of fashion that the introduction of the Directoire style of garmenture has affected a corresponding change in the modish dog. My lady has discovered that her trailing and clinging skirts make it inconvenient for her to be bothered with the small varieties which have been in vogue with short skirts, and what is far more important to a lady of quality, that the toy canines are "out of the picture," so the "dearest doggie in the world" is to be cast aside like last season's hat, and something more in keeping with the long lines of the Directoire and the umbrella hat is to be introduced. The doggie woman will of course continue to make herself ridiculous, and though the dog jeweler may find his stock of tiny bracelets and rings dead on his hands there will be no dearth of dogs for St. Bernards and Great Danes will now be converted into bedizened absurdities. And for awhile we shall be spared the unpleasantness of tripping over leashes and stepping on squirming bunches of muscle in every crowd. So let us be thankful for small mercies. One might imagine, from the care and expense lavished on a woman's dog, that she had some affection for the animal which would to some extent be an excuse for her conduct, but as a matter of fact the dog is discarded with little if any greater regret than is felt at the passing of a discarded husband. The poodle superseded the black and tan, and the pug ousted the poodle, and the bull and the terrier have climbed to comfort each in turn. Fashion one year decrees that the dog must match dress and apparently there is no more difficulty in the way than there is in providing a parasol. The next season some other fad is introduced, and that too passes into history. The surprising thing is that when any particular breed is out of favor, not only the individual dog, but seemingly the whole breed, disappears. What becomes of them nobody seems to know. If they were sold second-hand at a discount or passed down to poor relations or given to the servants they would still be in evidence somewhere. It is hardly possible that they can be "made over" so as to defy detection, and it is equally certain that they cannot be kept in storage. Enter the Directoire, exit the toy dog, but what is to become of him? As sure as fate he will vanish.

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  Who dread the soundless deep,
They chatter all the livelong day
  That severs sleep from sleep.

To them the silence ever seems
  An unrelenting foe
That steals upon them with strange dreams
  And truth they dare not know.

For petty change of speech to spend
  On life, they risk the whole,
Who seek not silence as a friend
  To counsel and console.

Who, chattering, fritter life away,
  And squander idle breath
In vain attempt to keep at bay
  The eventual silence, death.

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Perspective Impressions

The paradoxes of yesterday are the platitudes of today.

If the pen is not mightier than the mob then God help us.

With Mr. Cutler at the helm the Police Department is under safe and sound guidance. And this, by the way, is no small blessing.

Kansas has issued a call for 6,000 corn huskers. Rapidly the army of the unemployed is being extinguished.

In London the other night a dinner was given in celebration of the completion of the labors of Oscar Wilde's literary executor, and many of the nobility were present. And but a few years ago London was shocked at the mere thought of witnessing the production of a Wilde play.

We appear to be in harmony about nothing but the advisability of abating discord.

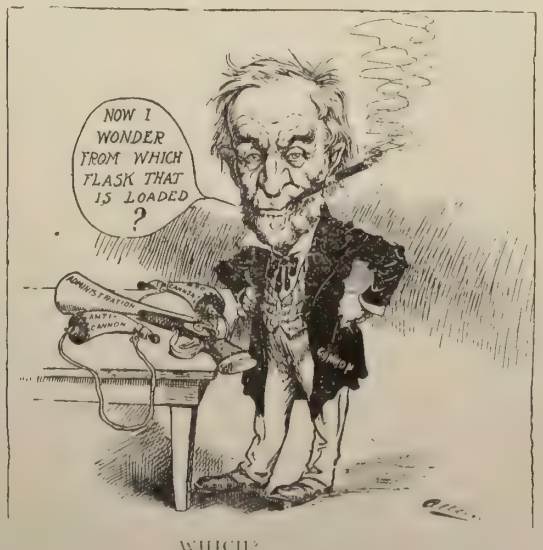
As the lady of the City Hall Dome has a poor shape on close inspection Mr. Phelan is in favor of preserving her at an altitude essential to the illusion which the sculptor designed. Perhaps on the same principle Mr. Phelan may be able to look the part that he plays.

Says Mr. Roosevelt, speaking of the courts, in his message to Congress: "They are to be blamed when they fail to recognize under a government like ours the deliberate judgment of the majority as to a matter of legitimate policy, when duly expressed by the Legislature." If Mr. Roosevelt had shown his message to Mr. Taft he would have been told that nowhere is the judgment of the majority more deliberately expressed than in the Constitution to which an act of the legislature must conform before it can be regarded as an expression of the will of the majority.



"CANNING" CUPID

Detroit News.



WHICH?

—Detroit Free Press.

Curiosities of Literature

By Theodore Bonnet

Dr. Harry Thurston Peck has put an end to the dispute which has been raging for twenty years over the authorship of that popular baseball lyric, "Casey at the Bat." In the December "Scrap Book" Dr. Peck presents a volume of testimony on the subject (some of which I was able to contribute) and his decision is that the verses were written by Ernest L. Thayer and first published in the San Francisco Examiner. Thayer's claim to the credit of authorship was disputed by a George W. D'Vys, whose inability to write so colorful and spirited a ballad was evidenced by the style of his correspondence on the subject; but aside from this circumstance by the very testimony he offered in support of his claim he was convicted of a barefaced attempt to defraud Thayer of deserved fame.

By this controversy I have been reminded that among the notable pieces of literature the authorship of which was for a time the subject of dispute is the "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore." Familiar as almost everybody is with that poem few there are that know anything of its history, and not on the tip of every one's tongue is the name of the author. The poem was written in 1814 by Charles Wolfe, a graduate of Dublin University, and it was not until 1824, some years after his death, that he was given credit for the performance. The history of the poem is contained in the works of Sydney Taylor which are now, I believe, out of print but a copy of which is in my possession. It was Taylor that brought posthumous fame to Wolfe.

In the London Chronicle of October 27, 1824, there appeared copious extracts from Medwin's "Conversations of Lord Byron," from which Taylor learned that Byron was believed to be the author of the ode. According to Medwin, at a dinner one evening Shelley, Byron and others got into a dispute over the question as to which was the most perfect ode that had been written in that age. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland beginning "Ye Clouds," etc. Somebody suggested Campbell's Hohenlinden, which Byron scoffed at saying "Campbell like Gray smells too much of the oil." Thereupon he produced a magazine saying, "I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth," and he read the "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore." When he had come to the end he repeated the third stanza and said it was perfect, particularly the lines:

> "But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

Medwin said he was of the opinion that Byron was the author of the poem; that Byron "had been piqued at none of his odes being mentioned, and after he had praised the verses so highly, could not own them." And Medwin added, "I am corroborated in this opinion by a lady, whose brother received them many years ago from Lord Byron, in his Lordship's own handwriting."

Sydney Taylor, in his letter to the Chronicle, after paying a tribute to the talents of Charles Wolfe said:

"I well recollect the expression of mingled diffidence and enthusiasm with which he communicated to me his tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore. He had then written but the first and last verses, and had no intention of adding any others. The thought was inspired while reading an account of the death of the Marcellus of Corunna in some periodical work; the approbation which those two verses received from the fellow-students to whom he showed them—among whom were the Rev. J. O'Sullivan, now vicar of St. Catherine's, Dublin, the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, and, I believe, Mr. Gierson of the Irish Bar, and one or two more—induced him to extend the design, and finish the ode in the form, though not exactly worded as it came into Lord Byron's hands. When he showed it to me completed which, I think, was some time in the year 1814, I did not take a copy of it, but the verses impressed themselves indelibly on my recollection. I heard, a few years afterwards, when we separated for different pursuits in life, that a copy of them, without the participation of Wolfe, had got into an Irish newspaper, whence they were copied into a magazine. I did not see them published until they reappeared within the last year in The Devizes Gazette, under the title of 'The Dead Soldier.' They had, I presume, been all this time circulating about from one journal to another, and the author never took the pains of correcting the errors which have been perpetuated from the first imperfect copy to that which Captain Medwin has given to the public. These errors detract greatly from the spirit and beauty of the original. I shall correct them, and restore the ode to the state in which it came from the hands of the author, as my memory has always been tenacious of every syllable of it. The fame of Sappho is realized by a solitary fragment. The existence of Wolfe will be remembered by one of the shortest, but one of the most impressive odes in the language."

The poem as given to the London Chronicle by Taylor was as follows:

> Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
> As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
> Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
>
> We buried him darkly at dead of night,
> The sods with our bayonets turning,—
> By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
> And the lantern dimly burning.
>
> No useless coffin confined his breast,
> Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him.
> But he lay like a warrior, taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him.
>
> Few and short were the prayers we said,
> And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
> But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,
> And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
>
> We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
> And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
> That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
> And we far away on the billow!
>
> Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
> And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
> But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
> In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
>
> But half of our heavy task was done,
> When the clock told the hour for retiring;
> And we heard the distant and random gun,
> Of the enemy sullenly firing.
>
> Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
> From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
> We carved not a line and we raised not a stone,
> But we left him alone with his glory.

From Taylor one learns of the errors that appeared in the verses when they were first circulated; even when they were praised by Byron. For example:

> "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,"

was the first line in the garbled copy of the ode. In the fourth verse the third line was printed,

> "We steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead."

"The poet," said Taylor, "did not mean to tell us merely the fact that the comrades of Moore gazed upon the face of their dead chief, but he meant to convey an idea of the impression which that form made upon them. They gazed on the face 'that was dead.' gives not merely the fact but the sentiment of death. It is like some of those fine Scriptural expressions where the simplest terms are exuberant with imagination. It intimates the awful contrast between the heroic animation which kindled up that countenance just before in action, and its now cold, ghastly and appalling serenity."

In the fifth verse, the first line by an abbreviation of

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the proper quantity was turned into prose causing a loss of the sense.

"We thought as we heaped his narrow bed,"

was the line as printed before Taylor called attention to the error. But worse havoc was made of the seventh verse. The third and fourth lines as given by Medwin were:

And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

"I need scarcely," said Taylor, "point out to any reader of the least poetic taste the incomparable superiority of the true passage to the fictitious one. The statement of the foe being 'suddenly firing' implies a new and vigorous attack, which was contrary to the fact. The lines as Wolfe wrote them are better poetry and more agreeable to the truth. They represent the enemy who had come on with the flush of anticipated victory, now sullen in defeat, firing rather from vain irritation than useful valor, keeping up a show of hostilities by the 'distant and random gun,' but not venturing on any fresh or animated onset."

According to Taylor, the poet, having indulged an honorable passion which led to hopeless disappointment, he lost all taste for the world, entered the church and accepted a curacy in the North of Ireland, in a poor and populous neighborhood, where his zeal, unaffected benevolence and freedom from everything like clerical ambition, made him realize Goldsmith's clergyman in all but internal happiness. "Residing in another country," says Taylor, "I had not seen him for some time; but every account which I heard of him bore testimony to the life of actual usefulness but gradual martyrdom, which he had chosen. About two years ago I heard that death had closed the story of his misfortunes, his talents and his virtues. I could not omit this opportunity of giving to his memory the fame so justly his due; I could not allow the one solitary, but everlasting laurel which ought to ornament his urn, to be torn from the tomb of his departed genius. What could enhance the reputation of Byron would be capable of conferring distinction on any poet. It is also right that the public should know who it really was that visited with the homage of the finest inspiration, the neglected grave of the gallant Moore and consecrated it with poetic glory."

Master Cornille's Secret

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

The old fifer, Francet Mamai, told me the story one evening over a bottle of mulled wine. I will tell it as I heard it.

In this old province years ago, my dear Monsieur, there was a big business done in grinding grain. The hills round about were covered with windmills and every day there could be seen long strings of donkeys laden with bags of grain on their way to the mills. Those were pleasant days. On Sundays we went to the mills in groups. The millers treated to muscat. The millers' wives were as lovely as queens, with their lace neckerchiefs and their gold crosses. I used to carry my fife, and we danced farandoles till it was pitch-dark. Those mills, you see, were the pleasure and wealth of our province.

Unluckily, some Frenchmen from Paris conceived the idea of setting up a steam flourmill on the road to Tarascon. Very fine and new it was; the people fell into the habit of sending their grain there, and the poor windmills were left without work. For some time they tried to keep up the struggle, but steam was the stronger, and one after another, pecaire! they were all obliged to close. We say no more strings of little donkeys. The millers' pretty wives sold their gold crosses. No more muscat! no more farandoles. No matter how hard the mistral might blow, the sails did not move. Then, one fine day, the commune ordered all those shanties torn down, and vines and olive-trees were planted where they stood.

But, amid all the distraction, one little mill held out and continued to turn bravely on its hill, in despite of the steam-millers. That was Master Cornille's mill, the same one in which we are passing the evening at this moment.

Master Cornille was an old miller, who had lived for sixty years in flour and was crazy over his trade. The setting up of the steammills made him act like a madman. For a week he ran about the village, collecting people round him and shouting at the top of his lungs that they intended to poison Provence with the flour from the steam-mills.

"Don't go there," he would say; "those villians use steam to make bread, steam, which is an invention of the devil, while I work with the mistral and the tramontana, which are the breath of the good Lord"; and he would spout a lot of fine words in praise of windmills, but no one listened to them.

Then, in a towering rage, the old man shut himself up in his mill, and lived alone like a wild beast. He wouldn't even keep with him his granddaughter Vivette, a child of fifteen, who since the death of her parents had no one but her grandfather in the world. The poor child was obliged to earn her living and to hire herself out among the farms for the harvest, the silkworm season, or the olive picking. And yet her grandfather seemed to love the child dearly. He often traveled four leagues on foot in the heat of the sun to see her at the farm where she was working, and when he was with her, he would pass hours at a time gazing at her and weeping.

In the province, people thought that the old miller had been led by avarice to send Vivette away; and it did not do to him credit to allow his grandchild to travel about that way from one farm to another, exposed to the brutality of the laborers and to all the trials of young women in service. People thought it very wrong, too, that a man of Master Cornille's reputation, who up to that time had shown the greatest self-respect, should go about through the streets like a regular gyspy, barefooted, with a cap all holes and a blouse all in rags. The fact is that on Sunday, when we saw him come in to mass, we were ashamed for him, we old men; and Cornille felt it so keenly that he didn't dare to come and sit in the warden's pew; he always remained at the back of the church, near the holy-water vessel, with the poor.

There was something in Master Cornille's life we couldn't understand. For a long time no one in the village had carried him any grain, and yet the sails of his windmill were always in motion as before. In the evening, people met the old miller on the roads driving before him his donkey loaded with fat bags of flour.

"Good evening, Master Cornille," the peasants would call out to him; "is business still good?"

"Still good, my children," the old man would reply, with a jovial air. "Thank God, we have no lack of work."

Then, if any one asked where in the devil so much work could come from, he would put a finger to his lips and answer gravely:

"Hush! I am working for exportation."

No one could ever get anything more from him.

As for putting one's nose inside his mill, it wasn't to be thought of. Even little Vivette herself never went in there.

When people passed in front of it, they always found

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the door closed, the huge sails moving, the old ass browsing on the platform, and a great thin cat taking a sun-bath on the window-sill, and glaring at them with a wicked expression.

All this smelt of mystery, and made people talk a great deal. Every one had his own explanation of Master Cornille's secret, but the general report was that there were even more bags of silver in the mill than bags of grain.

After a while, however, everything came to light; this is how it happened:

One fine day, as I was playing on my fife for the young people to dance, I noticed that my eldest boy and little Vivette had fallen in love with each other. At heart I was not displeased, because after all the name of Cornille was held in honor among us, and then it would have pleased me to see that pretty little bird of a Vivette trotting about my house. But as our lovers had often had opportunities to be together, I determined, for fear of accidents, to settle the business at once, and I went up to the mill to say a word to the grandfather. Ah! the old sorcerer! you should have seen how he received me! It was impossible for me to induce him to open his door. I explained my reasons after a fashion, through the keyhole; and all the time I was talking, there was that lean villain of a cat snorting like a devil over my head.

The old man didn't give me time to finish, but shouted to me most impolitely to go back to my fife; that if I was in such a hurry to marry my boy, I could go and look for a girl at the steam-mill. As you can imagine, the blood went to my head when I heard such rough talk; but I was wise enough to restrain myself, and leaving the old fool in his mill, I returned to inform the children of my discomfiture. The poor lambs couldn't believe it; they asked me as a favor to allow them to go up together to the mill and speak to the grandfather. I hadn't the courage to refuse, and off my lovers went.

Just as they reached the mill, Master Cornille had gone out. The door was securely locked; but the old fellow, when he went away, had left his ladder outside, and suddenly it occurred to the children to go in by the window and see what there might be inside that famous mill.

What a strange thing! the main room of the mill was empty. Not a sack, not a particle of grain; not the slightest trace of flour on the walls or on the spiderwegs. They couldn't even smell that pleasant, warm odor of ground wheat that makes the air of a mill so fragrant. The shaft was covered with dust and the huge thin cat was sleeping on it.

The lower room had the same aspect of poverty and neglect: a wretched bed, a few rags, a crust of bread on one stair, and in a corner three or four bursted sacks, with rubbish and plaster sticking out.

That was Master Cornille's secret! It was that plaster that he paraded at night on the roads, to save the honor of the mill and to make people think that he made flour there. Poor mill! poor Cornille! Long ago the steam-millers had robbed them of their last customer. The sails still turned, but the mill ground nothing.

The children returned to me all in tears and told me what they had seen. It tore my heart to listen to them. Without a moment's loss of time I ran to the neighbors; I told them the story in two words, and we agreed instantly that we must carry to Cornille's mill all the wheat there was in the houses. No sooner said than done. The whole village started off, and we arrived at the top of the hill with a procession of donkeys loaded with grain, and real grain, too!

The mill was wide open. In front of the door Master Cornille sat on a bag of plaster, weeping, with his face in his hands. He had discovered on returning home that during his absence some one had entered his mill and discovered his sad secret.

Poor me!" he said. "Now there's nothing left for me to do but to die. The mill is dishonored."

And he sobbed as if his heart would break, calling his mill by all sorts of names, speaking to it as if it was a living person.

At that moment the donkeys arrived on the platform and we all began to shout as we did in the palmy days of the millers:

"Holla! mill there! holla! Master Cornille!"

And the bags were piled up before the door and the fine red grain strewed the earth in all directions.

Master Cornille stared with all his eyes. He took up some grain in the hollow of his old hand, and said,

"It is grain! Lord God! real grain! Leave me; let me look at it."

Then, turning to us:

"Ah! I knew that you'd come back to me. All those steam-millers are thieves."

We proposed to carry him in triumph to the village.

"No, no, my children," he said; "first of all I must give my mill something to eat. Just think! it's so long since he has had anything between his teeth!"

And it brought the tears to the eyes of us all to see the poor old man rush about to right and left, emptying the sacks, looking after the millstone, while the grain was crushed and the fine wheaten dust rose to the ceiling.

I must do our people justice: from that day we never allowed the old miller to lack work. Then one morning Master Cornille died, and the sails of our last mill ceased to turn—this time forever. When Cornille was dead, no one followed in his footsteps. What can you expect, monsieur? Everything has an end in this world, and we must believe that the day of windmills has passed, like that of barges on the Rhone, parliaments, and jackets with flowers.

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Why the Press Club Will Move

When Bohemia of the curtained cabinet invades the vestibule of the Fourth Estate it is full time for the journalists to think of removing their lares and penates to more secluded quarters. This is what has happened to the Press Club of this city. Not that the newspapermen individually are prudes or that they are averse from excursions into the purlieus of Alsatia; but collectively they must maintain the dignity of a profession that has assumed a moral protectorate over the rest of the community. Hence, when they discovered that the sacred Ibis was being profaned by the presence of veiled prophetesses under escort of high and low priests of Apis the sacred buffalo of Memphis, they deciced to notify Jerry Lynch, their Egyptian landlord, that he had violated his contract and that they felt under no obligation, legal or otherwise, to remain under his roof. Indeed they feel that Jerry should be mulcted in damages for the contamination which they must escape. This they swore by Isis and Osiris and pledged their unsullied reputation as a club on the oath. What Jerry will say when he hears that the Press Club is going to move away from its present Bush street apartments and peradventure may sue him, I am not prophet enough to predict. It is quite certain, however, that the newspapermen feel justified in cancelling their lease and making their Egyptian landlord pay the piper. When the club accepted Lynch's offer to provide club rooms in his building they supposed the French restaurant on the ground floor would stay there. They had no idea that it would come upstairs and that the elevators would be crowded with gentlemen and their affinities elbowing and sometimes even jostling the young men of the press, whose duty it is to print unkind things about affinities and to write ironically of the male persons who clothe these hybrid ladies and wine them while dining in the little supper rooms of the French restaurants. To say that the newspapermen were shocked by the contact is putting it very mildly—they were dumfounded, dazed, utterly dejected. This is why the Press Club is moving from the sacred Ibis to the new Academy of Sciences building, now in process of construction. Better "the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet where a mummy is half unrolled," than "the faint, sweet smell of the jasmine flower"; better the ancient odors of beasts pliocene than the musky fumes that cling to the plumage of the sacred Ibis since the French restaurant came upstairs; better the companionship of owls and the brotherhood of dragons than the presence of sirens flushed with wine and the association of Aspasias and Lamias babbling of matters foolish to their gilded prey. The Press Club has determined to remove its unsullied scutcheon from the outward portal of Jerry Lynch's house of mirth and betake themselves to an environment of stratified culture and fossilized respectability. The Ibis may thereafter wear her plumes aslant, like a painted coquette; she may preen and prink from cellar to garret, she may ruffle and flutter through every corridor—the gentlemen of the press will not be there to frown their disapproval; unless, perchance, it shall be in the line of duty as honest chroniclers of the flaunting immoralities of the age.

Directors in Solemn Discussion

Since the foregoing was written the directors of the club held a meeting to discuss the subject of moving. Had they attended that meeting misinformed mortals who imagine that newspaperdom is a province of Bohemia situated somewhere east of conscience where there ain't no ten commandments and a man can quench his thirst for all sorts of dissipation, would have had their half-baked notions dispelled. Morality never got more venerable recognition at a presbyterian synod or at an ecumenical council. For the genial weaknesses of the flesh that are popularly supposed to be good naturedly condoned where newspapermen move and have their being, there was naught but the forbidding frown and the cut direct. The azure-eyed goddess of respectability received the most humble homage of the officers of the Press Club. At this meeting it was learned that the conditions which have alligned the board of managers uncompromisingly on the side of the line that separates human frailty from puritanic virtue, are of recent making. The tenant of that good-humored, tolerant digger in Egyptian silt, Jerry Lynch, the Press Club, ever since its removal from the Withrow home in Pine street to the Ibis building in Bush street above Kearny, had maintained friendly relations with the proprietors of the Old Poodle Dog which found its luxurious and epicurean kennel downstairs. All went to the gustatory satisfaction of the newspaper clubmen and to the financial satisfaction of the restaurateurs until the board of managers of the Press Club discovered that Jerry Lynch had persuaded the Gallic bonifaces that every consideration of profit warranted them in taking the upper floors of the Ibis building and converting them into one of those gay establishments that have made the names of the San Francisco French restaurants world-famous.

An Awful State of Affairs

The restaurateurs consented to take the rest of the building off landlord Lynch's hands and on the first of December the four floors above the restaurant and below the Press Club quarters blossomed forth in all the discreet luxury that associates itself in the memory of jolly rakes and frolicsome matrons with the name "Poodle Dog." The carpets are yielding to the tread, the waiters are impassive and unseeing, the—but description is superfluous. And yet, alack and alas, the frou frou of silken skirts, the tinkle of glasses, the popping of corks and the murmur of hushed laughter do not liven as they should the corridors of the new establishment. The solemn Ibis limned above the doorway does not look down upon the eager coming and the stealthy going of muffled couples. The reason is plain. There is but one elevator in the building and what knowing man about town will venture the good name of his light o' love on the chance of running full tilt against a keen-eyed newspaperman entering or leaving the Press Club? So business is poor above the restaurant floor and the genial Jerry and the shortsighted bonifaces are in despair. Of course the club is going to move, despite a ten years' lease, and equally of course, landlord Lynch is trying his best to make explanations to the indignant newspapermen who were not consulted when the naughty expansion of the restaurant was planned and executed.

Spring 1909, Silk and Opera Hats just arrived. Tom Dillon, Milliner for Men, 712 Market street, opposite Call Building.

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The club is not yet out, but it is decidedly injured and has had to cancel arrangements for a Christmas dance. Rumor has it that Lynch will have difficulty in placating the indignant newspapermen who certainly did not mince words at a recent board meeting in telling him what they thought of his recent arrangement with the restaurateurs.

"Mamma, what is a spinster?"
"A spinster, my dear, is a woman to be envied. But don't tell your father I said so."

Has the Poet Jumped the Traces

Much speculation has been generated by the pregnant but foundling rumor that a fatal clash has occurred between Mayor Taylor and the Powers That Be. No authoritative information, however, can be obtained on the subject. While on the surface it appears that the City Hall poet of platonic passion has incurred the enmity of Mr. Phelan and Mr. Spreckels and the editors that voice their emotions, the suspicion prevails that the family row is in the nature of a theatrical performance designed to delude the groundlings. It is not taken in some quarters any more seriously than was the rumored clash with Chief Biggy at the time of the inception of that official's quarrel with Detective Burns. But since the tragic close of Biggy's career many observers of the march of events have become inclined to the opinion that Poet Taylor has really kicked over the traces. It now looks to them as though the men that run the machine really have the old poet on their nerves.

Some Allusions to His Honor

Some months ago the men behind the machine expressed themselves as being heartily in favor of renominating Poet Taylor. But after he refused to fire Biggy and give them control of the Police Department they began making disparaging remarks and contemptuous commentaries which I can hardly reproduce in their original felicity and grace of rhetoric. "He can smack the lyre and hypnotize the animals," said a noble time-serving journalist, "but the time for him is not when serious and useful measures are afoot. We'll give him the ax next fall." And "Slippery Jimmy" Phelan is said to have referred to him as an old troubadour "who serves well enough to speed the joyous process of digestion with the melting music of his lilting prose." But perhaps the hardest smash that has been taken at him was that delivered by that coiner of epigrams, Gavin McNab, who has been known to ridicule more than one man into obscurity. McNab thinks the Administration is suffering from too much McKannay, and he remarked the other day, "McKannay is rocking the cradle of Mayor Taylor's second childhood very gently."

A Letter to "Slippery Jimmy"

McNab is incensed at the Mayor for refusing to appoint Tim Fitzpatrick to succeed Judge Cabaniss in the Police Court. And by the way, Mr. Phelan affects displeasure for the same reason. But what "Slippery Jimmy's" real emotions are nobody knows. Fitzpatrick stepped aside in the last Democratic convention to permit Mr. Phelan and his associates to put through their program, and for doing so he was promised the position which Mayor Taylor has resolved to give to Dan Deasy, an excellent young man, son of the ex-Supervisor and member of the Oliver grand jury. Phelan says that he earnestly advocated the appointment of Fitzpatrick and that Taylor turned him down. By way of evidence he has shown to several persons a letter from the poet enclosing a clipping from the Call in which it was said that if the Mayor should refuse to appoint Fitzpatrick the McNabites would pull out his whiskers. "If I decide not to appoint Fitzpatrick," said Taylor to Phelan, "it will be because of the methods adopted by his friends." From this it would appear that the poet, old as he is, is not unaware of the source of some of the Call's inspirations.

No Surrender for E. Robson Taylor

This letter from Taylor to Phelan ought perhaps to be accepted as conclusive of the gallant young patriot's loyalty to Fitzpatrick; but not so. So well established is Mr. Phelan's reputation for artful dissimulation, for his ability to frame his face to occasion, that it has been suggested that he procured the letter for the purpose to which it has been applied. It is pointed out that it would be natural for Phelan to prefer Deasy to Fitzpatrick as Deasy's father was one of the pets of his Administration and also a member of the Oliver grand jury. But whatever may be the facts it is fairly certain that the Bard of the City Hall is very fond of the fattest of his several jobs and expects to be renominated; whether with or without the assistance of the Powers That Be is a question I cannot solve. For me it is only to record current opinion, and such contemporary gossip as may be considered amiable and interesting. In pursuance of this function it is but proper to report that the Mayor is pronounced at the City Hall a man of great vigor and not in the least inclined to retire to private life at the behest of the machine which he has helped to build. Indeed it is said that he is prepared, if needs be, to toss away the plectrum and grasp the bungstarter. And I hear that he has received words of cheer from the Spinners' Club. from the Daughters of the Founders and The Female Progeny of Famous Poets; also, that all those that dwell in the bracing air of immediate proximity are with him with honest rapture. From them he hears nothing but diapasons of enthusiastic reverence; smells nothing but the incense of devotion.

Mrs. Frills—"Now that I have engaged you, Bridget, I am going to begin at once to give you a little training in the art of waiting on guests. You see, my daughter is coming out next month—"
Bridget—"Indade, mum! An' what was she in for?"

How the News Got Out

Far from agreeable were the emotions that surged through District Attorney Langdon's office when the Examiner published the news of the Blake marriage in San Rafael, which the astute Mr. Langdon had arranged with great secrecy and carried out with consummate surreption. How the Examiner got hold of the story was a great mystery to Mr. Langdon who was laboring under the delusion that anything that takes place in San Rafael is as profound a secret as the name of the man who designed the Martian canals. The fact is that the newspapers have correspondents in San Rafael, but as

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there isn't enough doing in all of Marin County to keep a correspondent busy, the journalists of that burg avoid mental atrophy by engaging in the practice of two or three professions. Now it happens that the Examiner's San Rafael correspondent beguiles the time that otherwise would be leisure by performing the functions of a justice of the peace. It was to this versatile individual that Mr. Langdon piloted his Murphy case witness. But of course Mr. Langdon didn't know he was loaded.

A Third Term for de Young

The members of the Union League Club are not to have the excitement of a contest over the presidency. Some weeks ago Mr. M. H. de Young, who has held the



MR. M. H. de YOUNG

Who has consented to take the Presidency of the Pacific Union Club for another term.

office through two terms, announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election. As he had devoted a great deal of his time to the club in the last two years and as the club was once more in a flourishing condition he felt that there was nothing more for him to do, but the members were not pleased with the prospect of his retirement. So well did they appreciate Mr. de Young's services that they decided to urge him to remain at the helm. Meanwhile Mr. William H. Jordan had resolved to become a candidate for the presidency, but a petition having been drawn up and signed by six hundred members urging Mr. de Young to take the office for another term, both gentlemen decided to abide by the sentiment of the club. Mr. Jordan having withdrawn in favor of Mr. de Young the latter's election will be unaminous.

Polk's Epigrams on Redding

Joseph D. Redding has written the libretto of a genuine American opera, which Herbert, the opera composer, will set to music. All Californians will be glad to hear that their versatile fellow citizen has done this thing, but those who know Redding in all of his manifold roles, wonder why he let Herbert share the glory of the production, when it would have been so easy for him to have composed the music with one hand while he wrote the libretto with the other. Willis Polk is one of Redding's ardent admirers in whose mind this regret doubtless rankles, for, at the last jinks of the Bohemian Club he told the members assembled that he had taxed his friend with not writing the opera; that is to say, he had interrogated Redding thus: "I say, Joe, you didn't write that opera, did you?" Redding retorted with another question: "Why? What makes you think I didn't write it?" Whereupon Polk answered, "Because it is you; and because I read it in the newspapers." Which is one form of the epigram. And Polk also related at the same time in the same connection that he imagined in a very vivid dream that he stood in front of the temple of fame as Redding emerged from that repository of the immortal great. "Did you see my bust in there?" proudly questioned the man that beat Zukertort at chess. "No," answered Polk; "where is it?" "The third on the left," said Redding. "The third on the left!" exclaimed Polk; "why that isn't you; that's Shakespeare." "I know it," calmly admitted the librettist. "That's what they used to call me."

Knicker—So the Newriches are getting culture?
Bocker—Yes; they have learned to speak of house beautiful, instead of a beautiful house.

Francis Thompson—Poet

The anthologies have not yet included the name of Francis Thompson among those whom they make immortal; but they will. Francis Thompson was a poet. He lived a poet and he died a poet. His life was an iliad of misery and his death was a prolonged agony. It is said that he died because he did not have enough to eat. Francis Thompson was an incarnation of the seventeenth century; he wrote as Crashaw and Donne and Vaughan wrote, and whatever of the modern spirit was in his work he learned from Coventry Patmore. It is somewhat of a literary coincidence that two great English reviewers commented upon the merits and defects of Francis Thompson's verse at wide interval, each of them passing a critical judgment that might have been written by the same hand. In 1894, shortly after the publication of Thompson's poems, H. D. Trail, in the Nineteenth Century, welcomed the new poet in these words: "I can

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hardly doubt that at least the minority who can recognize the essentials under the accidents of poetry, and who feel that it is to poetic form only, and not to forms that eternity belongs—will agree that alike in wealth and dignity of imagination, in depth and subtlety of thought, and in magic and mastery of language, a new poet of the first rank is to be welcomed in the author of this volume." In 1907, ten days after the dawn-death of this poet who had "chanted in his chapel of dreams," Arthur Symons wrote in the Saturday Review, of London: "The genius of Francis Thompson was oriental, exuberant in color, woven into elaborate patterns, and went draped in old silken robes, that had survived many dynasties. . . . His voice was heard like a wandering music, which no one heeded for what it said, in a strange tongue, but which came troublingly into the mind, bringing it the solace of its old, recaptured melodies. Other poets of his time have had deeper things to say, and a more flawless beauty; others have put more of their hearts into their song; but no one has been a torch waved with so fitful a splendor over the gulfs of our darkness." This was the hail and farewell to a poet who is only now coming into his own—a prophecy and a threnody.

Belated Appreciation

The memory of Francis Thompson will live. It will grow upon us as we come to a full comprehension of his "fine and significant symbolism," realizing that his legacy of verse to an appreciative posterity is "an elaborate pageant of his own life, with all its miseries, heights, relapses, and flight after some eternity"; learning to know, better than we now know, but as he knew, that

> "Life is a coquetry
> Of Death, which wearies me,
> Too sure
> Of the amour;
> A tiring-room where I
> Death's divers garments try,
> Till fit
> Some fashion sit."

All men sometimes think these thoughts but few of them feel them as Thompson felt them, or are capable of presenting them even to themselves in clearest vision of fearless meditation as vividly as they are presented in word-welded imagery by this poet "who passed like a wild vagabond of the mind, dazzling our sight." Now the newspapers are "discovering" Francis Thompson; and eventually he will be known to all who are willing to come under the spell of a mind that combined intellectual vigor with spiritual insight and had the genius to give fluent and clear expression to the vast theme that engrossed his soul.

Teacher—"Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him."
Johnnie—"Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it fer me."

An Outcry From Chico

The schoolmarms of Chico are embattled grammar-wise against President Burk of the San Francisco State Normal School, because, in a recent bulletin he "discredits grammar and decries the teaching of grammar." These feminine precisians of Chico have adopted resolutions reaffirming their faith in Lindley Murray and all his works, insisting that the "rules" of grammar shall be taught in the schools, and denouncing in no uncertain, but somewhat discursive terms, all persons who would seek to lay hand save in kindness upon the prescriptive syntax of the English language. It would be easy to find fault with the "grammar" of these resolutions and to pick inconsequential flaws in their diction; but I forbear. I recall that it is the hand that wields the switch that rules the nation in the long run; and I remember with vivid recollection that it was the hand of woman that first impressed my own plastic hide with a ferule, to drive deep into my sub-consciousness certain other rules that have stuck by me lo, these many years, in spite of

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Brander Matthews' scoffing thesis on the illogical conclusions of those precepts and the temptation constantly offered by Professor Lounsbury to split the infinitive from stem to stern. Perhaps I should go even farther, and express my unlimited admiration for these Chico schoolmarms who so boldly affirm the grammarhood of the English language in defiance of the highest authorities to the contrary. It would be heartless and cruel to shatter the fond illusion that these grammarianesses of Chico hug so lovingly to their tender breasts by asking them to cite some "rule" whereby I, for specific example, may be guided in the use of that dear old verb "loved" in the imperfect participle passive. How shall I love in the progressive passive tense? I know how I do love in that form, but there's no grammar in the emotion nor is it governed by any rule. It is said that Mr. Pope, the poet, who was sufficiently master of the rules and regulations of the language to write an Essay on Criticism, once slipped up on the rules prescribing the agreement of verbs, writing full and large in one of his "Spectators," "It must be careful that it don't." Now will the wise ladies of Chico tell me what is wrong with Mr. Pope's sentence, citing rule and principle? Then, after they have told me will they kindly inform me if Mr. Pope could have defended himself under the aegis of the subjunctive mood, if such protection existed in the time of good Queen Anne? Futhermore, I have long searched for an infallible "rule" governing the use of "shall" and "will." Do the fair grammarians of Chico happen to have something of that sort in their curricula? And can these protesting Crichtons in petticoats write me a letter of thanks for my kindly remarks herein, containing accurate use of the relative pronouns "who" and "that," co-ordinating and restrictive, with rules and exceptions, informing me when "who" is best applied as a co-ordinating member and when it is frequently used as restrictive, and why "that" is now limited to its function as a proper relative of restriction. I confess that with the rules plain before me I can make nothing of them, and I am corroborated in this lemma by such authorities of "usage" as Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman and Walter Pater. Would the teacheresses of Chico adopt resolutions denunciatory of the "grammar" of these authorities of "the best usage" if they violated some of the "rules" prescribed in the little, narrow "grammars" of Chico? Then heaven help Carlyle with his ideas overwhelming and utterly submerging all grammars, all "usage" and all the "rules" of all the schools!

Our Virtuous Postoffice

A postoffice ban is on bridge whist. The game is to be classed with the vulgar Mexican lottery and invitations to participate in a bridge whist party will be denied the privileges of the mails if prizes are offered as the reward of luck or skill. This postoffice of ours is getting more virtuous every day. If it keeps on in the way it is going it will not be long until nothing but Dr. Rader's sermons or George Sterling's poems will be allowed governmental facilities of transportation. It will be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for letters or a bundle of newspapers to pass through the mails. No wonder they won't give us a parcels post delivery system; they are afraid that we will use the postoffice as a freight carrying agent for faro bankers and opium smugglers. It has been decided that the postoffice department must be as far removed from reproach and suspicion as Caesar's wife ought to have been under the dictator's domestic prescription. Some venerable dodo of the Pharisee persuasion who exists down in Connecticut where the Blue Laws are live letter statutes, disgruntled because his wife and three unmarriageable daughters were not invited to a bridge party in the ultra fashionable set of the village of Nutmegville, sent a complaint to the Postmaster-General setting forth that bridge whist is a "lottery" and invitations to "parties" thereof are prohibited as mail matter under section 499 of the postal regulations which subjects violators to a fine of $500 or imprisonment for one year or both. It was a mean Yankee Puritan revenge. I hope that the old blunderbuss of self-righteousness will have to shake the dice for his own soul some day with Beelzebub with miracles and sanctification by works barred. In that event I know what will become of the snuffling ancient. He'll be appointed Postmaster-General of a postoffice department that handles only asbestos mail.

Mistress to New Help—You will have to wash for the whole family.

New Help—All roight mum, but exschuse me if I say that thim that don't wash thimsilves aint healthy.

A Ducal Remedy for Love

I wonder why Romeo Montague didn't go mountain-climbing or engage himself in some other equally arduous if similarly unproductive employment, when he found that his suit for the hand of Miss Juliet Capulet was hopeless. That is what the Duke of the Abruzzi would have done if he had been Romeo; and I suppose that is what Romeo would have done if he had been the Duke of the Abruzzi. In any event that is what the Duke of

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the Abruzzi has done upon provocation similar to that which sent Romeo to the lean apothecary of Mantua. The Duke has decided that as he cannot marry Miss Elkins of West Virgina he will imperil a life not otherwise worth living, by climbing Mont Blanc in a season when other climbers are afraid to try it—when safe, sane and conservative persons not aflicted with unrequited love are prone to beware of the awful avalanche and to stand from under when the pine tree's withered branch threatens. Why a distracted lover should rush in where an angel of sound and disposing mind would fear to tread, is beyond my ken. I can understand wherein mountain-climbing may be a panacea for the nervous strain consequent on love denied or love defied; as I can also realize that a steady session at the woodpile might achieve the same purpose; but why not wait until the traveling is better? Why not go at it in a more popular and economical season of the year when Cook's personally conducted excursions are swarming all over the Alps? And if all we read about lovers whose biographers are poets and impassioned novel writers, if half true, a more insidious danger lurks for Abruzzi in the ambition of this mountain enterprise than were in ambush to worry Poet Longfellow's youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device, "Excelsior!" No bulletin has been published from the court physician concerning the Duke's heart action, and we are therefore unable to determine with scientific certainty whether he is physically fitted to endure the exertion necessary to accomplish the ascent of Mont Blanc. A Duke with a broken heart should be very careful how he exercises, especially after eating. If anything fatal should happen to Abruzzi in this adventure the world would probably never know it, as the dispatches inform us that he is climbing the mountain incognito. Even the guides will not know him and the coroner will be unable to "identify" him.

Respectable Deacon—I wish that young Cannon Mayberry weren't obliged to preach to such a small congregation.

Frivolous Widow—So do I. Every time he said, "Dearly beloved," this morning, I felt as if I had received a proposal.

Larkin Enlightening Ignorance

Professor Edgar Lucien Larkin, the eminent astronomer and all-round scientist, has begun to number his answers to the unscientific ignoramuses who seek the light of his knowledge. Professor Larkin has been answering scientific conundrums during the period of an ordinary lifetime, but heretofore he has not counted his answers. It appears from revised data that he has answered cccxlix questions in the newspapers; ccix in letters to inquiring correspondents; dxiv offhand without thinking; ccccviii from memory without special research; and mdcccxvii from the data of his note books and encyclopedias. It will be observed that Professor Larkin prefers the Roman numerals to the vulgar Arabic. Anything Roman or Latin seems to fit the purpose of the modern scientist better than plain English or the Arabian formulae upon which our first scientific knowledge was based. I suppose Professor Larkin could tell us why. The Romans were merely borrowers and purveyors in everything except the science of war—like the Japanese of this generation. Their art was borrowed from Greece; their literature was an imitation of Grecian poets; and their science was a hodge podge of absurd deduction from the theories of every nation that came under their dominion. Yet Professor Larkin and the others express the terms of their various sciences in the language of the Romans, even going so far in many instances as to distort the plain language of the original into a bastard, hybrid or hermaphrodite etymology which the dictionary makers have recently begun to classify as "new Latin." In my schoolboy days we called it "hog Latin." It is a pedantic affection, of course; like writing a prescription for a cure of mumps in Latin,

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by a crossroads doctor who couldn't spell the ingredients of his potion in English. I will say, however, on behalf of my favorite scientists, that Professor Larkin, in his avocation of schoolmaster for the mob, does not use much Latin—not enough, indeed, to determine whether he knows the language or not. Moreover, Professor Larkin is an honest scientist. He confesses in nearly all of his communications that he is as ignorant as those who ask the questions. He endeavors to palliate this ignorance, however, by giving the inquiring ignoramus a full resume of all that his fellow scientists think they know about the matter under inquiry. That's the kind of scientist to have around the house; an easy, flexible, human scientist wholly divested of the dogmatism and dogmaolatry of his tribe; the kind that Aristophanes said Socrates was not; one that would have permitted doubt of the accuracy of the Ptolemaic theory of the sidereal universe before Copernicus settled the disputes between the warring schoolmen; and a moonshee who, even in this day is willing to allow that the nebular hypothesis is not a permanent and definite demonstration of astronomical exactitude. It is this humility of mind that commends Professor Larkin to me, and makes him my favorite scientist. It is because he knows he doesn't know that I prefer him to Professor Serviss who is top heavy with what he doesn't know and doesn't even know that; reminding me of an inverted pyramid doing a dervish dance to the music of the spheres.

Clerk—This, sir, is the very latest in neckwear. It is called the matrimonial tie.

Customer—No, thanks; I've had two matrimonial ties already, and I couldn't make either one of them work!

Mother Sues Daughter

In the news from Oakland the other day was an item about a suit brought by Mrs. Mary A. Wandesforde, a widow, against her daughter, Ivy Wandesforde Kersey, to recover $15,000 worth of property. Few there are perhaps that will recall the history of the Wandesfordes. The husband of the plaintiff in this case was a noted portrait painter and he was among the wits of the Bohemian Club when the club was celebrated for its bohemian atmosphere. His daughter Ivy was a clever vocalist and she went on the stage and was in Camillo Urso's Company. While on a tour of the country she met Maitland Kersey, an Englishman of international reputation who, at that time, was connected with a steamship company. Kersey fell in love with the California girl and they were married with considerable pomp and circumstance. The marriage brought no happiness to the painter's daughter. Some years ago it was rumored that Kersey intended to get a divorce in order to marry Birdie Fair, who is now the wife of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The Kerseys are now divorced and Mrs. Kersey is living in Haywards.

Our Shallow Universities

Now comes Dr. James P. Munroe in the Popular Science Monthly with the assertion (backed by argument and instances) that our universities are propagating mediocrity and inefficiency. That distinguished psychologist, Dr. Scripture, gave utterance to the same opinion some time ago. Dr. Scripture attributed the evil to the American incapacity for detail, whereas Dr. Munroe suspects that the trouble is due to over-specialization in the colleges. "Many a green tree of scholarship," says Dr. Munroe, "many a fair, broad field of general culture, has been converted into a naked waste of narrow pedantry." In these columns I have often

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commented on the failure of our institutions of higher education to realize the objects and aims of a university, but it appears that I have been conscious of only half the truth. I have known that the humanities were far from being properly cultivated in the universities; that students were getting little of that kind of mental training which is conducive to a broad outlook and freedom from every species of narrowness, but I assumed that at least in science instruction was of the highest class. But now I am told that the universities are turning out second rate physicists, second rate botanists, second rate chemists and second raters generally. "We send out from our schools of applied science," says Dr. Munroe, "many a man competent to put up a bridge, but not competent to put up a good front among his equals, wise in the handling of formulae, but ignorant in the handling of men, full of little knacks and methods of calculation, but empty of that tact and intellectual skill which are absolutely essential to professional success." Respecting much that has been said in these columns from time to time Dr. Munroe says: "Give a boy, give a student all the facts and all the practice he can get in college, provided you do not fail to give him at the same time a broad outlook upon history, upon human experience and upon human life. Whether he is to start in a store, in an office, or as a drummer; whether he is to be a minister, a lawyer, an engineer or a doctor, his success in life depends enormously upon his ability to get on with and to handle men. He cannot have that success unless he be broad, catholic, tolerant, tactful and philosophical, not as a specialist but as a man. By success is not meant, of course, mere financial and professional success—though in nine cases out of ten these are most likely to be achieved by the broadest man—but that highest success which comes through the widest social usefulness."

"ONCE REMOVED"

My wife's first cousin came to stay
With us the winter through;
Although it seems unkind to say,
I wish him once removed—I do!

—The Grouch.



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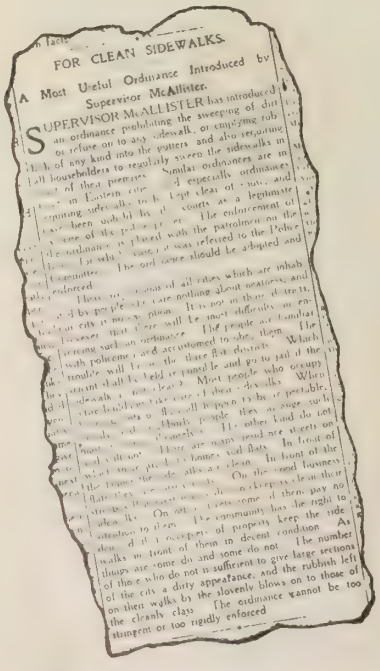
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WEDDING INVITATIONS

A. M. ROBERTSON


FOR CLEAN SIDEWALKS.
A Most Useful Ordinance Introduced by Supervisor McAllister.
SUPERVISOR McALLISTER has introduced an ordinance prohibiting the sweeping of dirt or refuse out to any sidewalk, or emptying rub- ish of any kind into the gutters, and also requiring all householders to regularly sprinkle the sidewalks in front of their premises. Similar ordinances are in force in Eastern cities, and especially ordinances requiring sidewalks to be kept clear of snow and ice have been upheld by the courts as a legitimate exercise of police power. The enforcement of one of the provisions is charged with the patrolmen on the beat. The ordinance was referred to the Police Committee. The only reason why such an ordinance should be adopted and enforced. There is no need of all cities which are inhabited by people who care nothing about neatness and cleanliness, that there will be much difficulty in enforcing such an ordinance. The people are familiar with policemen and accustomed to obey them. While trouble will be in the three first districts. Within a month all the loafers will be rounded up and go to jail if the sidewalk in front of their dwellings is not properly cleaned. Most people who occupy dwellings like these will happen to be respectable, well-behaved people, who are always glad to have a chance to do the right thing. Other kind do not generally. It is the streets and sidewalks in the poorer districts that are usually filthy. There are many vacant lots in front of houses that are never cleaned. In front of the better class residences the sidewalks are kept clean. In front of the former the sidewalks are never cleaned. On the good business streets the owners of property clean their sidewalks. On other streets some of them pay no attention to them. The community has the right to compel all occupants of property keep the side walks in front of them in decent condition. As it is, some do and some do not. The number of those who do not is sufficient to give large sections of the city a dirty appearance, and the rubbish left on their walks by the slovenly blows on to those of the cleanly class. The ordinance cannot be too stringent or too rigidly enforced.

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City Ordinances Are Not Necessary to Produce Clean Sidewalks in Presidio Terrace

In other parts of the city you will find dust and papers blowing in the front door and the streets and sidewalks in a disgraceful condition. Not so in Presidio Terrace where they are kept as clean as a new pin. Lots in this beautiful residence park are selling NOW at $150 per foot. They are cheap at that price and will soon be increased. Let us show you several we have left.

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THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

The past week has seen many quick changes in Wall Street security values. Several drives were made by the bears in an endeavor to dislodge stock. In every attempt complete failure resulted. There was general selling of the Guggenheim properties, causing a large extension of the already oversold condition of their securities. The attacks were mostly against American Smelting and Refining common; rumors were widely circulated unfavorable to the company's future prospects. National Lead was threatened with adverse legislation at the hands of Congress. To offset this rumor came reassurance of an increase in dividend of the common stock of this company. The general market was given over to specialities. Among the most prominent stocks of this class were Colorado Southern, Wabash, Texas Pacific, Chesapeake & Ohio and Pacific Mail. The latter sold at 40¼, declining rapidly to 37 after the President's message had been published. The friends of Pacific Mail were somewhat disappointed at the President's mild reference to the matter of subsidy; however, the decline was not taken seriously by those who gave the subject proper thought.

It is quite certain a favorable subsidy measure will pass at this season. It is absolutely necessary to protect American shipping. Many realize this fact now who were heretofore antagonistic to the measure.

The general upward movement seen in the Gould Stocks was quite significant. There has been of late very urgent demand for Western Pacific Bonds, as well as a strong inquiry for the common stock.

The Steel Stocks have shown renewed activity. I learn from a most reliable source the United States Steel Company has within the last two weeks booked the largest orders in the history of the company. Tariff legislation threatened does not seem to worry stockholders to any material extent. Nothing of a serious nature is anticipated in the way of reductions.

The Lead Trust may have some adverse legislation to contend with. The rapidity with which new bond issues are subscribed for is one of the favorable signs of the times. Some gold has recently been shipped abroad, but this has no particular significance, and the market gave it only passing notice. More could be spared without interfering with money rates on this side. The demand for our farm products by European Countries is becoming quite urgent. Already seventy million bushels of wheat have been exported from this year's crop to the United Kingdom and the continent. Our corn and barley is in good demand for European consumption, and at remarkably high prices. This will soon turn the tide of gold shipments back to this country again. The Government report issued on the acreage and condition of winter wheat, sown in this country, places the condition equal to a general average, and the acreage about thirty millions, showing a most favorable condition for the coming crops.

The cotton crop will probably be 13,000,000 bales (500 pounds to the bale) against 9,000,000 bales seven years ago, showing the gain in production during that period. Cotton is the cheapest farm product in the American market. The low price of cotton may be accounted for from the fact that legislation throughout the Southern States was enacted, forbidding the trading in futures. This resulted in forcing the producers and bankers to carry the crop. The load has been found to be too heavy. Many of the Southern States are thinking seriously of repealing the laws forbidding the trading in futures. If the same laws were enacted in our wheat and corn growing States, the price of these cereals would decline below the cost of producing. It takes more than the farmer and banker to carry from one harvest to another our great farm productions.

Trading in futures may have its abuses; nevertheless, it is a commercial necessity. Markets will adjust themselves to a supply and demand basis. Traders in our market centers are alive at all times to true conditions. No set of men or speculators can control the markets of the world in cereals, such as corn, oats, wheat and cotton. It is absolutely necessary that market centers should be maintained to regulate prices. As for America, unless conditions change materially, we shall have little or no wheat for export within a period of ten years. Our production is not increasing as rapidly as our consumption. Something must be done to increase our wheat raising.

We are now within twenty days of the period when over three hundred millions of dollars will be put into circulation. This will have more than a passing effect. I believe we are on the verge of one of the biggest bull stock markets this country has ever witnessed. The better class of stocks will soar to a point where investors will not realize more than four per cent, but they will have a speculative prospect in addition to their actual earning power. Such stocks as Union Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, St. Paul and many others of this class will join the investment list and be out of the reach of speculators. Speculation will be confined to the small railway properties, and the industrial list. Bankers will be forced to regard the industrial properties with more favor from a collateral point of view, or keep their funds in idleness.

Money rates promise to be low for a long time to come, this of itself means higher stock and bond prices. It would not be surprising to see an advance of five to ten dollars per share in the good stocks before the middle of January. Values would not then be high when all conditions are considered.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Premiere Event

Much has been written and much more has been gossiped of the ball and banquet given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott to five hundred and twenty intimate friends at the St. Francis last week. Especial note has been made by the newspaper folk of the price that was paid for the entertainment; there was singular unanimity of the figures published, and some of those not in the know wondered how the reporters learned that it cost the Scotts $10,000 to provide a "social event" surpassing the traditional functions of the Donohoes and Hopkinses. Without hinting the slightest derogation of this premiere assembly of San Francisco's beauty and fashion, it may be



Photo, Scharz. MISS ELIZA McMULLIN

Who made her debut last week at the Fairmont.

said that its cost is only relatively extraordinary. This city is still young in its social aspiration; it has scarcely donned its dinner dress and its ballroom robes. When it shall be fully rehabilitated and radiant with renewed hope of a brighter future than it has never known, a ten thousand dollar entertainment will look small indeed. Real opulence and genuine sumptuousness will mark the social ambitions of San Francisco's future millionaires; and some of those who were sleeping the sleep of innocence while their mothers were dancing at the Scotts' ball will live to dance at balls to rival in splendor and cost those that spread the fame of the Bradley-Martins to the uttermost and the nethermost parts of the earth. The gossiping peris outside the gilded pale have been complaining of the money wasted on this one-night festivity; but the moan is vain; not one dollar was wasted; Mr. Scott's money was distributed where it will do more good than it is likely to do if it is kept in escrow for Mr. Scott's heirs. This money is in circulation among those who will pour it into the channels of the retail trade of this city. That is the way to look upon these affairs. Let us have as much of Mr. Scott's money as he desires to give us; and if the pleasure of giving is



BLANCHE TOLMIE

Who recently returned from Europe where she was trained for the concert stage. She has already met with success in concert. She is now visiting her sister Mrs. Warfield in Berkeley.

enhanced by such display as he has made in this instance who shall say him nay? None, we dare affirm, but sordid churls and small souled acolytes swinging cheap incense at the altar of Mammon.

Not Greenway's Wine

More significant than the price that Mr. Scott paid for his fun, is the label on the wine his guest drank at the banquet. What do you think? It was not Mumm—it was Moet and Chandon, Imperial Crown, (Brut). That announcement almost deserves an exclamation point at its conclusion. Moet and Chandon! Imperial, too! And wearing a crown! Not sec, but brut! Does this mean the passing of Mumm? Is another vintage casting its bubbled sweetness upon lips that loved the other,

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the older, the wine of Greenway? Is Mumm passe? Is Moet and Chandon the latest debutante? If so, why? There's the rub. If Moet and Chandon has come to stay, then Mumm is gone to remain. The substitution was certainly not accidental, and therein lies its significance in the opinion of those who are watching the star of Ned Greenway's social destiny. There are some who say that as his wine flows so flows the tide of Greenway's popularity. Both have long been at flood. Are both now on the ebb? Let us await the answer in the wine order for the next millionaire function.

Setting the Pace

The town is familiar with all the details of this much-talked-of affair. We know who was the most beautiful woman on the floor; who wore the most expensive dress;



THE EBELL CLUB'S PRIZE DOLLIES

In Mrs. Beretta's 40 horsepower Studebaker in which they were driven through the streets of Oakland.

which of the gowns were imported and which were not; why some of the guests were invited and why some who thought they would be invited were omitted from the list; all these things are known and some of them disputed over the tea urn and across the bridge table. Further than this perhaps it is only proper to say that the Scott ball is a rubriced page in the social history of San Francisco. It will be the basis of comparison for future entertainments of similar character. And it will be a long time before that comparison will relegate the Scott function to the second degree. Merely for the benefit of posterity and for the insurance of reliable tradition it should be here recorded that of the many beautiful women at the ball none was more beautiful than Mrs. Scott herself in her yellow and gold satin gown; also, that among the younger matrons Mrs. Clement Tobin and Mrs. Walter Hobart won distinction, while Mary Keeney was voted the prettiest of the girls. Incidentally it is worthy of mention that the gala affair lasted until nearly half after seven in the morning, a decidedly pleasant innovation being the serving of breakfast at six o'clock to the same partners that had enjoyed the supper. It was not until after their morning meal that society went home to bed.

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The Lion of the Season

San Francisco society is never without a lion, and usually he is a foreigner with a title. The lion of this season is Count d' Aubans, the gallant young Frenchman who ruffled the feathers of the Sons of the American Revolution on the occasion of a banquet in Oakland. The Count is from Paris, where he formed the acquaintance of several Californians who pronounce him the "real thing" in French aristocracy. As the Count is



Photo, Maurer. MISS ANNA PETERS

The Stockton girl whose beauty attracted the attention of Artist Gibson.

unattached, and as nobody knows of any business interests that are engaging his attention in this part of the world, the supposition is that he has come hither in search of a wife. This is the supposition that always find favors in such cases, and of course it is accompanied by the inference that the titled hero would not draw the line at a girl merely because she had a fortune. However, in the case of Count d' Aubans it is said that he has already lost his heart to a charming debutante, and that she is not an heiress. And by the way she is not the debutante who monopolized the Count's attentions at the Greenway birthday dance.

A concert by the Sequoia Club, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, will take place at the club rooms on Tuesday evening, December 15th.

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Society Apprehensive

Over the border in San Mateo County there is a miniature Monte Carlo which is frequented, I am told, by many of our gay society folk who live down the peninsula. It is said that some of the most exclusive representatives of our provincial aristocracy have played roulette there, and that some of them are now in a state of dread induced by the prospect of being summoned into court to testify in a will contest, the issues of which involve matters that had their origin in the gambling resort.

The Conversation Dragged

At the recent farewell dinner given by the Peter Martins conversations was not as brisk as it usually is at such affairs. Conversation is not one of the arts cultivated by our provinical aristocracy with a view to edification; one rarely hears an epigram at a social function, or for that matter anything that indicates a capacity for intellectual delight, but of small talk on commonplace topics there is no dearth. Yet the conversation dragged at the Martin dinner. Why? An explanation is not easy. It would be absurd, of course, to attribute the dullness of the evening to the circumstance that Mrs. Martin was escorted into dinner by Henry T. Scott and that Rudolph Spreckels was placed at her left. Mrs. Martin, by the way, wore nothing sensational that evening. I hear that she will not wear an evening gown that was not made abroad and as she has not been abroad for a year she has exhausted her wardrobe and consequently appeared at the dinner in a gown with which the guests were not unfamiliar.

The Hammond-Burnett Wedding

The wedding of Grace Hammond and Wellbore Burnett is to be marked with the usual elegant simplicity characteristic of the Hammond family. Hammond pere is a man of wealth and distinguished for his liberality, but he has always abhorred the custom of entertaining for the benefit of society reporters. The beautiful Hammond home on Broadway has been the scene of no elaborate social functions, but there has been much entertaining in the way of informal dinners and afternoon receptions, which usually end in a motor trip.

The Greenway

Leaders may come and leaders may go but the Greenway runs on forever. And the Czar will hold forth as usual at the Fairmont this Friday night as the presiding genius of one of the dances for which he is justly famous. As it will be on the heels of the Scott ball you may depend on it that Greenway will do his prettiest, and—whisper it not in Gath!—there is to be a great rally of the popular leader's friends on this occasion. After the last Greenway it was said that there was a scarcity of dancing men. This time there will be a plethora. There is nobody that has greater success in rounding up dancing men than Greenway when he half tries and as for girls—of course the girl that doesn't attend a Greenway is not of the elect. Early in the week I heard that arrangements were being made for a number of dinner parties to precede the Greenway ball. It is now quite the thing to take rooms at the Fairmont on a Greenway dance and dinner parties are of course quite numerous. Among the more formal and elaborate of the dinner parties arranged for this week is one to be given by the J. C. Wilsons. They will have forty guests. Among others who are planning to entertain the same evening are Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois, Thornwell Mullaly and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

A Theatre for San Rafael

From San Rafael comes the news that young Frank Johnson is about to engage in a theatrical enterprise. If his plans are carried out the people of Marin County will acclaim him a great public benefactor. There is nothing that this growing suburban town needs more than a theatre, and this is the long felt want which Mr. Johnson purposes filling. It is reported that he intends spending sixty thousand dollars on a building which is to be one of the finest temples of the drama in the State. Johnson is a hustler, and he has the money to carry out his designs. He also has a good deal of surplus energy as was made evident two summers ago when he revived interest in and taste for the succulent shirmp, a market for which he created in San Rafael.

Aristocratic Frogs To Be Raised

In a city so noted as San Francisco is for its epicures it is singular that the frog breeding industry has been neglected. Especially singular is it in view of the fact that conditions on this peninsula are most favorable to the propagation of batrachians. One of the reasons, I am told, why the frog has received very little encouragement here from breeders is that San Francisco palate has not been educated up to a taste for the delicate meat. But this is a matter that is to be attended to. From the direction of Burlingame comes the news that Mr. Leon de Sabla is to embark in the business of breeding frogs on his ten acre tract near Woodside. He has a fine vineyard on this land, and he is now constructing two large reservoirs which are to be dedicated to the propagation of frogs of the finest quality.

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The Hamlin Coterie

About sixty of the young married people have held dances every two weeks during the winter for the last few years at Miss Hamlin's school. These are very informal affairs, but those fortunate enough to belong to the congenial coterie always enjoy a rollicking unconventional time. Only two single girls belong—Florence Ives and Alida Ghirardelli, and amongst the attractive young matrons and their husbands who are leading spirits at these delightful little functions are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr. and Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander, and Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell.

A Question of Title

Something new in titular nomenclature was sprung at the St. Francis Hotel the other day when the son of Baron J. H. von Schroeder registered as "Baron J. H. von Schroeder, Jr." I have been asked to decide the question whether there can be a junior baron during the lifetime of the father from whom the son is to inherit his title. I am not an authority on questions of this kind, but I should say offhand that the "Jr" on the St. Francis register is misleading and inaccurate. And while I am not familiar with German custom I am under the impression that members of the nobility are not in the habit of affixing their titles to their Christian and surnames. But after all why cavil about such matters in this country? Any old thing goes. The wife of Captain Jones signs herself "Mrs. Captain Jones," and Colonel Bluebottle of Kentucky and his title are as inseparable as the Colonel and his bowie-knife. Even the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Bluejays loves to parade his title on all occasions. Young von Schroeder, by the way, returned but a short time ago from England where he was engaged in the study of the banking business. He is said to have exhibited considerable ability and that he gives promise of big achievement.

To Wed in February

The wedding of Miss Ethel Hartson, daughter of N. Hartson of St. Helana, and Captain Caldwell Turner of the U. S. Marine Corps has been set for early in February. Captain Turner is the son of the late William Turner and grandson of Admiral Turner. Miss Hartson's mother was the beautiful Nannie Gluyas, daughter of Captain Gluyas of St. Helena, and sister of Mrs. Robert Williams. They were among the most brilliant and accomplished women in California society in the early days.

Mrs. Mansfeldt's Distant Journey

Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt will leave immediately after the holidays for a tour in Northern Africa, visiting Algiers and Tunis. Mrs. Mansfeldt will remain in Algiers until May when she will go to Italy where she will be joined by Mr. Mansfeldt, and together they will travel leisurely through Europe during the summer. Mr. Mansfeldt will return to his pupils next winter, and Mrs. Mansfeldt will go back to Northern Africa where she will sojourn for several months. The Mansfeldts are among the most popular of the cultured society of this city, their musical ability commending them everywhere and their taste and refinement in all matters of art and literature giving them precedence in all their relations with the social activities of San Francisco. Mrs. Mansfeldt's main purpose in going abroad is to obtain a complete rest as well as change of scene, having lately experienced some trouble with her nerves.

A Wedding Episode

An amusing contretemps occurred at the de Young-Cameron wedding during Archbishop Riordan's remarks on the subject of marriage. The Archbishop gave utterance to the sentiment that men and women should marry early in life, and as he did so one of the family guests, a prominent representative of the smart set, interrupted with a rather curious ejaculation that startled the speaker. Whether the lady intended to sound a note of dissent or had merely uttered herself in a moment of abstraction is a question that has provoked much discussion. The Archbishop himself is said to have been puzzled by the episode. One thing is certain he intended no personal allusion.

Genuine Southern Hospitality

Good old fashioned Southern hospitality has not gone out of style after all as was evident at the McMullin tea on Saturday last. The affair was in honor of Mrs. McMullin's two grand daughters, Eliza McMullin and

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Anna Weller, and even if the bars were let down a little, and a few not of the exclusive inner circle were present, it was pronounced by many the jolliest of the winter's receptions. The army set was there in full force, the uniforms making a pleasing contrast not often enough seen at our big functions. Even those who were fortunate enough to be present at the launching of the Prometheus managed to be back in time to run in for a few minutes. The refreshments were distinctly reminiscent of the south of Mason and Dixon line hospitality, not just the conventional salad and ice, but a very bountiful Southern spread such as Mrs. McMullin was used to in her girlhood days in Alabama. The McMullins belong to the Southern set so prominent here a decade ago. To this set also belong the Maynards, the Gwins, the Ashes, the Selbys, the Eyres, the Boardmans and a score or more of others. Mrs. McMullin's two grand daughters are very charming girls and bid fair to be extremely popular.

Will Tour Europe

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett will leave early in January for their tour abroad. In Paris they will be joined by Mrs. Russell Wilson with whom they will tour the continent. Mrs. Wilson will return to San Francisco in the spring. Mrs. Miller, formerly Gertie Benchley, had intended to join Mrs. Wilson and travel with her, but owing to the serious illness of her daughter she had to cut short her stay in Paris, leaving Mrs. Wilson alone among strangers, as it were. But later she was joined by Miss Kline who will remain with her until the arrival of Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Crockett.

A Young Heir Engaged

Rumors of another engagement is in the air. This time I am assured the announcement is shortly to be made as the girl herself has already confessed. She is a demi-brunette of an attractive girlish type, who made her debut last year, and her fiance, they say is some three years her junior. He is a nice young fellow, only nineteen, and quite wealthy in his own right, or rather, he will be when he becomes of age. His grandmother is a very rich woman, having some two or three millions in her own name. Whether or not she approves of the match I have not heard.

Dolls on Parade

One of the prettiest events recorded with this history of the past week's doings across the bay, was that of the "Doll Show," given by the members of the Ebel Club for the benefit of the West Oakland home for boys and girls. To Mrs. I. A. Beretta is due much of the credit for the great success of the affair. At all turns the fair manager proved herself capable and created no little comment when she conceived the idea of giving the prize dollies a ride through Oakland in her new 40 horsepower Studebaker touring car. The daintily and expensively gowned dolls were seated, literally, "all over" the machine and this bevy of beauties formed a highly pleasing contrast to the rich black and brilliant red of Mrs. Beretta's auto. Nor did Mrs. Beretta overlook the possibilities of her "stunt." Upon the return to the club headquarters from the morning spin the newspaper photographers were on hand.

Mrs. Dunsmuir of Victoria, formerly Maud Shoobert of Sausalito, is visiting her mother.



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Music in Berkeley

Mrs. Charles Warfield of Berkeley, who is engaged in teaching kindergarten music, entertained her friends last Thursday at a novel musical, the performers, being little tots who exhibited a wonderful understanding of the art. Miss Blanche Tolmie, sister of Mrs. Warfield, who resides in New York, delighted the guests with her singing. Miss Tolmie is a clever vocal artist. She has had the benefit of European training and she has a soprano voice of fine quality. She has met with much success on the concert stage.

A Wismer Concert

Hother Wismer, the brilliant violinist who recently returned from Europe where he spent much of his time with Ysaye, will give a concert on the evening of the 17th inst. at the Fairmont. He will be assisted by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mrs. Mathilde Wismer and Mr. Fred. Maurer. He will play the Suite op. 11 E Major by Goldmark, Fantaisie (Scotch) op. 46 by Bruch, the Prelude and Grand Fugue (a minor) by Bach, and the Valse Caprice op. 52—Saint-Sains—Ysaye. Songs will be given by Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Wismer.

Bonifaces Banqueted

The members of the Hotelmen's Association were the guests last Wednesday night of Percy L. Pettigrew, proprietor of the Victoria. There was a business meeting the early part of the evening in the American dining room, after which supper was served in the banquet hall. Although informal, the supper was not lacking in the simple elegance and good taste that have characterized all affairs at the Victoria. A menu of dainties was served under the direction of Justin Lodagnous, whom the management of the hotel has been fortunate in securing as steward. It was Monsieur Lodagnous who opened the old Maison Riche and made the place famous. Mr. Pettigrew, who made a genial host, was assisted by E. S. de Wolf of the Granada.

In the Social Spotlight

Miss Jennie Crocker entertained informally at luncheon in the St. Francis, prior to her departure for the East; her guests being the Misses Jolliffe, Duane Hopkins and Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. S. E. McLaine was hostess the other evening at a dinner given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker. The affair which was informal was given in the American dining room of the Hotel Victoria. The menu included all sorts of good things. Christmas berries and Cecil Bruner roses made an effective table decoration.

Bobby Eyre left for the East on Thursday to attend the wedding of his nephew, Richard Girvin, Jr., and Miss Pauline Duncan, which takes place in Illinois, December 15th.

Mrs. Hugh Glenn French was hostess at a delightful tea on Wednesday, December 9th, given in honor of Miss Ford and Miss Southack.

At a pretty luncheon in the Hotel St. Francis a few days ago, Mrs. Charles W. Clark was hostess to Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Willard Drown, W. H. Stopford and Richard Tobin.

Miss Sarah Coffin of Ross Valley will go East to attend the wedding of Miss Pauline Duncan and R. D. Girvin, Jr., which takes places on December 15th. The bride and groom will come to California and occupy the residence of the groom's parents at Menlo, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Sr., who will remain in the East for a few months.

Mrs. T. Arthur Rickard of 2334 Le Conte avenue, Berkeley, entertained the Spinner's Club on Tuesday, December 8th. Miss Fernanda Pratt was chairman of the music section. Miss Marie Withrow gave a talk on "The Relation of Nations to their Music."

Mrs. Starr Keeler of San Rafael recently entertained at a daintily appointed luncheon in the Dibblee home in San Rafael. Among those present were Mrs. H. Clay Miller, Mrs. Charles Wright, Mrs. C. J. Foster, Mrs. Welch, Miss Beedy, and Miss Hamilton.

Mrs. Warfield

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FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

The vaudeville entertainment given last Saturday in the Colonial Ball Room of the St Francis by the Daughters of the American Revolution proved to be an unprecedented success and established the popularity of the vaudeville idea socially, which was originally given a vogue by the unique affair held in the St. Francis some time ago by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Colonial Ball Room, however, lent a setting to the decorations, gowns and quaint Colonial costumes last Saturday that made the event one of the prettiest of the season.

Mrs. Orrin Wolfe, wife of Captain Wolfe, U. S. A., who has been living in Alaska for the past year, is coming to California to pass the holidays with her parents, Captain and Mrs. Watkins, in Sausalito. As Miss Mabel Watkins, before her marriage, Mrs. Wolfe was one of the most popular girls in the Sausalito set which included Anna Sperry, Etelka Williar and several others, all of whom married young army officers. Captain and Mrs. Watkins are now occupying the A. D. Shepard home in Sausalito.

Mrs. Edgar de Wolf is decorating the magnificent home of Senator George Nixon in Nevada.

The fair for the benefit of the Marguerite Auxiliary which takes place at the residence of the Misses Edna and Sidney Davis on Saturday, December 12th, will have many attractive features.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann was hostess during the week at a luncheon, after which she took her guests to the Minnetti concert at Century Hall. The guests were Mrs. Martel, Mrs. Dollier, Mrs. Musser, Miss Chismore and Miss Martel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis of San Rafael have taken the house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Connor on Vallejo street for six months.

The following are located at the Victoria: Miss Carroll, Miss Frances Carroll, A. D. Shephard, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ladd, Mrs. F. Burke, Miss W. Burk, Rodger Johnson, Mrs. Breen, Miss Breen and George C. Sellon, the State architect, Mrs. S. E. McLaine, Mrs. Mary Brough Cunningham, Madame Achsah de Simone, Mrs. A. L. Foye, Mrs. J. H. Sullivan, Miss Elizabeth, Miss Sophie Sullivan, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mundy.

Mrs. Charles Mason's pretty new home near the new golf links in San Rafael is nearing completion. Mrs. Mason and her attractive daughter, Miss Winifred, will soon leave for a tour abroad.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brayton from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. George D. Cameron from San Mateo; Captain and Mrs. F. Bishop from Mill Valley; Fred D. Teller from Alameda; J. W. Stevens from Oakland; and W. Lanz from Honolulu.

Miss Helen Dean was the hostess the other day at an elaborate luncheon at the Fairmont in honor of the beautiful Miss Innes Keeney, one of the season's most charming debutantes. Among those present were Miss Oge, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Kathleen de Young. Miss Donohoe, Miss McAllister, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Hopkins, Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Baker and Miss Harriett Alexander.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMI BELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE, Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

Green in fifteen different shades. Tom Dillon, Milliner for Men, 712 Market street, opposite Call Building.



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INTERIOR DECORATORS BUSH AT VAN NESS

James and Ibsen

By Theodore Bonnet

That Mr. Louis James has more courage than discretion is evident from what he is doing at the Van Ness Theatre. At this playhouse he is to be seen making a tremendous effort to render Peer Gynt acceptable to theatregoers. Now courage is a most praiseworthy quality but when it is distinctly quixotic to me it is tragic rather than amusing. Cervantes to the contrary notwithstanding, a brave man earnestly fighting a windmill I regard as a most lamentable figure. James's courage is especially deplorable because he is held entirely responsible for its futility. No Ibsen enthusiast would be so charitable to Mr. James as to admit that Peer Gynt is not a playable play, and therefore the actor that fails in it must suffer the consequences of his folly. Yet as a matter of fact, while this drama, judged merely as a work of the imagination, is perhaps the greatest masterpiece of the great Norwegian's poetic genius, a complete and successful representation of it on the stage, except perhaps under conditions similar to those that contribute to the impressiveness of a Parsifal performance at Bayreuth, is hardly possible. In this play Ibsen is more poetic than dramatic. He attempts to drive home some philosophic truths through a combination of fantasy and realism, but failing to clothe his central motive with striking circumstances his theme bores in its interminable evolution, and he neither captivates us with his grotesqueries nor moves us with his human passions. He created a powerful, vivid personality, through which with grim humor he rails at egoism and preaches the unimportance of the struggle for self-realization; he works out in dramatic form a psychological treatise that affords in the reading much intellectual delight, but perfect enjoyment of it is not to be had in the theatre, the reason being that a tedious multiplicity of details is employed in the development of the basic idea. Peer, we are told by Ibsen's most ardent admirers, is one of the greatest heroes of the stage, ranking in their opinion with Hamlet and Faust. Unquestionably he is a striking, unique, personality. And perhaps the spell of him is enduring. He is a lovable scamp despite his selfishness, his waywardness and his rascalities, but he doesn't grip you at any stage of the proceedings. You accompany him through his whole life, but you are never very deeply concerned with his affairs. Until the remote, long delayed wind-up he does nothing more than amuse. The profound truths which he serves to exemplify through the veil of fantastic symbolism are impressive enough, but the method of their inculcation appeals only to the esthetic side of our nature without ever quite illuding us, without evoking any very agreeable sensations, or stirring any deep emotions. It will be said of course that the esthetic appeal ought to be sufficient for any man with a soul and with spiritual insight, but there are not many of us sufficiently highbrowed to be able to feast on the symbolism of Peer Gynt for four hours at a stretch; not at any rate in a production having, despite some spectacular effects, so few adventitious aids as the one at the Van Ness. Poetic fancy is the principal element of this play. It enters the domain of the grotesque and to be in any degree effective, to produce the desired sensations, it must have something more than Grieg music and such illusions as are produced by the electrician and the ordinary stage mechanic. By steeping an audience in the atmosphere essential to the perfect representation of this play the senses would doubtless be rendered susceptible to the esthetic appeal, but the fact is not to be lost sight of that in the pursuit of the subtle psychological study to which Ibsen devoted himself in this play he failed to sustain interest in the development of his theme. If he was not guilty of a fatal technical transgression in failing to effect compactness of plot, at least he did not give sufficient color and vitality to the progressive episodes. To be sure it is quite possible that for theatrical purposes the play is much superior to what it appears to be in the hands of Mr. Louis James, whose conception of Peer Gynt is a cross between his conception of Brutus and his conception of the fool in Francesca da Rimini. High histrionic power and imaginative genius are required to vitalize the role of Peer Gynt. Mr. James has considerable histrionic power, but he has not much imagination. He has some art, but it is not the art of sincerity. His conception of acting is that it depends entirely on technique. Consequently his emotion never springs out of himself. He works it off like an athlete reducing his flesh. In this Ibsen play Mr. James remains uninterestingly aside from what he is doing. He fails utterly to absorb and radiate the poetry of it. He merely acts and acts only to act again. There are many things that Mr. James can do well but Ibsen is not one of them. I doubt whether in all his experience as an actor Mr. James ever came so far from realizing the spirit of a scene as he does in the fantastic driving episode at the deathbed of Peer Gynt's mother.

"The Lion and The Mouse"

Charles Klein's popular drama, "The Lion and The Mouse," comes to the Van Ness Monday night for a two weeks' run. The play will be presented by Henry B. Harris's excellent company which has been highly praised by critics in all sections of the country. The play is one of more than ephemeral interest as evidenced from the fact that it is now in its third season.



HELEN LACKAYE

Who is an important addition to the Valencia Theatre Stock Company.

Stage

The Nordica Concerts

This coming Sunday afternoon, December 13th, at the Van Ness Theatre, Mme. Lillian Nordica will give her opening concert and from all indications this great artist will receive a typical California welcome. There is no singer who holds a warmer spot in the hearts of the music lovers of San Francisco than this brilliant American woman who has won her way from the ranks of the choir singers to a foremost position in the world of art. Although accompanied by two splendid assisting artists, Miss Emma Showers, pianiste, and Frederick Hastings, baritone, Mme. Nordica carries the burden of her concerts singing no less than fourteen splendid numbers, including the great "Curse" from "Tristan und Isolde," Schubert's "Der Erlkonig" and songs by Strauss, Tschaikowsky, Leoncovallo, Faure, Hammond, Van Der Stucken and other masters. These songs will be sung in English, French, Italian and German as originally written. The second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 20th, when an equally interesting program will be given by Mme. Nordica, the features of which will be the tragic aria from "The Death of Jean d'Arc and Schubert's "Die Almacht." The program for Mme. Nordica's Oakland concert which is to be given next Tuesday night at Ye Liberty Playhouse, will also be an interesting one and will contain quite a few works not given at her San Francisco concerts. This promises to be the musical and social event of Oakland's winter season. Seats are on sale at the theatre box office.

A Drama of Mystery

No drama made from a novel has been translated to the stage with more ability or more success than "The House of a Thousand Candles," which is to be the Alcazar's offering next week. If you enjoy the kind of mystery that abounds in a good detective story you will enjoy this dramatization of Meredith Nicholson's famous "best seller." It contains many effective theatrical moments. The actions of the play takes place at Glenarm House, Annandale, Indiana, during the late summer. From this mansion old John Glenarm secretly departs, leaving the impression that he is dead, that he may the better learn what sort of men are Pickering, the executor of his estate, and John Glenarm, his grandson and possible heir, and, if the thing be possible, to bring about a marriage between the young man and Marian Devereux, the alternate heir. He confides his plans to Bates, the butler, the serving man who is "too good a servant tó be one," and pledges Bates to secrecy. Things might have gone smoothly enough had it not been that old Glenarm left behind him a strange and unusual will with clauses and provisions therein as whimsical as the old man's fancy, and, as executor of it, a certain Pickering. Upon the testament turns the story. Pickering and Glenarm both conclude that a hidden treasure lies concealed in some mysterious passage of the mysterious mansion, and both institute search. Glenarm, however, falls in love with Marian and asks her to be his wife. Though he has been led to believe that Marian is not Marian, but Gladys Olivia Armstrong, he has nevertheless violated by his proposal an important provision of the will, and the estate, according to its terms, reverts to the girl. This in itself would make small difference—the fortune would be in the family in any event, as it were—but, unfortunately, Pickering does not die so easily. He, with the assistance of coincidences and circumstances, convinces Glenarm that Marian has wilfully deceived him that she might obtain the hidden treasure and the House of a Thousand Candles and bestow them, with her hand, upon the villain himself and not upon the impetuous and impulsive young man who has dropped so suddenly into the Glenarm preserve. But young Glenarm refuses to vacate the premises. He is convinced that Pickering has some ulterior motive in desiring immediate possession of the estate—which he has—and he defies Pickering's hireling sheriff and Pickering's hireling assassin, Morgan, and, with his friends Donovan, and the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, and Bates, the butler and man of mystery, barricades the doors and prepares for a siege. Into the midst of these belligerent preparations comes Marian through a secret corridor, to warm Glenarm of his peril. Pickering suspects her mission and follows and, unluckily for him, brings up short in the enemy's camp. Morgan and the sheriff attack with a mob and a wild bullet, thudding against a panel, betrays by its sound the hiding place of old Glenarm's treasure. Glenarm and his friends make a hasty examination and they find that Pickering has borrowed $300,000 from the senior Glenarm and gives his notes therefore. These are due and Pickering cannot pay—hence his desperate efforts to gain possession of them. While the battle is at its height, old Glenarm himself appears as from the grave, brought to the scene by a dispatch from Bates and guided by Marian to the library, where the conflict rages, through a secret passage. The surprise is complete and the effect on besiegers alike astounding. The attack comes to an end. Pickering and Morgan are made prisoners, and, in the explanations that follow it develops that Bates is not Bates, but a man by the name of Creighton, who, to shield the father of Marian from the penalty of a forgery, assumed the crime himself, fled to America, and, answering an advertisement, found himself in the employ of the eccentric architect of "The House of a Thousand Candles.



NORDICA

Who will appear at the Van Ness Theatre, Sunday Afternoon, December 13-20 Oakland. Tuesday Evening, December 15th.

Figman's Substitute

"The Substitute," played by Max Figman at the American this week, is what the word implies for it certainly is a substitute for a good play. Max Figman is a clever comedian and ranks with the best but the play he selected to star in this year is very inferior to "The Man on the Box," the one we so kindly remembered him in last year. It is absolutely devoid of wit and snap and though he struggles to make the best of a poor play and a poorer company his efforts are almost futile. His leading lady is Miss Lolita Robertson, formerly of this city; she was the ingenue of the old Alhambra theatre. Ashton Stevens predicted she would see Broadway during her stage career. She is a most charming vivacious young lady but was cast as the demure and devout young daughter of a minister and had no opportunity to show what she could do other than play hymns and shed copious tears. This is Miss Robertson's first visit to her native city since she left.

The Lyric Hall "Pop" Concerts

From an educational standpoint the most interesting concerts of the season will be the chamber music "pops" to be given Sunday afternoons at monthly intervals at Lyric Hall by the "Lyric String Quartette" under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. This form of music is the purest of all and is the foundation of the entire orchestra, and the greatest composers the world has ever known, have done their most beautiful work in this class of compositions. These concerts are not given for financial gain but out of pure love for the art, the four members of the organization and Mr. Greenbaum giving their services without any fee until such a time as the Lyric Quartette is firmly established as a permanent musical organization of this city. Mr. Greenbaum assumes any losses that may be suffered. The prices therefore are so low that every music lover can afford to attend, the rates being $2.50 and $1.50 for the entire course of four concerts. The assisting artists thus far engaged are Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, Miss Therese Ehrman, Mr. Eugene Blanchard and Mr. Gyula Ormay, pianists, and Lawrence H. Strauss, tenor. Seats may be ordered by writing or phoning to Mr. Greenbaum at Lyric Hall. For single concerts the prices will be 50 cents and $1.00.

At the Princess

Kolb and Dill continue to crowd the Princess Theatre at every performance with the delightful musical eccentricity, "Weiner and Schnitzel." The popularity of this piece seems to gain with every performance and never have the favorite comedians had a better vehicle for the display of their comic talents. The production is an elaborate and complete one, and principals, orchestra and chorus vie with each other in their efforts to excel. Next week will be the third of "Weiner and Schnitzel" which will be immediately succeeded by a new musical farce, entitled "The Politicians," which will exhibit Kolb and Dill in roles entirely different to those they have appeared in, but equally as funny.

An Emotional Industrial Drama

The last performances of "Zira," which has made such an unqualified hit at the Valencia Theatre, will take place Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Lost Paradise," adapted from the German of Ludwig Fulda by Henry C. DeMille, will receive an elaborate production. The story of "The Lost Paradise," for all that it was written in Germany more than a quarter of a century ago, is in reality a true portrayal of the spirit which fires the souls of workingmen and capitalists today. Reuben Warner, superintendent of the Knowlton Iron Works, is the acknowledged leader of the men of the mill and from boyhood has worked his way up to the most responsible position in the great factory. All this time he has nursed a deep and reverent love for Margaret Knowlton, daughter of the millionaire mill owner, but when he declares his passion, the girl reared in luxury and taught that her station in life is far above that of her father's employees, rejects him with scorn and tells him that he is only a workingman. Warner, however, discoveres that Knowlton has made his fortune out of the profits of an invention which he himself had devised years before and with the proofs at hand with which he could brand the millionaire as a thief and make himself the possessor of all his wealth, instead he destroys the evidence and saves Margaret from the shame of her father's crime. Meantime a strike is declared in the works and the millionaire appeals to the superintendent to pursuade the men to work at their old wages, but Warner refuses and reminding Margaret that she herself had taught him his place, he declares that he will go back to his old people, the workingmen, and stay with them until his employer is willing to make terms by which the mill hands can live and support their families. Knowlton finally gives in, Warner triumphs, Margaret sees the error of the teachings she has heeded so long and the "Paradise" which the superintendent thought he had lost is found again. In the adaptation of the play the action takes place near Boston, the first and third acts being in the home of the Knowltons and the second in the room of the superintendent at the works, where some striking mechanical effects are shown. In "The Lost Paradise" Robert Warwick, as the dominating superintendent, will please his many admirers in the numerous strong scenes with which the role abounds. Miss Blanche Stoddard as Margaret, "the pearl of the works," a part which she played on Broadway with great success, promises to surprise her most ardent admirers and show her wonderful versatility.



MISS EVA TAYLOR

The distinguished actress who will appear in the farcical comedy "Chums" next week at the Orpheum.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The Orpheum program for next week has a most alluring lot of features and there is every indication that those who patronize this popular vaudeville theatre will have a particularly good time. The headline attraction will be Miss Eva Taylor, a remarkably talented actress and a very beautiful woman who has to her credit several great New York dramatic successes. She will, by consent of Charles Frohman, present the successful comedy, "Chums," which ran for fourteen consecutive weeks in New York and met with unstinted praise from both press and public. Miss Taylor will have excellent support in Lawrence Grattan, Louis Albion and Eleanor Pierson. Bill Gaston and Ethel Green, whose success of about a year ago is fresh in the public memory, are sure of a cordial greeting. Their contribution will consist of a one act Nell Brinkley creation, called "Spoonyville," which enables Miss Green to present the sweetest Betty imaginable and Mr. Green to excel in a style of comedy which is peculiarly his own. The Four Franklins, a recent importation of the Orpheum Circuit, will make their first appearance in this city and present their sensational flying aerial novelty, which created quite a furore in the capitals of the old world. Carrie Clarke Ward, whose popularity and ability are on a par, both being great, will appear as "The Cook Lady" in the screaming farce of that title written for her by Sedley Brown. She will be supported by an admirable company. Next week will be the last of Harry Tate's English Company, The Italian and Majestic Trios, and of Gus Edwards' Blonde Typewriters and Arthur Conrad. A new series of Motion Pictures will be an interesting finale to the performance.

Miss Melville as "Sis Hopkins"

There are few plays which, by reason of merit alone, can be accepted as standard; there are few others that have that heart interest which is so necessary to brilliant dramatic success. "Sis Hopkins," which comes to the American Theatre for an engagement of one week beginning Sunday matinee, is now being played for the tenth season, and there are no signs of popularity waning. The sweet sentiment of the story, the home-like and natural world of the characters concerned in the telling of the tale of life and love and disappointments and ultimate triumph of the quaint country girl, "Sis Hopkins," combined with the rare art of Miss Melville as an actress, have made "Sis Hopkins" one of the most brilliant and successful comedy dramas of two decades. As the odd country girl, who has never been outside of Posey County in her life, and who believed that all the world is as true and honest to high ideals as the homely people with whom she has been associated all her days, Miss Melville is said to attain lofty dramatic heights. As she sweeps through the acts, dominating every scene, developing the sweet sentiment which is characteristic of the piece, and touching lightly the chords in pathetic moments, all sense of her awkwardness, her oddity and her quaint costume is lost, and there remains only admiration for the actress who so subtly sways her audience, and pity for the stage girl in her bitter disappointments. Miss Melville has supporting her this season a company of exceptional merit and her manager, Mr. J. R. Stirling, has given the play an entirely new scenic dressing.

E. H. Sothern will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre in January.

NORDICA

PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO

Assisted by Frederick Hastings, Baritone; Emma Showers, Pianiste, and Andre Benoist, Accompanist.

VAN NESS THEATRE

Sunday Afternoons, December 13th and 20th.

Mme. Nordica will sing from 12 to 15 numbers at each concert.

Seats $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

NORDICA IN OAKLAND

Next Tuesday Evening, December 15th, at "Ye Liberty."

Seats Now on Sale at Box Office.

Sunday, January 3—First Lyric "Pop" Concert.

In the Limelight

Klaw and Erlanger's big production of the biblical drama, "Ben Hur," will be the attraction at the Van Ness, commencing Monday, December 28th.

"The Unforseen," which will follow "The Lost Paradise" at the Valencia Theatre, is one of the greatest successes of Captain R. H. Marshall, author of "His Excellency, the Governor," and other dramatic achievements and has never been seen before in San Francisco. Charles Frohman first staged it in this country at the Empire Theatre, with Margaret Anglin, Charles Richman, Fritz Williams and other notables in the cast.

"The College Widow," George Ade's evergreen comedy, has been secured by the Valencia Theatre management for the holiday attraction at this popular playhouse and will be produced for the first time in San Francisco by a stock company.

"The Wolf," by the author of "Paid in Full," has been booked for an early date at the Van Ness Theatre. It is pronounced as great a play as "Paid in Full."

"Prince Hagen," a four act drama by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," will receive its first production on any stage under his personal supervision at the Valencia Theatre immediately following "The College Widow." Those who have been fortunate enough to read the manuscript say that the dramatic possibilities of the piece are illimitable. The opening scene, taking place in the bowels of the earth, will be staged on a most elaborate scale.

VAN NESS THEATRE

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Beginning Monday, December 14th, Matinees Saturdays and Christmas,
Henry B. Harris Presents the Most Brilliant of American Successes,

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

By Charles Klein, Author of "The Music Master."

Coming "Ben Hur."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE

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BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.

Monday Night, December 14th, and All Week,
The Great Mystery Play,

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

A Dramatization of Meredith Nicholson's Famous Novel Similarly Titled.

Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

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Ellis Street, near Fillmore
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This and Next Week, KOLB AND DILL
In Their Ludicrous Story With Music

WEINER AND SCHNITZEL

Next—KOLB and DILL in "The Politicians."

Prices—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (Except Sundays and Holidays, 25c, 50c, 75c

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Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.

ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.

EVA TAYLOR and her players in the farcical Comedy, "Chums"; BILLY GASTON AND ETHEL GREEN in Their Nell Brinkley Creation, Spooneyville; FOUR FRANKLINS, Sensational European Aerialists; CARRIE CLARKE WARD & CO. in "The Cook Lady"; HARRY TATE'S ENGLISH COMPANY; ITALIAN TRIO; MAJESTIC TRIO; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of GUS EDWARDS' BLONDE TYPEWRITERS AND ARTHUR CONRAD.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE

Valencia Street, between
Thirteenth and Fourteenth
Phone Market 17

Sunday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "Zira."

Commencing Monday Evening, December 14th,

THE LOST PARADISE

The Greatest Labor Drama Ever Written.

Present by the Valencia Stock Company, Including Robert Warwick and Blanche Stoddard.

Regular Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, Prices 25c to 50c.
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.

Next—"The Unforeseen."

AMERICAN THEATRE

Market St., nr. Seventh
Phone Market 381

"There ain't no sense in doin' nothin' for nobody what never done nothin' for you."—Sis Hopkins.

Commencing Sunday Matinee, December 13th, the Artistic Comedienne

ROSE MELVILLE

In the Characteristic Play

SIS HOPKINS

A Happy Blending of Fun and Earnest.

Prices: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. No Higher.
Matinees: 25c, 50c and 75c.

Next "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

The Humanitarian and the Plovers' Eggs

Tom Tuck, while out once walking, found
Four Plover's Eggs upon the Ground,
In a slight Cavity depressed,
Which constitutes the Lapwing's Nest.
  Now Tom, he was the Class of Man
That's called humanitarian—
Whose Principles, in Word at least,
Forbade to harm or Bird or Beast,
And all Unkindness to eschew
Towards Aught that ran, or swam, or flew.
Yet he, an Epicure, adored
The Pleasures of the festal Board,
And Naught his Palate's Sense—i' Fegs—
Tickled so much as Plover's Eggs.
  Hence raged in him a dubious Fight
'Twixt Principle and Appetite,
As stood he, rooted to the Spot,
Debating an he should or not.
The Fight went on, until appeared
A sudden Light. Tom's Visage cleared.
  "Tut! Birds can't count. No Odds 'twill make
If just one Egg, unseen, I take.
The Hen won't know, so can't be pained;
While I a nice Bonne Bouche have gained."
  Quick stooped he down, one Egg he took,
Then turned as if to sling his Hook,
But, halting still, his Thoughts addressed
Once more to that terranean Nest.
  "Since Birds can't count—now I've begun,
As well," he cried, "take two as one."
  He stooped, a second Egg he took,
And turned again to sling his Hook.
But no! His Wish still kept his Legs
Close to those twain remaining Eggs.
  "Dash it! If Birds can't count," said he,
"She'll never know if I take three."
  So down he stooped, a third Egg took,
And turned, once more, to sling his Hook.
But no! Still lingered fond his Eyes
Upon that one remaining Prize.
  "And if it's hatched—poor Thing," said he,
"Just think how lonely it will be.
Leave it thus lorn? Kind Heaven forbid!
I'll take it too."
  And so he did.

Moral

However vicious, bad, or wrong
The Things for which our Hearts may long,
Sound Reasons we can always find,
To do them with an easy Mind.

BALDWIN JEWELRY CO.

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You receive a receipt which protects you against loss.

Packages of merchandise, value not exceeding $10.00, at a rate of one cent per ounce, minimum charge 15 cents, prepaid.

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308 CLEMENT STREET
EMPORIUM, Jessie St. Entrance

Auto Notes

W. E. Stokes, Sales Manager of the Olds Motor Works, arrived in this city yesterday on a tour of the coast. The eastern motor maker is enthusiastic over the prospects for the coming automobile season. In discussing the automobile situation, Mr. Stokes said: "Everything looks bright for the motor business next year. I have received the best reports during my present tour from our agents. The demand for lower priced cars is nothing more than was expected by the manufacturers, and while I believe in the makers of cars taking care of the new class of trade, I do not believe that the really low priced cars will ever predominate. The factory that strikes the happy medium between the very cheap and the very high priced cars will in my opinion continue to get the majority of the business." Although only having been in the city one day, Stokes was sporting the colors of the Million Club of San Francisco.

The sharp bracing air was enjoyed by a large number of motorists on the Foot Hill Boulevard last Sunday. A few of the well known enthusiasts were Mrs. C. Clay in her Thomas demi-limousine; Mrs. Witter in her Thomas Flyer; Mr. George Haas in his Chalmers-Detroit Roadster; Mr. Frank Wear and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hicks in their Oldsmobiles; Mr. Fred Morton in his Chalmers-Detroit Runabout, and a number of others. Incidentally Mr. Morgan was "pinched" for speeding on the homeward bound trip and emerged from the ordeal with a heavy heart, a lighter purse and a number of other mixed feelings, for he had just cleaned out a number of other fast cars.

Mr. S. S. Freeman, accompanied by his wife and daughter, have just finished a trip to Mexico and return in a Model G 28 horsepower Franklin car. Mr. Freeman reports the road in fine condition. He covered the down trip to Los Angeles from his home in Alameda in 21 hours, 25 minutes in running time, and on his return trip in 20 hours, 5 minutes running time. The distance between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles was negotiated in 4 hours, 5 minutes, which is about record time. He reports absolutely no trouble on the trip, not even a punctured tire.

Ten thousand people saw the thirty horsepower White Steam Car owned by Millionaire Blair of Billings, Monta, and known as the White Flyer, circle the mile Tanforan Track here Sunday after in 59 seconds. This performance lowered the track record three seconds and was faster than the best time made by Oldfield in his 120 horsepower Stearns racer; also Soules with his 60 horsepower Stearns racer; also the Christie racing machine, which is credited with 200 horsepower, and the specially constructed Comet racer. The showing of the White is all the more creditable when the poor condition of the track is taken into consideration. It had been raining here for two days previous to the meet, and there were several inches of mud all around the pole. Gus Seyfried, a San Francisco boy, who piloted the White, had never before driven this car which is constructed entirely of stock parts but underhung and with a wind-splitting nose for track work. In the races for strictly stock cars, the White also carried off the honors. The first event was for machines costing $2,000 and under. The 1909 20 horsepower White Steamer was at the tape, but no cars would compete against it, and the judges awarded it the race. In the contest for cars costing $4,000 and under, two 30 horsepower White Steamers driven by Seyfried and Donald Whalley finished first and second.

The local automobile dealers are very much interested in the fight being made by other commercial organizations in this city against the proposed raise in freight rates from the east. Notice has been given members of the automobile trade to the effect that beginning January 1st an increase in the freight rates on automobiles will be adopted by the transcontinental roads. In discussing the proposed raise in freight rates, E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company said: "The proposed change in rates on automobiles will certainly work a hardship on the representatives of big cars. The automobile industry of this city has grown to great proportions. We get several carloads of Thomas and Chalmers-Detroit motor cars every month and our freight bills run up to several thousand dollars a month. Judging by our shipments, the automobiles brought through from eastern points by all of the local dealers, aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and the proposed raise in rates on certain classes of these machines will work to the disadvantage of the sellers in this city. I am in favor of the Automobile Dealers' Association taking steps to prevent the change."

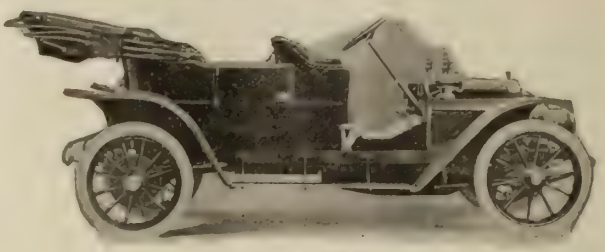
H. L. Whitmore, Stockton agent for Chalmers-Detroit and Thomas cars, arrived in this city Monday for the purpose of taking delivery of a shipment of Chalmers cars. Whitmore says the prospects for a good season in the San Joaquin Valley are bright. "I have sold all the cars I had on hand and have orders for three more," said he. "I expect to sell about twenty cars this season."

W. E. Travis, who has been spending several weeks on the coast, and who will handle the German Mercedes car in the west, received a big disappointment Monday in the shape of a telegram stating that his demonstrating car had arrived in New York and the demand there being so strong, R. E. Fulton, United States representative of the Mercedes car, had made a sale of it in New York. From a letter received recently from Mr. Fulton it would seem that the demand for high grade automobiles, both American and foreign, has been so great that all the factories are running over time.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff,

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. J. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff, 378 Monadnock Bldg. 12-12-10

NOTICE

Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of California Cream and Butter Company (a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California), which consent has been duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, said State, on the 3rd day of December, 1908, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a meeting of said Board of Directors duly called and held at the said office of said corporation on the third day of December, 1908, at which meeting more than a quorum of the Directors of said corporation was present,

NOTICE is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will, on the 2nd day of January, 1909, be changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, in said State, at No. 401 East Fourth Street therein, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be said City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles at No. 401 East Fourth Street therein.

This notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said California Cream and Butter Company.

Dated San Francisco, Cal., December 3, 1908.

F. V. NELSON,

Secretary of California Cream and Butter Company.

Letters

Whimsicalities of Children

The worm turns, and the poor children who have been stuffed and crammed with "Nature Series" on every possible topic, can now rejoice in the "Denatured Series" in which Professor Wood has so admirably burlesqued the solemn teachings of some of his contemporaries. Last year he helped the infant world to differentiate the animals from the flowers, and now he has prepared a series of "Animal Analogues" in which the most unlikely and improbable (at first glance) comparisons and contrasts of the animals themselves have been suggested and helped out by clever drawings. The children really enjoy and appreciate these whimsicalities, which is more than can be claimed in the majority of instances for juveniles selected and praised by adults, who have lost touch with youthful minds. The style of binding which has been selected for these "denatured" rhymes is reminiscent of the old-fashioned text-books in the days when the Blue-backed Speller, Town's Readers, Cornell's Geographies and Goold Brown's Grammar were familiar to every household. Paul Elder & Co. are sponsors.

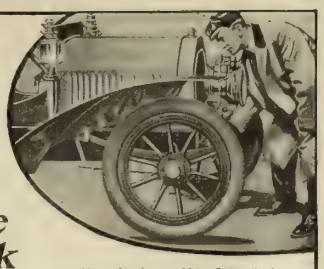
A Typical Phelps Story

Given a painted madonna wife with a dog, a humanly selfish flesh and blood husband, a very young child of either sex, addicted to baby talk long after normal infants are capable of intelligent speech; a little rift that widens to a chasm, but eventually narrows again to a crack so as to provide a happy ending and a medical school, and there need be no prize offered to stimulate the guessing faculties as to authorship. It is Elizabeth Stuart Phelps just as certainly as "Little Jack Horner" is Mother Goose. Of course all this calls for a New England setting. This time it is in one of the small coast villages which boasts a summer population addicted to villas and cottages and all the vices which accompany them. Cara Sterling and her invalid father are summer residents with the virtues the others of the colony lack. Cara is the owner of a superb collie with a deep scar on his handsome head and a deep-seated grudge against Dr. Frost, one of the visitors and an expert physiologist. No one can understand the attitude of the ordinarily peaceable animal toward the man, whose right hand he seems determined to mangle, a design which he eventually carries out. Of course any one who is familiar with Mrs. Phelps' crusade against vivisection sees in an instant the connection between Dr. Frost's right hand and the scar on Clyde's head. There is another doctor in the case, Chanceford Dane, the village practitioner, apparently an excellent physician despite the fact that he is not in love with his profession. Dane is a poor man yet he is the successful seeker of the hand of Cara Sterling, and as she is wealthy in her own right and her father's consent is readily given to the union, the two are married. Now begins a characteristically Phelpish situation. Rollingstall Sterling proves to be an embezzler. Not only his own fortune but that of his daughter and everyone else who has trusted him has been lost in speculation, and Sterling is saved from suicide only by the timely intervention of a spasm of heart disease. With the fortune evaporated hard times begin for the young couple. The saintly wife becomes only more saintly under the affliction, while the earthly man begins to develop the characteristics he inherited from his own father. The companion villain to Dr. Frost, the vivisectionist, is a Mrs. Douce Marriott, who manages to entangle the handsome Dr. Dane in her web, and ere long there is a domestic smash and the Spanish war comes along in time to permit the doctor to disappear in the wake of the army. A telegram reports his death, a body is sent home to be buried, and in due course of time a shipwreck sends on shore the almost lifeless remnant of a man who in time takes up the duties of the village doctor. This Dr. Royal is middle aged, broken and bruised, but proves himself a wonderful healer. In appearance and character he is the direct opposite of Dr. Dane, with whom he is eventually identified, though it will be hardly fair to expose all the mystery. As usual it is his extreme devotion to his own child that first pulls the corner of the curtain aside. Of course one should sympathize most deeply with the poor, wronged wife, but one cannot help wondering whether the menage would not have run more smoothly if Cara had come down from her gilded frame, lifted Dr. Dane off his pedestal,turned the dog out and not tried to delude herself into the notion of heaven all by their lone selves instead of a very earthy earth along with other people. The conversion of Mrs. Douce Marriott, after being permitted to peep through the crack of Death's door, is rather far fetched, for she was not content to give up her frivolities, but had to join the Salvation Army, bonnet, tambourine and all. It is not particularly surprising that, with the capacity for a certain kind of martyrdom—and a pet dog—that Mrs. Phelps' heroines always seem to cultivate, they are given a chance to wear the crown and palm. With a little more plain sense and adaptability they could save themselves and readers likewise all the agonies they revel in. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Try Murine For Your Eyes.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Rodrigo Knell, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased. to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Morrison, Cope & Brobeck, Rooms 701-6 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

PHILIP KNELL.
Executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1908.

MORRISON, COPE & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-6 Crocker Building.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARTIN C. HOGAN, Deceased.

Edward C. Harrington, executor of the last Will and testament of Martin C. Hogan, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain part of the real estate of said decedent, for the purpose therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, at the corner of 7th and Market Streets on Monday the 28th day of December, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at private sale as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order shall be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open court this 24th day of November, 1908.

THOS, F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. C. QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor, First National Bank Bldg. 12-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Christian Ludwig Umbach, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Ludwig, Umbach, deceased.

EMILY MARY UMBACH,
Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 3, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Executrix. 12-12-5



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First Race at 1:40 p. m.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Of Counsel

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DEMARTINI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John Demartini, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of J. A. Stephens, 630 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John Demartini, deceased.

FLORA DEMARTINI,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Demartini, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

J. A. STEPHENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
630 Chronicle Bldg. 11-14-5

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., S. F 11-21-10

ORDER APPOINTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5296. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET HOLY, Deceased.

George Holy, the Administrator of the estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an Order or Decree authorizing and directing him as Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, to execute a conveyance of the property in said petition described, to James M. Thompson, according to the terms of an agreement heretofore entered into between Margaret Holy, Deceased, and James M. Thompson, and good cause appearing therefor, on motion of Marshall Nuckolls, Esq., Attorney for said Petitioner.

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 24th day of December, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the above entitled court in Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice of the hearing of said petition be given by publication of this order in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, for at least once a week for four (4) consecutive weeks before such hearing.

Done in open court this 12th day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Petitioner,
417 Humboldt Bank Bldg., S. F. 11-21-5

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 45 Kearny Street, S. F. 11-21-10

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,

vs.

MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Peirre Boulin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Boulin, deceased.

LANDRY C. BABIN,

Administrator of the estate of Pierre Boulin, Deceased

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1908.

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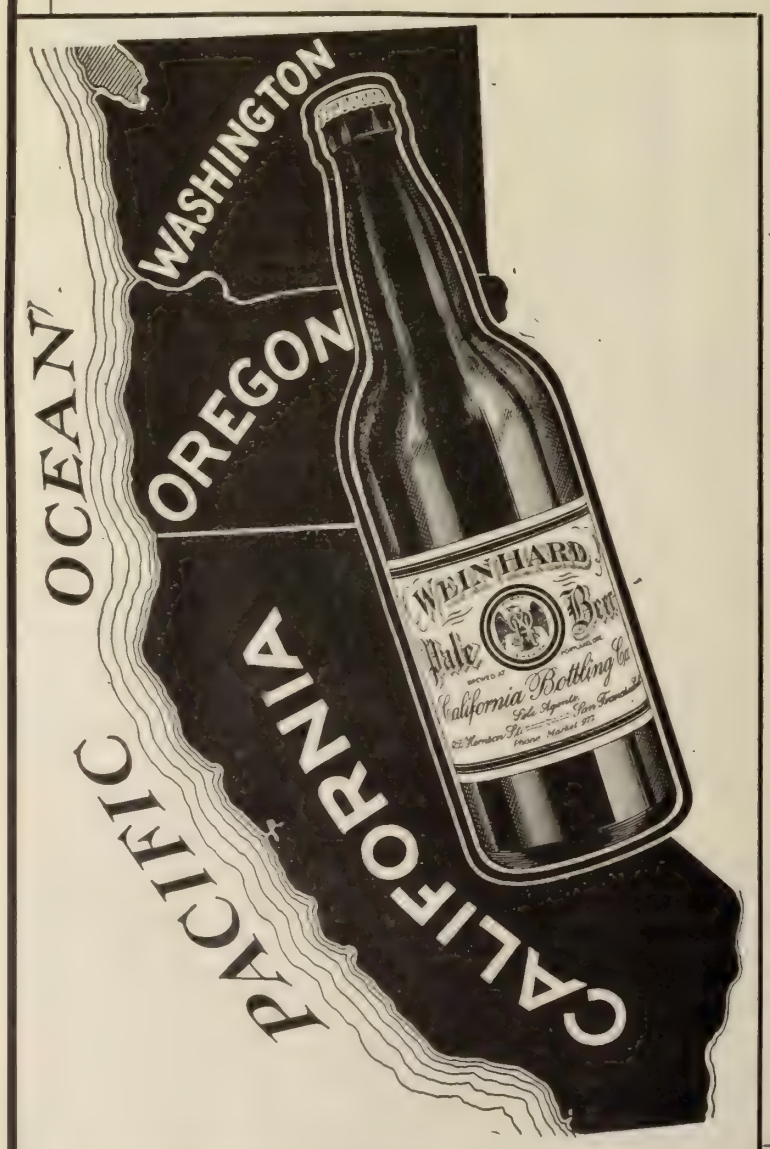
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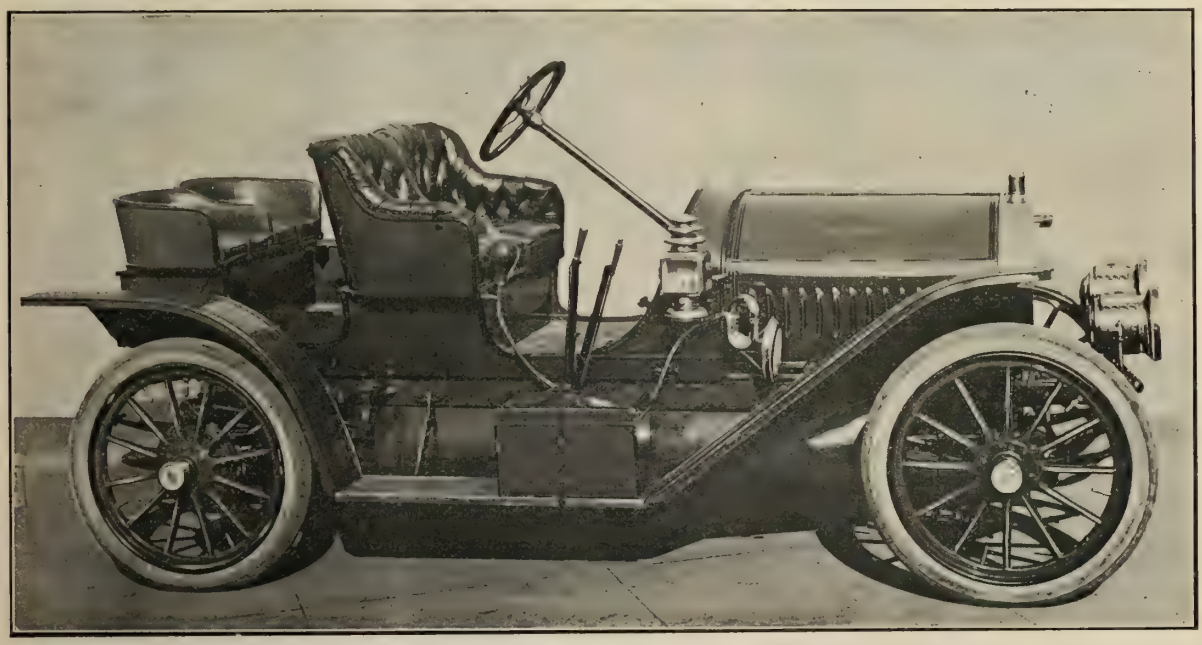
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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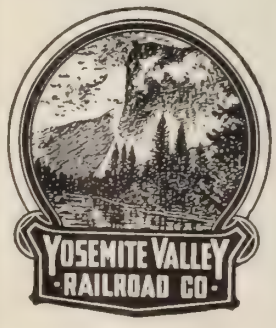
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, December 19, 1908. No. 851.



MLLE. DE DIO

The beautiful French danseuse who refused to marry Archduke Heinrich Ferdinand of Austria. She will appear with the Orpheum Road Show next week.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager

88 First St., cor Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

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Holland and Castro

If there were no danger of infringing the copyright of the Monroe Doctrine perhaps it would be a good idea to let Holland and Venezuela fight it out. The gayety of nations has not been incited by a comic opera war for a long time; the nearest approach to this phase of the human comedy being our brisk little skirmish with Spain in which the mule of Matanzas figured so conspicuously and Colonel Roosevelt's picture was painted by an artist who imagined our national hero leading the charge up San Juan Hill. It was a glorious victory. The Dutch are sturdy fighters and on two memorable occasions they almost twisted the tail out of the British lion—once when Von Tromp nailed a broom at his masthead to indicate that it was his intention to sweep the English from the seven seas; and again when the Boers crumpled the invincible British squares at Maegersfontein and Ladysmith. Unquestionably the Dutch are good fighters if they can get within rifle range or sword distance of the enemy. But the Venezuelans have them at a disadvantage in that there is no Venezuelan navy for the Dutchmen to fight and the Dutch are too far from home to transport an army large enough to make a successful landing on the soil of Venezuela. Besides it is doubtful if the Monroe Doctrine would permit such landing. So it resolves itself into a war of words chiefly, with an occasional swoop of the Dutch cruisers upon a Venezuelan towboat armored with sheet iron and equipped with a brace of exaggerated horse pistols. There is no doubt that the foreign policy of President Castro has been irritating; but we cannot help admiring his bluff and bluster—his bantam effrontery in the presence of the master powers of the world. Moreover we must take into consideration that most of his troubles with these powers has been induced by the predatory habits of subjects of foreign nations who have sneaked into Venezuela under a false pretense and once in possession of a profitable "concession" undertake to dictate to the dictator. If Castro is a peppery personage quick of entrance to a quarrel, we must not forget that the fellows with whom he quarrels are of the variety that we prosecute for embezzlement and forgery in this country and who are watched by the police of every city in Europe. There is no doubt that these "concessionaries" have not only exceeded the terms of their concessions but have also defied the courts and the laws of Venezuela. Therefore it must be admitted even by the enemies of Castro that their efforts against him are in the nature of a bill collector's demand for payment of a debt fraudulently thrust upon the debtor by some sharper. President Cleveland knew the Venezuelan game pretty well, as our British cousins found out when they attempted to lay hands on the little republic. It is presumed that President Roosevelt also knows the game, and we are curious to see how far he will let Holland go in this armed dunning expedition. We fear that he is acting under the advice of Mr. Root, and if so that will account for the distance that Holland has gone already in apparent defiance of the traditional restrictions of the Monroe Doctrine.

The Directoire Waltz

It has not yet been decreed in San Francisco that we must follow the style in dancing that has been adopted by the "Academy of Paris Dancing Masters," but doubtless we shall soon fall into line. We cannot afford to ignore the styles of Paris. To do so is to be worse than provincial; it is to be archaic. Sometimes from lack of courage we are slow in adopting a French fashion, but the spirit is never unwilling howsoever weak the flesh. So far as the newest terpsichorean wrinkle is concerned it should commend itself not only to the merely fashionable but also to the rational, being as it is the legitimate offspring of circumstances. From the dancing masters of Paris, men versed in phenomena peculiar to the pampered female of the species, we learn that the Directoire gown, which comes from Paris, made the new fashion in dancing urgent and imperative. Clinging as it does to the female form whether divine or artificial it imprisons the knees and deprives women of the free use of their legs, thus rendering them incapable of graceful movement. In other words the Directoire is the insidious enemy of the muse of the many twinkling feet, the legs of whose votaries according to Byron "must move to conquer as they fly." The dancing masters of Paris viewed with alarm, not to say consternation, the awkward antics of the directoired nimble nymph as she limped through the mazes of the waltz, which, despite its Teutonic extraction is nowhere more ardently cultivated than in Paris. Soberly they discussed the matter in convention assembled, and Professor Lefort took occasion to remark that the pavan, a slow, stately dance, was introduced at a time wide mantles and ample, tuckered dresses were in fashion. "Therefore," said he, "according to the traditions of the art of dancing, the dances of the hour should be always arranged to suit the fashions of the hour in women's attire." This sentiment appealed to the intelligence of every dancing master in the convention and the result was the adoption of this resolution:

"Whereas in every age and in every country dances have always been improvised to suit the prevailing fashion in feminine attire; whereas it has recently and till now been the custom to dance with long, gliding steps, we, the assembled masters of the art of dancing in Paris, hereby decree that this year and hereafter dances now in fashion shall be executed with very short steps, so as to suit the existing fashion of wearing Directoire dresses."

This is a resolution that doubtless will meet with the approbation of our arbiter elegantiarum, Mr. Ned Greenway, who, though he never has worn a Directoire, of late years in the waltz has been inclined not only to short steps but also to short breaths.

Honesty of the Press

A good newspaper is the noblest work of the managing editor. A good newspaper prints the news fully according to a trained judgment, fairly in the interest of the intelligent reader, and impartially to the end that no wrong may be done to anyone. A good newspaper is without prejudice even in its partisan attitude upon any issue. It never seeks to stir the rancor of the community, but presents its argument as an able advocate addresses an honest court; for the newspaper stands in the same relation to the public that an attorney holds in the presence of a tribunal of equity and justice. The public is the court of last appeal for every newspaper; the cause that it espouses is its client. When a newspaper undertakes to force its opinion on the public with bluster, false assumption and vituperation, it is guilty of

contempt of court; it is vicious, vindictive, ignorant or foolish; it insults the intelligence of its readers either out of its own incompetence or designedly. In either case it is a bad newspaper. It may survive its evil influence by furnishing more news and better news than a newspaper of better moral stamina without superior or equal news facilities. But it cannot escape the contempt of those who are compelled to buy it for the news that cannot be obtained elsewhere. And there comes a time, oft repeated it may be, when the public revolts against even the best newspaper thus conducted. Honesty in the newspaper business is a policy as essential to steady success as in any other business. The honest newspaper never loses in the long run. An honest newspaper even when it is honest in its error is respected. An intelligent community is never at a loss to discriminate between an honest opinion upon a false issue or a bad cause and a dishonest opinion in any cause. The mass of the people are quick to discern the motive behind an editorial opinion; and newspapers are invariably judged by their sincerity, their motives and their honesty. The only substantial asset in the newspaper business is honesty. How many honest newspapers are published in San Francisco?

The Conviction of Ruef

The long-delayed, tedious and turbulent trial of Abe Ruef reached a most satisfactory end last week when a jury of the defendant's peers agreed on a verdict of guilty. Though the case of the People versus Abe Ruef is not a subject of continued exultation in the retrospect his conviction is most gratifying. While we cannot help lamenting the tardiness of justice in his case, a circumstance due to a policy which we have persistently reprobated, we feel that the community is deserving of felicitation on what must be regarded as a great triumph. If, as we believe, the policy pursued in the Ruef case was productive of most mischievous consequences, for that very reason it should not be regarded as altogether lamentable. As ambergris is acquired in whales at the cost of a considerable degeneration of the creature, so are valuable knowledge and priceless experience in the body politic. As a result of the policy pursued in the Ruef case great scandal has been brought upon our courts and our judicial officers, the motives of some of our most distinguished civic patriots have been impugned, and the most charitable view that now can be taken of their tactics is that they were betrayed by natural defects of discretion and original incapacity for calculating consequences. Books may be written in their defense but the whole nadus of the question lies in a single problem of thirteen words: Why was a plenary indulgence vouchsafed the man who debauched our city government? There can be no doubt that the secret compact with Ruef was the cause of much irritation and much scandal, but it has afforded us a very valuable lesson in the management of civic affairs. Upon us has been impressed the importance of keeping the administration of justice in the hands of public functionaries. Upon the men behind the Graft Prosecution to whom we should be grateful for having driven the grafters out of office, has been impressed the worthlessness of the immunity bath and of the testimony of informers. The conviction of Ruef, followed as it was by the acquittal of Murphy, should not tend to confirm them in their original error of judgment. Even among the jury that convicted Ruef were men who said they would not convict a dog on the testimony of a Gallagher. That this sentiment did not amount to an obsession is of no importance since we know that in Ruef's case certain adventitious aids to justice were invoked most happily; whether with the approval of sound conscience, or to the permanent benefit of the community are questions we shall not undertake to answer. Suffice it that we believe the graft prosecutors have had an awakening. Men of average intelligence, they must have had touches of self-reproach that cast a shadow upon their hour of triumph. To them must have come the vivid, illuminating conviction, that when they entered into a compact with Ruef on the principle of swallowing a camel and straining at a gnat, they blundered egregiously. For what was the result? They were driven to a variety of expedients, which, in the opinion of captious critics, were in discord with the spirit of American justice. In the end, it is true, their efforts were crowned with success, but the glory of the triumph is dimmed by the knowledge that the prosecutors were once willing to forgive the author of the most malefic influence that ever tormented an American community. It may be suggested that in our joy over the conviction of Ruef we should be too magnanimous to indulge in unpleasant reminiscence, but not to do so is to ignore the lesson of experience, the very thing that compensates for much that has happened. Besides to retrospect at this time is but to yield to an irresistible but amiable impulse. Innocent of invidious design we ponder the dark backward out of which loom the ghosts of curious and vain strategems. How instructive to recall that the Hon. J. J. Dwyer, one of the special prosecutors, was the man that formed a bathetic tableau with Ruef on that memorable day when the fallen boss in the theatic role of a crushed penitent, wept crocodile tears in open court to give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative? How well we remember the efforts subsequently made to persuade the dear pee-pul that the penitent one was "more sinned against than sinning." How singular and humiliating the vicissitudes that may be traced to the rebuff that was given to Opportunity when she stood beaming on the Graft Prosecution with widespread, rosy arms and heaving midriff. Not the least notable of them were those in which Mr. Dwyer figured. The Dwyer that wept with Ruef was the Dwyer that volunteered to prosecute him on a charge which the Graft Prosecution had agreed to dismiss, their own testimony being that the only charges which they insisted on bludgeoning him with were those that grew out of the French restaurant cases. And to convict him on that charge Hiram Johnson had to go so far beyond the bounds of propriety as to dare the jury to acquit, and

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it was deemed necessary to introduce a coup-de-theatre in the court-room while the jury was deliberating. So we say that in view of all that has occurred the policy pursued in the Ruef case has not been without profit. Since the execution of the immunity contract the prosecutors have become not only much older but also much wiser and doubtless much better men. Whatever we may think of their methods we must admit that their persistency is enduring and far from futile. For the conviction of Ruef they are entitled to loud and prolonged applause.

One of the Standard Authors

In Oakland last week St. Mary's College won a debate, upholding the proposition "that the worth of Scott's poetry is greater than that of his novels." This is a proposition that may well be the subject of critical inquiry, but is it not surprising to learn that college debating societies of this day and generation are giving their attention to the author of "Ivanhoe" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"? The generally accepted idea among the illuminati is that Scott was a second-class poet; and unquestionably as a novelist he is very much neglected, the objection being urged against him that he is too long-winded; that he wrote endless prefaces and colossal introductions and exhibited too too great a propensity to minuteness of detail. As a consequence Scott has become a standard author. Which means that he is seldom read. But as a matter of fact Scott is one of the giants of literature, and though as he himself confessed he was "beaten out of poetry" by Byron, he is not a second-class poet, nor in romance has he ever been equalled or even approached. However, for the time being he has taken a back seat, and poets as well as novelists much inferior to him are ranked above him by Chautauqua critics and college professors whose disciples believe it to be a mark of superior knowledge to deride the affectations of Macaulay, to ridicule the fatal facility of Byron and lament the commonplaces of Scott. We are living in a smart age and we will have nothing to do with the obvious in art. We love subtlety so much that occasionally we pronounce a poem great because it is unintelligible. Fiction no longer interests us unless the writer has a thesis to maintain or a doctrine to expound concerning human life. A story that is nothing more than a story is too trivial to engage attention. Hence, Scott with his kindly wisdom, his genial humor, his tragic grandeur is a back number. The modern idea of romance is that incidents must troop through the pages with great rapidity. There must always be something doing. Scott's heroes loved to linger over the viands and stimulate the flow of soul. Therefore they bore. His fights are realistic when swords are aloft, in siege or on the greensward, when steel rings or bucklers clash, but he is prolix, his style is involved and his dialogue is slow. Quick action is the desideratum nowadays. There was a time when Scott made men feel the robustness and joyousness of life, when he thrilled them with his situations of human interest, some of which are the strongest ever invented, but our susceptibilities have been schooled beyond his influence. As a poet Scott has few equals in the power of description. The vivacity of some of his poetic descriptions is unsurpassed. Some critics have said that his tale of Flodden Fight in "Marmion" is the best battle-piece in all the poetry of all time, better even than the stand of Aias by the ships in the Iliad, better than the slaying of the wooers in the Odyssey, but we of this advanced age know that Scott's poetry abounds in the commonplaces of diction and sentiment; that he stooped to conquer the mob with trite expressions and familiar images; that he exceeds the limits of license in his metre and sets the teeth of fastidious readers on edge, and therefore we will have none of him. We may condescend to admit that he has a sonorous and melodious style of versification, and that he compensates for the looseness of his diction by the animation and color of his descriptions, but we must still maintain that the obviousness of him is fatal. Some day perhaps the critical estimate of Scott will change, as it changed in the case of Shakespeare, who, admired by contemporaries, fell afterwards into neglect only to rise again and soar beyond criticism; as it changed also in the case of Beethoven and in the case of Meyerbeer. In his day Sir Walter Scott was the most popular of writers, but now the higher critics are of the opinion that his theory of esthetics was all wrong. Nevertheless the inclination is strong in us to felicitate the young college men who have not yet been educated above the possibility of enjoying Scott, for despite that romancer's banalities he wrote with a keen and healthful relish of all the good things of life, and his characters, with all their bombastic speech and godlike quality, were fashioned of common clay.

The Failure of Our Universities

According to the testimony of many learned observers our universities are a delusion and a snare inasmuch as they are but half educating men. In the opinion of such distinguished critics as Dr. James P. Munroe and Dr. Scripture, the universities are not turning out scholars, but in their mad passion for specialization they are developing pedants, cramming young men with facts but failing to give them a broad outlook upon history, upon human experience and upon human life. As a consequence the average college graduate is a narrow-minded prig, clever enough in his specialty, but not likely "to achieve that highest success which comes through the widest social usefulness." Dr. Munroe and Dr. Scripture have but repeated in their own language what has been said in these columns so often that we have suspected ourselves of becoming fanatical on the subject. But we do not agree with them in their judgment respecting the cause of the inefficiency of our universities. The weakness of these institutions is not entirely due to overspecialization, but in a large measure to the character of the men who supply the academic atmosphere. The average college professor is not a man of wide sympathies, able to understand that there are real and important interests for mankind outside the limit of his own special study. Typical of the average college professor is the geologist of one of our universities who affirmed with the air of a seer that landscape painting can have no value except to present correctly the facts of stratification. Typical of the intellect that dominates our universities is that of the Rev. Benjamin Ide Wheeler who asserted that it was a mistake for an American to go to Oxford because that university does not train men for the struggle for existence in this country. Very few of our college professors are men of the world. Fresh from their alma mater, they enter the educational field and undertake to train young men for contact with real life. All they know of real life they learned from professors as narrow and as self-centered as themselves. Their idea of

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education is that it should qualify a man for some particular pursuit; so qualify him that he may attain the success which so few ever carry off even with decency. Now this is a most mischievous system. It is mischievous not merely because men fail to get the mental equipment which they have sought, but because of the evil influence on the nation itself of a widespread diffusion of that which is far more to be dreaded than ignorance—a little learning. As in the days of Bentham there are many absurd and mischievous fallacies which pass readily in the world for sense and virtue while in reality they only tend to fortify error and encourage crime, and in this day and generation it is through the medium of our universities that these are propagated. Our university professors are today preaching against the very things for which they are blindly stimulating a passion. Opposed as they are in spirit to the characteristic theories of a university, to the most superficial and ostentatious sentiments they attribute the highest importance while neglecting the most sacred of fundamental principles. Every new fad in science, politics and sociology has a college professor for sponser. There are of course many college professors with breadth of mental vision, but unquestionably they are greatly outnumbered by the embodiments of opinionated ignorance who have yet to learn that the popular theories of the hour are the worn-out, rejected axioms of ages agone and that dogmatism is the unpardonable sin against good manners. These half-baked philosophers are hardly competent to give young men the training that ensures deliberation and patience; to make them understand that there is something to be said on every side of everything; in short, to school minds to habitual restraint and sobriety. These men are not suffering from over-specialization. The trouble with them is that with all their erudition they have not learned that it is temperament and not the point of view that guides us into the paths we should tread. Temperament is what they have neglected to cultivate.

Perspective Impressions

Senator Foraker may be down and out but he has a punch left.

A press agent writes that the gowns of the star are revelations. Of what?

Doctors are again saying the corset must go, but the ladies are evidently resolved that it will continue to stay.

From what the jurors said in published interviews the Hon. Hiram Johnson must have almost made the verdict impossible by his eloquence.

Mr. Roosevelt would like to do to Pullitzer what Tiberius and Nero did to several cynical poets who refused to take them seriously.

If, as reported, Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave a New Jersey waiter a five-cent tip his courage is hardly less remarkable than his financial genius.

When a newspaper tells you just how the public feels about anything, if you're a good fellow you'll not hurt the editor's feelings by asking him how he found out.

Let us punish those that are responsible for the poisoning of people with tainted meat, but let us not palliate the parsimony of the host who fed his guests by contract awarded to the lowest bidder.

All the judges of our Superior Court are said to be fighting shy of the presiding officer's job. The reason why has not been stated but every lawyer in town knows. The reason cannot be converted into an argument in favor of bringing the judiciary closer to the people.

Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, a graduate of California University, complains that Bret Harte constructed an ideal pioneer of California at the expense of historical truth. Quite true, but Harte never pretended to be a historian. His works are read for entertainment, not for enlightenment.



ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!
The Soubrette's Turn is Over.
—Chicago News.



LUKEWARM.
—New York World.

The Instinct of Lying Low

By E. D. Cuming

Is there a wild beast or bird that, taken by surprise, will not seek safety in standing or sitting perfectly still? They do it, of every kind and size from the bison to the squirrel, from the ostrich to the wren; and we have it in the action, or inaction, of certain snakes. Let any woodland creature discover that the enemy man is within such distance that flight without revealing its presence is impossible, and it becomes a statue depending upon rigid immobility to escape notice. The efficacy of this is extraordinary under ordinarily favorable circumstances. I have stood within twenty yards of a sambhur stag in dense jungle utterly unable to see the antlers to which a native follower pointed with wealth of gesticulation, and until speech broke the spell and the animal betrayed his whereabouts by turning to run away. A leopard "drowsing" on the limb of a tree almost overhanding the sandy patch on which human footsteps were inaudible even to his ears, slowly crouched a little closer to his perch and remained stone-still, eyeing us until the rifle too quickly raised suggested flight as the better part. The bison when the first alarm is close at hand stands like a statue, muzzle thrust out, till he ascertains the direction whence danger threatens. It would seem as though every wild animal, whatever its bulk, were perfectly conscious of the exactness with which it and its surroundings harmonize, and knew that movement would betray.

It is curious to notice how this instinct operates under conditions so unfavorable to concealment that even the lowest intelligence might recognize its futility. The rabbit, routed out of its retreat in the undergrowth by a dog, and coming suddenly upon man, will crouch on the open path and remain still for as long as the man has patience to remain still also. One of the most curious examples of confidence in immobility that ever came under my notice was in a wood in Norway: wandering over the deep tussocks which deadened footfall I came upon a squirrel busy with a fir cone on a stump: I was within a few paces of him before he discovered me and he sprang into the nearest tree, a young pine, five feet high or thereabout. There was no other refuge near, save two trees between us, and the squirrel decided that safety lay in stillness; he sat upright on a twig, one fore paw clasping the main stem, the other against his breast, his head turned to face me; and in this posture he remained as I advanced to see how close he would suffer me to approach. When six feet (as measured afterwards) separated us I stopped. The squirrel remained absolutely still, his eyes fixed on me; my hands were behind and I found my pulse. It was at about the two hundred and fiftieth beat, or well over three minutes, that the seance was closed by an untimely sneeze; this startled the squirrel and he leapt to the ground to find a safer retreat in a distant fir. It was impossible that the little creature should have had a sense of concealment; the tree was a poor and scraggy thing, a stem and three twigs; and there was not a twig of the slenderest between the squirrel's person and my own. It was obvious that he relied upon immobility for his safety, and, unless he timed his winks to coincide with mine, he never stirred an eyelid.

No animal depends more frequently or more successfully upon stillness in danger than the hare. Approach a hare in her form, as you may do, and she prefers immobility to flight. A hare has been known to lie still while a whole pack of harriers passed her place of concealment; she only moved when one of the hounds actually put his foot on her. Reliance upon immobility reaches its height, as we might expect, in those creatures which most closely resemble their habitat: the pangolin suggests itself as a striking example. Clinging with its hind feet to the tree trunk, and supported by the pressure of its tail, it may safely rely on being mistaken for the broken stump of a branch it takes as its model.

Birds adopt a somewhat similar method when taken by surprise, more particularly hen-birds on the nest; but here we have reason in that the depth of the nest in many cases affords real concealment save to beak and tail. The pheasant offers an accessible example of the instinct under discussion, but the bird does not depend on immobility in the attitude in which it is surprised, it crouches and stretches the neck along the ground; and among dead leaves, in rough grass or equally favorable surroundings, thus becomes difficult of detection. I recall an instance of the "keep-still" instinct in a snake. Riding through a bamboo jungle one morning I pulled up for some reason or other, and glancing into the bamboo which bellied over the track saw within a foot of my face one of the common pale-green "bamboo snakes." The reptile lay perfectly still across the twigs facing me, though within very easy reach of my hand. So admirably did it harmonize with the green shoots and leaves that detection of it was the merest accident; it was not disturbed by the fidgeting of the fly-worried horse, and lay there, still as the bamboo twig it resembled, until I shook its perch, when, apparently deeming immobility "played out," it glided rapidly away over the boughs. We see survival of the same instinct in domestic animals. Frighten a cat, and if she be uncertain of the direction whence the danger threatens she remains perfectly still till the point is made clear to her. Apropos of this instinct, may it not be that the trick of shamming death, in which the fox, among other animals, is said to be so proficient, is its highest development? As every hunting man who keeps his eyes open knows, the fox is a past-master of the art of keeping still when emergency suggests. The supposition that shamming death is simply an artistic improvement by a clever animal whose wits have been sharpened by generations of pursuit does not seem unreasonable: from keeping still when the enemy is within arm's length to keeping still when the enemy's hand is actually upon him is not a long step.

The man who can remain still when necessary finds that wild creatures can be deceived, even as they hope to deceive. I have had so shy a bird as a willow wren perch upon my foot and remain there for an appreciable time. Sit still and you shall see the rabbit emerge from his burrow—a step he will never take if he suspect a watcher. Sit still and you may see the wild duck with her "fleet" of ducklings swim past you within twenty feet. To him who can keep still come the wariest and the wildest creatures of woodland and marsh. It is movement that alarms: the motionless figure is unseen, or, if seen, is unrecognized.

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THE LAUNCHING OF THE COLLIER PROMETHEUS

It was on this occasion that several hundred people, the guests of the city of Vallejo, were poisoned by tainted food.



OFFICIALS WHO FIGURED IN THE LAUNCHING CEREMONIES

The man in civilian attire is Governor Gillett. In the center is Captain T. S. Phelphs. The young officer is Naval Constructor H. A. Evans.

The Conscript

(Translated from the French of Honore de Balzac. Though the author of the human comedy is not ranked among writers of short stories he did sufficient short story writing to prove himself a master of that art. The Conscript, written before he conceived the plan of The Human Comedy, like most of his work was designed for a purpose. It is what he was pleased to term a philosophic study, and such it is though it may seem to be nothing more than a sensational story. It has been said that he wrote the story for the sole purpose of uttering the sentiment with which it ends.—Editor)

One evening in the month of November, 1793, Madame de Dey of Carentan closed the door of her salon to the people who were accustomed to assemble there. This occurrence caused a sensation in Carentan similar to what might have been produced in Paris by the closing of all the theatres.

To understand the secret anxiety of Madame de Dey it is necessary to understand the role she played at Carentan. She was the widow of a lieutenant-general and chevalier of the Orders. Leaving the court at the beginning of the emigration she took refuge at Carentan where she possessed considerable property, and where she expected to escape the evils of the Terror. Though formerly when she visited Carentan she entertained only the nobility, she now threw open her doors to the leading bourgeois of the town, and by her graciousness and amiability won the esteem of all.

About thirty-eight years of age, she still retained, not that fresh buxom beauty which distinguishes the young women of Lower Normandy, but a slender, and, so to speak, aristocratic beauty. Married in the flower of her youth to an old and jealous soldier, the falseness of her position in the centre of a dissipated court contributed much, no doubt, to cast a veil of serious melancholy over her face on which the charm and vivacity of love must formerly have shone bright. The happiness and pleasures of which her married life had been deprived, she found in her excessive love for her son. She loved him not only with the pure and profound devotion of a mother, but with the coquetry of a mistress, the jealousy of a wife. She was unhappy when separated from him, anxious during his absence, could never see enough of him, lived only in him and for him. In order to make men understand the strength of this feeling, it will suffice to add that this son was not only Madame de Dey's old child, but her last remaining relative, the only living being to whom she could attach the fears, the hopes, and the joys of her life. The late Count de Dey was the last scion of his family, as she was the last heiress of hers. Thus human schemes and interests were in accord with the noblest cravings of the soul to intensify in the countess's heart a sentiment which is always strong in women.

Thanks to constant care, her son had grown and had attained such perfect development, that at twenty years of age he was considered one of the most accomplished cavaliers at Versailles. Lastly—a piece of good fortune which does not crown the efforts of all mothers—she was adored by her son; their hearts were bound together by sympathies that were fraternal. Even if they had not been connected by the decree of nature, they would have felt instinctively for each other that affection of one being for another so rarely met with in life. Appointed sublieutenant of dragoons at eighteen, the young man had complied with the prevailing ideas of the requirements of honor at that period, by following the princes when they emigrated.

Thus Madame de Dey, of noble birth, wealthy, and the mother of an emigre, was fully alive to the dangers of her painful situation. As she had no other aim than to preserve a great fortune for her son, she had renounced the happiness of accompanying him; but, when she read the harsh laws by virtue of which the Republic daily confiscated the property of the emigres at Carentan, she applauded herself for her courageous act. Was she not guarding her son's treasures at the peril of her life? Then, when she learned of the shocking executions ordered by the Convention, she slept undisturbed, happy to know that her only treasure was in safety, far from all perils and all scaffolds. She took pleasure in the belief that she had adopted the best course to save all his fortunes at once. Making the concessions to this secret thought which the disasters of the time demanded, without compromising her womanly dignity or her aristocratic beliefs, she enveloped her sorrows in impenetrable mystery. She had realized the difficulties which awaited her at Carentan. To go thither and assume the first place in society—was it not equivalent to defying the scaffold every day? But, sustained by a mother's courage, she succeeded in winning the affection of the poor by relieving all sorts of misery indiscriminately, and made herself necessary to the rich by taking the lead in their pleasures.

She received the prosecuting attorney of the commune, the mayor, the president of the district, the public accuser, and even the judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The first four of these functionaries, being unmarried, paid court to her, in the hope of marrying her, whether by terrifying her by the injury which they had it in their power to do her, or by offering her their protection. The public accuser, formerly an attorney at Caen, where he had been employed by the countess, tried to win her love by conduct full of devotion and generosity. A dangerous scheme! He was the most formidable of all the suitors. He alone was thoroughly acquainted with the condition of his former client's large fortune. His passion was inevitably intensified by all the cravings of an avarice which rested upon almost unlimited power, upon the right of life or death throughout the district. This man, who was still young, displayed so much nobility in his behavior that Madame de Dey had been unable as yet to make up her mind concerning him. But, scorning the danger that lay in a contest of wits with Normans, she employed the inventive genius and the cunning which nature has allotted to woman, to play those rivals against one another. By gaining time, she hoped to arrive safe and sound at the end of her troubles. At that time, the royalists in the interior of France flattered themselves that each day would see the close of the Revolution; and that conviction was the ruin of a great many of them.

Despite these obstalces, the countess had skillfully maintained her independence down to the day when, with incomprehensible imprudence, she had conceived the idea of closing her door. The interest which she inspired was so profound and so genuine that the people who came to her house that evening were greatly distressed when they learned that it was impossible for her to receive them; then, with the outspoken curiosity which is a part of provincial manners, they inquired concerning the misfortune, the sorrow, or the disease which had afflicted Madame de Dey. To these questions, an old housekeeper called Brigitte replied that her mistress had shut herself into her room, and would not see anybody, not even her servants.

"If she were ill," said one curious individual, "she would have sent for the doctor; but the doctor was at my

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house all day, playing chess. He said with a laugh that in these days there is but one disease, and that is unfortunately incurable."

This jest was put forward apologetically. Thereupon, men, women, old men, and maidens began to search the vast field of conjecture. Every one fancied that he caught a glimpse of a secret, and that secret engrossed the imaginations of them all. The next day, the suspicions became embittered. As life in a small town is open to all, the women were the first to learn that Brigitte had laid in more supplies than usual at the market. That fact could not be denied.

On the second day, when they learned that Madame de Dey proclaimed that she was indisposed, the principal persons of Carentan met in the evening at the house of the mayor's brother, an ex-merchant, a married man, of upright character and generally esteemed, and for whom the countess entertained a high regard. There all the aspirants to the rich widow's hand had a more or less probable story to tell; and each of them hoped to turn to his advantage the secret circumstances which forced her to compromise herself thus. The public accuser imagined a complete drama in which Madame de Dey's son was brought to her house by night. The mayor favored the idea of a priest who had not taken the oath, arriving from La Vendee and asking her for shelter; but the purchase of a hare on Friday embarrassed the mayor greatly. The president of the district was strong in his conviction that it was a leader of Chouans or of Vendeans, hotly pursued. Others suggested a nobleman escaped from one of the prisons of Paris. In short, one and all suspected the countess of being guilty of one of those acts of generosity which the laws of that day stigmatized as crimes, and which might lead to the scaffold.

The countess's sincere friends were so alarmed for her that, during the morning of the third day, the procureur-syndic of the commune caused his wife to write her a note to urge her to receive as usual that evening. The old merchant, being bolder, called at Madame de Dey's house in the morning. Trusting in the service which he proposed to render her, he demanded to be shown to her presence, and was thunderstruck when he saw her in the garden, engaged in cutting the last flowers from the beds, to supply her vases.

"Doubtless she has been sheltering her lover," said the old man to himself, seized with compassion for the fascinating woman.

The strange expression on the countess's face confirmed him in his suspicions. Deeply touched by that devotion so natural to a woman, and which always moves our admiration, because all men are flattered by the sacrifices which a woman makes for a man, the merchant informed the countess of the reports which were current in the town, and of the dangerous position in which she stood.

"But," he said, as he concluded, "although there are some among our officials who are not indisposed to forgive you for an act of heroism of which a priest is the object, no one will pity you if they discover that you are sacrificing yourself to the affections of the heart."

At these words Madame de Dey looked at the old man with an expression of desperation and terror which made him shudder, old man though he was.

"Come," said she, taking his hand and leading him to

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Spectator

Our Lady of the Shattered Dome

What shall we do with our "angel"? As long as she perched on the apex of the dome of our City Hall she was a thing of beauty. Against the skyline of our metropolis she loomed grand, gloomy and peculiar, wrapped in the majesty of her solitude, "like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies." Now that she is to come off her perch there is none so poor to do her reverence. She is a deformed, grotesque, fantastic excrescence. She is neither man nor woman, she is neither brute nor human—she's a ghoul! Afar she was something ethereal, light and airy, like a lady in the sky; close at gaze she is a hideous monster scarcely fit to gargoyle the cornice of a hospital for lepers. We will have none of her. She is rejected of men. She is denied place in our streets and parks to companion Cogswellian effigies in iron and Phelanesque images graven in bronze. Moreover, she is only half an angel for she is wingless and gendered wrong because there are really no angels of the feminine sex except in the imagination of artists and sculptors. Therefore I ask again, What shall we do with our "angel"? Shall we send her to the junk shop or shall we set her up in the Park museum as an antique relic and souvenir of our great disaster? I think this last is the better disposal. She is ugly enough if she is somewhat too long, to serve as a memento of the dark days and flame-illumined nights when the earth was trembling and a city was homeless awaiting in shivering dread for the blast on Gabriel's horn of doom. As it has been decided that our angel is not an angel, let us use her as a horrible example of what an angel is not; a vice of high art; a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated needs but to be seen at close range; something that, however familiar may be her face we cannot endure, nor pity, nor embrace.

An Antique

Pondering the possibility of the renewal of negotiations between Ruef and the Prosecution I was reminded of a very old story, so old that it must be getting back to its second childhood. It is of a man of a very taciturn disposition, who, riding in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs. The man replied, "Yes, sir." Nothing more was said on the subject at that time. A year later when driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned to his servant and said, "How," whereupon the man promptly replied, "Poached, sir."

Reminiscent of Simon Bolivar

Another esteemed contemporary is added to the list of my most valued exchanges. The Liberator has come to fill a long felt want and to remind us of Simon Bolivar, the South American George Washington whom the ungrateful republics liberated by him contemned with bitter scorn until it was deemed proper to erect an equestrian statue to the memory of one who had never bestrode anything except a Peruvian mule even in his

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fiercest battles for the sacred cause of freedom. The Liberator is an exponent of the principles formulated by the League of Justice. It would be an immoral insinuation to call it an "organ." The editor in chief is Professor George H. Boke of the State University law colleges. Other members of the League of Justice will write for the magazine as the humor takes them and the spirit moves them. The mission of the publication is to set everybody right on the purposes of the graft prosecution in this city. The expense of publication is defrayed entirely out of the salary received by Professor Boke for his services to the State as a teacher of law to the students of the Affiliated Colleges. Unlike Mayor Taylor, Professor Boke draws only one salary—at a time. Not one dollar of Mr. Spreckels' money will go to assist this journalistic venture. It comes into the field absolutely unpolluted by anything that smells of a "subsidy." It will depend wholly on its merits as a defender of the cause of the graft prosecution. It will appeal to no prejudices; its tone will be judicial; and its argument while partisan will not be vehement, rhetorical or silly. It will be something entirely different from anything that has been uttered by the graft prosecution heretofore. Miss Miriam Michelson, the well known lady journalist and author of that best selling novel of morals, "In the Bishop's Carriage," will have complete charge of the Woman's Department, and will contribute occasional pieces of lighter literature in the form of short stories, serials and moral essays. Our new contemporary is welcome. Call again.

Mamma—What's the matter, Bertie? I thought you'd stay and play with Tommy Carroll all the afternoon.

Bertie—Tommy ain't got no fun in him.

Mamma—He hasn't?

Bertie—No; we was playin' horse, and every time I hit him with the whip he yelled. I don't want a cry-baby around me."

Hoch der Kaiser

The question of the authorship of "Casey at the Bat" has been settled by Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, but now there is a dispute over the authorship of "Hoch der Kaiser!" the doggerel that made the late Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan famous when, by reciting the lines he came near to plunging this country into trouble with Germany. Since Coghlan's death the newspapers have credited him with being the author of the verses. This may be so, but the fact is that years before the occasion on which Coghlan brought them to the attention of the world they were recited in a beer-hall in this city by a reporter named Gordon, who represented himself as the author. Gordon was a man with a remarkable facility in versification. He was especially clever as a writer of Limericks, acrostics and lipograms. It was Gordon who was suspected of the deception practiced on the Examiner in the eighties by which that journal was made to represent that Monsignor Capel was the author of an obscene and sacrilegious acrostic. The verses recited by Coghlan are as follows:

Der Kaiser von das Fatherland
Und Gott und I all dings command;
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
Meinself—und Gott!

Vile some men sing der bower divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
Of me—und Gott!

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt,
She's ausgespieldt—she's no aggound;
To much we think she don't amound,
Meinself—und Gott!

She vill not dare to fight again;
But if she should, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's Grandma dinks she's nicht schmall beer,
Midt Boers und such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But Me—und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, from ships she's got
Und soldiers midt der scarlet goat,
Ach! we could knock dem, Pouf! Like dot,
Meinself—midt Gott!

In dimes of peace brebare for wars,
I bear der helm und spear of Mars,
Und care not for den thousand Czars,
Meinself—midt Gott!

In fact, I humor efry whim,
Mit aspect dark und visage grim
Gott pulls mit Me und I mit Him,
Meinself—und Gott!

In the Public Eye

The talent for uttering an appropriate sentiment at a psychological moment is a gift with which few men are endowed. William J. Bryan proved himself the fortunate possessor of this gift some years ago when, with one burst of eloquence, he commanded the attention and stirred the emotions of all the people of this country. In a measure akin to Bryan's achievement was that of the Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York, who took occasion some days ago to attack a number of judges and District Attorney Jerome for taking dinner with Richard Crocker. Dr. Wise has been expressing himself forcefully and epigrammatically on public questions for several years, and he has won the esteem of men in several cities in which he has discussed civic questions, but the psychological moment for him, the moment for a telling utterance of universal interest did not arrive until in New York his indignation was aroused by the homage publicly paid by exalted judicial officers to the ex-boss of unspeakable Tammany. The newspapers are now taking notice of Wise and incidentally exploiting his personality, the salient traits of his character, his aspirations, his propensities and his achievements. As Dr Wise has a brother in this city in the person of Mr. Otto Wise, one of the most successful representatives of the legal profession, he holds for us more than passing interest.

No Muzzled Pulpit for Him

Rabbi Wise is the son of a rabbi, the grandson of a rabbi, the scion of a family which has been identified with the rabbinical office without a break through hundreds of years. He is a young man animated by the very highest ideals and imbued with a passion for improving the condition of his fellow-men. He is a reformer of the type that endures. An insight into his character was afforded some years ago in New York when the trustees of the Temple Emanu El, the richest and most powerful synagogue in that city, asked him to name the terms on which he would take the position of rabbi

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of the congregation. His answer was that he would take it on condition that the pulpit be unmuzzled. He was not wanted on that condition, and he drifted out to Portland where he became prominent in public affairs. Two years ago he went back to New York where he assembled a congregation of four hundred men and women who attend divine service every Sunday morning at his Free Synagogue, which he describes as "a universalist church, —a church for all who do not fear the truth." The principles of the synagogue are, "no pews, and no dues; voluntary contributions and a democratic organization." Among the supporters of the synagogue are Jacob H. Schiff, Adolph Lewisohn, Issac Seligman and Henry Morgenthau.

"I think," said the strong-minded female, "that women should be permitted to whistle, don't you?"

"Certainly," replied the cynical bachelor. "There is no earthly reason why women should be denied the privilege accorded to locomotives and tugboats."

The Biggy Tragedy

It is perhaps fortunate that the body of Chief Biggy was identified beyond question, for now it is hardly likely that any further effort will be made to account for his disappearance by theories that cast a stigma on his reputation. Though the brutal newspapers that hounded Biggy to his death discreetly refrained from suggesting that he was a fugitive, cruel rumors that emanated from the local publicity bureau gained considerable circulation, especially in the interior of the State where the rural editor cultivates confidence in his own integrity by his vociferous acclamation of all self-appointed guardians of civic virtue. It was intimated that Biggy was hired by the higher-ups to connive at the killing of Haas, and that he had been paid an immense sum of money to vanish. He was even reported to have been seen in several cities. Biggy's faithful friends of the police commission, men who knew how unmerited was the abuse that was heaped upon him, how malevolent was the persecution to which he had been subjected, were greatly shocked at the dastardly efforts that were made to blacken his memory, and at the time of the recovery of the body they were engaged out of the noblest of sentiments in gathering material by which they hoped to effect his complete vindication. According to one of the commissioners with whom I have discussed the matter Biggy played a courageous part in the Haas tragedy; for while he was but technically responsible for that unfortunate creature's suicide he refused to shift any of the blame to the shoulders of men who might have found it difficult to avoid criticism. Yet Biggy's relation to the suicide was seized as a pretext for hounding him out of the police department with a view to getting control thereof. Though the catastrophe was not in accordance with design the plot was not altogether a failure; for Biggy is out of the department. Has not this little drama been of any avail as an eye-opener? Will the blind refuse to see? And by the way, is the rumor factory closed down for repairs? or shall we soon hear that the higher-ups hired somebody to shove Biggy off the boat?

No Spineless Judge for Johnson

Mr. Grove L. Johnson of Sacramento has once more achieved distinction; this time by uttering himself in opposition to the proposed code amendment designed to free our courts from partisan political influence. It appears that the principle of the proposed amendment cannot be reconciled with a principle which Mr. Johnson conceives to be fundamental. Mr. William Denman of the Commonwealth Club, who has been very active in stirring up sentiment in favor of the amendment, reports that it has been approved "in over a hundred letters from business men, lawyers and many judges both Federal and State, including Judge Gilbert, the presiding judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and Judge Beatty, Chief Justice of the State of California." He adds: "In all the correspondence which the general newspaper notice of the proposed legislation has occasioned there has been but one writer who has said he was opposed to it—Mr. Grove L. Johnson, Assemblyman from Sacramento." Mr. Johnson's sentiments as exposed in a letter to Mr. Denman are as follows: "If your measure is presented to the Legislature, I will give it careful consideration. At present I am opposed to it. I am one of those who believes that the existence of our country depends upon having political parties. I believe a judge should be responsible to a political party, just the same as a coroner. It is idle to say that because a man is elected judge he thereby abandons his political opinions. I would rather have, speaking individually, an out and out partisan on the bench than a flabby spineless political mug-wump. The selection of judges at special elections was tried in this State and found to be a failure. I recognize the desire on your part to improve the judicial system, but think that you have started in the wrong way."

His Deft Smash

Singular as Mr. Johnson's sentiments may appear they are far from being unique. The principle which he upholds with respect to the importance of political parties is as old as the nation itself. Great statesmen have differed honestly thereon. But Mr. Denman is of the opinion that there cannot be two sides to this question. In a letter to the editor of Town Talk he says with exquisite sarcasm: "Those knowing Mr. Johnson feel certain that he did not mean to say this. However, Mr. Johnson's attitude on any legislative question affecting the purity of the bench is so significant that I am forwarding an exact copy of his letter, trusting you will give it the consideration it deserves." Now while I am in favor of the

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Clothiers to Men, Women and Children

Market At Stockton and Ellis Also Van Ness at Bush

proposed amendment as far as it goes, and while I am aware that Mr. Johnson is a thorough-paced practical politican whose conduct as a legislator has been oftener censured than approved, I can readily believe that he is opposed to the amendment out of a sense of the possible inadvisability of substituting the multitude for a political party as the censor of the conduct of a judge. Mr. Johnson does not say that he is in favor of having political partisans on the bench. He says he prefers a partisan to a "flabby, spineless political mug-wump." And who would not? A political partisan is not disqualified from administering the law honestly, but a spineless judge is always inclined to consider his own interests rather than the rights of litigants. The spineless judge is a gallery player; and there is always the possibility of a crisis in which a gallery player on the bench may be inclined to coddle the multitude at the expense of the State. The strength of our Federal judicial system lies in the freedom from mob influence which it insures; if it has a serious imperfection it is not that there is partisanship in the selection of judges. Yes, Mr. Denman, there are two sides to this question. I am on your side, not because I think the amendment insures an absolutely independent judiciary, but because I regard it as a step in the right direction which, in view of current sentiment, is likely to be followed by another.

"I understand that your latest composition is becoming very popular."

"Yes," answered the thorough musician; "but, believe me, it has some elements of merit in spite of that fact."

A Plot in a Pub. Doc.

Strange things are frequently found in unexpected places. Who would think of looking for the hint of a romance or the motive of a rattling, rushing story of adventure, in the belly of an annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the state of the finances of the nation? Yet that is where I found just that thing. Rummaging through the arid pages of Secretary Cortelyou's last communication to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, under the head of "Secret Service" following a statement that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, an unusually large quantity of plates, dies, molds, and contraband material were captured by the department, was this crude suggestion of a thrilling tale of the tropic seas: "Incidentally a contemplated revolution in a neighboring island failed when the counterfeit currency with which the insurgent troops were to be paid was seized by the agents of the division, and the fiscal agent was arrested and prosecuted for counterfeiting." What more could a Richard Harding Davis, a Phillips Oppenheim, or a Max Pemberton ask as the basis of a plot? Or if we would have the story a classic how brilliantly the hint would have been handled by Robert Louis Stevenson. As a humorous theme for O. Henry it can't be beat. And as a farce comedy for George Ade or a comic opera for George Cohan it is better than anything those prolific fun provokers have ever tried on the dogs. I believe that the weird genius of Quiller Couch could get something uncanny and creepy out of it. I am almost tempted to tackle it with my own little imagination. It is a story that tells itself. Imagine the possibilities of the situation: The island; a jungle of palms and a bunch of ragged, dirty mestizos; a chief conspirator who was once an overseer on a tobacco plantation and went into politics when the island declared its independence of Spanish tyranny; half a dozen other conspirators conspiring for loot; an arsenal of four stolen shotguns, one rifle and a machete apiece for the arm; no money; a gentleman adventurer from Maine or Oklahoma; the midnight conference in the back room of the lonely posada; the plot; the scene changes to a hut in the Tennessee mountains; moonshiners and counterfeiters; the gentleman adventurer disguised as a Pinkerton detective; (this is an original touch); the coiners at work; the jealous mestiza who has followed the gentleman adventurer from the island to find her lover making love to a rawboned belle of Tennessee; the dagger in the garter and the six-shooter in the belt; the women face to face; the baffled mestiza and the angry Tennessee lady; both swear vengeance against the fickle gentleman adventurer; the double betrayal; two bands of sleuths on the trail; the secret service men and the Pinkertons meet in the mountain gorge; the battle; the moonshiners to the rescue; the counterfeiters at bay; the plot thickens; suddenly the plot thins; the jealous rivals explain; hostilities cease; the detectives fraternize; the attack on the hut in the mountains; capture of the gentleman adventurer and his gang and $7,000,000 in Babbitt metal pesos; collapse of the island revolution for lack of sinews of war; everybody goes to work except the revolutionary mestizos—the gentleman adventurer and the conspirators doing time on the rock pile and the jealous ladies now reconciled, taking in washing for summer tourists at Palm Beach, Florida. Copyrighted; and all other rights reserved.

Is He a Weaving Spider?

Much questioning is on the lips of clubmen and men about town concerning the status of James D. Phelan in the Bohemian Club at this time. Once there was none so popular; the only objection to genial Jimmy being, as expressed by a wit of the club, that he was so much richer than most of the members. Perhaps it was this reputation of unlimited wealth that lifted Mr. Phelan to some of the high pedestals in the famous club; perhaps it was the belief prevalent among the Bohemians that as Mr. Phelan was not really a bohemian, but somewhat instinctively inclined that way, he might unloose the strings of his purse occasionally for the profit and comfort, if not for the greater glory of the club. Perhaps that is one reason why he was made chairman of the club's building

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committee. Mr. Phelan had built massive and enduring structures for his own profit and his counsel had been exceedingly wise and generous in all the conferences that discussed the rebuilding of a city that was to be as beautiful as the dreams of the builders could make it; therefore it might happen that if Mr. Phelan were made chairman of the building committee of the club he would lend financial aid sufficient to accomplish the desire of the club for a palatial home; perhaps he might lift the mortgage on the Taylor and Post street site. But alas, Mr. Phelan has done nothing of the sort; there is no evidence that he has moved hand, pen or checkbook on behalf of the new club building. But he has sat like a chairman on a monument smiling at the other members of the committee; building only a castle in the air or a chateau in Spain. Now it has come to pass that the members of the club, weary with long waiting, have determined to build their club house in spite of Mr. Phelan. The project has been financed by William H. Crocker of the Crocker National Bank, on condition that the members shall subscribe $100,000 to the building fund. This has been done and Mr. Phelan's occupation as chairman of the building committee—but there is no committee. He is the Hamlet of the play, all right; but there is no support. The other members of the committee have resigned, and the resignation of Mr. Phelan is promised for the annual meeting of the club in January. Whether the financial assistance granted by Mr. Crocker was also conditional on the resignation of Mr. Phelan as chairman and as a member of the building committee may not be whispered beyond the hearing of the owl; but the incident has given rise to much gossip outside of the pale of the club, and many persons who admire Mr. Phelan's character for its nobility of purpose and philanthropy of intention, are asking if their expectancy and rose of the fair State, their glass of fashion and mould of form, has been put in the weaving spider class and told not to make himself quite so conspicuous hereafter in the activities of the Bohemian Club. As yet there has been no decisive or definite answer.

An Accidental Insult

As for Mr. Crocker it is not likely, as alleged; that he had the slightest intention of insulting Mr. Phelan. Familiar as he is with the history of the Bohemian Club, it is unlikely that he ever conceived it possible to abrade the thick hide of a man, who, through a long period of years has inspired all the wittiest sarcasms and served as the butt of all the most mordant radicule with which the Bohemians have been regaled. If Mr. Phelan is a man of weak irritability he must be highly skilled in the art of dissembling his feelings, for as an assimilator of insults he is without a peer in Bohemia, in corroboration of which fact I will submit the testimony of Dick Hotaling, Willis Polk, Rollo Peters and Jack Wilson. In this instance, I am sure, the insulting of Mr. Phelan was an accident. Moreover I am sure that no other member of the club similarly situated would complain of having been insulted. It happens that Mr. Phelan is peculiar in this,—that chairmaning is the one joy of his existence. He acquired the habit when he was chairman of a debating society at school, and ever since when there has been a chairman to be elected to anything Jimmy has appeared as a candidate. In several instances he has done more than this: he has rounded up his touts and his time-serving henchmen to capture the job for him. In the whole course of his life he has never resigned a chairmanship. So, taking cognizance of his consuming passion it is easy to understand why he ordered his kept journal to lambaste Crocker. As usual he directed that the people be told that he incurred Crock-

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er's emmity in the role of civic patriot. But Jimmy knows that he never excited anything less than Crocker's contempt and that he excited that when he was Mayor of the city by an exhibition of trimming that prompted Crocker's brother-in-law, Prince Poniatowski, to remark for publication that no gentleman would permit Mr. Phelan to enter his home. If Mr. Phelan had forgotten that matter he would not have been so zealous of late in some of his activities.

A fat woman entered a crowded street-car and, seizing a strap, stood on a gentleman's toes.

As soon as he could extricate himself, he arose and offered her his seat.

"You are very kind, sir," she said.

"Not at all, madam," he replied, "it's not kindness, it's self-defence."

Advice to a Stranger

I am glad to know that Upton Sinclair did not refuse to pay twenty-five cents for a portion of shredded wheat biscuits; also that he got some advertising out of his experience at the St. Francis. Sinclair is an author of the Socialistic cult and was once upon a time one of the best sellers in America. He wrote a book about the beef trust in which there was a very graphic account of the awful doings in the Chicago packing houses. It was the meat in the book that caused the sensation and incidentally netted for the author royalties fatter than any steer that ever went to his doom in the Chicago stockyards. With the profit of that lucky hit Mr. Sinclair built Helicon Hall and stocked it with queer people who lived on vegetables and Elbert Hubbard's philosophy until the Hall burned down and bankrupted the owner. Since that time Sinclair has been living on vegetables and the hope that he will some day produce another seller. Since his Helicon disaster he has been living on vegetables and the glorious climate of California; consorting with poets and literary ladies at Carmel-by-the-Sea; and constructing a thrilling melodrama of Socialism for production at one of the theatres in this city. He came to San Francisco the other day and "put up" at one of our highest priced hotels, which may be criticised as an action entirely contrary to his teachings and wholly at variance with the simple life he has been leading since he was one of the best sellers. But he didn't refuse to pay. He merely called attention to what he conceived to be an unreasonable charge. But Upton Sinclair should never kick about the price in San Francisco, no matter how unreasonable it may appear to be. It bores one to be reasonable. This is neither Chicago nor yet is it Boston. We do not eat to live in this city sitting serene and indifferent to fate beside the Golden Gate. We live to eat, to enjoy life, to get all there is in life out of the fickle, uncertain petulant thing. And we never haggle over the price; on the contrary we always tip the waiter. No, no, Upton; we live out here on the vast western verge, and when you come to live with us you must live as we do; otherwise, back to the stockyards for you; back to the cold culture of Boston; back, if you please, to the provincial arrogance of New York; but don't stay here to suffer the slings and arrows of a cosmopolitan bohemianism that makes no pretense of superior reason when the purse is light, but is a prince for spending when the goddess of the glittering wheel rolls our way scattering golden ducats to be scattered again on the rialto and in the region where the lights are blazing, where the music is inspiring and where joy is unconfined.

A good motto—Temperance against Prohibition—"The Old Government" against poor Whisky.



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Young's Philosophy

Captain Lucien Young, who was recently appointed Captain of the Yard at Mare Island, is one of the most popular and amiable characters of the navy, compounded of bravery, wit and ebullience. He is famous for his good nature and rollicking disposition. Not long ago running across a man at the Fairmont whom he had known in Honolulu he surprised him by the hail: "Well, you damned little red-headed Kanaka, what are you doing here?" After an exchange of courtesies the captain was invited to have a bracer, which invitation was accepted. The host surprised Captain Young by ordering a Napa Soda for himself, saying that he had come to the conclusion that if he never took another drink in his life he would average pretty well, as he thought he had had enough. "Enough," said Young "enough? A man never can have enough. He may get too much, but he can never have enough."

A Cradle of Art

The pupils of Best's Art School are holding their annual fall exhibition at the school, 1623 Bush street, above Van Ness. As most of the students have been devoting their attention to illustration, the majority of the studies are in black and white, pastel and pen and ink, although a few of the exhibits are in oil. The work of the life class, especially that of J. Cook, Crawford, Mangel, Kempt and Day, displays industry, ability and originally. Miss Lawson has some good still-life pictures, and the clever sketches and illustrations by Lustig should not be overlooked. Mrs. Alice Best has a number of paintings in oil and water colors on exhibition, and the presentation is well worth a visit of art lovers. Mr. Best has some excellent small paintings on sale, which would make acceptable holiday offerings to the appreciative, especially as the prices are so reasonable. Best's Art School came into existence out of the necessities of the case. A group of artists, some of whom have since become famous, formed a class a number of years ago to study under Mr. Best, being convinced that the methods of the ordinary art school were time-wasting and that direct supervision and individual criticism would not only produce results in a short time, but bring out the distinctive character of each pupil's natural bent, instead of a more or less modified imitation of his master. Accordingly, the long, slow, tedious drawing from casts and still-life which in the majority of art school is insisted upon for a period of from six months to a year before the artist is admitted to the practical work of the life class was done away with, and instead of the bi-weekly visit and criticism, all work was gone over each day. Mr. Jules Pages, now one of the leading artists of Paris, gave his advice and suggestions, and the method of study outlined by him for the first class is still adhered to. Amongst those who formed the original coterie were Maynard Dixon, Gordon Ross, J. A. Cahill, Theodore Languth and G. W. Fisher. Mr. Pages has never lost interest in the school which he helped to found, and has extended to the pupils who wish to continue their studies in Paris the privilege of competing on an equal basis with his own pupils, an advantage which is highly prized by students of art from all parts of the world. Classes are assembled both day and evening, and the student may select oil or water color, pastel, or black and white. There are life and still-life classes and an out-door sketching club. Mr. Best is a landscape artist and illustrator, while Mrs. Alice Best's reputation as a painter of portraits, designer and poster artist is almost world wide.

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Dessert
Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

New York Stock Exchange Securities have had their ups and downs during the past week. New high records were made in many of the railway lists, especially Southern Pacific and Union Pacific. A hardening of money rates began during the latter part of the previous week, which continues up to this writing. The heavy exports of gold caused some calling of loans, there was also the desire upon the part of bankers to get in funds to meet the January 1st disbursements. Call money advanced from 1½ per cent to 4 per cent. It is not expected high money rates will continue more than a week or ten days.

The weakness displayed in American Smelting and National Lead Securities caused a general unloading of stocks by the Pyramid Contingent. However, there appeared to be an urgent absorption of all offerings, resulting in only a slight decline in the better class of Railway Stocks. Missouri, Kansas and Texas found many friends, as did Colorado and Southern. These stocks advanced in the face of the general market weakness. From good sources comes assurance of ultimately very much higher prices for M. K. & T., Colorado, Southern Texas, Pacific and Interboro. It is more than likely another bull wave will start before the holidays, that will carry values much higher.

The earnings of American Car & Foundry and American Locomotive will show a large increase for the present quarter. The Steel Stocks have been inclined to weakness caused by talk of Tariff revision. This may be for market manipulation. It is quite noticeable those who are talking tariff reductions now, were the sellers of Steel Securities, at the top of the recent advance. It is possible they are now putting out bear talk for the purpose of securing their former holdings at a reduced price.

New York Central has recently been a market leader. It is rumored Mr. Harriman will be a strong factor in dominating the future policy of that property.

The Hill Stocks have shown more activity than usual. Many rumors are afloat favorable to a higher range of prices for them. The Copper Stocks have been disposed towards a lower level, regardless of the fact that the price of metal remains firm, and the consumptive demand fair to good.

The general market has had a fair reaction, and should take on new life again, and make a substantial advance. Conditions are favorable for a bull market; money rates will decline to their normal condition after January 1st.

The Government figures just compiled place the valuation of farm products of the United States at seven Billions, seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, the greatest, by far, in the history of this country. Reports from winter wheat sown sections are very favorable. Fall plowing was accomplished in the most satisfactory manner. The ground has received plenty of moisture. All in all farming conditions could not be more promising than they are for the coming year.

The accepted general result of this year's Cotton Crop places it at 12,900,000 bales of 515 pounds each; there is a slight increase in the weight per bale over last year. While the crop is large, it will be found to be a short one before another crop is harvested. The low price for cotton now prevailing is the direct result of the Southern planters, who drove out future trading. They now find themselves unable to carry the crop alone, and are striving to have some of their recent laws abolished. Had these laws not been passed, Cotton would be selling well over ten cents per pound upon present conditions.

The recent decline of six and one-half cents per bushel in wheat was brought about by the heavy selling by Armour & Company, who accepted a most advantageous time to attack the market. It is claimed Patten, Bartlett & Frazier are carrying a load of twenty million bushels of May wheat, the battle has been between these contending parties, and will be a hard one. That wheat prices will go much higher before another harvest comes around is more than possible. The Argentine Crop will have its effect for at least a short time, much depending upon their early deliveries.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS .

Ned Will Splurge Some

Too late for discussion in this week's issue, except as a prospective event, is the first of the Greenway Assemblies scheduled for Friday night of this week in the gorgeous white and gold room of the Fairmont. For this event, if I may be permitted to whisper it to my readers, the veteran leader of our fashionable herd, has been on his mettle ever since the Scott ball. There is nothing so wholesome as rivalry even in matters touching the entertainment of society as we shall doubtless perceive when Mr. Greenway gets into action, for the Scott ball was in the nature of a stimulus to the somewhat jaded



Photo, Genthe. MRS. MARTIN EGAN

Mrs. Egan is the wife of the well known California journalist. She is now on her way to China where she is to investigate the death of the Emperor for Everybody's Magazine.

Petronius of local swelldom, and immediately thereafter his energies took on a sulphitic tone. The fact is that the One and Only Leader has observed symptoms of a disposition in certain quarters to compel, if not his abdication, at least a division of his power, and as a consequence he has whipped up his somewhat enervated faculties and taken hold of things which that puissant grip for which he was distinguished in the mad, glad days of his eventful youth. So be expectant of something more substantial than an iridescent dream on the occasion of the Assembly. To a friend Mr. Greenway has confided that it is to be an epoch maker. This is not to be one of the Greenway dances—mark you! They have passed with the old regime, as it were. Henceforth we are to have the "Greenway Assemblies." What's in a name? More than can be disclosed within the narrow limits of a regulation newspaper paragraph. The fact is that Ned is going to splurge some. Peradventure he may make that ten thousand dollar affair look like the proverbial thirty cents. The Greenway may look to others for incentive, but to none for the cachet of correctness or the qualities of elegance. Nor does Ned have to go gunning for quality. Depend on it—upper-tendom will be there with all its gay if not gaudy equipage. And for San Francisco's beauty and chivalry there will be a magnificent background of color. As for the supper—well of course that is where the ohs! and ahs! will come in. The Greenway is an epicure who delights in the products of Sybaris. Though his liver is not in prime condition he can find satisfaction in fourteen courses of Lucullan dainties. The stomach will sit in judgment on the first of the Greenway Assemblies.

The Bars To Be Let Down

The Colonial Dance invitation list is going to be reopened, and a few—of the men at least—who were overlooked will be taken into the fold. Already, they say, the men outrank the girls two to one, so why this idea



Photo, Genthe. MISS JOAN BALDWIN

Who recently gave a concert at which she introduced four of her brilliant young pupils.

in asking others? Or why do they not include a number of the girls who have up to date been "stung"? Some of the very nicest of the girls have been excluded and with no apparent reason. Of course if Mrs. Alexander insisted she might manage to squeeze in some of them when she is asking the extra men. Meanwhile there is much grumbling. The bachelors of San Francisco consider it a rank offense if they cannot get their dances taken when they want them, and they think more girls should be included. On the other hand several of the

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girls have asked to have their special men friends invited. So the list is to be reopened. Who is really the power behind the throne? And who of our local four hundred will be on the second list? And will they accept a belated invitation? These are some of the questions that are flying over the teacups.

Another Bud Coming Out

The news that Marian Miller has changed her plans and after all will make her debut this winter has been received with great rejoicing. The European trip has been postponed until late in the spring. Marian will be formally presented at a large tea the first week of January to be given in her honor by her mother, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.



Photo, Gentle MISS [illegible] SWELL.

A talented Oakland girl. She is the niece of George Sterling, the poet.

The Bonniest of the Buds

Speaking of debutantes I am reminded that whilst this season's group is notable for its beauty and attractiveness there is one girl therein of such distinction that she is in a class by herself. I refer to Innes Keeney, who possesses all the best qualities of the most alluring type of American girl. Free from affectation, bubbling over with mirth, of nimble wit, there is not a more radiant, magnetic personality in all society. At the last Friday Night dance Innes Keeney was the centre of attraction. There was a shortage of men and some of the buds adorned the wall, but Miss Keeney might have had three partners for every dance. She certainly enjoys every function she attends. What a lot of lamentation there would be in the younger set if Innes Keeney should admit that there was anything in the rumor that she had already lost her heart to a Berkeley man in his senior year?

Queer Happenings

In our provincial aristocracy close attention is being paid these days to the social progress of some new arrivals who have plunged into the swim and with little encouragement have made considerable headway. They attended a big dance to which it is said the hostess had neglected to send them an invitation. Indeed I am told that she had never met her guests and was very much surprised at their presence. Which reminds me that there have been many queer happenings in society of late. Many new wrinkles have been introduced and some of them have been severely reprobated. Society has been shocked by droll stories imported from Paris and by Frenchy comments on the physical charms of pretty women. The sensibilities of society this season are much more easily agitated than they were in the days when "Addie" Mizner was flinging his pungent epigrams at the ears of pretty women.

The Parrotts in Their Chateau

From Europe comes word that the John Parrotts are in Rome over the Christmas holidays. Abby and Emilie write very enthusically of the change. They were the objects of much envy when they left town for Europe a year and a half ago, but they really have had very little excitement abroad. It certainly cannot be said that Mrs. Jack Parrott is either a very ambitious or a match-making mother. Every one thought that ere this the girls would make brilliant matches,—probably titled ones, and would mingle with the most exclusive continental society. But their mother's "nerves" have proved unequal to the task of chaperoning them and their life in Switzerland has been very tame. Their home, Chateau Soubriez, near Vevay, is delightfully rural but society there is not particularly interesting. Josephine, the youngest of the Parrott girls, who, if she were here would be making her debut this winter with her cousin, Katherine Donohoe, is rusticating in a convent. She is the prettiest of the four sisters, but Barbara is the most interesting and the most attractive. Emilie and Abby made their debuts the same year as their cousin, Vicomtesse de Tristan. They both acted as bridesmaids at her wedding and their many friends here are eagerly hoping that they may return to California for Marie Christine de Guigne's marriage in January.

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Holiday Greetings

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Aftermath of a Wedding

The younger set is still talking about the Davis-McDonald wedding; how stately the bride looked coming down the aisle alone; what beautiful gowns the bridesmaids wore, and how perfect in every detail the new Davis house is. The Davises were living at the Fairmont until the wedding, and in consequence had their housewarming and their daughter's wedding all in one. Mrs. McDonald is the niece of Mrs. George Becker, Mrs. Harry Maxwell and Mrs. Joseph Fyfe, Jr., who before their marriages were known as the stunning Davis sisters of Ross Valley. On their return from the honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. McDonald will take a flat until their new apartment house is finished.

Will Wed in the New Year

The marriage of "little" Helen Thomas and Joseph Sefton, they say, will be the first of the New Year weddings. The date, I believe, has already been set, but the intimate few who have so far been told, declare for the present they are sworn to secrecy. Mr. Sefton is a wealthy man in his own right and their home in San Diego will be very beautiful. Besides the conventional engagement ring Mr. Sefton has presented his fiancee with a handsome diamond necklace, and his mother has showered her with many wonderful gifts. Helen Thomas was formerly of Sausalito. She belonged to the coterie of girls there who found the Army and particularly the Twenty-second Infantry especially attractive. Every one thought that one of the officers stationed on Alcatraz might succeed in winning her. Certainly Mr. Sefton is very much to be congratulated. His bride-to-be is remarkably pretty and attractive, and the only regret attached to the marriage is that San Diego will of necessity be her future home.

Society at the Polo Games

Quite the smartest gathering is that which attends the polo games every Sunday afternoon on the San Mateo field. As the early trains have not yet made the roads impassable a motor trip with luncheon at the Burlingame Club is quite the order of the day. So far the polo honors have been divided between the El Cerrito field and the Clark track, both of which are excellent polo grounds. In another fortnight the Army team will be up to the mark and some pretty play may then be expected. The enthusiasm for polo this year has proved greater than ever before. The smartest machines and traps turn out each Sunday. Quite the most conspicuous of these is the stylish little basket carriage which the Vicomtesse de Tristan drives herself. She is an expert horse woman, and her driving has been much admired for its grace and skill. The de Guignes have entertained at large house parties over all the games, and among those who are never absent from these affairs are Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch who always motor down with a number of friends in their three seated Pierce-Arrow. The Charles Clarks always serve a small tea at the pavilion on their grounds thus adding to the delightful informality of these meetings.

The Effect of Novelties

Whenever a new wrinkle in personal garnishment is introduced in San Francisco beholders view it with amazement and usually with disapprobation. Seldom do they ever consider the probability of the novelty of today becoming the commonplace of tomorrow, and consequently many women stultify themselves with the regularity of clockwork by adopting the very fashions which they have ridiculed. Of this phenomenon I was reminded the other night at the Orpheum when I heard comments on the members of a box party conspicious among whom were the beautiful Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. George Newhall, both richly gowned. Mrs. Newhall looked odd to provincial observers, as she has just returned from New York with earrings that touch her shoulders and all the newest things in headgear.

A Grave Possibility

To all the talk against cigarette smoking by the women, those of the real smart set pay no attention. They go right on making little chimneys of themselves and even blowing the smoke out of their tip-tilted noses. They don't care a farthing what those mean nasty old newspapers say. Cigarettes are just the nicest things in

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the world,—so there. The society amateurs who appeared in "The Price of Money" at the Valencia puffed vigorously during the rehearsals, much to the discouragement of poor Frank Mathieu, who found it hard to distract their minds from their weeds to their lines. Then even—but then cocktails are another story. Most of the female smokers of local society are of the married set, but of late some of the girls have became addicted to the habit. There are two sisters, debutantes of last season who like their cigarette and don't care who knows. Up country after a long morning ride in cutaway coats, high boots and knickerbockers they lounge about the porch minus the coat, cigarette in mouth, and puff away to their hearts' content. Their mild dissipation was the subject of discussion the other evening. One young man was shocked to hear the news. "My God!" he exclaimed, "and one of them may become the mother of a future President!"

One of the Mills Twins Engaged

Another American girl to wed a foreign title! And once more the coin of the realm to be used in gilding the escutcheon of nobility is of Californian origin. The girl is Beatrice Mills, daughter of Ogden Mills and granddaughter of D. O. Mills, known from Newport to Burlingame as one of the Mills' twins, the other being Gladys Mills who was once reported engaged to Robert Gerry. The fair Beatrice is to wed the Earl of Granard. She is the intimate friend of the Clarence Mackays. The news of her engagement which leaked out this week must have come as a great surprise in New York, for the rumor was current there a month ago that she was engaged to Winthrop Ames of Boston. Her marriage will take place in the spring and will doubtless be celebrated with much pomp and circumstance, for Mrs. Ogden Mills is a woman who loves to splurge. She is of the very inner circle of the socially elect of Gotham.

Gossip From Berkeley

The Hotel Carlton in Berkeley is planning a happy Christmastide for the small guests of the hotel and, incidentally for the grown ones also, as the Christmas tree which is to be the feature of the Christmas Eve festivities will be followed by a dance. On Christmas Day an elaborate dinner will be served for which already a number of tables have been reserved by people on the outside. * * * A pleasant little affair of the week was the luncheon on Monday, at which Mrs. M. A. Foster entertained seven guests, the luncheon being followed by a few hours of bridge. * * * Mrs. Henry Rogers, who has been a guest at the hotel for a couple of months, had visiting her for a few days Mrs. C. A. Colburn of Reno, Nev. Mrs. Rogers will leave on Wednesday for Florida where she will be the guest of friends for several months. * * * Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Carlton are Mr. and Mrs. C. Edwin Holmes of Belvedere, who will spend two months in the university town; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Gosling of Dallas, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Weber of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Patton, and A. L. Paine of the National Box and Lumber Co. of Aberdeen, who spent a week at the hotel.

A Dinner in Bohemia

George T. Wright, the attorney who but recently returned from an extended trip abroad, was the host at an elaborate dinner given at the Bohemian Club last Wednesday. The guest of honor was Antonio de Grassi, one of the foremost violinists of Paris and Italy. Fourteen guests, among whom were Dr. H. J. Stewart, Joe. D. Redding, Charles Fields, Dr. H. P. Carlton, Dr. J. Wilson Shields and Mr. Bachelor, participated in the affair, after which they had the additional pleasure of listening to a number of selections performed by their fellow-guest. The advent of Signor de Grassi is of more than usual interest since, in addition to his musical reputation he chose a fair Californian for his bride, Miss Winifred June Morgan of Oakland. Miss Morgan is herself a talented musician and it was when in Paris in pursuit of a course of study that she encountered her fate. On her recent return from abroad she had an experience somewhat amusing and exasperating. Some of her fellow-passengers on the Atlantic liner conceived the idea that she was the daughter of the multi-millionaire J. Pierpont Mor-

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gan, and they dogged her steps and stared as insolently as if she had been a wax figure displaying the latest freak of fashion. Even the reporters took a hand when the steamer was docked, though they should have known better. It was amusing at first, but the sugar coating soon dissolved, leaving only the bitter pill, and the victim was in anything but a frame of mind desirous of repeating the experience.

Old Families United in Honolulu

My Honolulu correspondent writes: "A wedding which has attracted much interest and was largely attended took place at St. Andrew's Cathedral on the evening of December 8th. The bride was Miss Ethelinda Schaefer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Schaefer, and the groom was Mr. Alfred Lowery Castle, son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Castle. The Castles are one of the best known missionary families in the islands. Alfred L. Castle is a recent graduate of Harvard and now a practicing attorney with his father, being a junior member of the law firm of Castle and Withington. He is a crack baseball player, having been on the Harvard Varsity team for more than one season. The Schaefers are another old family though not of missionary origin. Mr. F. A. Schaefer has been in business in Honolulu for more than fifty years, and F. A. Schaefer & Company are agents for a number of the best known sugar plantations. Miss Schaefer herself is decidedly literary, and though very young has written a number of plays which are exceedingly creditable, and which have been produced locally with much success. * * * The engagement of Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Smith, to Mr. B. D. Baldwin of Maui, has just been announced. The Baldwins and the Smiths are both missionary families. W. O. Smith was attorney-general under the Republic of Hawaii, and the Baldwins are the sugar kings of Maui."

In the Spotlight

Invitations to the tea to be given by Mrs. Horace G. Hellmann for Sunday last were recalled on account of the serious illness of Mr. Charles Page, who is at the German Hospital suffering from appendicitis.

When last heard from the Misses Laura and Alexandra Hamilton were in Florence, where they purposed making a prolonged visit.

The marriage of Miss Ida Price and Rev. Percival J. Turner is announced to take place during the first week in January. Miss Price is the youngest daughter of Thomas Price, the well-known assayer.

Mrs. Prentis C. Hale was hostess at a dinner party on December 12th, it being Mr. Hale's birthday anniversary. The dinner guests numbered fourteen but later in the evening a large party of young people assembled.

Mr. Frederick Hellmann, the well-known mining engineer, accompanied by Mrs. Hellmann, made a flying visit to San Francisco during the week, when they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellmann of Gough street. Their stay was of the briefest as Mr. Hellmann's business engagements commanded his immediate return. He was the consulting engineer and manager of the famous Rand mines of South Africa for many years and only recently resigned to form a partnership with Thomas Leggett of New York. The two little ten-year-old Redfield girls, nieces of Mrs. Fred Hellmann and Katherine Hellmann, daughter of the George H. Hellmanns, accompanied their relatives to the east, where they will pass the next six months.

The Fairmont has established itself as the home of the afternoon tea in San Francisco. Every day there are a dozen or more of these informal affairs held in the Laurel Court, so that it is becoming quite the proper thing for society people to drop in to see which of their friends are out for the afternoon. There are always a number of more formal affairs likewise. During the past week Miss Angellotti entertained in honor of Miss Emily Du Bois, one of the charming buds of the season. Amongst her guests were nearly all of the winter debutantes also. Mr. Edward Barron gave a luncheon, as also did Mrs. George Cameron. There were Mrs. Harry Umbsen's dinner for twelve, Mrs. J. C. Campbell's dinner in honor of Mrs. Arthur Brown of Honolulu and an informal tea for ten given by Mrs. J. B. Coryell. The first of a series of luncheons to be given by Mrs. William Tevis took place on Tuesday last in the Gray room, which was especially decorated for the occasion. The

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UNION SQUARE

large oval table was set forth with American beauty roses, azaleas, lilies of the valley and hyacinths. Mrs. Julius Kruttschnit was the guest of honor. Mrs. James Flood also entertained at a luncheon for about twenty of her young friends in the reception parlors on Tuesday. The shades were drawn and the tables lighted by candles, the decorations and menu were both particularly attractive.

Miss Elsa von Manderscheid gave an enjoyable musicale at the Unitarian Church in Berkeley on Saturday evening. Miss von Manderschied has but just returned from a three years' course of study abroad under Madame Carreno. Previous to her departure for Europe she was a pupil of Mr. Robert Tolmie of Berkeley, who predicted a brilliant career for her. She has recently made a concert tour extending to Sacramento, Grass Valley, and other cities of the northern valley under the direction of her old teacher. Miss von Manderschied's marriage to Samuel Ely Eliot, a nephew of President Eliot of Harvard, is announced to take place on the 28th inst., after which she will reside in Eugene, Oregon, where Mr. Eliot is connected with the State university.

The trustees of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce gave a luncheon in honor of Mr. James Blair of New York at the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Blair is the head of an old-established banking house of that city which first floated the bonds for the Western Pacific Railroad. He is enthusiastic over California in general and San Francisco in particular, and expressed his surprise at the complete and rapid rehabilitation of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James McNulty have returned from their honeymoon trip to New York. They were entertained charmingly at several smart functions given in their honor, and the pretty California bride and her lovely frocks were much admired even in that center of fashion and beauty. Mr. and Mrs. McNulty will live with Mrs. McNulty's parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Oscar Owens, whose only and idolized child she is, in their home on Vallejo street near Steiner, a few doors above the Judge Graham home. The groom is a brother of Mrs. Graham.

Registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais recently were A. R. M. Blackhall, P. Russell, George A. Tracy, A. H. McQuillkin, L. Michelson, W. H. Ellis, Joshua Walker, C. C. W. Hann and wife, Mrs. O. A. Stack and son, and William McCann; of San Francisco; Emma Kaiser, Mrs. Charles Miller and W. H. Dean, Berkeley; and Fred Schilingman, Master Eldridge Durbron and W. W. Davis of Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolf will soon occupy their beautiful new home in Washington street. Mr. and Mrs. William Penn Humphreys, nee Wolf, will reside with them this winter.

The Misses Marian and Elizabeth Newhall were guests of Mrs. Henry T. Scott for the week end.

Mrs. William Ford Nichols and Miss Claire Nichols were hostesses at a delightful tea at their home on Webster street on the afternoon of Tuesday, December 1st.

Mrs. L. D. Woodford was in town recently to attend the Hartman concerts. This clever young violinist has returned to California to live permanently. She has located in Los Gatos for the health of her two charming children and has taken up teaching there and in San Jose.

The new bachelor quarters on the twelfth floor of the north wing just completed for the St. Francis are proving immensely popular and many of the most eligible young men in the city are already installed. Joseph Eastland was one of the first, and has fitted up a most luxurious suite.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Schweitzer of San Francisco, who have just returned from Japan, have been at the Del Monte for some days. Mrs. Schweitzer, nee Lolita Heynemann, was one of the charming brides of last spring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bailey of Chicago spent the past week playing golf on Del Monte's fine links. The days have been warm and bright, without wind, making ideal weather for outdoor sports.

Mr. J. W. Byrne and his mother, Mrs. Irvine, have taken apartments at the Del Monte for the winter.

The George H. Armsbys have taken permanent quarters at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Horace G. Smith, prominent in business circles in Los Angeles, returned to Del Monte last week with Mrs. Smith, whom he brought as a bride a year ago. They celebrated the anniversary of their honeymoon by taking motor trips to the big trees at Santa Cruz and elsewhere about the Monterey peninsula, and on Sunday they went to the Rancho Del Monte for a short stay. Joseph Greenbaum recently painted a portrait of Mrs. Smith, who is an unusually beautiful young woman.

Invitations have been issued for a luncheon to be given by Miss Perry of Ross to twenty-four of her friends. It will take place on Monday in the Red room of the Fairmont.

The fraternity ball given by the Sigma Phi Upsilon on Friday was a pleasant and beautiful affair. The White and Gold ball room of the Fairmont was filled with the members and their friends. Refreshments were served in the Red room.

The H. D. Pillsburys have come up to the St. Francis to remain for some of the social functions planned for the week.

Captain Smith of the Presido of Monterey was host on Saturday evening at a dinner given to a few intimate friends in Del Monte's pretty winter dining room.

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Estate of ALBERT JOHN SCHERZER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Albert Scherzer and Ada C. Brown, Administrator and Administratrix respectively, with the will annexed of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator and Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Neal Power, room 250, No. 250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, that being the place of business of said Administrator and Administratrix with the will annexed as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

ALBERT SCHERZER,
ADA C. BROWN,

Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed, of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 1st, 1908.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for Administrator, 250 Montgomery St., S. F.
SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCCA,
Attorneys for Administratrix, Humboldt Bank Bldg, S. F. 12-19-5

Stage

Fiske Rebuked

The Theatre Trust has had its revenge on Mr. Harrison Gray Fiske, who has been posing for years as a manager of superior integrity and a lover of the highest ideals. Mr. Fiske was expelled last week from the Association of Theatrical Producing Managers on complaint of Henry W. Savage who made the following charges: That Mr. Fiske has secured and is foisting upon the American public an unauthorized version of "The Devil"; that Mr. Fiske produced a play of which he had full knowledge that I had the prior and sole rights; that, in connection with this production, Mr. Fiske has made false statements and deceived me when I approached him as one member of this association to another; that Mr. Fiske has made statements unwarranted by the facts in order to prejudice the public and injure my business reputation and the value of my authorized porduction and also the value of "The Merry Widow"; that Mr. Fiske has by his acts not only occasioned another member of the association considerable financial loss and entailed upon him considerable and unnecessary expense, but has encouraged piracy and the unauthorized production of plays in America. The directors found that by reason of there being no copyright treaty with Hungary at the time the play was contracted for or produced legal rights were not involved and therefore charges 1 and 2 could not be sustained. The directors found further that because the legal rights were not involved statements made in regard thereto or expenditures connected therewith could not be sustained and consequently charges 4 and 5 were dismissed. The third charge, that Mr. Fiske had made false statements and had deceived Mr. Savage when Mr. Savage approached Mr. Fiske as one member of the association to another, was sustained and Mr. Fiske was found guilty of conduct not becoming a member of the association toward another member. Thereupon Mr. Fiske was expelled from the association.

Gillette in a New Play

"Samson," Henri Bernstein's new play, in which William Gillette appeared recently in New York, is said to possess features that appealed strongly to the actor-dramatist. The character portrayed by Mr. Gillette is that of Maurice Brachard, the Copper King of Paris, a man of the self-made class who has risen from an obscure family to a position of great wealth and power among his fellowmen. He is a multi-millionaire and a director in numerous large enterprises. His strength through his money and through his methods earns him the title of Samson, and by sheer force of energy he pushed himself into society and marries Anne Marie, daughter of the Marquis D'Andeline. While he devotes himself to amassing wealth the fair young wife takes up an intrigue with a man about town named Jerome Le Govain. She does not necessarily love Govain, but submits to his love and attentions in order that she may learn something of the ways of the world. Govain is a protege of Brachard, who raised him from a position of poverty, and by advice and with money put him in the way of making a fortune. Brachard, through a friend, learns that Govain is parading his wife around Paris. He makes this discovery one evening as he is about to depart for London. The Copper King changes his plans, returns to his home, and there learns to his utter confusion that the stories about Govain and his wife are true. He then devises a plan of revenge. He invites Govain to meet him next morning in apartments he has secured in the Hotel Ritz. He holds his attention with small gossip until messengers begin to arrive from the Bourse announcing the decline in copper stocks, and finally the fact that copper has tumbled and the market is in a panic. Finally Brachard shrieks at him, "You are ruined!" and after telling Govain why he has wrought this vengeance upon him, seizes his protege by the throat and chokes him into insensibility. This climax occurs in the third act and in the fourth and last the author, it is said, works out a solution of the drama as satisfactory as it is astonishing. Mr. Gillette's leading lady is Miss Constance Collier, the English actress.

At the Van Ness

The Christmas attraction at the Van Ness will be embranced in the second and last week of Henry B. Harris's production of "The Lion and The Mouse." The company that Mr. Harris has brought to San Francisco is in every sense adequate for this production. The individuals success in their efforts to hold the respective characters to the height of their original standard. A special holiday matinee will be given next Friday, Christmas Day, and seats may be had for the full week.

Nordica's Farewell Concert

The last concert of that veritable queen of song, Mme. Lillian Nordica, will be given Sunday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre when the artist will again render a program such as is rarely given; eleven beautiful songs, a great dramatic aria, and to cap the climax, Schubert's masterpiece, "Die Almacht." The aria that the artist



CONWAY TEARLE as BEN HUR and CHAS. M. HARRIS as MESSALA

In a scene from "Ben Hur" to be seen at the Van Ness Theatre on December 28th.

has chosen for this occasion is one but little known to concert goers. It is the great scene in "The Death of Jean of Arc" by Bemberg. The German songs will be "Zueignung" by Strauss, "Stille Sicher keit" by Franz, Schumann's beautiful "Der Nussbaum" and "Mein Freund ist Mein" by Peter Cornelius. French composers will be represented by Paul Vidal and Paladhile, and the Italian school by Gomez who was a Spaniard but wrote several successful operas in Italian, one of which, "Il Guarany," was once given in this city. The English group includes "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" by Quilter, "There Was an Ancient King" by George Henschel, and "Hail! Bounteous May!" by Branscombe. Frederick Hastings, the baritone, will have some splendid numbers as will also the talented young pianiste, Miss Showers. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday afternoon at five, and on Sunday the box office will be open at the theatre after 10 a. m.

"Brown of Harvard"

For its Christmas-week offering the Alcazar management has selected "Brown of Harvard," greatest of college plays. When presented in one of the local high-priced theatres about a year ago it filled the house at every performance during its two week's stay. "Brown of Harvard" was written by Rida Johnson Young, who is best known to Alcazar patrons by her authorship of "The Boys of Company B," one of the biggest comedy hits scored last season. She writes in the vein that appeals especially to women, for she views life from a woman's standpoint. Just as she made the soldiers in "The Boys of Company B" such delightful character, so she presents the collegians in "Brown of Harvard." She faithfully portrays the atmosphere of pure, wholesome school life with its rare joys, transient sorrows, innocent love affairs, all the never-forgotten pictures of life's palmy period. Tom Brown, the central figure of the play, is a rich young student with a generous heart. He assists his sweetheart's brother, Wilfred Kenyon, to pay a gambling debt and offers to defray the living expenses of Gerald Thorne, a Tennessee mountaineer who is working his way through college and supporting his sister Marian who has been deceived by Kenyon. The latter is in the toils of a gambling student named Colton, consents to the latter's demand that he send Marian away from Cambridge on the day of a great boat race and acquaint her brother with the fact. Colton has been betting heavily on the opposing crew. Kenyon gives Marian a check, forged with Brown's signature, and arranges for her departure. The third act shows the Harvard boathouse the day of the race. Just as the crew is starting for the boat Thorne is handed a letter from Marian, telling him of her shame. The young man refuses to take part in the race, and Brown is substituted at the last moment. The race is rowed to victory, but just as Brown is being saluted as the hero, Thorne returns and attempts to throttle him. He has discovered Marian trying to cash the check with Brown's name on it. The fourth act takes place in Brown's room the next morning. A party of students is trying to persuade Tom to tell the whole truth about the check, but he still refuses. Threats from Thorne only arouse him to anger, and he offers "to lick the whole crowd." His friends and Thorne leave. Kenyon remains behind. Brown destroys the check and tells the younger man what he thinks of him. Mrs. Kenyon arrives at this juncture to try to persuade Brown to marry the girl, and then discovers that it is her own son who is to blame. Brown is forgiven, and Evelyn's arrival closes the play with the young student in an ecstacy of joy. In the cast are twenty-six speaking characters and many silent supernumeraries. Bertram Lytell will have the role of Brown, and as Evelyn Kenyon an agreeable impression is sure to be made by Evelyn Vaughan.

"The Lost Paradise"

So great has been the success of "The Lost Paradise" at the Valencia Theatre that the management has wisely decided to continue for another week this splendid adaptation from the German of Ludwig Fulda's striking story of the conflict between capital and labor. "The Lost Paradise" has had many presentations in San Francisco but it is the unanimous verdict of veteran theatre-goers that never before has this sterling play been given with such an adequate cast and with such perfect attention to detail. The second act, showing the office of Reuben Warner, superintendent of the Knowlton Iron Works, with massive machinery in operation, is one of the most startling pieces of realism ever shown on a local stage and is in sharp contrast with the magnificent drawing room of the millionaire mill owner, shown in the first and last acts. Robert Warwick has surprised his most ardent admirers with his virile characterization of the heroic superintendent who is in love with his employer's daughter, but takes sides with the underpaid, half starved toilers in the works, and in some of his scenes does the best work of his career. Miss Blanche Stoddard, as the petted daughter of the mill owner who at first reproaches Warner with being "Only a working-

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man" and afterwards appreciates the tremendous sacrifice made by the young inventor and confesses her love for him, plays a difficult role in a way that wins the entire sympathy of the audience. Helen Lackaye does a clever bit of work as Polly Fletcher, "the country girl in city soil," and Gerald Harcourt, as Bob Appleton, who successfully woos and wins her, does a clever bit of light comedy work. Beatrice Nichols, the new ingenue, has made a hit as "Cinders," and Charles Dow Clarke completely loses his identity as Billy Hopkins, her somewhat soiled affinity. In addition to the usual Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday matinees there will be a special performance Christmas afternoon, and for Christmas week Herr Herman Heller and his splendid orchestra of soloists have prepared an unusually brilliant program, including a catchy march written especially for the occasion by the leader. Herr Heller will also play, as a violin solo, the beautiful "Reverie" of Vieuxtemps.

"Ben Hur" Coming

Klaw and Erlanger's spectacular production of General Lew Wallace's romance, "Ben Hur," will usher in the New Year at the Van Ness Theatre. Beginning Monday evening, December 28th, the season is limited to a fortnight. Matinees are scheduled for Wednesday and Saturday of each week in addition to an extra matinee on New Year's Day. Seats for the first week of the engagement go on sale next Thursday. More than three years have elapsed since this powerful biblical play was last seen in San Francisco. Up to the present writing fifty-nine performance of "Ben Hur" have been given in this city, attracting close to one hundred and fifty thousand persons. This is the record of all America for "Ben Hur" and is one that will live for many years to come as there is no attraction on the theatrical horizon that can in any way be compared to it.

Orpheum Road Show the Best Ever

The Orpheum Road Show, which always pays its annual visit during the Christmas season, will open this Sunday matinee. Mr. Martin Beck, the General Manager of the Orpheum Circuit, has spent many months in its organization and is satisfied that he has completely eclipsed all his previous efforts and provided an entertainment of novelty variety and charm, which will be a delight to the play-going public. Mlle. De Dio, the famous French danseuse, will be seen for the first time in this city and will present her greatest triumph in the European capitals, "Terpsichore's Dream," a magnificent electrical and scenic production in four pictures, "The Golden Butterfly," "The Birth of the Pearl," "She, in the Fire of Life," and "The Carnival Dance." Mlle. De Dio is considered the most beautiful woman on the European stage and is said to have received more eligible offers of marriage than any other of her sex. Only last April, the cablegrams in the local press, announced that this capricious and independent daughter of the French Republic had most positively declined to marry Archduke Heinrich Ferdinand of Austra. Edwin Holt, an actor of great talent and popularity, will with the assistance of his own company, present a delightful one act play called "The Mayor and the Manicure," by George Ade. Hyman Meyer, the "Man at the Piano," will introduce one of the most original and taking acts in vaudeville, presenting what may appropriately be called a musical monologue, in which he sings Eddie Foy's popular song, "He Goes to Church on Sunday" and renders selections from grand opera. Mr. Meyer is one of the most brilliant pianists in vaudeville. Charles and Fannie Van, who are always welcome, will appear in a skit called "A Case of Emergency," in which Miss Van quarrels with her stage partner and separates from him. She then summons the stage carpenter of the theatre,—played by Mr. Van,—and in this way most laughable comedy is produced. Frank Work and Reinhold Ower will be responsible for the acrobatic feature of this big organization. Merian's Canine Players, the most remarkable performing dogs in the world, will present a new Dutch Chinese Drama, entitled "The Elopement of Salome." The other acts on the program will be those famous sensational European Aerialists, the Four Franklins, and Gaston & Green, in their Nell Brinkley creation, and a new series of Motion Pictures.

Stockwell Coming

L. R. Stockwell, prominent before the American playgoers as a comedian for nearly thirty-five years, and a big favorite on the Pacific Coast, will be seen at the American Theatre for an engagement of one week with a special matinee Christmas and Saturday, opening with a matinee Sunday, December 20th, in his one act comedy drama, "The Blind Organist." This will serve as an appetizer for the three act comedy, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," a farcial play written by Frank Whyatt and William Morris. Its complications are brought about through



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the efforts of Jack Temple to convince his wife that the night previous to the beginning of the play he had been imprisoned in a lofty car on the Ferris Wheel and compelled to remain there until morning. When she refuses to believe him, he determines that so long as she expects him to lie, lie he will, and he tells her that in point of fact he spent the night at the home of a friend after they had missed the last car. When she asks the name and address of the friend he manufactured both. The man's name is John Brown and he lives in Pickleton-on-the-Thames. The wife thereupon wires John Brown and asks him to call; husband discovers telegram, confides secret to best friend, who happens in and agrees to impersonate Brown. This arrangement progresses satisfactorily until the real Brown appears on the scene and a little later it transpires that the lady who had been locked in the Ferris Wheel car with Temple was none other than the wife of the friend. The usual third act explanations clear up the tangle. No farce in recent years has been acclaimed so emphatic a success as this merry message of mirth.

Princess Theatre

Kolb and Dill continue to draw crowded house at this theatre with their very amusing farce, "Weiner and Schnitzel." In consequence of its tremendous success it will be continued all next week which will positively be the last. It will be succeeded by another musical farce called "The Politicians" in which Kolb and Dill will have splendid opportunities. Several new people have been brought from the east to appear in this production.

In the Limelight

Apropos of the early appearance here of Victor Herbert's latest success, "The Red Mill," it is interesting to note that the well known composer and conductor has many hits to his credit. Among the more notable are "Mlle. Modiste" in which Fritzi Scheff appeared here; "The Fortune Teller," "The Idol's Eye," "The Singing Girl," "The Serenade," "Babes in Toyland" and "It Happened in Nordland."

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that owing to a difference in regard to repertoire and also as to choice of theatre he will not be connected in any way with the Lambardi Italian Opera this season.

The forthcoming production of "The College Widow," which will be done for the first time in San Francisco by a stock company at the Valencia Theatre at the conclusion of the run of "The Lost Paradise," has aroused some curiosity, for it is felt that it will be interesting to see heroic Robert Warwick in the role of Billy Bolton, the famous half back, Miss Blanche Stoddard as Jane Witherspoon, the "widow," dignified, and Thomas MacLarnie as Jack Larabee, the football coach.

Complete announcements of Mr. Greenbaum's offerings for the early New Year will appear in next week's issue.

So pronounced a success did "Paid in Full' make here that the announcement of the presentation of "The Wolf" by the same author, has awakened great interest among patrons of the Van Ness Theatre where the play will be seen in January. Like "Paid in Full" its stay will be a limited one.

The Valencia Theatre management wants its regular patrons to bake 1,000 loaves of bread next Wednesday to be given to the Salvation Army for the Christmas dinner this organization gives each year to San Francisco's poor. The ladies are invited to bring the bread to the matinee.

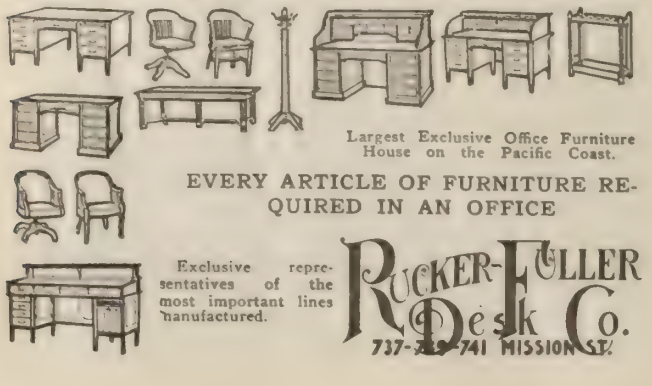
Lillian Russell has decided to include San Francisco in her present season's tour of her newest success, "Wildfire." This racing comedy is said to have proven the best vehicle in which the fair Lillian has yet starred.

One of the most successful musical attractions of the season is "A Stubborn Cinderella" and it is pleasing to note that San Francisco is to see it at the height of its success and with the original company in the cast.

The immense stage of the Van Ness Theatre is more than adequate to offer Klaw and Erlanger's massive production of "Ben Hur" on the same scale of completeness as when it was formerly seen here. Over a hundred people will participate in the production.

Great preparations are under way at the Valencia Theatre for the first production on any stage of Upton Sinclair's dramatic conception, "Prince Hagan," which will occupy the boards at the conclusion of the run of "The College Widow." The story is one that is startling in the extreme and Charles Frohman has signified his intention of sending out a personal representative to witness the initial performance.

Richard Carle will make his first stellar appearance here at the Van Ness Theatre early next year, presenting his newest hit, "Mary's Lamb." Carle is now one of the few big comic opera stars before the public.



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The Conscript

(Continued from Page 13)

her bedroom, where, after making sure that they were alone, she took from her bosom a soiled and wrinkled letter. "Read," she cried, making a violent effort to pronounce the word.

She fell into her chair as if utterly overwhelmed. While the old gentleman was feeling for his spectacles and wiping them, she fastened her eyes upon him and scrutinized him for the first time with curiosity; then she said softly, in an altered voice:

"I trust you."

"Am I not sharing your crime?" replied the old man, simply.

She started; for the first time her heart found itself in sympathy with another heart in that little town. The old merchant suddenly understood both the distress and the joy of the countess. Her son had taken part in the Granville expedition; he wrote to his mother from prison, imparting to her one sad but sweet hope. Having no doubt of his success in escaping, he mentioned three days in which he might appear at her house in disguise. The fatal letter contained heart-rending farewells in case he should not be at Carentan on the evening of the third day.

"And this is the third day!" cried Madame de Dey, as she sprang to her feet, seized the letter, and began to pace the floor.

In this emergency the old tradesman recovered the shrewdness which he had formerly displayed in his business, and gave advice instinct with prudence and sagacity. After agreeing upon all that they were both to say and to do, the old man went about, on cleverly devised pretexts, to the principal houses of Carentan, where he announced that Madame de Dey, whom he had just seen, would receive that evening in spite of her indisposition. Pitting his shrewdness against inborn Norman cunning, in the examination to which each family subjected him in regard to the nature of the countess's illness, he succeeded in leading astray almost everybody who was interested in that mysterious affair. Nevertheless, suspicion had taken too deep root in the minds of some obstinate persons, or some philosophers to be entirely dispelled; so that, in the evening, those who were regular habitues of Madame de Dey's salon arrived there early; some in order to watch her face, others from friendly regard; and the majority were impressed by the marvelous nature of her recovery.

About seven o'clock in the evening the best of the uninteresting society of Carentan was assembled at her house, and formed a large circle about the fireplace. The mistress of the house, sustained in her misery by the compassionate glances which the old tradesman bestowed upon her, submitted with extraordinary courage to the minute questionings, the trivial and stupid reasoning of her guests. But at every blow of the knocker at her door, and whenever she heard footsteps in the street, she interrupted her emotion by raising some question of interest to the welfare of the province. She started noisy discussions concerning the quality of the season's cider, and was so well seconded by her confidant that her company almost forgot to watch her, her manner was so natural and her self-possession so imperturbable. The public accuser and one of the judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal sat silent, carefully watching every movement of her face and listening to every sound in the house, notwithstanding the uproar; and on several occasions they asked her very embarrassing questions, which, however, the countess answered with marvelous presence of mind. Mothers have such an inexhaustible store of courage! When Madame de Dey had arranged the card-tables, placed everybody at a table of boston, reversis, or whist, she remained a few moments talking with some young people, with the utmost nonchalance, playing her part like a consummate actress. She suggested a game of lotto—said that she alone knew where it was, and disappeared.

"I am suffocating my poor Brigitte!" she cried, wiping away the tears that gushed from her eyes, which gleamed with fever, anxiety, and impatience. "He does not come," she continued, looking about the chamber to which she had flown. "Here, I breathe again and I live. A few moments more, and he will be here; for he still lives, I am certain; my heart tells me so! Do you hear nothing, Brigitte? Oh! I would give the rest of my life to know whether he is in prison or traveling through the country! I would like not to think—"

She looked about again to make sure that everything was in order in the room. A bright fire was burning on the hearth; the shutters were carefully closed; the furniture glistened with cleanliness; the way in which the bed was made proved that the countess had assisted Brigitte in the smallest details; and her hopes betrayed themselves in the scrupulous care which seemed to have been taken in that room, where the sweet charm of love and its most chaste caresses exhaled in the perfume of the flowers.

"Brigitte?" said the countess in a heartrending tone, as she placed a chair at the table, as if to give reality to her longings, to intensify the strength of her illusions.

"Oh! he will come, madame; he isn't far away. I don't doubt that he's alive and on his way here," replied Brigitte. "I put a key in the Bible and I held it on my fingers while Cottin read the Gospel of St. John; and, madame, the key didn't turn."

"Is that a sure sign?" asked the countess.

"Oh! it is certain, madame; I would wager my salvation that he is still alive. God can't make a mistake."

"Despite the danger that awaits him here, I would like right well to see him."

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"Poor Monsieur Auguste!" cried Brigitte; "I suppose he is somewhere on the road, on foot!"

* * * * * * * * *

Such was the condition of persons and things in the house of Madame de Dey, while, on the road from Paris to Cherbourg, a young man dressed in a dark carmagnole, the regulation costume at that period, strode along towards Carentan. At the beginning of the conscription, there was little or no discipline. The demands of the moment made it impossible for the Republic to equip all of its soldiers at once, and it was no rare thing to see the roads covered with conscripts still wearing their civilian dress. These young men marched in advance of their battalions to the halting-places, or loitered behind, for their progress was regulated by their ability to endure the fatigue of a long march.

The traveler with whom we have to do was some distance in advance of the column of conscripts on its way to Cherbourg, which the mayor of Carentan was momentarily expecting, in order to distribute lodging-tickets among them. The solitary traveler entered Carentan, whose towers, of fantastic aspect in the moonlight, had appeared to him a moment before. His steps awoke the echoes of the silent streets, where he met no one; he was obliged to ask a weaver who was still at work to point out the mayor's abode. That magistrate lived only a short distance away, and the conscript soon found himself safe under the porch of his house, where he seated himself on a stone bench, waiting for the lodging-ticket which he had asked for. But, being summoned by the mayor, he appeared before him, and was subjected to a careful examination.

"What is your name?" the mayor asked, with a shrewd glance at him.

"Julien Jussieu," replied the conscript.

"And you come from ———?" said the magistrate, with an incredulous smile.

"From Paris."

"Your comrades must be far behind?" continued the Norman in a mocking tone.

"I am three leagues ahead of the battalion."

"Doubtless some sentimental reason brings you to Carentan, citizen conscript?" queried the mayor, slyly. "It is all right," he added, imposing silence, with a wave of the hand, upon the young man, who was about to speak. "We know where to send you. Here," he said, handing him the lodging-ticket; "here, Citizen Jussieu."

There was a perceptible tinge of irony in the tone in which the magistrate uttered these last two words, as he held out a ticket upon which Madame de Dey's name was written. The young man read the address with an air of curiosity.

"He knows very well that he hasn't far to go, and when he gets outside, it won't take him long to cross the square," cried the mayor, speaking to himself, while the young man went out. "He's a bold young fellow. May God protect him! He has an answer for everything.

The guests at Madame de Dey's had departed. None remained save the public accuser.

"Citizeness," he said, when they found themselves alone, "I am here to see that the laws of the Republic are observed."

* * * * * * * * *

Madame de Dey shuddered.

"Have you no revelations to make to me?" he demanded.

"None," she replied in amazement.

"Ah, madame!" cried the accuser, sitting down beside her and changing his tone, "at this moment, for lack of a word, either you or I may bring our heads to the scaffold.

Madame de Dey feared a trap; she did not move, but her face was on fire and her tongue was frozen. A blow of the knocker rang through the house.

"Ah!" cried the terrified mother, falling on her knees. "Save him! save him!"

"Yes, let us save him," rejoined the public accuser, with a passionate glance at her; "let us save him though it cost us our lives."

"I am lost!" she cried, while the accuser courteously raised her.

"O madame!" he replied with a grand oratorical gesture, "I do not choose to owe you to any one but yourself."

"Madame, here he—" cried Brigitte, who thought that her mistress was alone.

At sight of the public accuser, the old servant, whose face was flushed with joy, became rigid and deathly pale.

"What is it, Brigitte?" asked the magistrate, in a mild and meaning tone.

"A conscript that the mayor has sent here to lodge," replied the servant, showing the ticket.

"That is true," said the accuser, after reading the paper; "a battalion is to arrive here to-night.

And he went out.

The countess was too anxious at that moment to believe in the sincerity of her former attorney to entertain the slightest suspicion; she ran swiftly upstairs, having barely strength enough to stand upright; then she opened the door of her bedroom, saw her son, and rushed into his arms, well-nigh lifeless.

"O my son, my son!" she cried, sobbing, and covering him with frenzied kisses.

"Madame—" said the stranger.

"Oh! it isn't he!" she cried, stepping back in dismay and standing before the conscript, at whom she gazed with a haggard expression.

"Blessed Lord God, what a resemblance!" said Brigitte.



"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes"

MURINE EYE REMEDY

A Favorite Toilet Accessory

Has won many Friends as an Aid to the Restoration of Normal Conditions, Healthful Tone and Natural Brilliancy to Eyes that Need Care.

It has proven of great value in the Home as

An Eye Tonic

for Weak, Red, Inflamed & Itching Eyes & Eyelids.

As An Eye Insurance

Tourists, Automobilists and others exposed to Strong Winds, Dust and Reflected Sunlight, which produce Irritation, Granulation, Ulceration and Weak Eyes, will find in Murine a Safe, Soothing Eye Lotion affording "Reliable Relief."

The Finishing Touch

Bewitchingly Costumed
In Costliest Gown,
For the Social Event,
At the South End of Town.

The "Finishing Touch"
To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
"Two drops" of Murine.

Try Murine for the "Automobile Eye"

Mrs. Warfield

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VIA

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By way of Merced in connection with the

YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD

Only ten hours' ride to El Portal (the edge of the Valley) and three and one-half hours thence to the heart of the Valley

Ask any of our agents for details or write Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, San Francisco, for beautifully illustrated descriptive literature.

dered at the aspect of Madame de Dey.

"Ah, monsieur!" she said, leaning upon Brigitte's husband, and feeling then in all its force the grief of which the first pang had almost killed her; "monsieur, I cannot endure to see you any longer; allow my servants to take my place and to

She went down to her own apartments, half carried by Brigitte and her old servant.

Presently the conscript made a noise in his room, drawing his chair to the table.

"I will not stay here," cried Madame de Dey; "I will go to the greenhouse, where I can hear better what goes on outside during the night."

She was still wavering between fear of having lost her son and the hope of seeing him appear. The night was disquietingly silent. There was one ghastly moment for the countess, when the battalion of conscripts marched into the town, and each man repaired to his lodging. There were disappointed

its terrible tranquillity. Towards morning the countess was obliged to return to her room. Brigitte, who watched her mistress every moment, finding that she did not come out again, went to her room and found the countess dead.

"She probably heard the conscript dressing and walking about in Monsieur Auguste's room, singing their d——d Marseillaise as if he were in a stable!" cried Brigitte. "It was that which killed her!"

and probably by some terrible vision. At the precise moment when Madame de Dey died at Carentan, her son was shot in Le Morbihan. We might add this tragic story to the mass of other observations on that sympathy which defies the law of space—documents which some few solitary scholars are collecting with scientific curiosity, and which will one day serve as

its man of genius.

Letters

A Psychological Romance

"The Guest of Quesnay" is one of that large and growing class of psychological romances, some good, some bad, and the majority only indifferent. This one is good. Booth Tarkington has taken for his subject one Larrabee Harmon, a young American with too much money and too few responsibilities, and he goes his way after the manner of his kind. Before he starts down the steepest pitch of his toboggan slide he has, of course, married the usual beautiful and accomplished girl. After three years of misery, Mrs. Harmon institutes proceedings for divorce, and Larrabee goes from bad to worse. He is entangled with a music hall dancer, and absolutely besotted. In an automobile accident he is so badly injured that at first there is entertained no hope for his recovery, and the general verdict is that the best thing that can happen is his death. Larrabee Harmon, however, in spite of his excesses, has an excellent constitution, and he recovers from his physical injuries, but with a mind absolutely blank. An old aunt places him under the care

years after the accident there arrived at an obscure inn, Les Trois Pigeons, this Professor Keredec and his companion, a young man despite his gray hair. There is something mysterious about the pair, for the professor keeps his charge secluded. In course of time Professor Keredec becomes more sociable, and the young man, Oliver Saffren, is permitted to come forward. He is evidently not insane nor feeble minded, yet he lacks social experience and is, to all intents and purposes, about thirteen years of age. At the Chateau of Quesnay, near the inn, is a houseful of guests of the American lessee, is a cousin of Larrabee Harmon's wife. She is still young and beautiful, and the inevitable happens. Oliver Saffren, restored to the condition of baptismal innocence, sees and falls in love with Louise without remembering anything of his former life, and she, of course, recognizes him, but has no need to fall in love since she has never fallen out of that blissful condition. Her cousins, the Wards, oppose the reunion, but Louise, taking a leaf from her former life, elopes once more. At the eleventh hour there appears on the scene Mariana, the dancer, with whom Harmon has been infatuated. Trouble follows, but it appears that while Louise had dropped her suit for separation as soon as begun, Larrabee has gone through all the legal forms of marriage with Mariana. A trial for bigamy or a settlement which would strip him of his last dollar are the alternatives presented for his choice. There is another romance running parallel to the principal plot, and the clever manner in which Anne Elliott managed it bids fair to make her a rival to Elizabeth Ward in the gentle art of steering business into the proper channel. From the McClure Company.

Why they Wore Crepe de Chime

In these days of literary officiousness nothing passes without note, and likewise, query. Sydney Porter (O. Henry) and his wife, were guests at a reception not long ago when a woman introduced to Mrs. Porter said to her: "May I ask you a question that I have been dying to ask your husband for a long

Not caring to be responsible for the early demise of the querist, Mrs. Porter answered: "Why, certainly."

"Well," continued the woman, "why does your husband always have the ladies in his stories wear crepe de chine?"

"I give it up," was the reply. "Let's ask him." So he was called over and interrogated. Like many other apparently deep questions, it turned out to be a simple matter after all. "To tell the truth," said Mr. Porter, "I know only two kinds of goods—calico and crepe de chine. When the girls can't wear calico I make them wear crepe de chine. That's all there is to it."

ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

OLDSMOBILE

We beg to announce arrival
1909 Oldsmobile, December 15th

The following complete line of 1909 models will be on exhibition on the above date. Every one of these cars is representative of the factory that makes it:

Model X Special Runabout	$2000
Model D Palace Touring Car	2750
Model D Toy Tonneau	2750
Model DR Flying Roadster	2750
Model DR Detachable Tonneau	2750
Model Z Touring Car, 6-Cylinder	4200
Model Z Runabout, 6-Cylinder	4200

Besides Limousine and Landaulet Bodies.

The 1909 Oldsmobile contains all that has made the car famous in the past, together with the improvements in keeping with the largest and most extensive factory in the country. Recognized the world over for durability. Investigate.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine [illegible] Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first [illegible] you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and [illegible] thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly [illegible] One Hundred (100) feet to the point of [illegible]

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and [illegible]

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the [illegible] to you Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same [illegible] and determining the title of plaintiffs and each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attys. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

Auto Notes

About as thorough a test as possible of the uniform quality of a tire, which is essential to its general success, was made recently when on 108 Chalmers-Detroit cars on election day each made 200 miles on Diamond Tires and Marsh Rims, rolling up an aggregate of 22,600 miles with a total tire trouble for the 108 cars of only four punctures. When the varied conditions, climates and surfaces are considered the testing out of 108 sets with absolutely no tire trouble that can be attributed to the tire itself is found it is an unusual test and Mr. C. E. Mathewson is particularly proud of the showing of the new Mountain Tread Tire which was the type used on the cars that day.

Another impromptu match race, in which Victor Verilock, the well known Thomas enthusiast competed, is reported to have taken place Sunday on the Haywards Boulevard. The race which is reported to have been for a $250 wager, brought out some clever driving between the two contestants, and it was only after a piece of reckless driving that Verilock passed his rival and won the purse.

Charles S. Howard of the Howard Automobile Company, who went to the Buick factory three weeks ago to secure the shipment of cars for his agency territory, the State of California, telegraphs that the new model 17 or 40 H. P. five passenger touring car demonstrator was shipped from Flint, Mich., on December 5th, together with the first of the Buick model 10, or "White Streak" runabouts for '09. These cars will reach this city on or about the 21st inst.

Mr. James Flood has just taken delivery of his Packard "30" '09 Limousine from Cuyler Lee. Mr. Flood has owned many automobiles, but the Packard is his first American car.

Mrs. Phil Lyons of Los Angeles, one of the nerviest women drivers in California, has been induced by her friends to try for the Los Angeles to Santa Anna record, and will drive a 1909 four-cylinder Oldsmobile touring car, which she recently purchased, over the roads between the two cities in an endeavor to capture the covetered mark. This Los Angeles-Santa Anna record is one of the hard nuts of the Pacific Coast, and up to a month ago was not so low. Mrs. Lyons is confident, as she is one of the best women drivers on the coast, and has already made out her schedule and gone into active training. On the trail Mrs. Lyons will drive alone and will not be accompanied by a mechanic. The road is badly cut up and never before was in such a bad condition.

Lachman Brothers of this city have taken delivery from the Howard Automobile Company of a Buick two-cylinder touring car.

"The proposed good roads banquet to be given by the Mendocino County farmers, to which they have invited the local Automobile Dealers' Association to send a representative, is one of the most recent signs that the people of the interior are rapidly seeing the advantage of the motor car," said Calvin C. Eib of the Pioneer Automobile Company. "The dealers should take advantage of the invitation and send one of their members to address the meeting. Such a discussion as the occasion will offer cannot be overlooked, and the results from the co-operation of the country people cannot be impressed too strongly on the automobile trade."

Mr. W. J. Monnix of Sacramento has just purchased from Cuyler Lee a Packard "30" touring car.

The Howard Automobile Company received a letter this week from William F. Woods announcing his safe arrival in Los Angeles with his family after a drive from this city to the City of Angeles in his Buick "White Streak." The journey was accomplished without difficulty although much dust was encountered. It occupied just a week including stops at points of interest along the route. Mr. Woods and family recently arrived in San Francisco after an overland journey from Chicago in their "White Streak." They will spend the winter in Los Angeles and anticipate driving home next summer.

Among the prominent automobile men who expect to attend the New York Show, is E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company. The local representative of the Thomas, Chalmers-Detroit and Oldsmobile will visit the factories of these cars before his return.

Probably the youngest motorist in California is Miss Frances Johnson, daughter of Frank H. Johnson, Jr., the prominent automobile enthusiast of San Rafael. Miss Johnson, although not three years of age is perfectly capable and confident of steering her father's Chalmers-Detroit Speedster, and with a little more strength in her tiny arms, she declares she can drive as good as papa. Little Miss Frances inherited her desire for the sport of motoring, her father being one of the most clever amateurs in the State. Johnson has been identified with motor cars ever since their advent on the coast, and has owned no less than twenty-four different models of machines. He now owns a 1909 Chalmers-Detroit Speedster, which he purchased only after a demonstration of a mile a minute on the Ocean Boulevard. During the last two years Johnson, accompanied by his wife, has toured all parts of California, and although he is a reckless driver and has smashed up several cars he has never been injured.

Mr. A. Cheesebrough has received from Cuyled Lee the first Packard "18" Landaulet to be delivered on the coast.

L. C. Schmidler, a retired business man of Sacramento, is enjoying driving over the boulevards in and about the city in his Buick touring car. He drove down from the Capital City and will spend the winter with his family in this city.

The new Cadillac "Thirty" is practically on a non-stop run, as it is in constant service giving demonstrations and many orders are being taken daily.

J. A. Bennett was here this week and took delivery from the Howard Automobile Company of a Buick two-cylinder touring car which he drove to his home in Santa Rosa.

Packard = Cadillac

All That is Best in Motor Car Construction



PACKARD '09 TOURING CAR

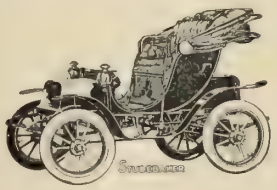


CADILLAC "30" TOURING CAR

30 horsepower, four cylinder, 5 passenger, $1550.00

Cuyler Lee

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Delightful Independence

¶ The freedom from restraint that a woman never experiences until she has driven her own electric car can be appreciated by only those who have enjoyed that pleasure. The Studebaker electric car is woman's ideal carriage. Its daintiness and luxury of appointment, its safety and simplicity appeal instantly to her refined tastes.

FREMONT AT MISSION — Studebaker — PHONE DOUGLAS 3000

BUY YOUR ELECTRICAL TOYS FROM AN ELECTRICAL HOUSE

More Practical, Better Quality and Cost Less

Electric Trains, Cars, Dynamos, Motors, Batteries, Machinery, Magic Lanterns Moving Pictures, Telegraph and Telephones, Wireless Outfits, X-rays, Etc.

Educate the boy in the uses of Electricity

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TWO STORES

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LEVY ELECTRIC WIRING COMPANY

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., S. F. 11-21-10

ORDER APPOINTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5296. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET HOLY, Deceased.

George Holy, the Administrator of the estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an Order or Decree authorizing and directing him as Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Holy, Deceased, to execute a conveyance of the property in said petition described, to James M. Thompson, according to the terms of an agreement heretofore entered into between Margaret Holy, Deceased, and James M. Thompson, and good cause appearing therefor, on motion of Marshall Nuckolls, Esq., Attorney for said Petitioner.

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 24th day of December, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the above entitled court in Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that notice of the hearing of said petition be given by publication of this order in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, for at least once a week for four (4) consecutive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open court this 12th day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS, Attorney for Petitioner,
417 Humboldt Bank Bldg., S. F. 11-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Christian Ludwig Umbach, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Ludwig, Umbach, deceased.

EMILY MARY UMBACH,
Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 3, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Executrix. 12-12-5

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN, Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Of Counsel.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARTIN C. HOGAN, Deceased.

Edward C. Harrington, executor of the last Will and testament of Martin C. Hogan, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain part of the real estate of said decedent, for the purpose therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, at the corner of 7th and Market Streets on Monday the 28th day of December, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at private sale as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order shall be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open court this 24th day of November, 1908.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. C. QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor, First National Bank Bldg. 12-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Rodrigo Knell, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Morrison, Cope & Brobeck, Rooms 701-6 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

PHILIP KNELL.
Executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1908.

MORRISON, COPE & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-6 Crocker Building.

NOTICE

Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of California Cream and Butter Company (a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California), which consent has been duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, said State, on the 3rd day of December, 1908, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a meeting of said Board of Directors duly called and held at the said office of said corporation on the third day of December, 1908, at which meeting more than a quorum of the Directors of said corporation was present,

NOTICE is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will, on the 2nd day of January, 1909, be changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, in said State, at No. 401 East Fourth Street therein, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be said City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles at No. 401 East Fourth Street therein.

This notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said California Cream and Butter Company.

Dated San Francisco, Cal., December 3, 1908.

F. V. NELSON,
Secretary of California Cream and Butter Company.

TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES
KOESEL'S TRUNK FACTORY
41 ELLIS STREET, NEAR MARKET
GENERAL REPAIRING Phone Douglas 445

Louis Crepaux

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny Street, S. F. 11-21-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. J. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff,
378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

HENRY P. TRICOU

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508 CALIFORNIA STREET Phone Kearny 711

Residence, 852 Grove St. Phone Page 55

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ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF SAID CITY AND COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. A. BRANDIES, Plaintiff,

vs.

MARIA ARRELLANES, etc., Defendant.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING to Maria Arrellanes, sometimes known as Maria Brandies, Defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against your in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of September, A. D. 1908.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

F. W. SAWYER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

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Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
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Deposits June 30, 1908	$34,474,554.23
Total Assets	$37,055,263.31

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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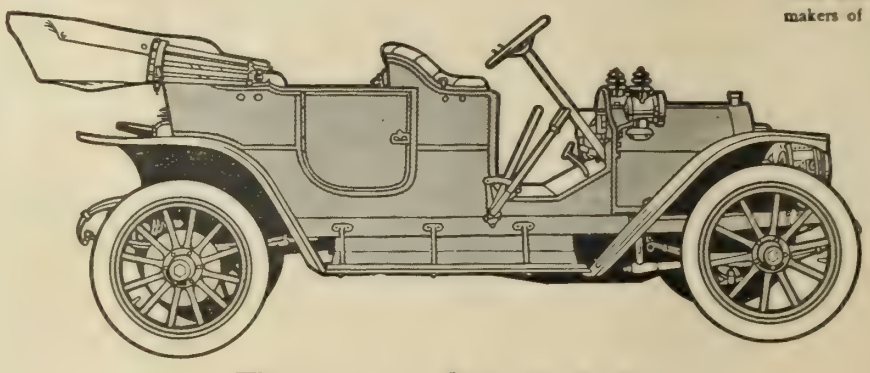
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Touring Cars
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Roadsters

Chalmers-Detroit "30"

"It's a Good Car"

A high-grade 4-cylinder, 5-passenger, 24-30 horse-power car, made by the makers of the Thomas-Detroit Forty.



Price $1500

"The only man who doesn't praise the Chalmers "30" is the man who doesn't own one."

806 of our $1500 "30's" have been delivered up to this date (October 31st, 1908). Not last year's models, but ***all of them built this year.***

806 people are actually running these cars.

806 people know they are the best $1500 cars made, because they have proved them out by use.

806 people will tell you so if you ask them. And after all, are they not the best judges? Some are nearby you—some are your neighbors, perhaps. Ask them what they think. We will gladly abide by their judgment.

If you doubt our word, get hold of a mechanical engineer—let him examine and test the other cars and then ours. Take his word—we will rest our claim on that.

Our car is built by engineers who have designed more successful medium-priced cars than anyone else; engineers who put their names in print and stand back of their designs and statements with their reputations.

Any competent engineer will tell you that these men have now made the best low-priced car on the market.

Remember, 806 of these cars have been delivered already. They are our salesmen. Salesmen of other companies won't tell you the good points of our cars. They are not paid to do that. Don't expect them to do it. Advertising writers are paid enormous salaries to make other cars look good in print. Our cars look good to engineers—look good on the road—look good to people who use them—will look good to you if you will look. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. 806 people "are eating theirs now."

These Facts are Important

Our "30" car has the specifications known to belong to real touring cars: 110-inch wheel base, close coupled body, hung in the middle of the car, not away out over the rear axle to make room for a "big handsome hood" that don't make the car run, the hood isn't important—it's the engine under the hood. Ours is right, engineers will tell you so; multiple disc clutch, three speed transmission, floating rear axle; ¾ elliptic springs, quick detachable tires, etc.

One of our $1500 cars has been running 200 miles a day for 91 days. This run is from Detroit to Pontiac and back, and the car goes every day, rain or shine. 18,200 miles have been run so far without a miss, right on schedule, and it is still running. If you know anyone in Detroit, write to them to verify this statement. ***No other car at any price has ever done this before.*** That's the kind we sell. That's the kind 806 people are using now.

At the Sweepstake Races run over the Vanderbilt Cup course on Saturday, October 10th, our cars won first and second in their class, distancing everybody else, beating the next car 34 minutes, which means that our car was more than 25 miles ahead in a race of 150 miles. The "30" that won first averaged 48 miles per hour on this course, and the "30" that won second averaged 46 miles per hour.

The car that won the Vanderbilt Cup Race on Saturday, October 24th, averaged 64 miles per hour, which was record-breaking time. In comparison with this ***specially built racing car*** consider our "30", ***selling for $1500,*** averaging 48 miles per hour over this same course. We more than lapped every one of our competitors in the Sweepstake Race. Do you want any better evidence that our car is absolutely right; that our two-bearing crank shaft and our cylinders cast *en bloc* are the very best construction?

The consistent performance of the two cars shows it was not luck that won for us. One averaged 48 miles per hour, the other 46 miles. Further than that, the car that won second in this race was driven by a man who had never seen the car until an hour before he drove it in the race. We had to get a new driver because the driver we had was disqualified the day before the race because he hit a cow on the course. This car that hit the cow had only the radiator damaged and went into the race the next day and won second.

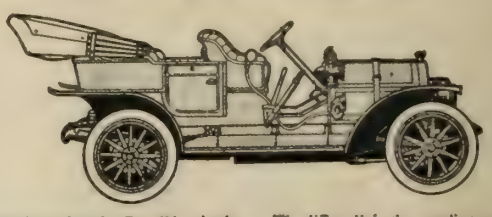
Our cars in this race were stock cars. There are 806 cars just like them running on the streets and roads of this country. We don't build special cars for racing purposes and build other cars to deliver to our customers. The cars we deliver to customers are the same cars that we enter in races.

In a Nutshell

We have sold 3047 cars to dealers, 806 of these have already been delivered. We are shipping from 15 to 18 cars a day.

The only man who doesn't praise the Chalmers "30" is the man who doesn't own one.

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" Touring Car, $2750



The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is a dandy car, as a thousand users know. It is by all odds the best medium-priced car on the market.

The day of mere extravagance in automobile buying is over. People nowadays will not pay $4000 or $5000 merely for the purpose of saying that they spent that much for an automobile.

What more could you get for $4000 or $5000 than you can get in the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" at $2750? More power, and more weight, perhaps. Why more power? The "Forty" will do anything that any other car will do. As far as more weight is concerned, it will merely add to the cost of upkeep.

The "Forty" is the speediest, quietest, most economical car of its class. It has won first place as a hill climber; it has won dozens of contests in speed and endurance.

So, far, we have delivered 178 of the 1909 "Forty." Our capacity for the year is only 500. Last year we ran about 200 short of the demand, and there is sure to be a shortage this year. So that if you want a "Forty" please place your order now, either for immediate delivery or for future delivery.

Made in two styles—touring car and roadster—$2750.

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TOWN TALK

CHRISTMAS 1908



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PRICE 25 CTS



AT HOTEL DEL MONTE, the Paradise of the Pacific, Christmas week is one of the most delightful of the year. The holiday spirit pervades the place. The superb grounds with magnificent trees, shrubs and flowers soothe and refresh. The golf and tennis grounds invite, the perfect roads tempt to horseback rides or brisk motor trips. The excellent cuisine and perfect service minister to your physical comfort. A warm welcome awaits you. Make your plans for the week-end there. Write for rates and reservations. H. R. WARNER, Manager.

Cresta Blanca



The Standard Wine of California

WETMORE, BOWEN & CO.
New York San Francisco Chicago

THERE'S a lot of solid comfort
In old Cresta Blanca wine,
If you're kind of out of humor
Or in trouble in your mind,
When you're feeling awful lonesome
And don't know what to do,
There's a heap of satisfaction
If you take a glass or two.



HOTEL VENDOME SAN JOSE

¶ This famous hostelry of the Santa Clara Valley is unsurpassed in the West for beauty of environment and for those qualities which contribute to ease, comfort and contentment. The atmosphere of this hotel is ideal, redolent as it is of a hospitality that is peculiarly gratifying to wanderers from home. Everything about the hotel reflects the genial personality of the host, Mr. H. W. Lake, who is probably the most experienced hotel executive in the state. The situation of the Vendome is such that it is most inviting to motorists, which is evidenced by the fact that it is always the objective point of automobile parties from either side of the bay. At the Vendome they receive special attention and the accommodations for them are complete.



BYRON HOT SPRINGS HOTEL

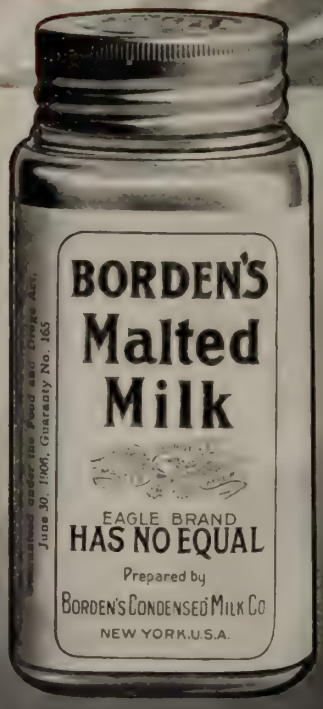
Nestled among the foothills of Contra Costa County---a pleasant automobile ride from San Francisco---is a hotel comfortable and refined in its appointments, possessing a delightful environment and a spring whose curative waters have long been famous throughout the world. Particularly favored in its location it has always been a popular terminal for automobile parties. Everything is provided for their comfort and convenience.

You Are Faithfully Served By the Three Standard Milk Products

BORDEN'S







THE BORDEN STANDARD FOR MILK PRODUCTS

was established before the existence of Food Laws, and is the most valuable safeguard you can have on your milk supply, as it is backed by RESPONSIBILITY and WELL TRAINED EXPERIENCE of over FIFTY YEARS.

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Selling Representatives, JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO., 213 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.


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MURINE
EYE
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Makes
Weak Eyes Strong
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Dull Eyes Bright
Does Not Smart
Soothes Eye Pain
An Eye Tonic
Sold
Everywhere.
Prepared in the
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of the
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Remedy Co.
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MURINE
EYE
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POSITIVE CURE
STRINGENT, TONIC.
ANTISEPTIC.



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On Thanksgiving Day, 1908.

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

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EVERY WEEK DAY---RAIN OR SHINE

STAKES TO BE RUN FOR SEASON 1908-1909

1.	Opening Handicap	Added Money,	$2,000		
2.	Oakland Handicap	Added Money,	2,000		
3.	Thanksgiving Handicap	Added Money,	2,000		
4.	Crocker Selling Stakes	Added Money,	2,000		
5.	Pacific-Union Handicap	Added Money,	2,000		
6.	Sacramento Handicap	Added Money,	2,000		
7.	Christmas Handicap	Added Money,	3,000		
8.	New Year Handicap	Added Money,	2,000		
9.	Follansbee Handicap	Added Money,	2,000		
10.	Andrew Selling Stakes	Added Money,	2,000		
11.	Lissak Handicap	Added Money,	2,000		
12.	Burns Handicap	Added Money,		$10,000	
13.	Palace Hotel Handicap	Added Money,		2,000	
14.	California Derby	Added Money,		5,000	
15.	California Oaks	Added Money,		3,000	
16.	Waterhouse Cup	Added Money,		5,000	
17.	Thornton Stakes	Added Money,		5,000	
18.	Gunst Stakes	Added Money,		2,000	
19.	Undine Stakes	Added Money,		2,000	
20.	Bell Stakes	Added Money,		2,000	
21.	Gebhard Handicap	Added Money,		2,500	

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PERCY W. TREAT, SECRETARY



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CALIFORNIA

BROILED MACKEREL

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Packed in SPICE, MUSTARD or TOMATO SAUCE as you prefer

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Of all Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the Best

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, December 26, 1908. No. 852.



YOSEMITE FALLS IN MIDWINTER.

Glistening in their mantle of snow the scenic wonders of the famous valley of the Sierras are never so enchanting as at this season of the year.



WHERE ONCE THE RUINS WERE.

Districts that have been metamorphosed by mechanical genius.



MARKET STREET LOOKING EAST FROM POWELL.

The massive structure on the left is the James Flood Building which was damaged by the fire. The Emporium is on the right. Nothing but its facade was left standing. It has been rebuilt and is again occupied by the Emporium Dry Goods Company.



AT POST, MARKET AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

The triangular Crocker Bank Building in the foreground is the only one that was in existence before the fire. It has been completely restored.



THE MONUMENTAL HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING.

This beautiful granite structure was rendered untenantable by fire. It has been completely restored.



THE LONDON AND PARIS NATIONAL BANK.

This beautiful specimen of architecture will soon adorn the northwest corner of Sansome and Sutter streets.



CALIFORNIA STREET AT SANSOME.

A section of the city laid waste by fire. The beautiful granite building in the foreground is the new home of the Bank of California. Only the frontage is here shown.



LOOKING EAST ON MISSION FROM THIRD.

Much of the wholesale trade has located along this thoroughfare since the fire. The buildings are new.



CALIFORNIA STREET LOOKING EAST FROM KEARNY.

The insurance and banking center of San Francisco where massive structures have replaced antiquated shacks.



CHINATOWN BY DAYLIGHT.



CHINATOWN ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRICITY.

These buildings along Dupont street from California northward were erected on the ruins of the old Chinese quarter.



THE CHRONICLE BUILDING.

The new home of the San Francisco Chronicle is at the junction of Kearny, Market and Geary streets. It is a monument to the enterprise of Mr. M. H. de Young who began the work of rebuilding before the ashes were cold.



THIRD STREET LOOKING NORTH FROM MISSION.

This street connects the city's great highway with the depot of the Southern Pacific Company. It was swept by the fire a distance of eight blocks all of which have been rebuilt.



MARKET STREET LOOKING EAST FROM GRANT AVENUE.

This is one of the main office districts through which the great fire swept.



THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, UNION SQUARE.

The sections of the city seen on the left and right of this picture were entirely destroyed by the fire.



LOOKING EAST ON MARKET FROM STOCKTON STREET.



THE CENTER OF THE RETAIL DISTRICT.

Sutter and Grant avenue.



THE BANK BUILDING OF THE UNION TRUST COMPANY.
To be erected at the junction of Market, O'Farrell and Grant Avenue.



UNION SQUARE.
In the heart of San Francisco. The surrounding territory was swept by fire. This view is from the St. Francis Hotel.

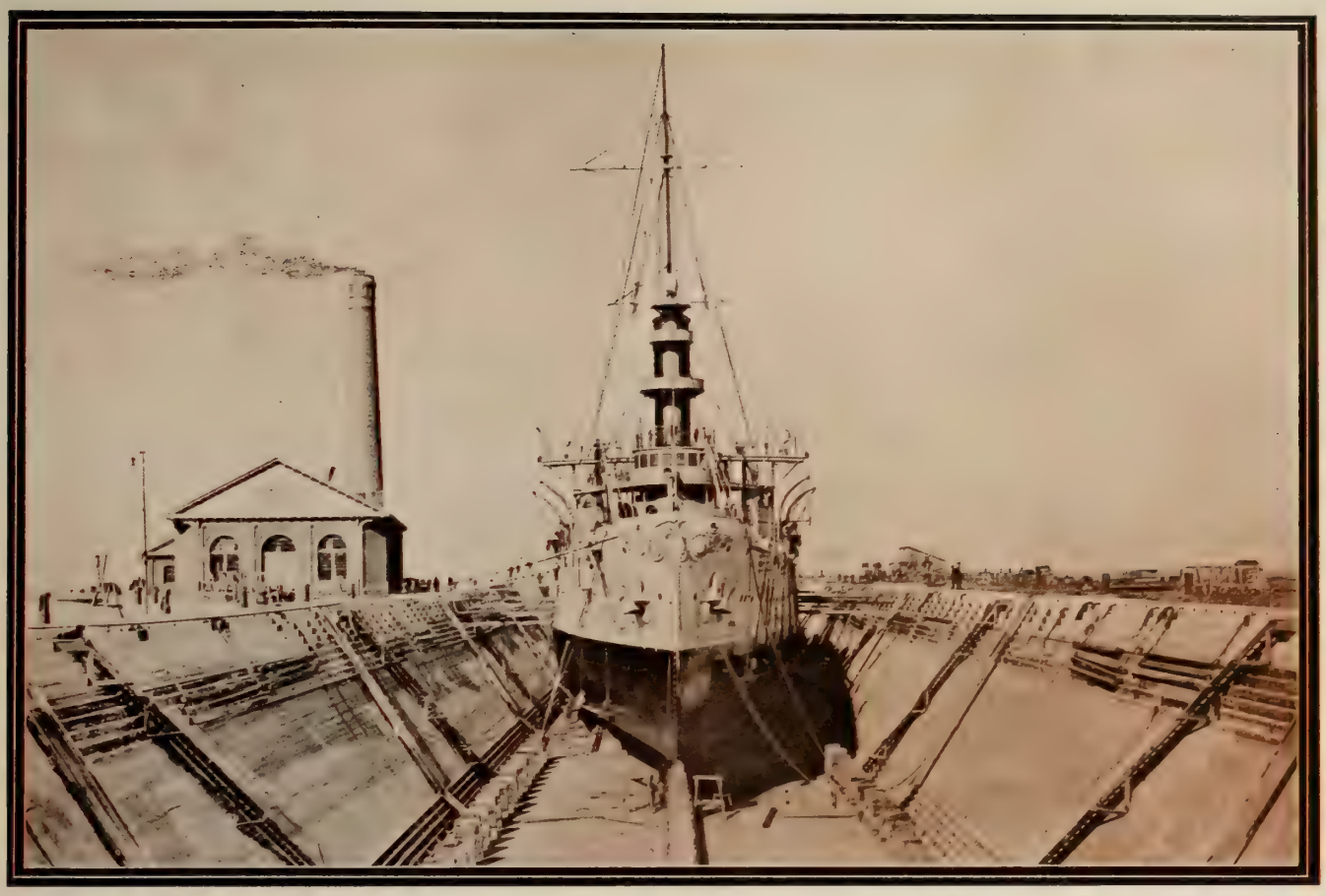


WINTER SPORT IN THE YOSEMITE.



ON THE BEACH AT DEL MONTE.

The idea of the extremes of temperature in California is conveyed by these two pictures, both of which were taken on January 1, 1908.



THE "MILWAUKEE" IN THE HUNTERS' POINT DRYDOCK.



THE STEAMSHIP "MANCHURIA" UNDERGOING REPAIRS.

These mammoth dry docks on the west shore of San Francisco Bay are part of the plant of the Union Iron Works. They are the largest dry docks on the Pacific Coast. In them may be docked the biggest vessels afloat.



SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW SKYLINE.

Contrary to custom this drawing was sought at the hands of an architect rather than an artist in drawing, the purpose being to obtain exactness of detail.

The Rebuilding of San Francisco

By Willis Polk

San Francisco has been almost rebuilt. Architecturally it is impressive and there is much of the desirable element of beauty in its massive as well as in its distinctly monumental piles. While the average observer may not be able to appreciate all the artistic features of the new city, certainly none can fail to be impressed by the stateliness and solidity of the whole.

What has been already accomplished is marvelous. The work that has been done exceeds in volume, for the length of time, any similar achievement in history. But properly to apprehend the stupendousness of the achievement one must reflect on the adverse and most discouraging conditions through which the people of this city have struggled and on the obstacles which they have surmounted; the actual dead loss of five hundred million of dollars in excess of the total insurance; insufficient transportation facilities for bringing in building materials; an active, well organized body of labor employed at wages higher than are paid in any other city; a general financial depression throughout the country; a community divided against itself, and a choice assortment of other ills too numerous to mention.

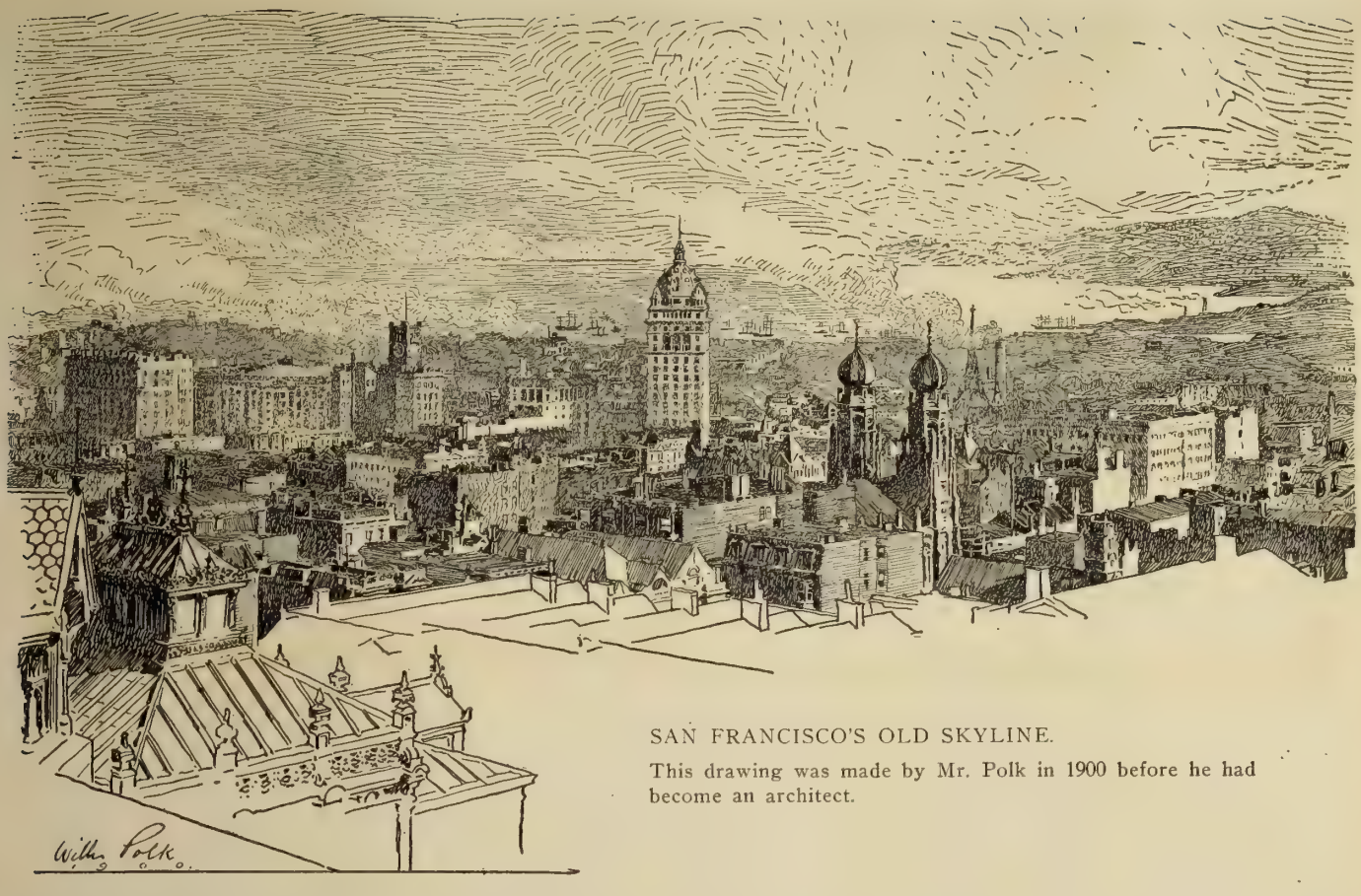
Yet it is doubtful if a greater amount of building could have been done had conditions been the reverse; had all circumstances been favorable instead of discouraging. So whatever view of the matter is taken there is abundant reason for self-felicitation, and as we contemplate what has been done there is much to excite our admiration and surely there is much to stimulate our interest in architecture. Naturally in these days the critical faculty is receiving much exercise. Everybody has probably reached a conclusion respecting the building that comes nearest to realizing all the most desirable elements of architecture. On this subject there is great diversity of opinion. And of buildings that have provoked discussion there is probably none upon which men so widely and vehemently differ as the new Palace Hotel. Architecturally this building is really beautiful. It has all the great qualities such as symmetry, simplicity and reasonable scale of parts, all artistically combined, producing a general effect of quiet dignity. It is a building that will wear well in the sense that it will grow in popular esteem. Structurally it is no better than its wonderful predecessor whose splendid walls defied earthquake and fire. We shall miss the old Palace but we shall learn to love the new one. While most of our new buildings have been constructed to meet urgent necessities and have been designed to meet purely utilitarian needs they as a whole are really beautiful from an artistic point of view. Worthy of especial mention are the Phelan building, the Hotel St. Francis, the Fairmont, the Bank of California, the Bank of Italy, the Humboldt Bank, the Emporium, the Postal-Telegraph Building and the Hibernia Bank.

Architecturally our banks have taken the lead in the making of concessions to art. Antoine Borel & Co., the Security, the Mercantile Trust, the Italian-American and other banks have been completed, and now the Union Trust and the London and Paris National are about to erect beautiful buildings.

If under stress, while meeting the necessities of the moment, we devote so much thought to beauty, what can we not accomplish in the more orderly and conservative building of the future? Is not our city destined to become not only the Paris of America, or, as McKim said of New York, possess as much Rennaissance as Italy and France combined and of itself become, like Venice, a city unique in the world, noted not only for the beauty of its buildings, the charm of its life and atmosphere, the loveliness of its women, the integrity and achievements of its men, but for its wide and far-reaching hospitality—a city of beautiful buildings, wide boulevards, unending parks and other attractions that go with a world's capital.

Our annual fiestas, our conventions, our every-day life, our cafes, and other amusements will all make our future bright and our investments secure.

From a structural point of view, our new city is already superior to our-old one. This is not because we have paid any heed to the lessons taught us by the earthquake and fire, but for the reason that the projectors of our most important buildings have ordered construction of a higher



SAN FRANCISCO'S OLD SKYLINE.

This drawing was made by Mr. Polk in 1900 before he had become an architect.

class than that which previously existed. However, numerous buildings have been constructed without considering damage by earthquake as probable or destruction by fire in case of a conflagration as a reasonable possibility.

Damage by earthquake can be guarded against in nearly any case. Earthquake damage is not always the result of inferior or faulty workmanship or materials, but is more generally the result of ignorant or incompetent designing. The old City Hall contains specimens of various kinds of construction subject to damage by earthquake, and it also contains specimens of intelligent designing combined with honest construction which withstood the violence of the late earthquake. In the burnt district the fire left a tangled mass of steel which would have all remained standing had an additional expenditure of about two per cent of the total cost of the buildings been made to protect this steel against fire.

These lessons and the warnings they convey—while they have not been heeded to any extent in the rush of the rebuilding, are bound to carry weight and have due effect in the course of time.



AS MARKET STREET LOOKED IN THE OLD DAYS

To Bethlehem---A Christmas Pilgrimage

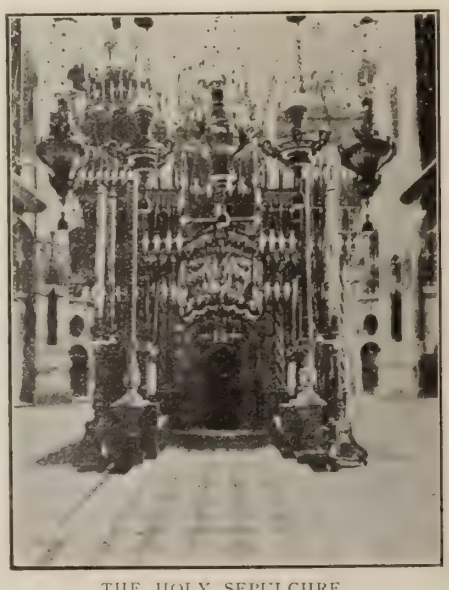
By Frank Scudamore

It cannot, I fear, be denied that the constantly increasing facilities afforded to modern travelers in strange lands detract somewhat from the charm of their journeyings. Sometimes, indeed, it appears to me that the great touring firms have a good deal to answer for. To be sure they have rendered infinite service to the world at large, since by their admirable organizations they have opened practically all the interesting places of the earth to the many, the length of whose purses, if no other reason, would in the past have rendered a visit prohibitive. Without wishing to appear selfish I will confess that my first visit to the Holy Land—more years ago, alas! than I care to remember—had for me many more attractions than did my last and very recent one. And this not, I honestly think, on account of its novelty, for, as is the case with everyone who has dwelt much in Eastern countries, their beauties and their quaintnesses, and their peoples and manners, take with each passing year a firmer hold on the heart of a Westerner. But there was about that first visit a more infinite variety pervading all its phases and enriching each sensation than can now be found in the much more comfortable, but, alas! more commonplace, method of journeying.

There was no railway in those days from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and no steam launches on the Sea of Galilee, or char-a-bancs in which to drive to Bethlehem from one or other of the numerous hotels in the "City of Peace." The would-be pilgrim then made the journey from Beyrout either on horseback or by a very crazy old diligence, and after turning off at Storra to gaze on the giant ruins of Baalbek, journeyed through the lovely valley of Damascus to that city, whence he was fain to take camel to Jerusalem. And it may be said that the delights and excitements and, at times, some thrilling moments of that journey, richly repaid those bold spirits who undertook it. It was always an experiment, results of which were uncertain. One could not know at any given time what would be the attitude of the Druses or Maronites who might be encountered on the road, and assuredly no novice at camel-riding ever had a dull moment when mounted. Yes, what with the brazen sky above, and the bumping camel beneath, and possible marauding Bedouins on the skyline, that trip was an experience to be remembered.

Yet even in these days of easy-made tours, of pleasure-cum-culture expeditions, aided (or, as scoffers might say, burdened) by the learned discourses of the official lecturer attached to the party, it is still only the privileged few to whom is given the opportunity of visiting the Christian treasure-houses of Palestine. And thus, although it has been written of countless times, some impressions of a Christmastide visit to Bethlehem may prove of interest.

It is at Jaffa that the voyager gets his first shock of sensation, for modern enterprise cannot subdue all the elements, and the surf outside the port today is no less disagreeable than in the time of St. Paul. And when Nature is unkind the crossing of that surf line is no light enterprise, nor, indeed, devoid of considerable danger. I have known whole days to pass when it was impossible to leave the ship, and I have watched for four hours at a stretch the desperate efforts of the lithe, powerful Arab boatmen to approach our vessel's side without the almost certainty that their boat, big and heavy though it was, must be dashed to pieces. They are, in good sooth, marvelous fellows, these men, full of pluck and daring and skill, and it is not a little wonderful to see the dexterity with which on occasion they will catch in their arms the baggage of their passengers, and even the passengers themselves, while their craft is alternately tossed as high as our bulwarks, and sunk twenty feet below them.



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

At Christmastide Palestine is to be seen at its best, for the days are delightfully, but never oppressively, warm, and the nights are clear and frosty. A dull day or a rainy one would be regarded as wholly untoward, and a matter for bazaar comment during a period of years; though, to be sure, the present writer has once seen the streets of Jaffa ankle-deep in rain-water in December, and has even tossed uncomfortably outside that dangerous port on Christmas Eve in a snow blizzard. Occasionally, too, the glorious white dome of the sky becomes obscured by a "Haboob," which is a dust-storm of brief, but aggressive, violence. But this unpleasantness is chiefly to be expected in the Ides of March, when it claims for itself fifty days of privilege, known as the "Khamsin." It is rare that the visitor to the Holy Land at other seasons of the year is inconvenienced by stress of weather in carrying out the plans formed for his journey even before it was undertaken. Perhaps in some measure is due to these unvarying climatic conditions that familiar phrase, "the unchanging East," which has been patented by a popular writer. Otherwise, owing to the electric trams that run from Cairo to the Pyramids, the vast dam that confines the mighty torrent of the Nile, colleges at Khartoum and regattas on the Zambesi, not to mention a thousand other evidences of the encroachments made by vexatious Westerners on the placid Orient, the expression "unchanging East" would at first sight seem a little peculiar.

And yet, to those who know, the East is still unchanged, and remains today in the life of its peoples just as it was, say, two thousand years ago, when the wonderful event, which was to change and remould the destinies of the entire world, was as yet but dimly foreshadowed. Today, as then, may be seen in Damascus that needle-gate through whose eye, we know, a camel may not pass; and today, again, Justinian's viaduct still brings water from the hills to the thirsty folk of Constantinople; while one may picnic beneath the tree near Bugukdere which sheltered Godfrey de Bouillon's tent. But most of all, it is in the dress and manners and methods of these Eastern folk that the unchangeability of the East is chiefly proclaimed. The Arabs of the Hedgaz today drape themselves in the same costumes as did their ancestors who guarded and fought for possession of the "Kaaba" at Mecca, long before the dawn of Islam. And women in Jerusalem and Olivet, in Bethlehem and Damascus, wear still as a headdress that silver horn engraved with mystic character (of which they ignore the meaning), which had its peculiar and deep tribal significance in the days of the Psalmist.

Perhaps the deepest and most permanent impression left on the visitor to the Holy Land is that of color. Take for instance, a sunset falling over Jerusalem, as seen from the Mount of Olives. There is about a sunset in these wide, white, cloudless lands one salient peculiarity. It is accentuated in the desert, for there you may watch the great orb, angry red, sink slowly to the edge of the horizon always in a white sky, and there hang as though poised and waiting a command; and then, instantly, it drops out of sight, as though it had fallen into some mystic sea. Then arises, and

spreads, and rolls out in wondrous hues, that range from gold and crimson to a pink and purple—a vast spreading cloud that might be the steam raised by the sudden impact of the world and the infinite. And in five minutes these glories have spent themselves, and night falls, quickly, like the curtain at a play.

Yet, ere the swift darkness comes, the whole of the quaint old walled city stands out, for a brief space, clear and cameo-like, against the roseate clouds. The ragged Western fortress, the spreading buildings of the Christian Church, the mighty dome of the Mosque of El Saka, built by the prophets, the Rothschild and Montefiore almshouses, and strewn round and about them the many convents and religious establishments that crowd this city of churches, are all projected vividly against the vision with a sharpness that almost is a shock—and then the night.

That Eastern night! The earth is still warm, and there is a kind of shimmering dry glow that rises from it to your knees as you pace in the thick dust of the streets; and a cool, slight breeze, yet more a murmur of air than a breeze, plays deliciously upon the face. There is, moreover, in these Eastern cities (I shall be laughed at for saying it, but I shall be upheld by those who know) a quaint, peculiar fragrance that comes borne from the desert lands on the light airs after sundown, and is very grateful to the senses. They are early people, these simple Eastern folk, or, at any rate, such of them as have not been spoiled by the constant flow of tourists; and in the native quarters of Jerusalem you may find that quite soon after dark the little flaring lamps in the booths and sheeshas have been extinguished, the zithers are silenced, the tric-trac boards are put away, the quaint, misshapen shutters stacked over the melon seller's bulging booth, and all the town silent and slumbering. Strolling, however, in these dreamy starlit thoroughfares, you fall from time to time into the midst of little encampments of voyagers. They have journeyed from all parts of the land, and if they thus take their rest "al fresco," it must not be supposed that they are constrained thereto by poverty, or even by lack of accommodation in the "Hans" and "caravanserais." It is choice only that has prompted them, coupled, maybe, with a certain frugality of mind that is an Arab quality. They may be native tourists, these Bedouin visitors, in their black camel-hair robes and flaunting "kufiicks," or grave men of business, with half a year's produce in the great leather "hourges," stacked within the circles of their sleeping camels. But there they are, placid and happy, with their narghiles alight still, and the faint sweet perfume of the tumbek filling the air, while they chat soberly and in subdued tones.



IN BETHLEHEM

Bethlehem (the House of Bread) is some six miles only from Jerusalem, and about fourteen the hither side of the famed old city of Hebron. The route cannot be said to be picturesque, and were it not for those inseparable associations that bring pilgrims here from all parts of the world, would appeal in little save, maybe, in its peculiar wildness and stern inhospitality. There is a deep valley and a rugged plateau to be crossed, and then a downward tract, stone-strewed, and (despite the tourist influence) ill-kept, and there are but few inhabitations to break the solitude. There is, indeed, to be seen near the wayside a "Ziaret," one of the many to be found strewn over all parts of the East. These buildings, which are ordinarily domed, are really tombs of Mahommedan saints, or shrines raised to their memories, and in them tradition has ever permitted fugitives from justice to find sanctuary. This particular "Ziaret" has attaching to it a story of peculiar interest, in that, according to Bedouin lore, it was here that Jacob once encamped with Rachel, whose grave, or rather its site, is pointed out as being near to the northwest corner of Bethlehem, and close to the road from Jerusalem. The Arabs, who regard such monuments as this with every reverence, who call Jerusalem the "Beit-el-Mukdis," or "House of Holiness," and who call Bethany "Lazarieh," or "the abode of Lazarus," and who hold theories which are in conflict with those of the monks in Bethany as to the site of Lazarus' tomb, narrate all our Bible stories much as we know them ourselves.

Unfriendly though it is, the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is a greatly peopled thoroughfare, for in its vicinity, though not much in view, are many of the olive groves, vineyards, and vegetable gardens that supply the town, and the traveler is constantly met by groups of country folks, who are now so accustomed to the passage of European visitors, and, it may be said, do so benefit by their presence, that they have of late thrown off much of that disdainful arrogance that marked their meetings with strangers not many years ago. The folks in the little hamlets scattered throughout this district are in the main Christians, but on the road may be met parties of those hereditary enemies, Druses and Maronites, and of course many of those children of Israel, whose fair skin and red hair is a peculiarity of the Jewish race in this part of the world.

The first aspect of Bethlehem, viewed from the rocky approach that rises from the stone-strewn desert, is impressive chiefly from the fact of the numerous crosses, planted on the lofty peaked roofs of a number of houses, which seem to dominate all the little city. The bulk, however, of the houses in this little unwalled town are the square-built, flat-roofed, two-floored and narrow-windowed structures, built of dazzlingly white stone, that are equally typical of Moorish and Algerian modern architecture. There is in Bethlehem one feature that cannot fail to impress the Western visitor, and this is that the guardians of the law, the keepers of the peace in this stronghold of the Christian churches, where, moreover, the entire population is Christian, are the Moslem soldiers of the Sultan. You find them everywhere here (as, indeed, in Jerusalem), at the gates, at the street corners, at the entrances to the churches, and even in the most sacred inner shrines, placed there, if you please, to prevent strife between these Christians who should so dearly love one another. Let it be said to their honor, that they perform their duties with a perfect sobriety, and a courtliness that might well teach a lesson to those

(Continued on Page 73.)

Christmas Sentiments

By Harry Cowell

Them's my sentiments! Yes? But whose, in the name of Lindley Murray? Surely not those of his friend, Harry Cowell, in such incredibly bad grammar! Oh, hang grammar and grammarian goose high, and mistletoe not so high, and holly where you will, and the stocking where you know, and me not at all, especially, not in the format of golden sentiments upon the pink walls of your boudoirs. Them's, in un-highfallutin, ungrammatical, downright United States, my Christmas sentiments! At a time when the whole world must needs ring and rhyme with folly and jolly, and the like, nothing save melancholy barred, who cares a continental for fine French phrases and the mincing of one's words, as if they were meat and other things most delectable in the mouth, though not a little difficult of digestion? Christmas sentiments indeed! Precisely, proseur; not in word merely! Them's mine, and the saint's. What in—Lapland, does he know about parsing and parsoning, or any such pedantry? Even if he does unwittingly put a wrong construction on our words; what of it? We cannot all be wits. Remembering that he is a foreigner, and our guest, let us accept, in the spirit offered, the presents and sentiments which are handed down to us, by way of the chimney, year after year and generation after generation, on one day, or night, out of the three hundred and sixty-five—not to be pedantic and except leap-year, which gives woman a one-third chance against man the proposer!

Be sure, O lass after my own heart! you give the generous saint his full name, nor, begrudging him any honor, nick off the end, and so find your stingy-sweet self, not in the gentle hands beloved of children, nor in the country of hands at all, but set aside from seasonable joys, in the restrictive claws you wot of, his majesty's, the Old Nick of Time Immemorial!

But better that than to be bedeviled into loving your neighbor, and mistletoed into kissing the wrong man, and turkeyed into a harem-scare'em view of life in general and of love in particular.

To be sure, there may be just a hint of Bacchus, gentle as the stir of the Earth that causes him to turn over in his wintry bed and smile in his sleep at his dream of the blossom face of Spring, with its never-failing promise that, or ever again the night cometh—wherein nor Christian man nor Grecian god may work—the grape shall once more put to shame all the princely dyes of Tyre, making glad the eyes of mortals, as doth its heart's blood their hearts.

'Tis then my sainty better-half, the Muse, insists on usurping the head of the house, taking the reins into her own hands, giving the "dears" their heads, their hearts' desires, and ours-heads, hearts, and desires!—and there's no stopping her or them, but there is the—other saint to pay! She fancies she knows all about it. I know better. I say to her: "Let me drive—love. It's man's prerogative! One has to draw the lines somewhere, and —how, and—what tightly. You really are worse than that baby there of yours ("ours" being reserved of me for moments when the child shows the harmlessness of the dove; "mine," when the wisdom of the serpent. No even half-divine offspring ever showed both at the same time)! See him, with pad and pencil, trying to figure it all out, and no hand at figures, any more than you, save at your own. He has Santa Claus on the brain, as have you, my sweet, but knows neither how, when, nor where to draw the "reins.—dear," as he calls them, bless his stupid little heart!"

"Oh, hang the expense!" she cries; "we must please the dears!" (One might think I had forgotten the expense when I was hanging things, but I hadn't. Believing in the equality of the sexes, and knowing only too well that she would do it latter on, I left that to my wife.) "We really must!" she insists; whereupon I: "Them's my sentiments to a "t," or a dot (over the i), if that likes you better! You mean, of course, the dear public. But do I not know how to demean myself? They are not to be cried down, nor laughed to scorn, but written up and down to, and made to smile and weep and cough—pleased, in short, as you say. And, as I well know, and you, my serio-comic love, the dears are as easily made to smile as a bride with beautiful teeth, and as easily made to weep as a merry widow, desirous of being comforted, with eyes beautiful enough to be kissed dry, and so saved from ruin!"

But enough, to take up the word, of these little family affairs; though, after all, what is Christmas, from happened beginning to hoped for end, but a family affair?—its lowly human-divine beginning, as portrayed in words, by the saints of religion, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and, in oils, by the saints of art, Raphael, Murillo, Titian, and Da Vinci; and its end, as portrayed, in the most golden of all speech, try the Founder himself, as the making of one vast holy family of humanity, in His day, as in ours, so wickedly shaken apart by (shall we call them, wife?) family jars! Is it not the day of days for the amicable settling of old quarrels between members of the lesser or larger family? Is it not child's day, the day whereon we grown-ups become as little children and are given as our Christmas present the entry for a space into the kingdom of happiness? Is not the soul of sadness in the smile of Christmas the seeing, in the yule-log fires, of faces present only there,—in spirit, on parole, as it were, from purgatory—a funeral most private, as befits its sacredness; a simple sad family affair, with the salt of the tears time-strained away, so that the residue is, in effect, sweeter than many a boasted boisterous joy? Enough of these little family affairs! Can we really ever have enough of them? Ask Roosevelt. Without them, where would Christmas be? Nowhere! "Utopia! you mean!" cries some old Scrooge of a bachelor. You mean wretch! What do you mean? Scrooge, Scrooge, you miserable dotard! how many Christmases would your Utopia see, without them? And the few it might see, how much worth seeing would they be? Tell me that, Scrooge, and hie thee, or ever it be too late, to where hangs the mistletoe, mercifully interceding in thy behalf, indeed, in lieu of thee! Finally, are not the several prices of those slippers, suspenders, neck-ties, etc.,. family secrets kept by women in a way that is nothing short of free-masonry; jealously guarded as is the secret of typewriter-ribbon-making by man? Other secrets there are anent the typewriter, that speech and a lucid diction were given me to conceal. In truth, were I to do my very best to reveal them, and it would no doubt all end by my leaving the reader in the dark. Would to heaven that I might break off with the abruptness and self-confidence of your finished godsip and say—"But that would be telling!" There are things—no end of them—that in my heart of hearts I know that I know, and time and again, with my head of heads and my hand of hands have I tried to tell them, but never yet told them, nor ever shall tell. After all is said and done, man finds it easier to tell what he doesn't know than what he does, what isn't so than what is, not what he means but what he means not. Man is ever heard to say what he does not mean. Them's my sentiments. Christmas? Yes! Do not for a vain moment imagine that the most optimistic of all saints differ with me in these opinions, no matter how much he may from me in other essentials. Deeds speak louder than words, do they? As a rule, you admit. Do you? Does the saint, think you, always say what he means? often? once in a while? ever? Who can rise up of a Christmas morning, look snow in the face—or, if in California, flowers—and say, his hand on his heart: "I have never failed to read aright the message left over-night in my stocking!"—and that, be the mood he rises in ever so much holier-than-thine, modest reader, mine? By means of two hyphens I have brought

two words closer together; how much closer home to you have I brought my meaning by means of two hyphens? To you, of course! But to how many besides you? Ah, reader dear, had every one thy discernment, and writing were a pasttime for the gods, and every day Christmas. See, I give thee herewith thy box. Fear not to open it. Greek gods, as Heine so beautifully fancied, may, of a fact, have disguised themselves and so found service under the new regime; but never, never, never (Harry Cowell's word for it, Harry Heine's to the contrary notwithstanding), would Pandora, if I know ought of the lady, serve behind a candy counter!

But all this savors of Pagan sweet, and is untimely! Yes and no—Pagan, yet not untimely; just the suspicion of Paganism's celebration of the turn of the year, which the natural man, be he ever so matter-of-fact, must needs behold with eyes that brighten. And the Pagan was a poet. Anyway, you retort, it has long since ceased to ring and rhyme, if not with folly, at least, with holly and jolly, and all the goodly Christmasy rest of them, and is beginning to get in tune with the forbidden, if infinite, melancholy of things. Well, so the season ever ends; and all's well that ends so. As the spirit of some diviner Dante, permitted—by special grace, for especial purpose of God, to meet, say, especial need of man—to visit the abode of the blest, would return to earth not without a touch of regret; so do we go back from the cheer of Christmas to the drear work-a-days, dutifully, but not feather-footed. Them's my feelings. Fool I may be; fool I must be: for I have taken a fool's advice (Sir Philip Sidney's—whom his own Muse-wife called "fool!" as he, confirming the word, tells us). I have looked into my heart, and written. For the thinker, Christmas is not all turkey and champagne; sometimes, no turkey at all, no champagne! No wonder I once looked into my heart and made this epigram: "To think is to be sad!"

Herodias

(This masterpiece of French literature, one of the finest examples of the artistry of the incomparable Flaubert, was adapted for Town Talk. It is in this story that Flaubert gives his famous vivid description of the Salome dance. To read this story is to mingle with persons who walked the earth in the days of Christ, getting the while a breath of the atmosphere of scenes that He witnessed.—Editor Town Talk)

I.

Within the citadel of Machaerus on the Eastern shore of the Dead Sea there was a palace adorned with porticoes and sheltered by a terrace along which ran a balustrade of sycamore-wood with tall poles arranged to hold a tent.

One morning before dawn, the Tetrarch Herod Antipas leaned on the balustrade and looked forth over the plain through which the Jordan flowed, and it filled him with dread to see the brown tents of the Arabs, the daughter of whose King he had cast aside to take Herodias, wife to one of his brothers, who lived in Italy.

Antipas was waiting succor from the Romans, and he was consumed with impatience. Suddenly he heard a voice in the distance, as if escaping from the bowels of the earth. It made him turn pale.

"Mannaeus! Mannaeus!" the voice called.

A man appeared, naked to the waist, like a masseur at a bath. He was very tall, aged, fleshless, and wore at his hip a cutlass in a copper sheath. His hair, brushed back and held in place by a comb, accentuated the height of his brow. His eyes were dull with drowsiness, but his teeth gleamed and his toes rested lightly on the flagstones, his whole body having the suppleness of a monkey and his face the impassiveness of a mummy.

"Where is he?" asked the Tetrarch.

Mannaeus replied, pointed with his thumb to something behind them:

"There! still there!"

"I thought that I heard him!"

And Antipas, having drawn a long breath of relief, inquired concerning Iaokanann, the same man whom the Latins called St. John the Baptist. Had those two men been seen again who had been admitted as a favor to his dungeon some months before; and had the purpose with which they had come been learned since?

Mannaeus replied:

"They exchanged some words with him in secret, like thieves at a cross-roads in the night. Then they went away towards Upper Galilee, announcing that they were the bearers of great tidings."

Antipas hung his head, then exclaimed in a tone of alarm:

"Keep him! keep him! And let no one enter! Lock the door fast! Cover the hole! None must even suspect that he lives!"

Before receiving these orders Mannaeus had carried them out; for Iaokanann was a Jew.

The Samaritan continued:

"At times he becomes excited, he longs to fly, he hopes for rescue. At other times he has the tranquil aspect of a sick beast; or else I see him walking to and fro in the darkness, saying: 'What matters it? That He may grow great, I must needs shrink!'"

Antipas and Mannaeus glanced at each other. But the Tetrarch was weary of reflection.

Some one touched him. He turned. Herodias stood before him.

A light purple robe covered her to the sandals. Having come forth hurriedly from her chamber, she wore neither necklace nor earrings; a tress of her black hair fell over one arm, and its end was lost to sight between her breasts. Her two open nostrils throbbed; a joyous expression of triumph lighted up her face; and in a loud voice, shaking the Tetrarch's arm, she said:

"Caesar loves us! Agrippa is in prison!"

"Who told you so?"

"I know it."

She added:

"It is for having aspired to Caius's empire!"

While living on their arms, he had schemed to obtain the title of king, which they, like him, coveted. But in the future no more fear! "Tiberius's dungeons are hard to open, and sometimes life is not secure therein!"

Antipas understood her; and, although she was Agrippa's sister, her atrocious purpose seemed to him justified. Such murders were a consequence of the state of affairs, a fatality attached to royal families. In Herod's they had become too numerous to count.

Then she set forth her plan: clients bought, letters discovered, spies at every door; and how she had succeeded in seducing Eutyches the denouncer. "Nothing deterred me! Have I not done even more for you? I have abandoned my daughter!"

After her divorce she had left the child in Rome, hoping to have others by the Tetrarch. She never mentioned her. He wondered why that outburst of affection.

The tent had been spread, and huge cushions were speedily brought to them. Herodias sank upon them and wept, turning her head to him. Then she passed her hand over her eyes, said that she proposed to think no more about it, that she was happy; and she recalled to his mind their chats yonder in the atrium, their meetings at the baths, their strolls along the Via Sacra, and the evenings at the great villas, amid the plashing of fountains, beneath arches of flowers, by the Roman Campagna. She gazed at him as of yore, nestling against his breast, with cajoling gestures. He pushed her away. The passion that she tried to kindle was so far away now! And all his misfortunes had flowed from it; for war had raged well-nigh twelve years. It had aged the

Tetrarch. His shoulders were bent; in his sad-colored toga with a violet border, his white hair blended with his beard, and the sun, shining through the veil, bathed with light his troubled brow. Herodias's too was wrinkled; and, seated face to face, they eyed each other fiercely.

The roads over the mountain began to be peopled. Herdsmen drove their cattle, children dragged donkeys along, grooms led horses. Those who descended the heights above Machaerus disappeared behind the castle; others ascended the ravine opposite, and, having reached the town, discharged their burdens in the courtyards. They were the Tetrarch's purveyors, and servants preceding his guests.

But, at the foot of the terrace, on the left, an Essene appeared, in a white robe, barefooted, with a stoical air. Mannaeus, on the right, rushed forward, brandishing his cutlass.

"Kill him!" cried Herodias.

"Hold!" said the Tetrarch.

He stood still; the other did likewise.

Then they withdrew, each by a different stairway, walking backward, keeping their eyes fixed on each other.

"I know him!" said Herodias; "his name is Phanuel, and he seeks speech with Iaokanann, since you are blind enough to spare his life!"

Antipas suggested that he might some day be of use. His attacks upon Jerusalem would win to their side the rest of the Jews.

"No!" she said; "they accept all masters and are not capable of forming a fatherland!" As for him who stirred the people with hopes never lost since the days of Nehemiah, the best policy was to suppress him.

There was no need of haste in the Tetrarch's opinion. Iaokanann dangerous! Folly! he feigned to laugh at the idea.

"Hold your peace!" And she repeated the tale of her humiliation one day when she was going towards Gilead to gather balsam. People were putting on their clothes on the bank of a stream. On a low hill near by a man was speaking. He had a camel's skin about his loins, and his head resembled a lion's. "As soon as he saw me he spit out at me all the maledictions of the prophets. His eyes shot fire; his voice roared; he raised his arms as if to tear the thunder from on high. Impossible to fly! the wheels of my chariot were buried in sand to the axles; and I drove away slowly, sheltering myself beneath my cloak, my blood congealed by those insults, which fell like a shower of rain."

Iaokanann made life impossible to her. When he was taken and bound with cords, the soldiers were ordered to stab him if he resisted; he was as gentle as a lamb. They had put serpents in his dungeon; they were dead.

The futility of these tricks drove Herodias mad. Besides, what was the cause of his war against her? What interest guided him? His harangues, delivered to crowds, were circulated, spread abroad; she heard them everywhere, they filled the air. Against legions she would have been stout of heart. But that power, more harmful than the sword, and intangible, was stupefying, and she paced the terrace, livid with wrath, lacking words to express the passion that choked her.

She reflected, too, that the Tetrarch, yielding to public opinion, would perhaps deem it best to cast her off. In that case all would be lost! From childhood she had cherished the dream of mighty empire. It was to attain it that, deserting her first husband, she had allied herself to this one, who, she thought, had deceived her.

"I obtained a powerful support when I entered your family!"

"It is equal to yours!" rejoined the Tetrarch, simply.

Herodias felt the blood of the priests and kings who were her ancestors boiling in her veins.

"But your grandfather swept the temple of Ascalon! The others were shepherds, bandits, heads of caravans, a wandering horde, subject to Judah from the time of King David! All my ancestors vanquished yours! The first of the Maccabees drove you forth from Hebron; Hyrcanus forced you to be circumcised!" And, giving vent to the patrician's scorn for the plebeian, Jacob's hatred of Edom, she reproached him for his indifference to insults, for his mildness towards the Phoenicians, who betrayed him, his cowardly subservience to the people, who detested him. "You are like them, admit it! And you sigh for the Arab girl who danced around the stones! Take her! Go, live with her, in her canvas house! feed on her bread cooked in the ashes! drink the curdled milk of her sheep! kiss her blue cheeks! and forget me!"

The Tetrarch was no longer listening. He was gazing at the roof of a house, on which there was a young girl, and an old woman holding a parasol with a reed handle as long as a fisher's line. In the centre of the rug stood a great traveling-basket, open. Girdles, veils, jewels overflowed from it in a confused mass. Now and again the girl stooped towards those objects and shook them in the air. She was dressed like the Roman women, in a wrinkled tunic, with a peplum adorned with emerald tassels; and blue bands confined her hair, which was doubtless too heavy, for from time to time she put her hand to it. The shadow of the parasol hovered above her, half hiding her. Twice or thrice Antipas caught a glimpse of her shapely neck, the corner of an ear, or of a tiny mouth. But he saw her whole figure, from the hips to the neck, as she bent forward and drew herself up again with supple grace. He watched for the repetition of that movement, and his breath came faster; flames kindled in his eyes. Herodias observed him.

He asked: "Who is she?"

she answered that she had no knowledge, and left him, suddenly appeased.

The Tetrarch was awaited under the porticoes by the Galileans, the master of the writings, the chief of the pasturage, the director of the salt-wells, and a Jew of Babylon, in command of his horsemen. All hailed him with loud acclamations. Then he vanished towards the inner chambers.

Phanuel appeared at the angle of a passage.

"Ah! again? You came to see Iaokanann doubtless?"

"And you! I have to tell you something of moment."

And, following Antipas, he entered, at his heels, a dark apartment.

The light entered through a barrel opening that extended along the wall under the cornice. The walls were painted a dark pomegranate color, almost black. At the end stood an ebony bed, with cords of ox-hide. A golden buckler, above, gleamed like a sun.

Antipas walked the whole length of the room, and lay down on the bed.

Phanuel was standing. He raised his arm, and said in the attitude of one inspired:

"The Most High sends one of his sons to earth now and again. Iaokanann is such an one. If you oppress him you will be punished."

"It is he who persecutes me!" cried Antipas. "He demanded of me an impossible act. Since then he has rent me. And I was not harsh at the beginning! He has even sent forth from Machaerus men who overturn my provinces. A curse upon his life! Since he attacks me, I defend myself!"

"His fits of anger are too violent," replied Phanuel. "No matter! He must be set free."

"One does not set free raging beasts!" said the Tetrarch.

"Have no fear," the Essene replied. "He will go hence to the Arabs, the Gauls, the Scythians. His work is destined to reach to the ends of the earth!"

Antipas semed lost in a vision.

"His power is mighty! Against my will, I love him."

"Then let him be free!"

The Tetrarch shook his head. He feared Herodias, Mannaeus, and the unknown.

Phanuel strove to persuade him, alleging as a guaranty of his plans the submission of the Essenes to the King. People respected those poor men, unconquerable by torture, always clad in flax, and able to read the future in the stars.

Antipas recalled the words he had let fall a moment before.

"What is this thing which you said was of moment?"

(Continued on Page 75.)

The Blonde and the Brunette

By Major Ben C. Truman

After much careful and diversified study along certain lines for half a century I am constrained to believe and affirm that as between the perfect American Blonde and the perfect American Brunette the former is much more beautiful and attractive, although a statuesque brunette of perfection of form and feature is accounted by many as one of the most showy and magnificent of all living things. Up to a quarter of a century ago the proportion of blondes and other "light" people to brunetts and other "dark" people through the United States, except in Maryland, Florida, Louisiana, Texas and California, were as five to three. This could be partly accounted for from the fact that the early amalgamation of foreign blood with our English-American was of light Irish and light German stock, which has lately been lessened by the introduction of much more dark than light immigration, conspicuously from Italy, Austria, Turkey, Arabia, France, Mexico, Greece and Spain, and the greater willingness of these latter than the former to "multiply and replenish the earth." So that in another quarter of a century the "darks" will have caught up and passed the "lights," and especially as five-sixths of our Jews are dark; and, as is well known, are generous breeders.

One reason why the average blonde is better looking than the average brunette is because she has whiter skin, whiter teeth, and whiter hands than the brunette, which put her far in advance of her darker sister in real prettiness and real or seeming cleanness. On the other hand the eyes and lashes of the brunette are more attractive than those of the blonde, but not the eyebrows, which are generally too heavy or too bushy, and too irregularly near each other. The teeth of the brunette are longer and thus homelier than those of the blonde, and her ears and feet and hands are larger. The lips, cheeks and nails are redder and more attractive in the blonde than in the brunette; while as regards hair and neck and shoulder blades neither has the better of the other. Nearly the same may be said of forehead and the space between the eyes, except that the brunette is slightly in second place. The coming of the unspeakable mustache to the lip of the brunette seldom intrudes upon that of the blonde, while the embonpoint that frequently overtakes both is lesser and less vexatious with the latter than with the former. In fine, the commanding blonde is serener, of better temper and of sweeter expression that the commanding brunette, although she worries much more over little things than the latter.

The sweetly-faced woman at the opera, say, or on any swell occasion—with pretty eyes and eye brows; cherry lips and rosy cheeks; peach-and-cream complexion and immaculate teeth; medium little ears with tint of seashell; and with a moderately long white neck without mole or other blemish, and of commanding stature, is full blonde or nearly so, and the incarnation of perfect female beauty—and in the majority. If the very attractive one have magnificent hair, brilliant eyes, sweeping lashes, handsome bust, glorious shoulder-blades and superb haugtiness of manner, she is a brunette; and with so fetching a way as to bewilder you momentarily regarding your first choice of the sweetly-faced one with the pretty eyes, the lovely lips, the rosy cheeks and perfect complexion, and other attributes of supreme loveliness and charm. And between: The mezzo; the "brown"; an human arabesque; with golden hair of silken softness and luxuriance; great brown orbs and sweeping lashes and incomparable brows that were never vexed by pencil or dye to match; dimpled cheeks of a rich russet tone, and cherry lips that curve like a Cupid's brow. The beauty of Hebe, the goddess of youth, could not have been more extraordinary.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" declared that the eye of the true blonde is clearer and more brilliant than that of the brunette thus:

"There are two kinds of poets, just as there are two kinds of blondes. Why, there are blondes who are such simply by deficiency of coloring mater,—negative or washed blondes, arrested by Nature on the way to become albinesses. There are others that are shot through with golden light, with tawney or fulvous tinges in various degree,—positive or stained blondes, dipped in yellow sunbeams, and as unlike in their mode of being to the others as an orange is unlike a snowball. The Albino-style carries with it a wide pupil and a sensitive retina. The other, or the leonine blonde, has an opaline fire in her clear eye, which the brunette can hardly match with her quick, glittering glances."

So far as can be guessed the average proportions of the statuesque brunette is not quite equal to that of her imposing sister. The height of a perfect blonde is exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand, when the arms are fully extended; ten times the length of her hand, or seven and one-half times the length of her foot, or five times the diameter of the chest, from one armpit to the other, should correspond with the height of the whole body. The distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head, and the knee should be exactly midway between the first-named point and the ground at the heel. The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast; from the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits, and from the heel to the toe. It is a noteworthy fact that the hand and foot of the brunette is larger than those of the blonde—that the one requires larger gloves, much larger shoes, and somewhat more capacious hosiery than the other. It is also noteworthy that the blonde requires large shoes and gloves than she did thirty years ago.

I have said that the blonde worries more than the brunette—I should have said that she worries more grievously; for so far as asylum statistics go, the totals in sixty-eight asylums in Canada and the United States show that the percentage of those regarded as hopelessly insane are 81 blondes to 53 of brunettes. But the figures from these sixty-eight asylmus also show that out of 16,512 patients 703 have light hair and only 66 red or auburn locks—in other words, 96 per cent of the female inmates are brunettes, with black or brown hair, and the latter in varying shades, while only two per cent have blue eyes. In one New England asylum there is not a single inmate who is not a brunette. The penitentiaries of the United States show that brunettes and others with dark hair or dark eyes, or both, rate 78 per cent, not including negroes. To some extent this is accounted for by the great number of dark foreigners imprisoned—especially in New York, Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana, and California—for all kinds of atrocious crimes. The brunette drinks to excess much more than the blonde, as drunken women before police judges average above seven of the former to three of the latter.

While husbands, as a general thing are more brutal than wives, and much more promiscuous in their disregard for the eighth commandment, more small internecine disturbances have resulted from what is termed "nagging," by men's so-called better halves, than by all the other engenderments of serious conjugal infelicities. And this is where the brunette can give the blonde points and win out always in this married woman's exclusive game.

The blonde is a more constant nagger of children, perhaps, than the brunette; but when it comes to the "old man" the latter absorbs nearly all the gateau in the boulangerie. This is where raven hair, flashing black eyes, high temper and nervous-muscular temperament can administer to the one with the flaxen hair, blue eyes

sweet-disposition and sanguine-lymphatic temperament, a solar plexus appulse that agitates the eponge.

And while men, especially of the latin race, are more cowardly amid impending dangers at sea and howl louder over extreme bodily pains than women, so the brunette may be placed in the same category alongside the blonde.

Pursuing this subject farther, the brunette is more rapid at love-making than the blonde and less sympathetic and tender, she also displays more celerity in marrying and also of unmarrying—for she is more frequently the heroine in a divorce court; but she is more responsive to the toesin of love than her more ethereal sister, and less inclined to "race-suicide." The brunette is quick tempered and more quarrelsome than the blonde, more jealous of her husband, more hateful and more vindictive, with or without cause; the blonde in contradistinction sometimes drags out a miserable life, rather than confess or even rebuke publicly the husband whose brutalities should have sent him to the whipping post or to some such place as our own orthodox hell.

There might be still greater scope given this agreeable topic. But the writer recalls that most felicitous declaration of the urbane Kentuckian, who said that "all whisky is good but some kinds are better than others"; and cheerfully admits, along the same generous course of reasoning, that all women of standard acceptableness are precious, beautiful and lovely; but that some are more lovely, more beautiful and more precious than others. And asks:

"Are they not more frequently the blondes?"

In conclusion, I am constrained to state that, after carefully and (I trust) competently taking all the parts and features of a select number of truly beautiful competitors into consideration, a unanimous verdict would be reached that the perfect blonde of fine stature and commanding presence takes first place, with the brunette of like proportions and like mein a close second. As regards small women—not slender women—they belong to a separate class; some are very compact, very dainty, very winsome, very sweet and very beautiful, to be sure, but they cannot impress nor command, nor entrance like the rarer ideals.

With few exceptions, all the noted beauties of Ireland, England, France, Germany, and the United States have been beautiful blondes of commanding stature and presence, and next to them the beautiful and statuesque brunettes. Cleopatra was the only little woman that had emperors at her feet, and she was a half Grecian and nearly a blonde. The great painters of Europe are more partial to blondes as an ideal, and the old masters of Italy and Spain and of the Flemish school gave nearly all their women golden or "Titian" hair.

Could Apollo step out of Parnassus and behold the perfect blonde and the perfect brunette and have his choice of one, he would surely select that paragon of womankind with head and neck and shoulders of perfect mould; large luminous and beautiful blue eyes; complexion of white and pink and rose; lips of coral redness and teeth of purest white and ravishing regularity and symmetry; a perfect nose and mouth and breath more delicious than atter of roses, and hair falling over her gleaming shoulders like a golden cloud. Still, Apollo might take the other. Quien sabe?



THE YOSEMITE.

The scene that all artists love to depict.

'Neath the Mistletoe

I kissed her 'neath the mystletoe,
  She was so young, so sweet, so fair,
  With bright blue eyes and golden hair.
  The world may talk—I do not care—
In fact I'd like them all to know
I kissed her 'neath the mystletoe:

Nor do I think she seemed too bold,
  But added rather to her charms,
  When round my neck she threw her arms,
  And whispered soft her small alarms;
For she was only five years old,
And feared, it seems, her nurse might scold.

Yosemite in Winter Time

Description of a Trip in the Heart of the Sierras Where Nature in her Sublimest Mood Thrills and Enthralls.

The traditional Christmas is one that has its setting in snow. Even here in San Francisco where one never sees snow except in pictures we think of Santa Claus as an old fellow whose whiskers are garnished with snow and who travels in a sleigh. Yet most residents of this city believe that the traditional Christmas is not for them. The fact is that at this season of the year in less than twelve hours anybody can go from the heart of the metropolis to the heart of the Sierras and there enjoy all the comforts of home.

How few have made the trip to Yosemite in winter! In former years only the hardy explorer dared penetrate the depths of the Sierra winter to view the glories of Yosemite, but now it is a trip that can be taken by any one, for the new railroad takes you to the park line, and the hotels, which are open all the year, provide their guests with all the comforts of the best city hotels. In speaking of Yosemite in winter, do not think of it as a cold, dreary bewilderment of snow and ice. The trip to Yosemite is much the same as in the summer time from the travelers standpoint.

Leaving the little city of Merced on the Yosemite Valley Railroad, we are soon on the open plains of the sunny San Joaquin, headed for the snow-capped Sierras that rise abruptly before us. At Merced Falls we enter the canyon and the ascent through the narrow gorge has commenced. Bagby is the half-way station. From this point onward we begin to realize more fully that we are going deeper and deeper into the mountains, for the canyon walls shut us in completely and tower skyward, and we see nothing but huge mountain walls ahead and behind us. The track curves around each projecting abutment with the exact precision of the river. The steep mountain sides are studded with spruce and pine trees. We round another curve, completing almost a full circle of what is known as the Hog Back, when plainly up the canyon ahead of us, on the face of the mountain wall, we see the filmy sheet of water called the Chinquapin Fall, opposite which and far below on the river's edge, is El Portal, "The Gateway," to the Yosemite National Park and the end of the first part of our journey to the gem of the Sierras.

Away up in the mountains, an altitude of nearly two thousand feet, we find this picturesque, secluded resort, shut in on all sides by the mountains, with the wild rushing river, white with foam, before us. Here we stop in the large, new hotel for rest and preparation for the ride through the park to our destination in the valley. This three hour drive is one of the most exhilarating features of the trip. The beauty and the grandeur of this trip are unsurpassed on any other road of equal length in America. It follows the Merced River, and there are many points of special interest along the way, such as Arch Rock, Chimney Rock, the great bowlders that line the river bed, the massive overhanging rocks hundreds of feet high, the stately forest trees and the ferns and underbrush that grow between. We find the first traces of snow along the road just before we reach the floor of the valley.

We are thus in a measure prepared for the grandeurs of Yosemite that burst on the vision as the stages halt on the bank of the river for our first general view, where El Captain looms up to the left 3,300 feet high, and the beautiful Bridal Veil Fall to the right. It is a scene of winter glory beyond description. We are on the threshold of nature's vast amphitheater, surrounded by towering walls surmounted by lofty domes, made musical by many waterfalls, tinselled with snow and ice, environed by all the outward manifestations of winter. The floor of the valley presents a landscape white with snow, the trees of the forest are decked with garlands of snow, and the higher elevations clad in glistening armour, a winter splendor unsurpassed anywhere in the world. It thrills the being, quickens the life-blood, and exalts the mind. As we cast our gaze from side to side and behold the massive walls, and above us the clear blue sky, we begin to realize our human insignificance, and the sublimity of Yosemite. As we proceed along the floor of the valley, the panorama unfolds itself in grand procession, perfect in all its parts; Cathedral Rock and Spires on the right, to the left in a semi-circle, appear Eagle Peak, Yosemite Falls, Royal Arches and the great Half Dome.

The winter atmosphere is invigorating, and while the thermometer varies from the freezing point down to zero we do not feel the cold as the air is clear and dry, filtered through the warm sunshine. Amid the sublimities of nature we find much to occupy our time and admiration, trips to mirror Lake, Vernal Falls, Yosemite Falls, a drive or sleigh ride around the floor of the valley, and to Inspiration Point which is so aptly named. The trees of the forest are in a pensive mood. The squirrel skips about in search of the hidden nut and the snow bird twitters from limb to limb, and bruin stalks about unharming and unmolested, except for the click of the camera, two fine specimen recently being photographed within the not great distance of twelve feet.

California as the Midwinter Playground of America, with her varied attractions and great diversity of climate from the sunny Southland to the snow-capped Sierras of the North, and from coast to plain, has in "Yosemite in Winter," added to the list a winter resort that is growing in popularity. California has become the Switzerland of America for winter sports in which young and old participate with a zest that comes only from exercise in the crisp mountain air. A happy, active concourse of people in Yosemite, skating on Mirror Lake and artificial ponds, toboggan slides miles in length, skeeing over the higher elevations, sleighing and other winter pastimes are possibilities of the future. In the meantime "Yosemite in Winter" is a most delightful place to spend a few days or weeks.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First Street, San Francisco.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

In the Olden Time

An ancient English roundelay sings of Christmas that "comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer." Those were the days when the mistletoe hung on the castle wall, when the Lord of Misrule reigned in bower and hall, when the servitors bore to the banquet board the baron of beef and the boar's head steaming hot and grinning graciously with tusks that had gored the favorite hound of the belted knight in whose manorial hall these revels were scaring the echoes and shaking the tapestries picturing an older romance. Those were the days when the yule log blazed and real ghosts stalked in the dim shadows; when grand dames sat stiff-stomachered in brocade of Antwerp beside the ingle nook and told tales of ancestral days to eager children clustered at their knees. And when the good knight's sword was rust, and his soul with the angels, we trust; when the revelers of that day were laid away in the churchyard mold and the grand dame's effigy, full length, sculptured in marble, reposed on the tomb in which her ashes mingled with the dust from which they came; when the little children who had listened at her knee had grown to manhood and womanhood, fought their fight and passed away, leaving other children to beget another posterity even unto the third and the fourth generation; when that day was ended there came another still singing of Christmas and its cheer which comes but once a year; a day when glad chimes rang out on the frosty air; when blue-nosed, teary-eyed, cherry-cheeked boys and girls sang carols under the windows of the squire of the county and the knight of the shire; when the kitchens clanged to clamor of the feast in the making; when the tankards of ale were drained by sturdy drinkers; when warm wine possets sweetly spiced were passed round to the ladies; when the ghosts had ceased to be real; and when the elders of the village told tales of the elder time when they were privileged to go up to the hall in the old castle and hear the tales of more ancient days from lips that had kissed the hand of the grand dame who sat in the ingle nook and recited her youthful triumphs in the very ancient days when knights were bold and barons held their sway. Then followed the age immortalized by the immortal Dickens in his Christmas carols, in Tom Tiddler's ground and the immortal remark of Tiny Tim—with which we are all familiar. And now it is the time of Santa Claus and gift-scattering, and roast turkey, and early shopping, and over eating and peace on earth for a few days and good will to men during the holiday season.

In the Guinea-Jingling Age

Still we sing of Christmas which comes but once a year with its good cheer; not as some of our forefathers sang it when they brought it over in Lord Baltimore's ships (for it didn't come over in the Mayflower with the strait-laced, solemn-visaged Puritan forefathers); not as it was sung in the raftered farmhouses of Vermont or in the plantation houses of Virginia; not as they sang the song in Manhattan when Madison was President and "Dolly" was the first lady in the land. The words are the same, to be sure; but they are sung in their literal sense—Christmas comes but once a year (thank the Lord); and when it comes it brings good cheer (to those who are able to enjoy the festivities of the season). Christmas comes but once a year, we sing it; and it's lucky for us that it doesn't come oftener. It brings good cheer, of course; because it is the custom to feel cheerful and to pretend that we are more cheerful at this time of the year than at any other. Those of us who can afford it loosen our purse strings a trifle for our friends and relations and for "deserving charities"; but we count the giving an extravagance and charge it to profit and loss with extreme emphasis on the complimentary term. We do not sing the song with the spontaneity that trilled and roared it in the good old days. We try to deceive ourselves into the belief that we sing it honestly; but in very truth we are not wholly deceived; we know that there is something lacking in the spirit of our singing. This is eminently a money-chasing age; a sordid, selfish, mercenary age; an age when eleven months of the year is devoted to an effort to get the better of our fellow citizens; an age when everybody covets his neighbor's ox and his ass and frequently his wife as well; an age when we crowd all the good cheer remaining in the old song into a week of hasty endeavor to square our account with Him who said: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." It is in this spirit that a vast multitude of those that sing the good old English song compound for their perennial sins of commission and their diurnal sins of omission. They bring their gift to the altar at Christmas time and pretend that they have been reconciled to their brother. Next week they will drop this pretense and if the brother isn't up in the morning quite early, keeping a sharp and wary outlook for the gift-offering brother, he will lose another ox, another ass or his second wife. Christmas comes but once a year; and only once a year; and the cheer that it brings is a job-lot preserved in cold storage to be served with the Christmas turkey, to be drunk in the Christmas wine, to be stuffed into the Christmas stocking, and to be dropped into the charity-box of some "deserving" public institution.

A Christmas Contrast

If we could recover a few of our lost barbaric virtues perhaps there would be less need for a special season of peace on earth and good will to men. Even if we could resume the business of fighting for the spoil with clubs and stone hatchets it might not be so bad. In that contingency everybody would know what to expect; and he would go about amply prepared for the worst. Men who meet each other openly and with weapons fully disclosed harbor a respect for each other as unconcealed as their weapons. The period of human history immediately following the stone age, when the tribes began to make simple laws governing their conduct towards each other, was the golden age. In that time justice was a definite thing and could not be misconstrued. There were no subtle sophistries in the stern, straightforward logic of the primitive courts and popular assemblies in which judgment was given responsive to the clashing of the shields and the shouting of the multitude. But the laws were very plain and simple as befitted the need of a people still in the childhood of their understanding. These laws were comprehensible to the dullest intellects; and they were implicitly obeyed because the majority of the tribes were swift to punish infractions of their unwrit-

ten but outspoken code. Civilization had not yet "dawned" to reveal methods by which man may overcome his fellow man by craft, cunning, chicane and the plausible lie. The stout, honest, forthright club was the final arbiter in all disputes arising between man and man. Conquest was possible only after the law of the club had been determined. Theft was a punishable crime, and that which a man had he owned by right of his industry or his valor. Unless a man killed his enemy in fair fight he was guilty of murder under the laws. There was no evil speaking in those days, because men were barbaric and therefore brave enough to say what they had to say face to face with those whom they would libel. There was no cheating, no false weight, no striving for the upper hand in the trade and barter of those days; because in the first place there was no such thing as money, and because the one defrauded was lawfully at liberty to find the savage who had defrauded him and take back that which had been surreptitiously procured; if the barbarian accused denied the offense he was permitted the ordeal of the club or the arbitrament of the battle-ax, either in his own person by his own stout right arm, or by a champion ready to do battle in his behalf against a foe stronger or more skillful. Those were good old days lived by good men because they were honest men. And in those days every day was lived in the spirit of what we call Christmas. If men did not love one another as we pretend to love one another, they never failed in their respect for their neighbor—and most men's respect is better worth having than some men's friendship or the hollow pretense of friendship. So there is the difference between the golden age and the age of brass and brummagem—in the one it is Merry Christmas but once a year; in the other it was Happy Christmas all the year.

Justice With a "Gun"

As we are now in the peace-on-earth season and presumably more inclined than at other seasons to good will toward one another a few amiable suggestions with reference to the desirability of associating justice with dignity and decorum may not be taken amiss. We have observed of late the prevalence of the pistol in our courts and it has occurred to us that it might be well to inquire whether it is deemed an essential adjunct to a proper and effective administration of justice. If it is why are not our laws framed to permit the judges of our courts and the officers of those courts, including the attorneys at bar, the bailiffs and clerks, the "plain clothes men" and the "body guards" to wear their "guns" in full view? Why are these deadly weapons "concealed"? One would be justified in thinking that if the pistol is a part of the machinery of justice, it should be as open to inspection as the law books themselves, the oath-bound affidavit, the iron-bound "precedent," and the brass-bound "immunity contract." If the pistol is an essential part of our California jurisprudence, it should always be "in evidence." In this view of this peculiar judicial "procedure" the pistol is an important factor of the "argument"; it may be a major or a minor premiss or it may be a definite and logical conclusion. Only the "charge to the jury" and the verdict of that jury may "justly or legally be "concealed" until it shall be necessary to "draw." On the other hand (the pistol hand, so to speak) if it is not necessary to administer justice at the muzzle of six-shooters and "automatic guns," why are they tacitly recognized as essential features of our court procedure? Why are "gun fighters" massed in our tribunals of justice? Why do "body guards" arm themselves to their teeth before they go to the courts where their "services" may be "required"? Why are the coat tails of the lawyers mere curtains to hide the dread weaponry of a wilder justice than that dispensed from our justice-weighted "benches"? Why is the rabble mob of the curious populace permitted to pass the policeman at the door bearing pistols in their pockets with which to assassinate lawyers against whom they may happen to have brooded a murderous revenge? On the Mexican frontier, in the savage back settlements of Montana, on the "bad man" ranges of Nevada, in the whiskey belt of Arizona, in the sub-tropical sections of Southern California where the crack of the pistol and the gleam of the jealous lover's stilletto is an echo and a glimpse of the dark backward of a primitive barbarism, it is the custom and the habit of the roaring cowboy and the tough citizen of Bitter Creek, "all wool and a yard wide," to deposit their lethal hardware with their favorite "barkeep" before they enter upon the periodical frenzy of a bug-juice orgie in the town they have chosen as the scene of their saturnalian antics. The habit of the cowboy—this custom of the primitive citizen from Bitter Creek—is a precaution, a preventive and a necessary concession to the amenities of a social environment different from that in which the visiting "gun men" have been reared and endured. In that environment each man is a law unto himself and justice is frankly administered under the rulings of Judge Colt occassionally assisted in banc by Judge Lynch. In that region all controversies are submitted to the arbitrament of the pistol and decided in what is technically called "the drop"; the hair-trigger under pressure of finger of men entirely ready usually closes the argument and disposes of the cause at issue. But when these pistol justices "come to town" they doff the ermine of their several courts and submit to the forms and conventions of another, and, it may be, a "superior" civilization. The final question, therefore, is one touching the kind of "civilization" in which the courts of San Francisco are operated. Are we living in a community of the Bitter Creek class where Justice carries a pistol in her belt to reinforce the menace of her sword and to sustain the verdict of her scales? Or are we so well entrenched in the precedents of an age-worn civilization that we may demand the cowboy concession to the polite conventions of any desert town or frontier settlement? Shall we submit to the obsolete barbarism of "shooting up the town," or shall we insist that every bad man's gun shall be placed in temporary pawn with the barkeep?

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The Canal Scandal

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, writing for the Hearst papers which are now warmly in sympathy with the Roosevelt administration, and which have never lost an opportunity to swat Mr. Pulitzer of the New York World, says that it is absurd to think of investigating Panama Canal graft. The proposition, he asserts, emanated from the railroad combination which hopes to prevent the building of the canal. "The thing for honest men to do," says Mr. Lewis, "is to settle cooly which they prefer, a canal or an investigation." In all probability honest men are in favor of both; and intelligent men will not be likely to be hoodwinked by the suggestion which probably emanated from the White House, that there are railroad magnates in the country so stupid as to consider the feasibility of blocking operations on the canal at this late day. The canal will be constructed, and the truth will come out with reference to the transactions which made the acquisition of the canal zone possible. Historical data of such prodigious importance cannot be suppressed. Nor can the issue between the President and the World be permanently obscured by billingsgate. It may be true, as Mr. Roosevelt most unhappily and vulgarly expresses it, that the men who question his Panama statements are "creatures of the gutter so low that they envy the eminence of the dunghill," but yet those statements are not to be accepted with the respect accorded to holy writ. Aside from the fact that habitual inaccuracy of utterance has tended somewhat to impair Mr. Roosevelt's reputation for veracity, the people are not to be denied that which gratifies their educated appetite for muckrakings. Mr. Roosevelt himself stimulated in the populace a craving for the very thing of which now he is intolerant; and even though it should appear that inquiry would be fraught with retribution for the Exalted One at Washington, it is bound to be made. The fact is that public curiosity has been filliped as much by the President's hysterical efforts to discourage inquiry as by the sensational charges that have been made. And curiosity is not to be assuaged with choler. Indeed, it has been heightened by denials which are not in accord with evidence that is beyond the possibility of disproof. For example the President has said that the $40,000,000 which this country paid for the canal properties was delivered to the French Government, and he had himself corroborated on this point by one of his subordinates at Washington. Yet the records of the Treasury Department, the framed checks on exhibition there, and the testimony before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, established beyond question that the money was paid to J. Pierpont Morgan & Company. The supposition is that Morgan & Co., represented a syndicate of American capitalists at the head of which was William Nelson Cromwell, who enjoyed confidential relations with President Roosevelt. And the suspicion seems to be well grounded that the Cromwell syndicate, acting on a straight tip, bought the stock in the original canal company for the price of a shoe-string and sold it for the appraised value of a tannery. But in all probability the Cromwell syndicate earned the profits of the deal; for Cromwell made the Panama revolution which probably cost more than the ten millions extra allowed for expenses by the American Government. According to Senor J. Gabriel Duque given during the investigation instigated by the late Senator Morgan, which terminated at his death, Cromwell bought up Columbian generals as though they were ammunition sold in the open market. The Columbian general who was sent to stop the revolution was "bought off," said Duque. From these meagre details it is evident that there is a big story behind the Panama Canal deal, and probably there is much in it for which the people of this country were they as intensely moral as Mr. Roosevelt wishes to make them, would be heartily ashamed. Certainly if, as might be inferred from Senor Duque's testimony, this Government played the part of a higher-up in corrupting Columbian officials, the probing of the scandal will result in our everlasting humiliation. But we are a great as well as a good people and to be entirely repentant we must know the size and number of our sins. A full confession is good for the soul.

Confusion of Latitude and Tradition

The steamer Lurline departed for the Hawaiian Islands last week loaded with evergreen Christmas trees consigned to the central points of holiday celebrations. Doubtless they will be decorated in the orthodox manner with strings of cranberries and popcorn and sprinkled with imitation snow, while "Jolly St. Nick," in the traditional furred coat, top boots, mittens and muffler, will skip about and make merry in that tropical clime to the music of sleigh bells and "the trampling and pawing of each little hoof" of his eight reindeer. Santa Claus will hardly find himself more out of his element in Honolulu than he is in San Francisco, where the native born of less than twenty years who has not traveled has never encountered snow or seen a sled out of a picture. Nevertheless we are so bound down by cast-iron tradition that to use anything but an evergreen as a Christmas tree, or to decorate it in any but the orthodox manner, would be regarded as tempting the fates. It is said that New England grandmothers of the last generation used to knit woollen mufflers and mittens for their far-off grandchildren in tropical islands, secure in the faith that cold weather was due at Christmastide, independent of such trivialities as latitude. Though the holiday season falls in the summertime in south latitudes the conservative Britain of New Zealand and Australia must have his plum pudding and mince pie, along with the roast beef of old England, and it must go sorely against his grain to be obliged to forego a roaring fire and sit to his holiday meal out of doors. Though the Santa Claus and Christmas tree features are essentially Germanic it is notable with what persistency they are forced upon the Latin races. In Southern Europe, instead of a gift-laden tree and a fantastic apparition the crib or manger is the central feature of the celebration. Each family sets apart some space in the principal living room where there is fitted up a miniature representation of the Stable at Bethlehem, and art, skill and ingenuity are expended as well as money in making the picture as realistic as possible. Tiny figures to represent St. Joseph, the Virgin Mother, the Child, the Three Kings and the angels, are introduced. The ox and the ass, as well as the sheep watched by their shepherds, are provided, and though no doubt the tourist would find there anachronisms and absurdities, and perhaps even an opportunity to denounce "idolatry," there is no question at all but that the people, both old and young, are governed by a spirit of reverence and religion. The strenuous efforts of benevolent and charitable people to compel the little Italians and Spaniards to substitute the Christmas tree and St. Nicholas, for which they have neither family nor national tradition, for the "crib" with its Biblical story, seems to be as far-fetched as the idea of sending evergreens to the tropics to be decked with imitation snow and eating plum pudding on what corresponds to a New York Fourth of July.

REMOVAL NOTICE

OUR OFFICE after December 21, 1908, will be at 311 to 317 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets.

OUR WAREHOUSE will remain at the Southwest corner of Eddy and Hyde Streets, until April 18, 1909, on that date we shall remove to our old location, 147-151 Minna Street and 144-148 Natoma Street.

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My Grace

By A. M. Buckton

A streak of captive light that sleeps
  In an ancient hall,
And faintly smiles, and wanes, and creeps
From the rustling poplar bough that sweeps
  Over the ivied wall—

A far-off singer down the street—
  Children at play—
The first wan primrose, brave and sweet,
In the frozen hedgerow at our feet
  On a winter's day—

The song of a lark, o'er flowing heaven
  In a rain of light—
The village curfew tolling seven,
And, sweet as the sense of sin forgiven,
  The falling night—

A word that seems to haunt and ring
  Through bygone years;
And, playing on some hidden string,
Sets musically murmuring
  The nameless tears—

A book, in which some human soul,
  Careless perchance,
Opens the long emblazoned scroll
Of all his life, asking no toll
  For that dear glance!

The innocent laugh of boy or maid
  In the market-place,
And all fair things that have obeyed
Their sending forth, for these be said
  My daily grace!

Perspective Impressions

Even a Rockefeller, it appears, cannot be libeled with impunity.

The tenacity of self-love is often mistaken for patriotic perseverance.

To get the most out of life one must have no stronger desire than that of the improvement of his own nature.

Among intelligent beings there is none more despicable than he whose highest gratification is born of the triumph of vindictiveness.

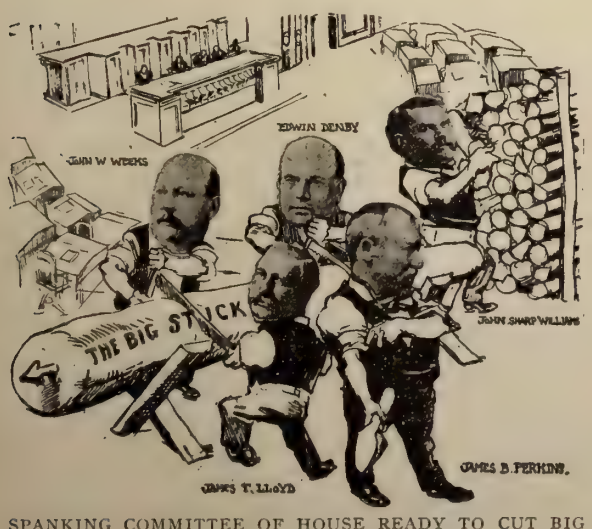
Another bond issue is recommended. Not, however, by the enthusiastic gentlemen who hope to increase the population of the city to one million.

Pat Crowe, the bandit, has become an evangelist and is lecturing on public morals. Perhaps Crowe is sincere, which is more than can be said for some lecturers on public morals.

Would President Roosevelt have objected to the employment of gumshoe men by Congress to watch him and his agents when the canal deal was on?

True goodness is humble and charitable. It looks not for infirmities, it inflicts no wound, it is conscious of its own imperfections.

Said Father McQuaide at the bier of a man hounded to his death: "There was no excuse for slander with William J. Biggy as a target. The man who will circulate false reports concerning the character of another, who would rob a just man of a fair name, does an injury that neither labor, charity or time can repair." Any comment from the editors of the Call and the Bulletin?



SPANKING COMMITTEE OF HOUSE READY TO CUT BIG STICK TO SPLINTERS.

—New York World.



HE'S QUITE A STAND-PATTER HIMSELF.

—Philadelphia North American.

A Year of California Literature

By Sarah Connell

The year 1908 has been almost devoid of events of special literary interest in San Francisco and its immediate vicinity. There was a mild flurry of excitement in the early spring, when it was reported that Jack London and his little craft had dropped out of sight and, as far as evidence to the contrary could be adduced, were probably reposing at the bottom of the South Seas. Mr. London made an effective denial, however, for in the midst of the hasty preparation of obituaries, laudatory and otherwise, he stepped from the deck of the returning Mariposa, hale and well, and with no intention whatever of abandoning his mercenary scheme of circumnavigating the globe. As it was part of the original plan to make several flying visits home before the final return, the various and varied conjectures as to the why and wherefore of the "mysterious" reappearance were just so much waste exertion. Unless we include the exhibition of Eleanor Gates' Arabian horses and the loss of George Sterling's dog, as events of literary interest, there is nothing more exciting to chronicle than the usual number of club receptions to passing celebrities, chief among whom was Elinor Glyn, who was wined and dined and feted, and given every opportunity to view the wildest and wooliest west at its wildest and wooliest. The result of her observations will probably be given to the waiting and expectant world in some shape during the coming year.

Upton Sinclair, who has elected to make his future home among the literary colonists at Carmel-by-the-Sea, delivered a course of lectures in our city, but it must be confessed that they attracted no particular attention, for the whole question of graft, pro and con has become an oppression to us. Mr. Sinclair closed the procession of "muck-rakers," for there has been scarcely one of the brotherhood who has not paid us a flying visit and held us up to scorn as the traditional awful example. But, as the old market woman remarked to the compassionate purchaser who deplored the cruelty of the necessary preparation of her edibles, "these eels are used to skinning," and there is probably no other topic which would prove less interesting to the population as a whole than a magic lantern exhibition of the wounds and scars of our body politic. "The return of the native" is the shortest and simplest method of chronicling the list of our own people who have looked in upon us, for there have been few Californian writers of any prominence who have not been able to spare time for a brief call. Chief among them have been the Irwin brothers, Wallace and Will, both of whom have won a secure place in the world of letters. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, spent some months in the southern part of the State in search of health. The Atlantic fleet brought with it an army of special correspondents, though many of the best known among them returned to the east without waiting for the ships to reach San Francisco.

Californian authors have kept the reading world fairly busy during the past twelve months, and though none have reached the first rank it is only fair to admit that they have kept well up with the procession. The Sunset Magazine held one of its periodical lotteries, in other words, a prize contest, and the verdict of the jury, as is invariably the case in all such enterprises, shows that it is the experienced writer, not the amateur who "dashes things off," whose work tells. Throughout the year 1908 the society columns have kept us well informed of the assiduity with which this or that charming maid was inking her fingers in the secret production of some masterpiece, but evidently the dancing floor, the hotel piazza and the golf links have proved superior attractions to the midnight oil or the secluded study. "In the name of the Prophet!" cries the Oriental street vender, and, having attracted the attention of the throngs by the magnificence of his proclamation, he completes his tale with "Figs." So, when the heralding trumpet is sounded, and the Bavardes make announcement, the experienced listen for the still, small voice which may, perhaps, add its modest "Figs" at the end of the outcry.

Early in the year Jack London's Iron Heel was given to the world. It proved to be a specialistic romance of the extreme order, and though it was discussed seriously in economic societies and college lectures, attracted but little attention from the general reader, who prefers something of a more conventional order, a pretty love story or an automobile romance. The Pacific Monthly secured the serial rights of "Martin Eden," another London story, and is said to have paid the author seven thousand dollars for the privilege. Mr. London has contributed short stories to various periodicals, and the episodes of his adventurous cruise have enlivened the pages of weeklies, east and west. Some one has defined genius as the capacity for keeping everlasting at it, Mr. London does his daily stint of work no matter what the conditions, and the surprising thing about his work is that it is so good considering the enormous quantity which he produces.

Homer Lea, who enjoys the distinction of being a lieutenant in the army of China and of having had a price put on his head by no less a personage than the late Tsi An, gave us a surprisingly good novel, "The Vermilion Pencil,." It is Mr. Lea's first novel, and likewise, the first dealing with Chinese life. Samuel Hopkins Adams' "Flying Death" proved to be a story of mystery enthralling enough to hold the reader's attention from first page to last, and Stewart Edward White's "Riverman," dealing with the forest products after the timber getters have completed their labors, is a worthy successor in point of time, to his "Blazed Trail," and in every other respect its equal if not its superior. Mr. White's other contribution to the book list is a practical guide to campers and trampers which it would be a wanton cruelty to put into the hands of any one unable by circumstances to follow its suggestions.

One of the literary sensations of the year was a series of Letters of a Japanese School Boy, which have appeared in Collier's Weekly. The identity of the author was revealed in course of time, and he proved to be no other than Wallace Irwin. Mr. Irwin has also put into print the "Sonnets of a Car Conductor."

The Macmillan Company has issued a new edition of Gertrude Atherton's novels, including "Patience Sparhawk," "The Californians," "The Splendid Idle Forties," and others of her earlier productions. Mrs. Atherton has been as busy as usual though the only new title she has added to her catalogue is "The Gorgeous Isle," a story of local Bohemia. In length it is no more than a novellette, and there is therefore reason to assume that early in 1909 she will be heard from again.

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Mary Austin, who has been spending some months in Europe, gave us the excellent "Santa Lucia," a story of a small college community. The initiated have no difficulty in locating the institution to which reference was made, and it stands to Mrs. Austin's credit that despite this fact there has been none of the usual unpleasant gossip incident to the effort to fit living people into the shadowy garments of the characters.

Though but a short tale, there is no book on the same subject which has attracted so much attention as the collaboration of James Hopper and Fred. Bechdolt, 9009. The tale is one of convict life, the scene that of the State penitentiary at San Quentin, and whether one agrees with the author or not in the matter of the coddling of convicts the fact remains that as a story it is a great one.

Another book which has been made the subject of widespread attention and discussion, especially in the women's clubs, is Mrs. Loewenberg's "Irresistible Current." The topic, the inevitable rounding off of sharp corners of creed and dogma until the whole world is united in a universal religion of tolerance, is one which appeals to all classes, and as a first effort, Mrs. Loewenberg scored high.

The Chamberlain sisters, Lucia and Esther, published their most ambitious work, and it is sad to chronicle that it proved to be the last in which they were to collaborate, for, shortly after its appearance, and while the newspaper columns were yet publishing commendatory reviews, just as arrangements had been entered into for its dramatization, one of the co-authors of "The Coast of Chance" laid down her pen and pencil forever. Miss Esther Chamberlain died after a lingering illness, when fame was presenting her smiling face.

Adeline Knapp's "Well in the Desert" was well received, and the memoirs of E. I. Barra, one of the genuine Argonauts, bid fair to become as popular as books of reminiscences of the early days have always proved. One of the Norwich, Connecticut, papers is now reproducing serially Uncle George Bromley's "Long Ago and Later On," which broke all records locally as a best seller.

Miss Agnes Tobin has turned her attention to lecturing on literary celebrities, and her success in this field seems predestined to reach the same high mark that she has already scored in her productive work.

There has been an abundance of both poetry and verse produced within the borders of our State, but no volume of any especial importance. Local publishing houses have turned out their usual quantity of excellent work, and the Pacific Coast periodicals have held their own. The number of new book stores which have been opened during the year, to say nothing of the extensive book department of the new Emporium, is evidence that some one must buy books, while the additions which have been made to the Mercantile Library, so that there is now scarcely floor space remaining for another tier of shelves, goes to show that borrowers are equally numerous. The Mercantile Library Association hopes to be housed in its new building on the old Post street site before the next New Year, and there is crying need for a municipal library building to take the place of the temporary and unsuitable quarters occupied by the Mission branch of the free library. Charles F. Lummis recently compiled a list of the books catalogued in the Los Angeles library which had been written by persons then or at some past time connected with the Angel City. The list closely printed, occupied the space of two newspaper columns, though it includes only the titles of volumes, not magazine contributions, and concerns itself with Los Angeles only. Several of the eastern publishing houses have established local headquarters in San Francisco during the past year, and the literary retrospect and prospect, from whatever point of view, is decidedly encouraging.

At One O'Clock in the Morning

(From Baudelaire's Poems in Prose. Translated by F. F. Sturm.)

Alone at last! Nothing is to be heard but the rattle of a few tardy and tired-out cabs. There will be silence now, if not repose, for several hours at least. At last the tyranny of the human face has disappeared—I shall not suffer except alone. At last it is permitted me to refresh myself in a bath of shadows. But first a double turn of the key in the lock. It seems to me that this turn of the key will deepen my solitude and strengthen the barriers which actually separate me from the world.

A horrible life and a horrible city! Let us run over the events of the day. I have seen several literary men; one of them wished to know if he could get to Russia by land (he seemed to have an idea that Russia was an island); I have disputed generously enough with the editor of a review, who to each objection replied: "We take the part of respectable people," which implies that every other paper but his own is edited by a knave; I have saluted some twenty people, fifteen of them unknown to me; and shaken hands with a like number, without having taken the precaution of first buying gloves; I have been driven to kill time, during a shower, with a mountebank, who wanted me to design for her a costume as Venusta; I have made my bow to a theatre manager, who said: "You will do well, perhaps, to interview Z; he is the heaviest, foolishest, and most celebrated of all my authors; with him perhaps you will be able to come to something. See him, and then we'll see." I have boasted (why?) of several villainous deeds I never committed, and indignantly denied certain shameful things I accomplished with joy, certain misdeeds of fanfaronade, crimes of human respect; I have refused an easy favour to a friend and given a written recommendation to a perfect fool. Heavens! it's well ended.

Discontented with myself and with everything and everybody else, I should be glad enough to redeem myself and regain my self-respect in the silence and solitude.

Souls of those whom I have loved, whom I have sung, fortify me; sustain me; drive away the lies and the corrupting vapours of this world; and Thou, Lord my God, accord me so much grace as shall produce some beautiful verse to prove to myself that I am not the last of men, that I am not inferior to those I despise.

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Christmas Legends and Superstitions

By the Bookworm

If Christmas falls during the waning moon we shall have a good year, the nearer to the full moon, the better, for then "The man in the moon will smile on us."

The Frisian legend of the man in the moon is that on Christmas Eve an old man, thinking of his next day's dinner, climbed the fence into his neighbor's cabbage patch and helped himself to the fine vegetables. Just as he lifted to his back the sack in which he had stowed them, the Christ child rode by on his white horse carrying gifts to good children, and seeing the thief he said: "Because thou hast stolen on the holy eve thou shalt stand in the moon and be seen by everyone forever and ever." So there he stands, with the sack of stolen cabbages on his back, and his only relief is that on Christmas Eve, he may turn around once.

Russian folk lore has it that the man was one who went up and down the world seeking the isle on which there was no death. At last, after traveling long and far, he found his haven in the moon and took up his abode there. After a hundred years had passed Death called for him, and a fierce struggle ensued with the moon, which claimed to be exempt from visitations of the dread messenger. The moon was victorious and the man remained, but Death lies in wait; so there he sits and looks down upon the earth, perhaps tired of his long vigil, but certain that should he venture forth he would never more return to his secure haven.

There are innumerable traditions, legends and superstitions connected with the mistletoe. Not only does the gift of a sprig confer good fortune, but likewise it is supposed to impart the ability to perceive witches and evil doers. The holder of a sprig of mistletoe is safe from the effects of poison no matter how cunningly administered. To the childless it brings offspring and to the sick health. The house in which the mistletoe is preserved is insured against lightning and fire and in some parts of rural England, when the Christmas decorations are removed on the second of February the mistletoe is fed to the best cow of the herd to insure the welfare of the cattle. The custom of using mistletoe for house decoration comes down from the Druidical ages. Not all mistletoe was sacred to Druids, but only that which was found growing upon oak trees. It was cut with elaborate ceremony by the priests, and the sprigs were sent around, with sprays of ivy, to remind the people to decorate their houses with evergreens in which were sheltered the sylvan sprites until the warm days come again.

To possess magic qualities holly must be woven into a wreath and worn on Christmas Eve. The wearer may evoke spirits that will sing Christmas songs. If preserved during the year it will insure the owner safety from violence. One who wears the holly wreath on Christmas night and goes alone to sit in a dark church will be gifted with second sight. All who are to die within the year will file past him in the dark.

The ancient Saxons burned the Yule log as a symbol of the turning of the sun towards spring. A brand snatched from the fire was saved to light the Yule log of the next year, and this brand, carefully preserved, was supposed to protect the house from fire during the year and subdue the spirit of the flames. In Devonshire the burning of the Yule log symbolizes the burning of old wrong and grievances, and the wassail bowl is quaffed to the drowning of feuds and animosities. In the South of France there is a custom analagous to that of the Saxon Yule log. The ceremony of cutting the tree is participated in by the whole household, and tradition demands that it shall be dragged to its place on the hearth by the eldest and the youngest. The nonogenarian grandsire and the infant in arms often play their part in this ceremony by merely touching the log, which must always be from a fruit-bearing tree, while the actual labor is performed by the the stalwart intervening generations. The sowing of St. Barbara's grain is another rural French custom. On the sixth of December, St. Barbara's day, wheat or other grain is planted in a shallow dish and carefully nurtured in the sunniest window or beside the hearth. The next harvest is believed to be forecast by the success of this trial planting, and the miniature field is the central decoration of the feast which is held on Christmas Eve.

One of the most picturesque and ancient of the Christmas spectacles of Rome has passed and within the next few years the "Christmas pipers" will survive only in tradition. These pipers were almost always peasants and shepherds of Abruzzi, who left their mountain homes in time to make their first appearance in Rome on St. Catherine's day, the twenty-fifth of November, the St. Catherine to whom devout maidens make prayer:—

"A husband, St. Catherine,
A handsome one, St. Catherine,
A rich one, St. Catherine,
A nice one, St. Catherine,
And 'soon,' St. Catherine."

With those whose prayer is unanswered—or perhaps it is those who fail to make the supplication betimes and sincerely—are doomed to braid the saint's hair for all eternity in the other world. St. Catherine's day is the arbitrary date on which the Roman winter begins, and upon which, without regard to the actual temperature, the Roman dons his heavy clothing, lights his fire in the stove and demands warmer bed covering. To the children the advent of the piper signified more than the coming of cold weather, for they knew that there intervened only one month more before the holidays. Old people and children gathered around the pifferai in the streets, the children, doubtless, attracted as much by the costume as by the music, the boys, as all the world over, on mischief bent, feeling that the strangers were their fair game. The pipers were dressed in blue linen, with a vest of flaming red, and trousers reaching only to the knee. Their sturdy legs were bound with the cords and straps which secured their leathern sandals, and a large leather bag at the waist served to hold the pipe, knife and other useful or necessary articles which elsewhere find room in the numerous pockets. They wore a short, round mantle fastened with a clasp at the throat, and their hair, long, luxuriant and curly, spread over their shoulders. Their hats of felt and broad in the brim, were decorated with peacock feathers and red tassels.

Usually these musicians were found in groups of three, two of whom played on a species of clarinet while the third manipulated an instrument not unlike the Celtic bagpipe. They passed through the streets of the cities, playing before the sacred images, and many families invited them into the houses, some even making appointments with the same groups from year to year. The usual compensation was one lire for each song, about twenty cents in our currency, and after the Christmas holidays the pipers returned to their homes the richer by perhaps fifty dollars, an almost incredible sum for

(Continued on Page 74.)

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The Spectator

Why Not Use a Prayer Wheel?

If the impending legislature is not saved from the snares of its own iniquity it will not be for lack of prayerful supplication on its behalf to all the gods in the Christian pantheon with an extra appeal to Jehovah. Owing to Senator Eddie Wolfe's objection during the last session to prayers that mentioned the Savior of the Christian sects it has been decided at this session to put on a force of chaplains representative of every religious denomination in both houses. These chaplains will take turn and turn about in addressing their several deities and it is expected by the steering committee, all of whom are unregenerate infidels, that each chaplain will look after the salvation of his special flock. Each prayer will cost the taxpayers $6, but it will be money well spent if it procures sufficient attention at headquarters to merit the assignment of a few angels with flaming swords to stand at the portals of the capitol and keep Satan at bay; to beat back the mammon of unrighteousness; to warn off Beelzebub; to clear the lobby of bribe-dispensing boodlers and boodling bribe-takers; to inspire legislation of the highest moral quality; and to impress upon the legislators the necessity of keeping in mind from one prayer to the next one the substance and intent of the prayer that was prayed by the last chaplain who uttered his invocation. What a farce it is—this polytheistic clamor amid the sordid, self-seeking, utterly worldly environment of a heterogeneous assemblage of politicians, sycophants, place seekers, pharisees, scribes and hypocrites! The very rivalry of the two-and-seventy jarring sects for the opportunity to "earn" a dollar a minute by the utterance of a generalized hope that the Almighty will "bless these deliberations," is ample evidence of the insincerity of the whole business. It would not be so bad if the chaplains would specify a few of the things that should be blessed and a few of the other things that should be damned; but a prayer of that kind would probably greatly offend those prayed for, and no chaplain that will draw a per-diem from this legislature would dare to mention anything of that sort in his prayers. It is this mockery of the sacred things of real religion that provokes the sneer on the lips of those who sit in the seats of the scorners.

Reggie—I have a jolly little diamond Christmas gift for Flossie; do you think I might trust the maid to put it in her stocking?

Jim—The French proverb says, he who serves himself is well served.

A Backsliding Peacemaker

In the eighth distribution of the Nobel prizes recently announced nothing American was mentioned. The peace prize was awarded to K. F. Arnoldson of Sweden, and M. F. Bajer, of Denmark, both former parliamentarians. This prize was once awarded to a distinguished American for promoting a peace compact between two nations that happened to be warring just previous to the meeting of the committee entrusted with the distribution of honors and emoluments commensurate with a place upon this roll of international fame. Since that time this distinguished citizen of the American republic has stultified the judgment of the committee by declaring war on the Congress of his country; by stepping down from the chair of State into the vulgar arena to do battle with the gladiators of the press; by making the quarrels of the wrangling mob his own and thereby degrading the dignity of the highest office in the gift of his fellow citizens. I hope that prize winners this year will take warning from the awful example of this American; I hope that they will justify the good opinion of the committee by continuing to be peacemakers, not peace breakers.

They Were Overlooked

I am also disappointed in the literature award. This prize went to Professor Rudolf Eucken of Jena University, who has written much on philosophical subjects. I had hoped that Dr. Jordan of Stanford University, or President Wheeler of the University of California, would be recognized at this time. I have never read any of Professor Eucken's philosophical works; and it is not my intention to read them; but I have read Dr. Jordan's books on fish culture, and I am going to read President Wheeler's "Sermons, Essays and Addresses" as soon as they are published. Perhaps the Nobel prize committee is also waiting for that publication, as regards the learned prex of our State University; but I cannot understand how the committee missed those authoritative fish books by Dr. Jordan. It cannot be that the members of the committee have never heard of Dr. Jordan and his piscicultural disquisitions. I hope next year to record an award in the literature class of the Nobel distribution to either Dr. Jordan or President Wheeler.

A Boost for American Literature

I suppose all the great writers and poets of America will have to wait their turn in this distribution. I see that prizes have already been awarded in this department to M. Sully-Prudhomme, the French poet; to Jose Echegaray, Spanish playwright; to Rudyard Kipling, "poet laureate of British imperialism"; to Professor Carducci, the Italian author; and to Sienkiewicz, the Polish writer. But thus far our poets, best sellers, magazine writers and able journalists have been passed by as if they had never existed. Yet some of them must be as worthy in their specialties as those whom I have mentioned as winners of the prize for high literary achievement. Perhaps the committee has not heard of these poets, authors, etc., whose names are household words with us. If so, I will take great pleasure in sending my list of those whom I think worthy of prizes, to be considered after the committee has exhausted its own list of writers from every other nation on earth. If deemed necessary I can forward with my list a long petition signed by most of our leading citizens recommending the persons named for substantial recognition at any time within the discretion of this committee or any of its successors even unto the third or fourth generation.

On the "Third Degree"

Fairfax Whelan has been telling the Commonwealth Club about the "third degree," and he has promised to tell them more—much more. These are not secrets of any prison house that Mr. Whelan has ever occupied, but as an eminent Grand Juryman he has had frequent

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opportunity of looking through the wickets of the dungeons and torture chambers of the modern Inquisition. He is familiar by hearsay with the "sweating" processes of the police department and he knows how the thumbscrews are applied in the inner chamber of the District Attorney's office. The result of his near experience and his observation has evidently induced a doubt in the mind of Mr. Whelan as to the efficacy of this method of procuring testimony for the prosecution. Seemingly he disapproves of duress and coercion by the police in the effort to justify the arrests they make and the accusations they formulate. Apparently he is not quite satisfied with the "question" department of the District Attorney's office. But what is he going to do about it? What is the Commonwealth Club going to do about it? What is anybody going to do about it? Nothing; of course; for it is nobody's business to interfere with the prosecution's processes of getting information that can only be obtained by threats and promises; by the torture of perpetual questioning at all and any hour of the day or night; by rewards for base treachery of accomplices and pals; by threats of the penitentiary upon evidence falsely reported as given in the confessions of those accomplices; by lies and favors; tricks and devices; physical tortures and immunity contracts that are in truth documents to compound the felonies of the accused on condition that they will implicate others beyond the reach of the prosecution except through the testimony of unconvicted felons.

Mediaeval Methods

Something of this Fairfax Whelan told to the Commonwealth Club of this city, a few days ago; and the majority of that congregation, some of whom are among the most respectable and highly esteemed citizens in the community, were astounded. It was as if Mr. Whelan had lectured to them on recondite history of the Middle Ages, including in his discourse corroborative data from secret memoirs of officials and executioners whose duty it was to manipulate the machinery of justice in the days when the Council of Ten was supreme over the doges of imperial Venice and when Torquemada sat in grim judgment on the fate of unhappy heretics already condemned to the auto-da-fe in the great plaza of Seville. The members of the Commonwealth Club were astonished at the revelations of Mr. Whelan; which argues that they pay but little attention to what they read in the newspapers. These things are plainly printed every day, and he who runs may read; he who ponders on what he reads may comprehend and understand. What is meant, for example, by the phrase: No charge was placed against the prisoner and he is now in detinue? What is this condition that the reporters call "detinue"? As it is necessary to explain these matters to the Commonwealth Club, I will say that "detinue" in police vocabulary is synonymous with the "sweating process" and means that the prisoner is under the torture of the question; that he is in a dark, hot cell where he is never sure that he will be permitted to rest in sleep; where he is likely to be roused at midnight or just before dawn to be interrogated regarding the matter of which he is accused; to be bullied, threatened, browbeaten; or, if the "case" warrants, to be promised "immunity" for his share in the crime if he will implicate somebody of more importance to the prosecution. This is what is meant by "detinue." And this is but a bald, inadequate resume of what really happens to a prisoner after he has come into the hands of a police not quite sure that they have seized the right man, or whose ultimate purpose is to use this man as a tool and instrument in the effort to convict somebody else. A prisoner in detinue is not permitted to exercise any of his constitutional rights; he is not allowed to see a lawyer or to communicate with his friends; he is in incommunicado as absolutely as were the prisoners ordered under arrest by "Butcher" Weyler in Cuba or by the Spanish tyrants who ruled with mediaeval despotism in the Philippines before Dewey shattered the shackles of that galley slave government.

An Editorial Indorsement

The Commonwealth Club disapproved of the "third degree' as practiced by the police department and the District Attorney's office, as heartily as did Mr. Whelan; but there was one man in the State of California that gave the system his full commendation. Chester H. Rowell, commenting on the facts revealed by Mr. Whelan, said editorially in the Fresno Republican, that it was necessary to "question" the accused before charging him with crime, so that the prosecuting officers may have a basis of action. It was customary to question little children suspected of wrong doing, and Mr. Rowell saw no difference between the parental investigation of juvenile disobedience or other delinquency and the "sweating" processes by which the police and the officials of the District Attorney's office "arrive at the truth" preliminary to formal procedure under restrictions prescribed by the law. According to Mr. Rowell it is eminently proper that a citizen accused shall be "investigated" before he is tried by the courts; that he shall be found guilty by the police or the prosecuting officers before he is granted his inalienable privileges under the constitution of his country; that he shall be allowed to "confess" before he fulfills his further contract of implicating somebody whom the prosecution could not otherwise convict and whom it is useless to attempt to put through the "third degree." Of course Editor Rowell is sincere in this opinion. But once in detinue Editor Rowell would change his mind. If it could happen that Editor Rowell might be "in detinue" or in process of "sweating" by the police of San Francisco or the officials of the District Attorney, no shout of dissent, no cry of alarm, no squeal of pig imprisoned helpless beneath a gate, would be louder than the protest and denunciation of this same Fresno journalist and all-round reformer.

A Relic of Barbarism

The vital objection to the practice of the "third degree" is that it is a flagrant violation of the spirit and principle of the Anglican trial by jury. The "third degree" is the modern name of "the question," also known as "the torture," which was one of the features of the inquisitorial trial. In this country and in England the method of ascertaining the truth with respect to the guilt or innocence of a man charged with crime is known as the accusatorial trial, and it should be public from beginning to end. Not even the public prosecutor, according to Francis Lieber in his work "On Civil Liberty and Self-Government," has the right to make "a secret examination of the pris-

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oner before the trial, the results of which are to be used at the trial, as this actually forms part of the French penal code." In this connection it may be of interest to be informed what is thought of the "third degree" in England. The London Saturday Review of August 3, 1907, commenting on the Steunenberg trial, touched on the subject of the part played by Pinkerton detectives. "One of the detectives of this firm," said the Review, "was given a free hand to manage Orchard, and the allegations are that he wore down his nerves and brought him to the point of starvation in the process. If an English detective had used such means, though he holds a more independent position than a detective of one of the interested parties, it is safe to say that the confession would have been disregarded by an English jury."

The Local Torture Chamber

With these observations of the old fashioned Harvard professor of law and of a London journal in mind may it not be instructive to reflect on the treatment of Abe Ruef by Detective Burns. As Ruef has been convicted and as the whole city is proud of the glorious achievement and feels that in his case no injustice could be done, I may be permitted to remind my readers that the unspeakable one was "sweated" at odd hours of the night when he was roused from sound slumber, and that this species of torture was not for the purpose of inducing the prisoner to incriminate himself, but to extract from him testimony that might lead to the conviction of others. Perhaps it will be said that the treatment to which Ruef is reported to have been subjected bore no relation to the methods pursued in the torture chamber in which the abhorrent inquisitorial trial was held. Therefore I will quote again from Professor Lieber in his chapter on the Inquisitorial Trial: "He (the judge) is allowed to resort to all kinds of tricks in order to work upon the imagination of the prisoner; for instance, calling him up at midnight, examining him and suddenly showing a skull to him." From the same authority I also learn that "court and police frightfully mingle in their functions in the first stages of the trial," and he exclaimed "No wonder that the Germans universally called for a total change of such a trial, and, as I stated before, some very important changes have taken place."

The Ways of Detectives

A circumstance that should not be overlooked in considering this matter of the "third degree" is that the prisoner under our system is not "sweated" by a judge but by a detective whose sole object is to win the glory of a conviction. Everybody who knows anything about police affairs knows that detectives are not actuated mainly by the love of truth in the pursuit of evidence against men charged with crime. When a detective undertakes to establish the guilt of a man, if he does not (as frequently has been done) actually fabricate evidence, at least he will contrive to make circumstances fit into the chain which he has set out to forge. Of this characteristic of detectives there has been abundant illustration in this city. Even detectives of more than average integrity in the ordinary affairs of life, out of a perverted professional enthusiasm, seem to develop an instinct for shaping facts to fit a theory. It is the same instinct which newspaper reporters often unconsciously develop when their specialty is that of solving sensational mysteries. We saw it illustrated but recently both by detectives and reporters in the case of a Berkeley student suspected of murder and in the Ednah Clark case, both of which were followed to a solution satisfactory to those engaged in dovetailing circumstances. Unquestionably the "third degree" often has enabled the police to fasten crime on persons, who, otherwise would have escaped punishment, but that is hardly sufficient justification for innovations and illegal practices which may become precedents to facilitate the railroading of innocent ment to jail and to the scaffold.

The Strange Case of a Millionaire and His Son

While on the subject of criminal prosecutions it may be worth while to call attention to the case of Charles Boyle of San Rafael, recently convicted of burglary in Salinas and soon to be tried for a murder of which he is suspected. He is the son of Henry Boyle, a millionaire, who is separated from the young man's mother, and who, from all accounts, has not done much toward assisting the prisoner. Indeed, according to the Independent of San Rafael, after several prominent citizens of that town testified that the defendant was insane, the father took the stand and swore that his son was sane, the result being that the jury found him guilty. There is more that I have learned from the same paper and it is that to which I wish to direct attention. The District Attorney of Salinas by whom Boyle was prosecuted for burglary says that the prisoner is "a cool, calculating, deliberate fiend, who would stop at nothing to accomplish his end," and while it is true "he is not of sound mind, nevertheless he is too dangerous a scoundrel to be at large." So he is to be tried for murdering a poor woman whose throat was cut from ear to ear. Boyle is the young man who, some months ago, poisoned valuable horses belonging to A. W. Foster and committed other apparently motiveless crimes in San Rafael. Some years ago he was injured playing football and now he is a fiend, but Dr. Hitchcock of San Rafael, Dr. Howitt, Dr. Wickman, George Agnew, Frank Johnson, the Fosters, whose horses were poisoned, and numerous others are convinced that the unfortunate young man is absolutely irresponsible. Nevertheless, a district attorney, who says that the prisoner is not of sound mind, apparently is prepared to prosecute him for murder. I am told that in Salinas the murder excited great indignation, and that such is the present state of feeling Boyle is very likely to be convicted. Meanwhile an explanation of the attitude of the defendant's father ought to be interesting. Rather a queer individual himself, I am inclined to think, for I read in the Independent that after giving testimony against his son he tried to collect from the county clerk three dollars for witness fees. Obviously this case contains the elements of a story of exceptional human interest, and I am curious to know why it has not been exploited.

Burlingame Matron (returning a borrowed book)—Thanks very much. I like Balzac. He writes such good English.

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Our Army From the British Viewpoint

Once again the American army has excited the ire of the British critic, who has proceeded to demolish it at long range, horse foot and guns. The London Daily Telegraph publishes a long screed in which it is set forth that the American military force is all that an army should not be and that it can never be anything better than it is. Grievance No. 1 appears to be that instead of ornamenting barracks in small towns and acting as escort for nurses and housemaids on their afternoons out (for a consideration) the American soldier spends the greater part of his service time on frontier posts and in the Philippines. "He plays no part in the literature of his country and no Kipling has ever sketched his life in time of peace." As to that, the obvious answer is that the American soldier is stationed where his work lies. England has always had an army but it is a current belief that until Kipling introduced her to her own "Soldiers Three" she was not aware of it, and if memory serves, it was on frontier posts and in the colonial possessions that he met his redoubtable "musketeers." In all the years of her existence the British Empire has produced but one Kipling, so it is hardly fair to use his name, though any stick will answer to beat a dog with. If we may not claim a Kipling, we have General Charles King, an army officer who has seen service under every condition and who has written nearly a dozen novels dealing with army life. John Fleming Wilson wrote some stories which in matter and manner challenge comparison with Kipling's soldier episodes and it would not be at all difficult to quote the names of half a score others, while England can claim but the one. Moreover if one is to fall back upon Kipling for evidence, the British army consists of little more than the three, with officers enough to keep them in order. That the army is the home of the American officer is admitted. It is expected to be so. The American army officer is educated by the government with the understanding that while he remains in the service he will devote the whole of his time and talents to his work. The English officer is a man of family who buys a commission and makes no effort whatever to live on his pay. He is acceptable not because of his training or military enthusiasm but because he has had the good luck to be born a "gentleman," and it is assumed in some mysterious fashion all the rest will be added unto him. It is a rather singular complaint to make of a citizen of a republic that as an officer he serves a nation, not a party, and an equally singular grievance to record against a private that he is citizen first and soldier afterward. Our critic has read his Kipling to little purpose after all. He laments that "Even on active service the American private expects to receive his rations of fresh meat and soft bread as laid down in the regulations. He has none of that grit which makes the British private tighten his belt and go on with the certainty that before long he will have a fight which will more than compensate him for his privations." In "A Conference of the Powers," "the Infant," discoursing at length on the same subject, voices his criticism as follows: "Tommy's such an exacting sort of creature, though he works beautifully. He wants to live as though he were in barracks all the time. I was grubbing on fowls and boiled corn, but the Tommies wanted their pound of fresh meat and their half-ounce of this and their two ounces of t'other thing, and they used to come at me and badger me for plug tobacco when we were four days in jungle! I said 'I can get you Burmese tobacco but I don't keep a canteen up my sleeve.' They couldn't see it. They wanted all the luxuries of the season, confound 'em." As to the iniquities of the American soldier writing to his congressman to complain, wherefore not when rations are short and looted army supplies are sold in the markets? It is one of the things that the American people expect and which the soldier in his civilian capacity has a right to report. He probably is paying his share of the taxes out of which military rations are bought.

As Kipling Saw Us and What Happened

When Kipling was a green and callow youth he made a flying trip through our country and took occasion to ridicule our "dear little army" and to prophecy what would happen if we ever had occasion to make real use of it. He rather regretted that the two nations were so nearly related that there was little likelihood of Tommy Atkins ever taking a share in the sport, for he felt convinced that it would be all over in the first round. He outlined the consternation that would overtake the United States were a foreign navy to appear on our shore and smacked his lips over the rich loot that would be afforded by the coast and lake cities bombarded from a distance of six miles, while military and citizens cowered fearful in the interior. He knew just the absurdity and futility of attempting to fill the ranks with volunteers, and pictured the confusion worse confounded and the joy of the enemy, who would proceed to "lick us to a frazzle" while the distracted officers were bringing a semblance of order out of the chaos. But what happened? We did have a war with a nation which was generally looked upon as a rather formidable opponent, and her navy never came within sight of our shores. It was brought to a triumphal conclusion, from declaration of hostilities to final treaty, within less than sixteen weeks, and we went calmly on about our business as before. On the other hand, the invincible British army brought face to face with a handful of resolute Boers, was so completely routed that even Kipling himself turned his pen to the berating of his own nation. His laudation of the cricket and polo heroes became denunciation of the "flanneled fools" and "muddied oafs," and instead of the glorification of the six feet of Irish and Yorkshire beef and brawn his attention was forced to the undersized, pigeon-breasted unintelligent material which, even when the requirements were lowered to

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the last notch, were insufficient in numbers to fill the ranks. It is eminently true that the army man, whether officer or private, is not conspicuous on our streets, and perhaps for the same reason that doctors and lawyers would be missed likewise, if we depended on their uniform to identify them. They are not numbered among the unemployed and are supposed to be attending to their legitimate occupations elsewhere. Moreover, the army man is a very small part of our population. In Germany, for instance, one man in thirty is a soldier. In the United States the proportion is one in three hundred, and the three hundred are spread over a vastly larger area. As to "the ghastly failures made at the time of the Spanish war" they were not made by the military but by the civilian arm of the nation, and considering the still more ghastly blunders made at the time of the Boer war, a decent reticence would seem to be more to the purpose. The simple truth is that the might of the British army is largely a matter of theory. Up to the time of the Boer war it was so many years since it had been called upon to face a foe of anything like equal strength and equipment that there was virtually no adequate basis of comparison. The little outbreaks which furnish occupation for the troops in India are about on a level with our own Indian troubles. While the United States as a whole has never given the Indian wars the serious consideration which they deserved, the insurrections of the Burmese and Afghan tribes have been duly magnified, and the stay-at-home Englishman who meets an occasional officer on leave at a club and encounters Tommy in the splendors of his uniform, is too apt to be carried away by the gold lace and glitter. When it comes to quoting Kipling as authority in army matters the result is like searching the scripture. There is a text for every argument, and for all his glorification of the man in the ranks, his grit and willingness, there steals into the memory that protest of Stanley Ortheris "pen 'north of pop" against being "a thin red 'ero" in time of war and not good enough to be served with drink in a common club if any one else objected to his red coat, while one of the few occasions on which slow, stolid Jack Learoyd opened his mouth to speak it was in denunciation of the stock pious tale of the bad boy who began his career of crime by stealing birds' nests, and followed it through a course of Sabbath-day swimming, until he finally reached his ordained bad end 'an' went an 'listed for a sojer."

"So the millionaires gave a mask ball? Was it a success?" "No, but it would have been a success save for Percy Lavender." "What did he do?" "Why, he went disguised as a process-server, and all the millionaires jumped out of the windows."

The Steinheil Mystery

Not since the exposure of the great Humbert swindle has Paris shown so much interest in a crime as that which is taken in the murder of Adolphe Steinheil, the artist and of his mother-in-law, Madame Japy. At first it was thought the murders were committed by thieves. Mr. Steinheil who was found in her room, bound and gagged, told the police that a red-headed woman and four men committed the crimes, and that their purpose was robbery. In the course of time stories were told about Mme. Steinheil and her relations with persons of high position. M. Leydet, the Magistrate, was accused of being willing to stifle the inquiry because he had been an intimate friend of Mme. Steinheil. M. Hamard was said to be in the same position. But the stories that gained most credence were based on the intimacy which existed between the late President Felix Faure and Mme. Steinheil. According to one story Mme. Steinheil possessed letters written to her by Felix Faure which her husband had threatened to publish for blackmailing purposes. The burglary, according to this story, was carried out by the authorities themselves to get possession of the letters, while the accidental presence of the painter, his wife and her mother brought about the tragedy. Another story, propagated by the anti-Dreyfusards, was that Mme. Steinheil was the agent of a Jewish syndicate which supported Dreyfus and that she had poisoned Felix Faure the evening before he was going to sign the decree for the revision of the Dreyfus case.

Faure's Death

The story that Felix Faure was murdered has been in circulation several years, and it has been hinted at in many newspapers by correspondents who intimated that it was instigated by the secret police of Paris. The facts regarding his death are briefly these: About 5 o'clock on the afternoon of February 17, 1899, Faure entered a room in the Elysee Palace which had been fitted up as a place where he could take a rest from his official labors. He was there joined by his mistress, Mme. Steinheil. Three-quarters of an hour later M. Le Gall, the President's secretary, who was in an adjoining room, heard a cry for help from the room. Entering, he discovered M. Faure lying back on the sofa very pale, obviously ill, and moaning loudly, while in front of him stood Mme. Steinheil, who fainted on seeing Le Gall enter. A doctor who chanced to be in the building declared the President to be dying from an attack of arterio-sclerosis. Mme. Steinheil was hurried to a carriage and sent home. The President was moved into the residential part of the palace, where he died at 10 o'clock.

The Man She Loved

Mme. Steinheil was a society woman of powerful influence in the days of Faure's administration. She was beautiful, clever and hampered by no scruples as was evident from her many love affairs. After the murder of her husband she went about as though nothing had happened until, as she has since explained, to justify herself in the eyes of one whose love she had lost, she ac-

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cused an American journalist of the crime. He proved an alibi and then she said the murder was committed by her husband's valet. He too proved an alibi and then she accused the son of her cook, a man named Wolf, who also proved an alibi after which Madame Steinheil herself was arrested. The man whose love she said she wished to regain put himself at once in communication with the Attorney-general. He proved to be M. Borderel, a wealthy land owner in the Department of Ardennes, Mayor of Balaives and a typical country gentleman of middle age, a widower with four children. He told the following story: "On March 8th last I went to Paris to see my children. I was introduced to Mme. Steinheil at a reception. Her beauty and grace fascinated me forthwith and I gladly accepted her invitation to call at her house to see her husband's pictures. When I went I bought two pictures for $1,600. A little later I was invited to dinner, and found at the house a wealthy and distinguished company belonging to the artistic, military, industrial and judicial worlds. The musical talents of the mistress of the house charmed me, our social relations soon took on another character and a few days before Easter we arranged to pass the holiday season at her cottage at Bellevue. For a month it was an exquisite idyll. Marguerite seemed to adore me. She told me her past life. One day she said: 'I know that evil tongues pretend that I have had many lovers. It is false, I swear it! I have never loved but one man, that is you.' I had a name on my lips which I repeated to her—Felix Faure. She sprang up. 'It is false! I was ill in bed when he died. I can prove it, if you will, by showing you Dr. Suffit's certificates.' (The doctor has since said that he was not even attending Mme. Steinheil at the time.) Then she added, 'I love only you. My husband leads a life of infamy. I hate him. I have hated through my life, my husband and my mother, who compelled me to marry him. I will get a divorce and you shall marry me.'"

He Deserted Her

M. Borderel told her at once that he intended never to marry owing to his children; certainly not before his daughter, then 13, was grown up. M. Borderel paid the rent and all the expenses of the Bellevue villa and returned to his country home. There a reaction set in, and he determined to break with Mme. Steinheil. He returned to Paris on May 14th for a final interview with her, but returned without explaining himself as he found her entertaining a large dinner party. On May 30th, the morning before the crime, Mme. Steinheil called him up on the telephone in the Mayor's office at Balaives. "The communication was bad," M. Borderel told the Magistrate. "I could only hear these words, 'Well, I am satisfied. At least I hear your voice.' Then came a burst of laughter so young, so pure, so clear, that now I do not believe it possible that the woman who laugned like that in the morning could have taken part in so fearful a crime on the same evening." When M. Borderel heard of the crime he hastened to Paris and saw Mme. Steinheil, who was still too ill to speak to him. Since then, he says, he has not heard from or written to her, except that he has sent her funds by the hands of a friend. The new Magistrate is beginning his inquiry over from the beginning, his first step being to order the bodies of M. Steinheil and Mme. Japy to be exhumed to see if a chemical analysis will show if they had been poisoned or drugged on the evening of the crime with a view to facilitating its perpetration. Marietta Wolf, the cook, now incensed by the accusation against her son, is willing to tell stories about the mistress she once loved, stories of her liaisons with rich men which leave it clear that M. Steinheil knew how his wife lived and obtained so much money.

"I hear that young Mr. Philkins is quite ill," said Mrs. Joggins. "Yes, poor fellow," replied Mrs. Snooper, "he leads such a sedimentary life that his health is shattered."

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The Old Consul and the New

I learn from an article by Professor Powell, published in one of the cheap and popular newspapers of New York, that my old friend the American consul is no more; that he is a political deadster and deep buried in the dust and mold of the tradition of diplomacy. He is a picturesque memory; and another now fills the place that once was his. This other, I am informed, is an up-to-date young man, alert, active, suave, aggressive in crisis or emergency, learned, cultured, enterprising, cool headed, wise as Polonius, shrewd as Falstaff, witty as Mercuito. This young man is an Admirable Crichton in all knowledge necessary to his consular and diplomatic equipment. He is the product of a civil service examination that would have floored a Jeremy Bentham and knocked old Doc Johnson endwise. He has achieved an excess of 85 per cent in oral and written answers to questions in maritime and commerial law, political economy, history of the United States, modern history of the world at large, arithmetic, one or two languages besides English, and business methods appertaining to the office he is seeking. These young men, some of whom could square the circle or solve the fourth dimension if it was required by the Examiners of the Civil Service are to receive, in the beginning of their career, from $2000 to $2500 a year! Imagine all that learning, ability, occult and highly specialized erudition, going begging for the hire of a bank cashier or the city editor of a newspaper in a third or fourth rate city! How many Envoys Extraordinary, Ministers Plenipotentiary, or Ambassadors to the Court of St. James could pass that examination on a basis of 85 per cent? My hope of preferment against Doctor Pardee's chance of getting what he would like to have, that not one of our far-flung diplomats occupying seats of the mighty at banquet boards of foreign court functions, could smash forty per cent out of that consular examination, to say nothing of 85 per cent. It's all very well to get these erudite and capable young men for the service of the government; but what a waste of young men! That's the way it goes. Millions of volts and watts and ohms of mental energy expended upon trivial affairs to produce infinitesimal results. Mountains laboring to bring forth a measly litter of miserable mice, bludgeons braining butterflies, square men in round holes, and square holes to misfit round pegs. There must be something wrong with these young fellows. Perhaps they lack ambition and prefer the easy dignity, the cultured or semi-cultured environment of a consular or legation job, to the larger, manlier, more useful, more courageous if more streuous effort necessary to maintain them on the firing line in the fierce, relentless battle of life, wherein victory or defeat makes for the common betterment of humanity and the higher civilization of posterity. My heart bleeds for these splendidly equipped young men thus wantonly consigned to lives of vague incertitude and eternally doomed to dull oblivion's shade. The old-time, stout-hearted, tobacco-chewing, swaggering, blustering, bluffing, big hearted consuls were good enough, "smart" enough and big enough to represent the American republic abroad; and they were brave enough if occasion required to tell king, kaiser, prince or potentate to "go to hell." They never fawned at courts or bent the pregnant hinges of the knee to Shah, Sultan, Rajah or Ahkoand of Swat. They "seen their duty, a dead sure thing; and

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they went for it thar an' then." So wrote one of the ablest secretaries that ever directed the business of our Department of State, paying the tribute of a great man's appreciation of a hero's merit; and so he might have written of the old time consul, whose place is now filled with America's best young manhood, frittered away in work that ought to be performed by men of sterner stuff, coarse-fibred, perhaps, but competent, and for the most part loyal to the trust reposed in them by their country and their countrymen.

The New Year's Eve Celebration

The downtown New Year's eve celebration is not to be merely a local affair. The ruralities have begun to sit up and take notice, and there is going to be a great rush of people hitherward for participation in the joyous event which gives promise of being a carnival of the most spirited character. According to Paul T. Carroll, chairman of the celebration committee, the carnival "will go down in the annals of local history as the biggest and most distinctive event ever held here." Andrew McCarthy, chairman of the Finance Committee, says that the merchants have responded generously and with enthusiasm. "They are pulling together as they never pulled before," he says, "and the spirit of them augurs well for the future of the city." Among the greatest enthusiasts in town are the Chinese. Mr. Look Tiu Eli, manager of the Sing Chong Company, the first firm to begin rebuilding in the old quarter, has been taking a most active interest in the preparations for the celebration. He was mainly instrumental in raising ten thousand dollars for illuminating and decorating purposes.

Gardener McLaren is Now Author McLaren

Though there are guides and treatises innumerable for the use of gardeners, amateur and professional, it has been a subject of regret that not one of the extensive library is of practical value in our own State, and still less in our own vicinity. Not only do times and seasons vary so that the Californian looks for blossoms at about the season that his eastern brother is breaking soil and examining seed catalogues, but the plants and shrubs which are considered worthy of special care and shelter either take care of themselves in our climate or



DOWNTOWN MERCHANTS' COMMITTEE
Sitting down (reading from left to right) are W. D. Fennimore, John A. Hammersmith and Paul T. Carroll; standing, Robert A. Roos and A. G. McCarthy.

else are discarded for others of greater value. Mr. John McLaren, our master gardener, under whose guidance Golden Gate Park has grown from an ocean sand dune into one of the wonders of the modern world, has at last come to the rescue, and his "Gardening in California" will prove to the prospective home builder every bit as

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valuable as the device of an architect on house construction. Mr. McLaren does not make the mistake of taking anything for granted, but goes back to first principles, to the selection of the grounds, the laying out of footpaths and driveways, the consideration of every point of advantage and disadvantage, and the outlining of house, stable and other structures by means of flagged stakes—all this before the first spadeful of earth is turned. Each step in the construction of roads as well as of lawns, flower beds, vistas and tree clumps is given the same attention. Water supply is considered, and in fact, every possible problem connected with the laying out and care of a pleasure garden. There are even diagrams showing the best treatment of plots from the size of a small city lot to that of a sizable park, but for his minuteness the author is never dogmatic. He advises, suggests variations, guides, but never commands. Water gardens, window boxes, house plants and conservatories all receive their due. Nearly every plant, shrub and tree that can be grown is described; the method of propagation, special need, best location for culture, insect pests, and everything else of interest or value set forth. Even the shape of the hole into which a shrub is to be transplanted is descanted on at length. "Gardening in California" will be a useful guide to one whose operations must be confined to a handkerchief lawn. The prospective owner of a large plot or a country place should not dream of ignoring it. Even if there is to be an army of gardeners and undergardeners, the information to be gathered from its pages, the hints of how and why, will prevent much future disappointment inevitable when matters are managed haphazard. And to crown all, Mr. McLaren's easy simplicity of language and his deep interest in his subject gives the book an intimate character. Each garden lover—and it is not designed for any other—must feel that it is personal and to himself. The work has been brought out in beautiful style by Mr. A. M. Robertson.

Mother Goose in Bohemia

The Christmas jinks of the Bohemian Club bids fair to equal if not to outshine former festivities in point of cleverness, as well as to serve the legitimate end of all such endeavors. It is rumored that so many of the monthly dinners have been marred, at least for some of the members, by an objectionable broadness that something in the nature of a protest has been registered, and that the Christmas playlet is to mark the beginning of a reform. It is to be a rollicking extravaganza of Mother Goose characters, taking in everything, from the ogres with their "buckets of blood' melody to the little owls. Mother Goose will be impersonated by Dick Hotaling. J. Wilson Shields is to be one of the ogres, and Spencer Grant, Harry Bates and Billy Smith are to be the owls. It is the joint work of Charles Fields and a collaborator.

And McCreery Vanished

The members of the Bohemian Club are looking for Mr. McCreery. He has been missing, so they say, since Friday night, and the cause of his disappearance may be traced to Dr. Shields. The genial club members had a gay dinner party. Prosperity smiled and merriment



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ran high, and it occurred to them that the time was ripe to indulge in a new piano for their private entertainments. No sooner was the proposition made than a subscription was started and in the course of a few minutes two hundred and fifty dollars were raised. It was a goodly sum, but as nothing but a Steinway was to be considered, of course it fell a long way short of the full price. Dr. Shields presented the pathetic case to the consideration of Mr. Creery, who is a cautious man in money matters, and credited with an inclination to look twice at his dollars before he bids them farewell. Be that as it may, he drew out a well filled wallet and handed out greenbacks to the amount of fifty dollars. In the name of the club Dr. Shields acknowledged the generosity. In his suavest manner he inadvertently gave the assurance that they would be only too happy to appeal again should they be in need, and that they felt confident the deficiency would be made good. Mr. McCreery clapped his hands to his head and ran. He has not been seen about the club premises since, and even the lightest-hearted express fears that the case is serious.

THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

A general change of sentiment has come over Wall Street operators since my last letter. Many of the big traders who have maintained a bullish position for the past year turned on the market after President-elect Taft delivered his Wednesday night speech in which he gave expression to what might be expected in the way of tariff revision. It was generally believed he would be contented with a few reductions here and there, but it is quite evident that a campaign of no small proportions will be conducted in this direction. The stocks that will be mostly offered will be smelters: steel, lead, copper, and securities of this character. Mr. E. F. Hutton, who is considered one of the best posted Wall Street men, predicts Steel Common will sell at 30, that St. Paul, Great Northern and Northern Pacific will necessarily have to reduce their present rate of dividends. There has been evidence recently of many large transportation properties showing a willingness to float new bonds. The fact that so many wanted to do this at this time caused a reversal of the recent bullish feeling. One by one the market leaders began liquidating their holdings. The public have a fairly good load to carry at present, and will no doubt have to let go should any material decline come. The market will wave one way and the other as bills are brought to light by Congress. The aggressiveness of President Roosevelt does not add assurance to investors.

The market in general has had a very big advance durthe past six months. No doubt many of the large lines, which are accumulated during the panic, have been sold out and will not be replaced unless a material decline from present prices is seen. Money rates are somewhat lower than they were a week ago. For the present at least quick profits should be taken. A scalping market will be about the best that may be expected until more definite information may be had regarding the action of Congress.

A good motto—Temperance against Prohibition—"The Old Government" against poor Whisky.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Greenway Assembly

By the first of his Assemblies at the Fairmont Ned. Greenway fully sustained his reputation as a host. Nay, he won new laurels, and wore them with the jaunty air of the gayest of gay young cavaliers. As I hinted last week Mr. Greenway has been whipping up his energies, stimulating himself with a view to notable achievement, and now I am pleased to record the gratifying success that crowned his mighty endeavor. At brief intervals for several years the rumor has been let loose to the dismay of the elect that our illustrious master of the revels, mindful of the waning of his physical powers and the waxing of his embonpoint, was about to abandon the fashionable herd to its fate—to retire with his laurels, as it were, and yield the sceptre to some younger person inspired with ambition for a record. But now it is evident that these rumors were without foundation; that Mr. Greenway has taken a new lease of life and implanted himself more firmly than ever on his throne; also, that a little rivalry



MISS CAROL HARRIMAN

Daughter of E. H. Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific Company.

was the very stimulant the doctor ordered. The plutocrats of Burlingame may come to town with their checkbooks to invade the Greenway citadel; they may organize and exclude; they may electrify and dazzle, but they can't make Ned take a back seat. I don't know what the first Greenway Assembly cost, but there was nothing about it that savored of the piker. The resources of the Fairmont were never so thoroughly tested as they were last Friday night; nor had we ever before quite realized the capacity for enchantment inherent in that big white palace on the hill. As for the human side of the ball, it was in every sense eloquent of the wealth and beauty of San Francisco. If anybody who is somebody in society was not present it was because nobody could alter the circumstances that rendered attendance impossible. But this does not mean that the bars were down.

Dr. Louis D. Mead has opened offices at 626-627 Butler Building, Union Square.

The Barn Dance

The ball, despite the sumptuousness of it, was delightfully free from everything that one associates with the always frozen formalities, and as there was a surplus of men none of the girls pined for partners. The debutantes who suffered disappointment at the first Greenway had no cause for complaint. The gaiety of the event did not reach its climax until the midnight banquet at which everybody went in for a rollicking good time, after which came the barn dance which has become the inevitable feature of all such affairs. As usual the novices cut a comical figure, even the most graceful of them behaving somewhat after the style of a Kangaroo.



MISS MARY HARRIMAN

Daughter of E. H. Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific Company.

Among the girls who have almost reached perfection in this dance are Claire Nichols, Margaret Newhall and Christine Pomeroy. Of Christine I heard it remarked that she can do the dance better than a native to the manner born.

The Riot of Luxury at Burlingame

It is idle to speculate on the question of the final limit of luxury when people have the money and the will to spend it. Mere millionaires are already relatively amongst the poor, and it need surprise no one if, some day in the future, fashionable charities will be organized to assist them in the purchase of what to them are necessaries, just as second-hand toys and clothing

and holiday dinners are now provided for the real paupers. The cost of such little matters as carriages and automobiles runs up into the ten thousands, and one may as well have nothing at all as fall behind the fashion in such things. The George A. Popes, they tell us, have the automobile fever in a virulent form. The latest addition to their collection is a Renault Limousine furnished with gold and Bohemian glassware. Every novelty that French ingenuity could suggest has been added. The pressure of an electric button drops into place the bridge table and extra seats, and there is absolutely nothing lacking which wealth could supply or fancy demand. The glory of every other machine has been dimmed, and since the appearance of the Popes' at the last polo game it has been the subject of the envious gossip of the Burlingame set. Naturally, others will not consent to be outdistanced, and we may look forward to a period of extravagant rivalry. The Andrew Welches already have the machine fad well developed. They have four now, but someone mentioned that they were negotiating for another for Santa Barbara next summer. As money is no object with them the chances are that their next acquisition will outdo the Popes' in its appointments.

An Episode of a Ball

There are practical disadvantages to be encountered by the wearers of the Directoire gown. Some of the adopters of this style find it difficult to progress at all under any circumstances, and would, no doubt, appreciate the forethought which counseled our great-grandmothers of beloved memory to practice in private before they ventured abroad in the voluminous crinoline of their day and generation. The specific charge brought against the Directoire is the hindrance which it interposes to the full enjoyment of the dance, though Paris dancing masters have already signified their intention of meeting the difficulty half way by introducing new movements more in keeping with the costume. But that is yet in the future, and the present problem is how to meet conditions as they are, wear the fashionable gown, enjoy the dance and avoid making a spectacle of one's self. At one of the recent balls in this city a matron and a maid each solved the difficulty to her own satisfaction, though they adopted diametrically opposite methods. The matron's gown was a stunning one, with a train several yards in length, and when the waltz began she found herself confronted with the choice between letting it sweep or holding it too high to conform to the accepted conventions. She quickly decided in favor of the former, with the result that ere long she was obliged to retire for repairs to what remained of her four hundred dollar gown. The maid, on the other hand, began the dance with vigor, holding her train from the ravages of passing feet. One or two falls convinced her that clinging gowns and graceful dancing were incompatible, so she arranged her costume as comfortably as circumstances permitted, and danced the evening away. They say her silver and blue stockings were the envy of every woman present. It was at this same ball that George Newhall remarked on the extravagance of the hosiery, which must have cost a small fortune in itself.

A Continuous Performance

Miss Marion Wright is an extremely popular girl. During the last year she has officiated as bridesmaid at so many weddings that she has numbered her gowns, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. The seventh was the frock she wore at the Davis-McDonald wedding, where she was maid of honor. It was soft corn-colored satin draping her slender figure in an unbroken line, with a panel of gold-colored embroidery that hung straight from neck to feet. Her hair, done in Grecian style, completed the effect of her costume.

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None But the Army For Her

It would be hard to tell which of the two cousins, Eliza McMullin and Anna Weller, who were formally presented to society on the same day, is the more popular. While Eliza, by the way, has expressed no predilection for any of the professions that supply eligibles for the swell debutante class, Anna, I hear, is partial to the army. I understand that she has unburdened herself and declared that she will never marry at all unless the inevitable "he" wears the olive-drab for an everyday dress. She might "possibly" marry into the navy, as second choice, but the applicant for her hand and heart must "positively wear a uniform." The ultimatum has gone forth and we have but to await results, but, come to think of it, at her coming out tea the artillery appeared to be the army branch most in favor.

The Borels

Word comes from San Mateo that Lupita Borel is busying herself these days with plans for Christmas festivities for the poor children of Beresford. It is unusual for one so young to be so forethoughtful but the work which she accomplishes cannot be overestimated. The Borel girls are all bright and clever, and their advantages of travel and continental society make them unusually interesting conversationalists. Had the family remained in the city Miss Lupita would have been one of the winter's debutantes, but until the expiration of the lease which the Pacific Union Club holds on the Borel residence they have elected to make their home at San Mateo. Society has probably missed them more than they have society, for they are a most united family and quite a colony among themselves. The three married daughters, Mrs. Bevet, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Cotton have their own homes near the family mansion just outside of San Mateo, and there are two younger daughters still sheltered under the old roof tree. Miss Lupita is a studious girl with the unique fad of keeping a collection of the wild flowers of every country which she has visited.

The Corbins and the Pattons

The society hives of Washington are buzzing with the story that it was the social ambition of his wife that led to the defeat of Major General H. C. Corbin for the

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Below VAN NESS

important position of chairman of the inauguration ceremonies to take place next March. Like all women's warfare, the action took place behind the scenes, and only the result is presented to the public. To understand the situation one must delve more or less into ancient history which has more or less of a California setting. Mrs. Corbin's father, the late William Patton, was one of those picturesque western characters, an ordinary Virginia City miner who one day "struck it rich." When fortune smiled upon him he turned his back on the Nevada town and with his wife and family he established himself in San Francisco. There were five daughters who were enrolled at the convent of Notre Dame in San Jose and given all the advantages of education. Mr. Patton did not survive long to enjoy his fortune, and at his death he left his widow enormously wealthy. Like many other pioneer wives, Mrs. Patton was practically destitute of book-learning and the contrast between her pathetic ignorance and her large bank account only served to emphasize the discrepancy. Eventually she went abroad with her daughters and when she returned to America, took up their abode on Massachusetts avenue in Washington, where they bent all their energies in the direction of social conquest. The sudden death of the mother, who left a large fortune somewhat lessened the handicap, but for all that, the home of the Patton girls was facetiously dubbed "the Irish Legation" by the tongues of the Washington wits. The Pattons were fine girls and their clever wits and caustic tongues made it a dangerous pastime to cross swords with them. Mary, the eldest daughter, was once reported to be engaged to Bourke Cochran. Augusta married Congressman J. M. Glover of Maine, from whom she was divorced, in order, so said the gossips, to marry Senator W. A. Clarke. Edith is the wife of Major General Corbin and Nellie and Josephine are yet unmarried. They succeeded to some extent in their ambition of storming the portals of society but have never entered the holy of holies. Mrs. Corbin's name appeared in the list of contributors to the Republican campaign fund as the donor of ten thousand dollars. It is gossipped about that had the chairmanship been given to General Corbin Mrs. Corbin would have exercised the right to score off her old debts against those who have opposed her socially, and so great was the fear of those who, in their own day of supremacy ruthlessly used their power that every opposing influence was brought to bear, with the result that the coveted post was given to E. J. Stellwagon, the banker.

The Kurtzs of Yerba Buena

To see dainty little Mrs. Kurtz in her pretty home on Goat Island, no one could imagine her in high boots and hunting garb, and yet, up at the big Van Arsdale place, "Ridgewood," above Ukiah, hunting was always one of her favorite pursuits. The Van Arsdales have a beautiful tract of land there; and before her marriage Irene was fond of giving large house parties during the season. Hospitality was informal, and there was a good deal of pleasure, roughing things. Mrs. Kurtz has just returned from a visit to Ridgewood and will spend the winter at the navy station. There is a story, too proposterous to be quite credible told in connection with Lieutenant Kurtz's advent on these shores, though as a story it is good enough to bear repetition, even if the joke is on us. It seems that the lieutenant's orders designated Yerba Buena as his station, and on his arrival in San Francisco his first inquiries were how to reach it. He was assured that there was no place of the name in this vicinity, but as his official orders distinctly named Yerba Buena he continued to seek information as to its location, and when he insisted that it was an island in San Francisco bay he was jokingly assured that the war department had taken one glass too many. In the course of time it was recalled that the place was sometimes called Goat Island and then people caught on. These same wiseacres are now believed to be keeping a memorandum of the official title stored in the backs of their minds to spring casually on the next unsuspecting stranger.

A Philosophic Debutante

Katherine Donohue has developed an independence of character unusual for a girl of her years. She takes life philosophically and enjoys herself in her own way, an attitude of mind which it would be well for other debutantes to cultivate. On Friday night she presented an agreeable contrast to some of the other buds who permitted their disappointment to be seen when, through lack of a sufficient number of dancing men, they were left without partners for some of the numbers. Miss Donohue, on the other hand, elected to sit on several times when she might have been on the floor, and appeared to take as much pleasure out of the passive role of spectator as she would have enjoyed as a participant. It is not at all unlikely that she was actuated by the most unselfish motives, the assumption that if she did not dance some other girl would be asked, and one little heart-twinge averted. Another little debutante shows an inclination to be less greedy of pleasure than is generally assumed to be the case with the very youthful. She was heard to remark that she could hardly wait for next winter to arrive, and when asked why, instead of replying that she was eager to launch on another season of gaiety, she answered: "Because I shall not have to go out when I do not choose to."

Burlingame Holiday Festivities

San Francisco will be quite deserted over the Christmas holidays. A regular mid-summer colony will gather again in Burlingame and several big house parties will be given at the many beautiful homes that have been closed since the commencement of the season. The festivities planned for the occasion are very numerous, dinners

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MEN AND WOMEN IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE

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Because for nearly a century it has been used with wonderful success for dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. In this time hundreds of hair tonics have come and gone, but ED. PINAUD'S maintains its position as the best, due entirely to its merits. It is more than a mere hair tonic—as a daily dressing for the hair it is a delight, making the hair soft, lustrous and fragrant. It should have a prominent place on the dressing table of all refined people.

Would you like to try a sample of this delightful preparation? Write us today, enclosing 10 cts. (to pay postage and packing), and we will send you a liberal sample.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, DEPT. S. F.

ED. PINAUD BLDG. FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

and polo matches taking the lead and ending with the large ball New Year's Eve at the Burlingame Country Club. Mrs. Mountford Wilson will entertain at one of the largest house parties, her guests including Mrs. C. O. Alexander and Harriett, in whose honor it will be given. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, I hear, will also reopen their home in El Cerrito for the week, and the Tom Driscolls will entertain about five of their friends at a delightfully informal house party. The Clarks, the de Guignes, the Robert Colemans and the Popes also will entertain, so with the many guests from the city who will go down for the night the Country Club Ball should be particularly brilliant.

At the Nordica Concert

The first meeting of the St. Francis Musical Art Society was held on Wednesday last and was socially and musically a brilliant success. San Francisco has a reputation as a musical center, and the assemblage which gathered to listen to Nordica was distinctly select. Some few were foolish enough to admit that it was the occasion and not the music which tempted them forth, but in the main it was an audience of music lovers. Nordica was only at her second best, but the program was unusually fine, and Nordica even at second best, is better than good. These meetings are a departure from the usual style of social entertainment, and an indication that our society people have acquired something of an intellectual impulse. It is a mark of distinction to be invited to attend these affairs, and appreciated accordingly. The subscription price for the winter is fifteen dollars, a sum which insures the prospect of good music, and as the patronesses are of the exclusive set the attendance will always be brilliant. The women were stunningly gowned, and some notable box parties were given. The seating capacity of the Colonial ball room was taxed to its full capacity and at the last moment extra chairs were brought in for the accommodation of late comers. The St. Francis Musical Art Society is a revival of the association formed before the fire. Preparations are being made to carry it on on a much larger scale than the original intention contemplated.

Christmas Cotillion at Del Monte

Invitations have been received for a cotillion to be given by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner at Del Monte on Saturday, December 26th. A number of society folk from this city have planned to go down and spend the holiday at Del Monte and will participate. Captain Estes of the Presidio of Monterey will lead the dancers through the figures and the charming social military coterie of the Monterey post will be out in full force.

New Club Rooms at Hotel Del Monte

A number of changes have been made in the interior of Hotel Del Monte which add greatly to the attractions of the place. Among the most important of these is the opening of the new club rooms. Part of the Ladies' Grill and some of the adjoining rooms have been thrown together and a number of amusement features installed, making it possible for one to enjoy the facilities and conveniences of the club house without going out of doors.

The Old Fashioned Dinner

The Callihan sisters, Miss Carrie, Miss Lillie and Miss Mary are among the first of the local society folk to participate in the new fad—that of giving an old fashioned family dinner. This innovation has come from the East along with a lot of other Christmas notions. The idea seems to be meeting with popular favor and many orders for such repasts have been ordered for holiday week. Several orders for dinners like our great grandmothers used to make have been filed at the Victoria Hotel. The Callihan dinner took place last Sunday evening in the American dining room of the hotel. The table was made beautiful with carnations, none but these fragrant flowers being used, but in their infinite variety. The menu of course, was unique, containing some modern French specialties as well as the goodies of old Colonial days. It was strictly a family dinner; those around the old fashioned mahogany board being the Misses Callihan, Mrs. S. Pettigrew, Mr. and Mrs. William Lemman, Mr. Percy L. Pettigrew and Henry C. Callihan.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

THE CENTER OF THE NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION

Watch the Fiesta from St. Francis—the Park aglow with myriads of lanterns; the procession with floats, bands, hundreds of decorated autos and the great Chinese dragon; and the battle of confetti and flowers.

The hotel will present a novel illumination. Within the building the New Year will be announced by a quaint Old World ceremony and special music, souvenirs, and surprises will be provided.

Tables may be reserved now.

UNION SQUARE

Not Guilty

Quite shocking to the nerves of our provinical aristocracy was the news received from Washington last Sunday to the effect that the Frank Carolans of Burlingame were suspected of being smugglers, the suspicion being grounded in the reports of special agents of the Treasury. The Carolans are reported to have come back from Europe with forty-one trunks which passed the New York Customs House on a free entry. Of course the suspicion is preposterous. The Carolans are very respectable people, and they wouldn't do such a vulgar thing as that which is implied in the press despatches. It is really a very contemptible crime to cheat Uncle Sam. The Carolans are people of high ideals. In the split which occurred in the Burlingame set as a result of the graft prosecution Mrs. Carolan took sides with Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. She wants to see all the higher-ups go to jail, a fact that vindicates her lofty sentiments. And as for Frank Carolan, the polo-player, he is arently pro-prosecution. As a rule he doesn't take much interest in politics, preferring to serve his country as a looker-on in swelldom, but he hates crooks. He has no sympathy for men who permit themselves to be "stood up." Therefore it is safe to presume that it is rank calumny to suggest the probability of his having done the "standing up" with Uncle Sam as a victim. The Carolans will prove that the reports from Washington are groundless. The cause of morality is not to suffer by the smirching of any of its champions.

Christmas Dinner at Hotel Carlton.

A delightful Christmas dinner will be served at the Carlton, in Berkeley, on Christmas Day:

Blue Points, Deep Shell.
Mock Turtle au Sherry Consomme en Tasse
Salted Almonds.
Olives. Celery en Branche.
Broiled Mountain Trout, Maitre de Hotel.
Pommes Duchess.
Boiled Eastern Ham, a la Gelle.
Chicken a la Poulette, en Patties.
Orange Jelly en Basket. Punch a la Carlton.
Roast Prime Ribs Beef, au Jus.
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressing, Cranberry Sauce.
Suckling Pig and Apple Sauce.
Mashed, Steamed and Brown Sweet Potatoes.
Asparagus and Butter.
Lobster en Mayonnaise. Fruit Salad.
English Plum Pudding, Hard and Brandy Sauce.
Hot Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.
Neapolitan Ice Cream.
Fruit Cake Citron Cake Pound Cake
Macaroons. Cocoanut Kisses. Angel Cake.
Fruit. Nuts. Raisins. Baby Cream Candy.
Camenbert and Roquefort Cheese.
Toasted Crackers. Coffee.

In the Social Spotlight

The New Year will be ushered in at the Fairmont with abundant ceremony. Besides the special concert in the lobby all evening, supper will be served in the Laurel Court until the wee sma' hours.

Mrs. Wm. Tevis gave the second of a series of luncheons to twenty of her friends on Tuesday. It was held in the grey room of the Fairmont.

Mrs. James Flood was hostess at a beautiful luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday. It was in honor of that charming debutante who has been so much entertained this winter—Miss Katherine Donohoe.

Among the many society folk who came to town for the Greenway Assembly and stayed over at the Fairmont were Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibblee, Ross; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Menlo Park; Mrs. A. W. Foster, San Rafael; Mrs. T. W. M. Draper and daughters, San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cotton, San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lewis, San Mateo; Viscomte and Madame de Tristan, San Mateo; M. De Lande, San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Ross; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Perry, Ross; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Spencer, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham, Mrs. J. A. Clifford, Oakland.

One of the holiday entertainments which is looked forward to with pleasant anticipations is the dance to be given on the twenty-eight at the home of Mrs. George Boardman, for her grand daughter, Miss Dora Winn. The Boardmans are occupying the Atherton home on California and Octavia streets this winter.

The aftermath of the De Young weddings is a record of shattered nerves and social indisposition, so indefatigable were the friends of the brides in their efforts to prove hom really popular they were. One young matron who has taken to her bed on the verge of nervous prostration as a result of her participation in the numerous festivities confided to a friend that if she could afford it she would go away and take a complete rest, "but of course that is out of the question now," she added.

Mrs. J. L. Martel gave a birthday dinner recently in honor of her son-in-law, Charles Stoval. A brother of Mr. Stoval, who is on a visit to California was also a guest on this occasion, which was exclusively a family affair.

The dates for the Subscription Dances to be given in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis are December twenty-sixth and the first Saturday in February.

Lieutenant John Hastings Howard, U. S. A., who was one of the most popular men in local society during his recent visit at the St. Francis, was married last week to Miss Helen Valentine Chaffee, the youngest daughter of General Adna R. Chaffee. The ceremony took place in St. Paul's Procathedral in Los Angeles, and was the most notable army wedding of the year on the coast.

THE HUB AT THE CENTER

Nothing has taxed the shrewdness of merchants so much of late as the selection of down-town locations. With the mercantile center completely metamorphosed it required the exercise of rare judgment to determine what particular neighborhood would be most advantageous to any particular line of business, but now that all the leading merchants have found their bearings it is remarkable how many of them have had their judgment vindicated. Perhaps there is none better satisfied than Charles Keilus of the "Hub" which now occupies the Jewelers' Building on Post street near Kearny. Carrying as it does the highest class of men's clothing the Hub, in the very heart of the retail district, (where the Hub ought to be) is ideally located. Moreover the store is one that might well serve as a model for the trade. Its appointments are excellent and are evidently the result of no small degree of reflection, research and ingenuity. Charles Keilus & Co. are deserving of felicitation on their achievement.

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Of housekeeping. One decidedly practical way is to use Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk in all cooking where milk or cream is required. Results will be more satisfactory than with most "fresh" milk. The convenience and economy will please you. Dilute Peerless Milk with water to any desired richness.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-on (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

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Odd Things in the World

James W. Cummings, the American contractor and engineer, is noted for a custom which he has kept up for twenty-seven years, that of always returning to the place where he was born to enjoy his Christmas dinner with his parents at London, Ontario. No matter in what part of the world he may be he always arranges for his annual journey and at different times he has made his flying trips from South America, Japan, India, Russia and Turkey. Two years ago Mr. Cummings started from Constantinople, and reached London in time to catch his steamer the next morning. Every thing went well until he took the Grand Trunk railroad, when a snow blockade was encountered and for the time being it looked as if the tryst would not be kept. It was, however, for he reached the house just half an hour before the dinner hour. Some years ago Mr. Cummins happened to mention casually this habit of his in the presence of B. F. Corey, the steel magnate. Mr. Corey was incredulous and offered to forfeit to Mr. Cummings a hundred dollars for every dinner which he ate at home. Thus far there has been but one occasion when the millionaire has not been called upon to play Santa Claus, when a railroad wreck caused the traveler to be one day late. It was Mr. Cummings who set London aghast at the time of King Edward's coronation, by a feat which the English contractors and engineers had declared to be impossible. It was necessary to lay a large amount of cable, some twenty-eight miles. The Englishmen refused to consider the contract, but one and all declared that it was out of the question to complete the work in the given time. Mr. Cummings took it in hand, laid the whole amount in eight days, and had several days to spare.

Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Melanesia was well known during his university days as a devotee of the art of self-defense. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section of New Zealand owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough, in one of the back streets of Auckland, if he was the "bishop backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative the rough, with a "Take that, then!" struck his lordship in the face. "My friend," said the bishop, "my bible teaches me that if a man smite thee on one cheek turn him the other," and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and, taking off his coat and hat, he gave the anti-maori champion a most scientific thrashing.

Art in the preservation of trees has a splendid exemplar in the case of an oak on the grounds of Longfellow Park, near Minnehaha Falls, Minnesota. In the park arrangement R. F. Jones came across a majestic oak which he desired to preserve. The sound part of the tree was more than three feet in diameter, but burrowing insects had the early life of the tree worked to such an extent as to leave a large hollow extending to the heart. The ordinary procedure in such cases is to fill the cavity with plaster or concrete, but this did not appeal to the artistic sensibility of Mr. Jones. He took careful measurements of the cavity and engaged a sculptor to produce an artistic filler for the blemish. Following the Indian traditions, the sculptor modeled a large Indian head in low relief and a cast was made. The plug fitted accurately and was set in concrete.

Malta fever has been practically stamped out of the British army since the doctors discovered its originating causes, and with the compulsory cessation of the use of goats' milk, which contained the fever germs, the number of admissions to hospital has dropped successively for three years from 643 to 161 and 11 cases. The troops in India have benefited greatly from the improvement in medical science and from the increased knowledge of the doctors as regards sanitation. In the forty years between Waterloo and the Crimea campaign, according to Colonel Tulloch, nearly 100,000 Europeans perished in India from preventable causes. For the first half of this period the army numbered 25,000 men, and later was

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¶ We would advise you to shop now, when you may enjoy full range of choice and unhurried selection. Open evenings.

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raised to 40,000. The terrible mortality, mainly in Bengal, was the result of a want of sanitary knowledge in the selection of cantonments. Apart from humane considerations, the monetary loss alone, irrespective of that of invalided soldiers, amounted to £10,000,000. Formerly the most dreaded station was Mian Mir, the Lahore cantonment. There in 1879 the admissions per 1,000 men from fever alone were 3,427 and from all causes 4,700. Ten years ago the average of admissions was 2,000 per 1,000 but it has dropped gradually one or two hundred annually until last year, when it was 650 per 1,000. It is natural that the number of constantly sick in India should be higher than it is in the United Kingdom, and it is still double; but now those in command appreciate the financial as well as the humanitarian importance of the question.

Three years after the Jeannette sank in the ice to the northeast of the new Siberia Islands some relics of the ill-fated expedition were picked up on the southwest coast of Greenland. From all the available data Nansen, who is our leading authority on Arctic currents, and Professor Mohn of Christiania, arrived at the conclusion that these relics could have reached west Greenland by no other way than across the pole. Between 1899 and 1901 about fifty drift casks were set afloat in the ice north of Bering Strait, and one of them was picked up on the northeast coast of Iceland. Nearly five years and six months had elapsed from the day it was cast adrift north of Point Barrow, just where Amundsen expects to enter the ice, till it was found. From all that has been learned of the currents to the north of Asia by Nansen, Sverdrup and Cagni and of the east Greenland current which washes the shores of Iceland as it comes from the unknown north, the only conclusion reached is that this cask must have crossed the polar area in the neighborhood of the pole. There are flaws in every other hypothesis that caused them all to be set aside.

A strange case has just occurred at Porthcawl, Eng., showing the effect of the imagination in causing disease and cure. A professional man on a visit there took out his four false teeth while shaving but forgetting the fact and failing to find them later suddenly concluded that he must have swallowed them accidentally. At once he began to suffer pains, a doctor was sent for, to whom he described his agonies; emetics were administered but in vain, and the tortures made him twist his body convulsively. Then a maid brought the teeth, which had dropped behind the dressing table, and instantly the pains ceased.

His Grace the Duke of Argyll was addressing a select company in a London drawing room on the present state of thing in South Africa. "I look forward to the time," he said, "when the Englishman will marry the Boer girl and have an English wife as well!" Respectable dowagers looked their surprise, and the men began to smile. Then the Duke carefully explained that he meant, of course, that the Boer girl should become an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes.

ARTISTIC HALF TONES

The beautiful half tones with which this special holiday number of Town Talk is garnished are the work of the William Brown Engraving Company of 355 McAllister street. They are of the very highest class. The workmanship is of an exceptionally artistic quality such as can be produced only by the employment of the very latest facilities for half tone engraving. The Brown Company boasts the very finest equipment on the coast. Before the fire the plant was located on Montgomery street and it was there completely destroyed. Mr. Brown, the president of the company, immediately went east and spent several months there studying the newest appliances in engraving and making careful selections. The company has its plant now in operation on McAllister street where it is handling the cream of the half tone business, and by the excellence of its productions greatly enhancing the reputation of the firm.

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TOILET POWDER



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Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } *No*
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } *Samples*
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HOTEL DEL CORONADO
CORONADO, CAL.



Coronado is essentially an Hotel of quiet elegance. It has the most equable climate of which any knowledge exists. Hotel Del Coronado has unique facilities for out-of-door recreation. Polo, golf, tennis, boating, fishing and motoring on good roads. Rates $4 per day upward. For special information apply to **MORGAN ROSS, Manager,** Coronado, or H. F. NORCROSS, representative, Los Angeles.

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A Theory Smashed at the Orpheum

By Theodore Bonnet

To the opinions of my friend, a press-agent, I listen with as close attention as ever was given by rapt pupil sitting in the academic groves at the feet of Plato. My friend is dogmatic, and as such is never a niggard of his wisdom, nor is he lukewarm in the tone and terms of his opinions which are invariably set forth not as the judgments of a frail mortal but as verities from which there is no escape. He was enlightening me the other day on the subject of criticism applied to vaudeville, and he told me that all newspaper critics make the mistake of considering to what extent a performance gratifies their taste. They lose sight of the fact that as a vaudeville performance is designed to please everybody if it should be entirely pleasing to anybody it would be a failure from the manager's standpoint. This paradoxical view of the matter struck me as quite plausible. It takes all sorts to make a world, I reflected, and it is therefore natural that for a vaudeville show to please its little world it must avoid uniformity of manners and literature; it must appeal to the vulgar as well as to the refined; to the man who hates intellectual dogs and detests their trainer, as well as to the curious individual who enjoys a contortionist and dotes on educated birds. I found myself entirely in accord with my friend's theory and I elaborated it, arguing to myself that we are so many-sided nowadays it is important that the theatrical manager should cater to all tastes—to those who are shocked by everything that lies outside of conventionalists; to the Philistine, to the loud guffaw and to the wan smile. It even occurred to me how absurd it was to complain of horseplay, since to purge a vaudeville show of all that is vulgar would be to render it inane to barkeepers, newsboys, and the sons of Burlingame millionaires and their affinities. With the new theory in mind I attended a performance of the Orpheum Road Show which opened Sunday afternoon; prepared to be bored awhile and resolved not to be impatient with the things that did not please my taste providing they did not predominate. During that performance the new theory melted into thin air. Here is a show that hasn't a dull moment for me and yet I am sure it is not a failure. Quite the contrary; I am convinced that it will prove the most popular road show that ever came to the Orpheum. The reason the theory of my friend, the press-agent, doesn't work out in practice in this instance is that every stunt is a vaudeville gem of the first water and of unique coloring. What ordinarily you do not care for you will like when you see it in the Road Show. For example you may abhor acrobatic feats, but it does not follow that you will be intolerant of the Franklins. Ordinarily, perhaps, the young man who sings and dances and his lady partner who dances and sings do not afford you much delight, but you will find it hard to resist the captivating qualities of Billy Gaston and Ethel Green in their nicely mannered, thoroughly manicured and well groomed skit "Spoonyville" which is rightly termed a "Nell Brinkley creation." As for Hyman Meyer, "The Man at the Piano," it would be hard to find a standard by which to appraise him, for his performance though slightly reminiscent is almost a novelty and a most acceptable one. And there are other good things, such for example as Mlle. De Dio, the Parisian danseuse, in what she calls a Terpsichorean Dream, a dainty spectacular production that sets a new standard of charm and refinement, but there is one feature so excellent that it would compensate for a world of dreariness. I refer to George Ade's one-act play "The Mayor and the Manicure." The most vital and genuine humor that we get nowadays comes from George Ade, whose original and breezy satire has been given expression in dramatic sketches which prove that a man may be of the literati and still write for vaudeville. The vaudeville sketch bears the same relation to dramatic literature as the short story does to the novel, but to be literature the sketch must comply with the requirements of technique, and there are not many sketch writers whose workmanship is as impeccable as Ade's. His "The Mayor and the Manicure" is a perfect one-act play, constructed from a single theme as a naturalist constructs a skeleton from a single bone. Its plot ripples along the surface and its bright lines and situations keep one wreathed in smiles without ever exciting ribald laughter. Like all Ade's plays it abounds in flashes of wit and humor and fairly drips pearls of philosophy.

The Realistic Sicilians

"They eat 'em alive, they eat 'em alive!" is the graphic way a New Yorker with a spirited vocabulary and terse methods describes the Sicilian actors at the Broadway Theatre. "Still," he continues reflectively, "if you want to assassinate an evening and commit justifiable homicide on a few hours spare time you can't do better than to see them," They are milder when you see them behind the scenes. Some one has said that they had to have Mount Aetna in action, otherwise they couldn't play. Anyway the first thing you notice is that the scene as set shows Mount Aetna and they lean up against it in a very friendly and syspathetic manner as one by one they are brought up and introduced.



MISS GRACE TRAVERS
In the stock company at the Valencia.

"Ben Hur" at the Van Ness

Startling in its immensity and unquestionably the biggest production of a play ever made in the world, Klaw and Erlanger's "Ben Hur" will make another bid for the approval of the San Francisco public at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday evening next, December 28th. The engagement is limited to two weeks. No Sunday performances will be given but a matinee will be played on Wednesday and Saturday of each week and an extra matinee is announced for New Year's Day. Since the original production in New York City in 1899, "Ben Hur" has been presented in every important city of America as well as in Canada, England and Australia. The discussion it has caused among representative personages in the religious and educational fields has had widespread influence among all classes. The appeal of "Ben Hur" is not to the ear and eye alone, but to the heart. Through



THE LYRIC STRING QUARTETTE

all the scenes of beauty of this vivid portrayal of the exciting time of the dawn of Christianity, the plain, simple story of the "Man of Calvary" is brought home with all-compelling force.

Will Greenbaum's Plans for the New Year

Commencing January 1st, Manager Will L. Greenbaum will join the new down town colony and establish his box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Sutter and Kearny street store. The first of his stellar attractions will be the splendid prima donna soprano, Mme. Johanna Gadski, who will take a four weeks' furlough from the Metropolitan Opera House Co. to make a concert tour. She will appear two Sunday afternoons at the Van Ness Theatre, the dates being January 10th and 17th, and will be the star of the second St. Francis Musical Art Society's concerts. An Oakland concert will also probably be included. Mr. Frank La Forge, the well known composer-pianist, will assist Mme. Gadski. Following this artist will come one of the greatest of the pianists now before the public, Mme. Katherine Goodson, who returns to this country for her third series of concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mme. Goodson will play here Tuesday and Thursday nights, January 19th and 21st, and Sunday afternoon, the 24th. During February Mackenzie Gordon will give two concerts here and one in Oakland under the Greenbaum management; and Mme. Frieda Langendorff, mezzo soprano from the Wagner Festival Theatre in Bayreuth, Royal Opera in Dresden and Metropolitan, New York, will give recitals, assisted by Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron of Vienna, a pianiste of the highest ability. Mme. Langendorff and the Lyric String Quartette will furnish the third of the St. Francis Society's affairs. In March Josef Lehvinne, the great Russian pianist, and David Bispham, will give concerts. In April Ossip Gabrilowitsch, one of the most attractive of the Russian pianists, and the wonderful virtuoso, Mischa Elman, said to be the greatest violin prodigy the world has ever known, will both appear in public concerts as well as the St. Francis affairs. Other events are being negotiated for, including some novel lectures and a series of Burton Holmes "Travelogues." Mr. Greenbaum certainly has secured the very best available musical attractions. By his energy and enterprise he has done much toward making the name of San Francisco rank among the principal art-loving cities of the world. All this impresario now needs is a suitable hall and opera house, and he is devoting his energies to that end.

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For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Murine Doesn't Smart—It Soothes Eye Pain.
Try Murine For Your Eyes.

Next: "The College Widow"

The last performances of "The Lost Paradise" which has enjoyed a phenomenal run at the Valencia Theatre, will take place next Sunday afternoon and evening and on Monday night George Ade's best and brightest comedy, "The College Widow," will be staged on an elaborate scale. This will be the first production by a stock company of the play that has made all of America and even staid old London laugh. There are over twenty speaking parts in the play and nearly sixty people will



FLORENCE ST. LEONARD as IRAS and CONWAY TEARLE as BEN HUR
In a scene from "Ben Hur" to be seen at the Van Ness Monday, December 28th.

be on the stage. The clever members of the Valencia stock company are all rehearsing overtime and entering most heartily into the spirit of their roles. It will indeed be a novelty to see heroic Robert Warwick in the role of Billy Bolton, the famous half back, Blanche Stoddard as Jane Witherspoon, "the widow," dignified Thomas MacLarnie as Jack Larrabee, the football coach, Helen Lackaye as Flora Wiggins, the prominent waitress, Darrell Standing as Peter Witherspoon, president of Atwater College, Grace Travers as Bessie Tanner, the athletic girl, and the many other favorites in equally odd roles. W. T. Sheehan, who made such a hit at the Valencia during the Arthur Cunningham engagement, has been especially engaged to play Matty McGowan, a trainer, and Charles Dow Clark will revel in the role of "Bub" Hicks. "Prince Hagen," the new and powerful drama by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," will receive its first production on any stage at the Valencia Theatre immediately following "The College Widow."

One More Week of the Road Show

Next week will positively be the last of the Orpheum Road Show. Several novelties will be introduced into the program. Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls and Rogers & Deeley will be additional features. The School Boys and Girls is one of the most popular acts in vaudeville and will be cordially welcomed, especially as it returns to us greatly improved and strengthened with a number of new songs that are now New York successes, among them being "Sunbonnet Sue," by the author of "School Days" and "Your're Just the Boy for Me." Rogers and Deeley are new to us. They entitle their act, which is very much out of the ordinary, "The Singer and His Valet." It is a combination of burnt cork comedy by one member and tuneful and catchy singing by the other.

The Sunday "Pop" Concerts at Lyric Hall

Manager Will Greenbaum announces the second series of "Pop" concerts on Sunday afternoons at Lyric Hall to commence Sunday afternoon, January 3rd. There will be a course of four, the dates being Sunday afternoons, January 3rd and 31st, February 28th and March 28th. The principal feature at these concerts will be chamber music by the Lyric String Quartette, assisted by well known pianists and occasionally with appropriate vocal numbers interpreted by splendid artists. The quartette members are William Hofmann, for many years concertmaster with Walter Damrosch; J. A. Patterson, Nathan Firestone, and W. Villalpando. The pianists



BERTRAM LYTELL

In the Alcazar's new year offering, David Belasco's picturesque drama of mining days in the Sierras. Bertram Lytell will appear as the Road Agent. In this character the clever young leading man made one of his most emphatic hits last season, when the play attracted capacity-taxing audiences at each presentation during two mid-Lenten weeks.

engaged are Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, Mr. Gyula Ormay, Mr. Eugene Blanchard, and Miss Therese Ehrmann, who will play in the order named. The program for the opening concert will consist of the String Quartette by Mozart, op. 12, Sonata for violin and piano in G minor by Tartini, and the Quintette for strings and piano by Christian Sinding. At the second concert an entire Dvorak program will be given, including the "American Quartette," Quintette for piano and strings, and Mr. Lawrence Strauss, tenor, will sing a group of the Bohemian composer's songs. Season tickets for the entire course will be sold at the very low rate of $1.50 and $2.50, and may be secured on and after Wednesday, December 30th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner of Kearny and Sutter streets. From an educational and truly musical standpoint these will be the most important concerts of the season.

American Theatre

The American Theatre's offering for New Year's week commencing Sunday matinee, December 27th, will be the favorite Irish comedians Murray and Mack in their latest musical comedy success, "The Sunny side of Broadway." There are no less than twenty-three entirely original musical numbers to be heard in this delightful musical melange which is conceded to be one of the best produced this season. Some of the vocal gems that will set everybody's lips a-pucker are "Shara Sara," "Butterfly Life," "Most Every Town Has a Broadway, But There is Only One," "The Circus Queen," "Love is Very Foolish," "Good Old College Days" and "I'd Rather Be a Billy Goat in Harlem."

The Dutch Comedians

At the Princess Kolb and Dill are repeating their old O'Farrell street achievement. Of the style of entertainment in which these Dutch comedians excel their admirers never tire. In "Weiner and Schnitzel" their grip is as firm as ever, but nevertheless they have decided to make a change, and next week they will appear in a brand new farce, "The Politicians," which will afford them opportunities in a field of endeavor which they should be able to exploit with great success. It is easy to imagine the potentialities for side-splitting fun with Mike and his long friend "doing politics."

At the Alcazar

That rollicking drama of college life, "Brown of Harvard," is captivating Alcazar audiences this week. The members of the versatile stock company have entered with enthusiasm into the spirit of this sprightly play and the production is redolent of that important element, atmosphere—reminding one of that other notable Alcazarian achievement, "In Old Heidelberg." Next week the management will produce that stirring drama, "The Girl of the Golden West," with which the members of the company are familiar having already scored therein. Indeed it was in this play that the Alcazar stock won new laurels, giving a performance of exquisite charm. The best evidence of the success that was met with in this play is that the management has resolved on a revival in the holiday season when rivalry is always keen.

The Gadski Concerts

Two concerts to be given by the great dramatic soprano, Mme. Johanna Gadski, will be at the Van Ness Theatre, the dates being Sunday afternoons, January 10th and 17th. The programs have been very carefully selected and the artist will not repeat any of the songs she

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Extra Matinee New Year's Day.
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Prices: 50c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

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Monday Evening, December 28th, and All Week, David Belasco's
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THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

Superbly Acted and Staged.
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

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Another Story With Music. Book by Aaron Hoffman. Lyrics and Music by J. A. Raynes. (First time on any stage.)
Prices—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (Except Sundays and Holidays, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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LAST WEEK OF THE ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW, Supplemented by GUS EDWARDS' SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS. Nine Youthful Singers, Dancers and Comedians. Also John P. ROGERS and Ben N. DEELY, "The Singer and His Valet."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Saturday and Sunday Afternoons and Evenings, Last Times of
"THE LOST PARADISE."
Commencing Monday Evening, December 28th, Special Matinee New Years,
Elaborate Production of

THE COLLEGE WIDOW

George Ade's Pictorial Comedy
Presented by the Full Strength of the Valencia Stock Company, including Robert Warwick and Blanche Stoddard. Sixty People on the Stage.
Regular Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, Prices 25c to 50c.
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Next—"Price Hagen," by Upton Sinclair.

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, December 27th,
Other Matinees New Year's Day and Saturday,
The Originals MURRAY AND MACK
In Their Latest Musical Comedy Success

THE SUNNY SIDE OF BROADWAY

Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Procure your seats in advance for New Year's Eve.
Coming: "Arizona."

THE LYRIC HALL "POP" CONCERT

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LYRIC STRING QUARTETTE
Assisted by Other Excellent Artists.
Four Sunday Afternoons, January 3rd and 31st, February 28th, March 28th
Season Tickets $2.50 and $1.50, Read Wednesday, December 30th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Sutter and Kearny Street Store only
Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt pianist at First Concert in Sinding's Quintette.

Mme. GADSKI

AT VAN NESS THEATRE
Sunday Afternoons, January 10th and 17th.
Programs entirely different from the previous concerts.
Seats $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00.
Mail orders now received. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programs are now obtainable.

The Gold Medal for quality in the Whisky Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to the "White Horse" Whisky, belonging to Mackie & Co., Distillers, Ltd., Islay and Glasgow. It was only last month this old-established firm was honored with the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

has sung on her previous visits to the city excepting in the Wagnerian offerings. The programs will be made up of songs in French, English, German and Italian, and as usual Frank La Forge, the composer-pianist, will assist. The prices will range from $2.50 down to $1.00, and mail orders will be received from now on and filled in order of their receipt.

THE RETURN OF "SUNNY JIM"

"Sunny Jim" is with us once more. He has bobbed up again looking as sprightly and happy as he did six years ago when his name was a household word and his face adorned the pages of magazines and newspapers in this and other lands. He is welcomed home as a long lost and almost forgotten sojourner in strange lands. In other words, "Sunny Jim" has been rejevenated, regalvanized, resuscitated. Of course you have heard of "Sunny Jim." You have heard of him unless you have been living on the sandy slopes of Patagonia or in the caves of the South Sea Islands. Originally introduced to show the healthful and helpful effects of a well known breakfast food upon the human temperment, "Sunny Jim" became recognized as a natural expression of that type of good natured, wholesome, healthful Americanism with which we are all familiar. Many rhymsters have immortalized him in poetry. Thousands of happy-go-lucky swains in villages and towns were nicknamed "Sunny Jim." His sunny face was "benevolently assimilated" by other advertisers of all kinds of commodities. Thousands of letters were received by The H-O Company merely addressed to "Sunny Jim," Buffalo, N. Y. "Sunny Jim" indeed was the most widely known character that ever came down the dusty highways of twentieth century publicity. Of course thousands who knew "Sunny Jim" have forgotten the popular breakfast food with which his smiling countenance was identified. They remember "Sunny Jim," but they have forgotten "FORCE." His reappearance in the public press is merely an effort on the part of The H-O Company to reclaim this popular evangel of good health and good living and to re-establish him in the effections of the people. "Sunny Jim" belongs to "Force" and "Force" belongs to "Sunny Jim"—you can not separate them. He is the personification of sunshine and happiness but he isn't half so sunny as the boy or girl who eats his famous breakfast food every day in the year.



CONWAY TEARLE AS BEN HUR

In "Ben Hur" at the Van Ness Theatre, Monday, December 28th.



GUS EDWARDS' SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS

Who will appear next week in conjunction with the Orpheum Road Show.

A STRIKING EXHIBITION

Sherman, Clay & Company are exhibiting in their Kearny street windows one of the most unique mechanical displays ever shown in this city. Mr. Ellis Hansen, the window dresser employed by this concern has constructed a miniature theatre which is run by electricity, and shows over one hundred scenes from the various operas which are represented by the music of the Victor Talking Machine. The scenic effects of this miniature theatre are exceedingly beautiful. Colored electric lights which would do credit to the most elaborate theatrical productions throw rays of light corresponding to the various scenes which add greatly to the attractiveness of the display. Mr. Hansen has spent nearly a year in constructing this theatre and the furor and interest it has created since first being exhibited last Tuesday afternoon proves that his painstaking efforts have not been in vain. This is the first time in the history of talking machines that a series of actual illustrations from the scenes of the operas in which the songs have been sung have been put up on exhibition. Sherman, Clay & Company are congratulated upon their ability to produce such a display.

LUXURIOUS STEAMSHIP OFFICES

The Hamburg-American Line, whose temporary offices were at 908 Market street near Powell, are moving to their new permanent location under the Union League Club's building, corner of Powell and O'Farrell streets, which they have leased for a term of years. The offices will be very handsomely furnished in mahogany, and it is the intention of Mr. H. F. Dorgeloh, Pacific Coast Manager of the Company, to establish in this city the most thoroughly appointed steamship and general European tourist offices on the Pacific Coast.

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California's Sea Foods

California has given to the world so many gifts from her garden soil that one is apt, perhaps, to forget that she is emphatically a seaboard State. The gold from her mountains, the grain and fruits from her valleys, the oil and wine from her foot hills, would seem almost to have run the scale of a country's resources and a lavish scale too. But California has the greatest ocean on the globe lying at her feet which must be considered not only as her willing slave to "fetch and carry" the commerce of two hemispheres, but also as a limitless source of wealth and plenty. This ocean directly contributes to the weath of California. It supplies us with sea foods of infinite variety, and the handling of them is one of the great industries of the State. For years the rivers of California have yielded the finest of salmon and the variety of fresh fish in our markets is one of its remarkable features. But it remained for old Monterey, the cradle of California's infancy greatness, the scene of picturesque Spanish life in the early days, to give us, direct from Neptune's table, a delicious seafood which is becoming better know each year.

The beautiful Bay of Monterey, chosen by the wise old padres as a landing place and a nucleus for their new empire, is a veritable sea-garden and a favorite feeding place for the Pacific fishes. A cruise in one of Monterey's gondola-like "glass-bottomed" boats is like a visit to fairyland. The clear blue water and white floor of the bay make it possible to see distinctly even at a depth of forty to fifty feet. The sea flora, its colors beggaring description, sway to and fro with the motion of the waves, the sea-urchins and anemones clinging to the rocks show every shade of pink, lavender, purple and crimson, while, ever shifting in and out, glides the endless procession of fishes. Here they are found in infinite variety, from the tiniest minnow to the biggest salmon. Under the influence of the Mediterranean conditions, one is inclined to look for Mediterranean species of fish, and here they are, particularly the sardine. But so much larger are they than the European cousins that the old Spaniards called them mackerel and as "California Mackerel" they have continued to be known commercially.

The possibility of preserving these sardines and putting them on the market for the delectation of the public first suggested itself to Mr. F. E. Booth, who had been for many years interested in the packing of salmon on the Coast. He formed a company known as the Monterey Packing Company, put up a packing plant at Monterey and began in a small way to can the sardines, putting them on the market under the "Crescent" Brand of Broiled California Mackerel. This was about six years ago. Each year has seen a steady enlarging of the plant as demands required. The product has met with much favor on this Coast and also in the various Eastern cities where it has been introduced. If there is truth in the old saying that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" then proof is not lacking of the excellence of this California product for its packers say that wherever it is known it is in demand.

A little glance at the methods of treating the fish may be of interest, especially to those who like to know "what they are eating." The fishing is done mostly at night, the best catches being made in the dark of the moon. Any one who has been on the Bay of Monterey on a night lighted only by the stars, will remember the peculiar beauty of the waves tipped with phosphoresent light. This shimmering, shifting radiance comes from the myriads of little fish attracted by the boat's lantern.

After the night's catch, the fishermen bring up at the cannery early in the morning. The heaps of silvery fish are transferred to the salting and cleaning house on the wharf where they go through a process of cleaning, scaling and washing, then up to the cooking rooms. Here they are laid in wire frying baskets and broiled in a vat of boiling olive oil until thoroughly cooked. As soon as they are sufficiently cooled, they are carried to the packers' tables and placed in the cans, into which the spices or sauce has been put. The filled cans are taken to the seaming machine and closed by what the ladies would call a "French seam," i. e., a double fold. No solder is used in these cans. After closing, the cans are run into an oven or "retort" and cooked again for about forty-five minutes. When this second "cook" is done the cans are washed clean and set aside for the labelers' hands. The process sounds complicated, but the force acts with method and so smoothly and swiftly that the lapse of time between the landing of the fish and the taking from the retort is only about three hours on an average day. By the middle of the afternoon the work of canning is done, the floors washed down, everything scrubbed as clean as hands can make it, and quiet settles over the cannery wharf for a few hours. The little fishing boats, moored in a flock, rock idly with the waves, and the beautiful crescent of white sandy beach stretches around the blue bay as far as the eye can reach, reminding one of the appropriateness of the name that the Monterey Packing Company has given to its product —"Crescent" Brand.

So quiet reigns until the sunset hour when the fishing fleet again starts out to gather a new harvest.

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A Boon to Mankind

Milk is the one perfect food, the essential without which the race must inevitably cease to exist. Whole races subsist without vegetables, and societies for the discouragement of meat eating flourish, but without milk not only humankind but the whole order of mammalia would cease to rear its progeny. With the growing inability or disinclination of mothers to nurse their children the importance of a pure supply of the lacteal fluid becomes a matter of increasing importance. No other factor save that of foul living conditions contributes so great a share to mortuary statistics than tainted dairy conditions, and, unfortunately, milk is one of the best "cultures" for the growth of bacteria. Unprotected milk is a standing invitation to the destroyers. The dried sputum from a consumptive workman, the filth of a carelessly kept stable, the scar tissue of some ill conditioned animal, is carried to an uncovered pail, and a series of summer epidemics, carries fatality to homes so far removed from the source of the evil that it is attributed to almost any plausible local condition rather than to that which is its origin. Mysterious visitations of typhoid are too often the result of using an impure water supply



MILCH COWS IN MAIN CORRAL OF IDEAL FARMS IN MARIN
All animals are tested for tuberculosis

for cleansing the receptacles, but until comparatively recently it has not occurred to boards of health and city authorities to place any restrictions on the dairy farmers or middlemen, and even yet the argument of "unwarrantable restrictions and hardships" is looked upon as a valid excuse for permitting what is in fact a dealing out of wholesale homicide. It remained for the city of Copenhagen to be the first to establish the feasibility of a pure and healthful supply of milk while at the same time demonstrating that it does not involve so great an expense as to render milk a luxury for the wealthy. Copenhagen is the center of the world's greatest trade in dairy products, and the natural supposition would be that there, if any where, an abundance of pure milk would be available. Dr. G. Busck, a wise and shrewd wholesale butter-dealer, had his attention called to the subject by the plight of one of his employees. It was nearly thirty years ago that he noticed one of his most valued workmen showing signs of concern and abstraction, and, on questioning him, discovered that the cause was the condition of the man's child. All it needed was milk, yet even the poor supply that had hitherto nourished it was cut off because the father refused to patronize the saloon keeper, not being a drinking man. Dr. Busck's temper was aroused. He understood perfectly the unsanitary places kept by liquor dealers and he was equally exasperated by the facts that a decent working man should be compelled to go to such places for milk and that it should be refused him because he objected to buying liquor. The result was that he called together several of his friends,—three university professors, a diplomat, a physician and a lawyer, and formed the "Milk-Furnishing Society of Copenhagen," with a capital of about $2500. The scheme was laughed at and derided, but they persisted until the next phase was reached, the angry opposition of the farmers and dealers whose business was interfered with, but with the hearty backing of the newspapers and the health officials, together with the education of the public, the movement gained ground and today it has a capital of $150,000. Not only has it been a success financially from the start, but it has purified the entire milk trade of Copenhagen and its influence is spreading to Germany, Norway, and Sweden. No dairies or farms are owned by the society. It confines its activities solely to the inspection of the farms and their products. The dairymen bind themselves to feed their cattle on approved foods, to report any disease that manifests itself amongst the herds and to exercise the same supervision over the employees and their families. The society, on its part, pays the market price for all milk from a suspected animal until it is examined and certified by the society's veterinarian. The incentive to dispose of infected or suspicious milk is thus removed, since there is no loss occasioned and the certification of the society is of the greatest value. The dairy farms are models of cleanliness. The cattle are groomed before milking. No dry-sweeping is permitted in the stables, which are specially constructed, and the milkers are dressed in a uniform which is frequently changed and laundered under supervision. Soap, towels and fresh water are convenient to the milking room, and immediately after milking the milk is poured into sterilized receptacles and removed to the cold chamber.

Oversight is not yet relaxed for the sealed tins, which are forwarded by special cars to the society's headquarters where they are opened. Temperature is taken, and samples tested both by tasting and chemical analysis. No chances are taken with cans accidentally left unsealed, but their contents are sent to the butter-making department a lower price being allowed. The milk is strained three times before being bottled for delivery, and the same care is taken with the receptacles as with the fluid. The apparent "restriction of trade" has helped business for, though the milk sells for considerably less than the price charged in this country, allowing for the difference in standards of living, there is a demand from all classes. The con-

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seeding to the finished article.

Write to the Surbrug Company for samples and prices.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

sumption of milk is about double what it was before the establishment of the society. All milk dealing is under the supervision of the board of health. No one can enter into the business in any of its branches without notifying the sanitary police. The restrictions as to antiseptic cleanness of person and premises, and the revocation of permits to shops which fail to live up to the remotest requirements, with periodic and unannounced visits from the inspectors make it virtually impossible to escape detection. The dealer who mixes his supplies so that a sample cannot be traced to its source becomes personally responsible for consequences. If he retains each sample in the receptacle in which it is delivered to him the responsibility goes back to the farmer, provided that the shopkeeper has obeyed the regulations. Copenhagen has not had a milk epidemic since 1891. The rate of infant mortality in Copenhagen in 1906 was but 144 to a thousand. Chicago's statistics give 210, Cleveland 256, Savannah 228, and Fall River 420. Even in Buffalo, where there is exceptional care taken in the matter of a milk supply, 201 out of every thousand deaths are of children under one year of age. The figures are expressive. The fault with the American systems of supervision, heretofore appears to have been in not taking hold at the source of supply. Usually milk which is delivered for city consumption comes from a wide area, and the responsibile body is the State Department of Agriculture instead of the local board of health. The State Department investigates and reports, but does nothing toward the eradication of evils. The departments do the best they can, under the circumstances, and public feeling is not yet sufficiently aroused to the importance of the movement. Without an adequate force of inspectors equipped with proper authority comparatively little can be accomplished. Dealers who are, perforce, unvisited for months at a time, and have not before them the fear of losing their business are prone to become lax and indifferent. Still, the public conscience is being aroused and there are few of the larger cities which have not undertaken some reform in the matter of a milk supply. In a word, the real solution of the problem is "Pure milk from sound cows," and the Copenhagen society has demonstrated it as an attainable condition. The success of the Copenhagen, it is worthy to note, has been duplicated across the bay in Marin County on the Ideal Farms.



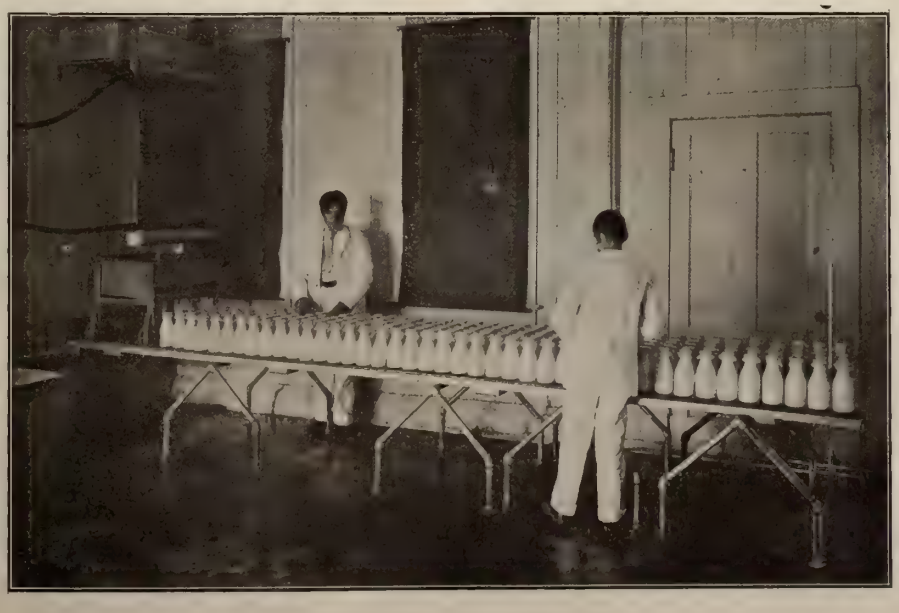
INTERIOR OF THE MAIN STABLE OF THE IDEAL FARMS

This stable is as clean as the kitchen of a good housewife.

MOVING DOWN TOWN

The firm of Chas. M. Plum & Company, the oldest furniture and carpet house in San Francisco, who for twenty years prior to the fire were located outside of the retail district, corner of Ninth and Market streets, have decided to move down into the new retail district. They have leased from Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. Sarah Rosenstock their property on the north side of Sutter street just above Grant avenue, for a long term of years. The owner will proceed at once to erect a handsome building specially adapted to the business of Plum & Company. The lot is fifty-two feet six inches by one hundred and twenty-six feet extending to a rear street, which insures plenty of light for their floor displays. The building is to be completed by the first day of next July.

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office, he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer. "If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl who kept me waiting all day for my answer." "Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the las sfor me."



IN THE BOTTLING DEPARTMENT

The milk must be bottled at the farm.

Chateau Wines in California

By E. H. Rixford

Not the most famous but unquestionably the finest of the chateau wines of California are those made by Mr. E. H. Rixford at his La Questa vineyard. He is one of the few vineyardists of California who are as eager to be proud of their products as to profit therefrom.—Editor Town Talk

The editor of Town Talk has asked me to tell his readers how to produce a chateau wine in California.

There is no secret about it. If the conditions are favorable, the same varieties of grapes are grown as in the Medoc, and the same practices are followed, a fine wine ought to be produced in this State.

In the preface of his work entitled, "The Wine Press and the Cellar," published in 1883, the writer used this



IN THE LA QUESTA VINEYARD

In this picture is shown the Medoc system of training the vine.

language—"If every grower in the State will only devote a portion of his ground to the cultivation of the choicest varieties of grapes, making sure that he knows what he is cultivating, will use the best methods of vinification, preserve each kind of wine by itself, or keep a careful record of his blends, and will age and rear the different

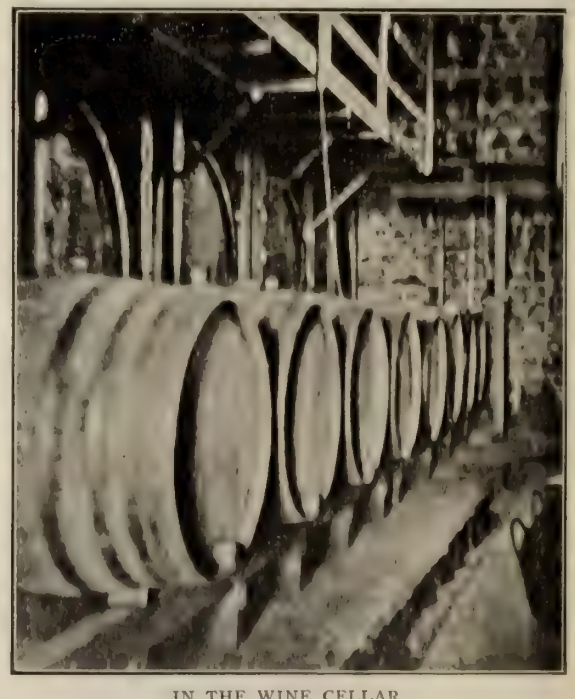


THE WINE PRESS

products according to the best and most intelligent methods, the writer confidently expects that favored spots will be found in time which will produce wines that will compare favorably with the fine wines of Europe; and we may even venture to hope that some lucky individual will find that he is possessed of a vineyard that will make his name famous as the producer of a grand wine equal to the most renowned wines of the world."

The soil in which the vines are grown exercises an important influence on the wine made from the grapes grown thereon, and in France, great stress is laid upon its composition. The finest wines of the Medoc, as a rule, are produced upon a gravelly soil, but the constituents vary greatly in the different vineyards, and any one who is curious upon this subject is referred to the French works where the question of soils is discussed. Suffice it to say that the finest wines are not produced on low, wet, clay soil, but rather from grapes grown on rolling lands whose soil is comparatively light, and largely made up of broken stone, gravel and sand, with a due proportion of clay.

Climate of course, exercises a powerful influence on the product of the vine, and a delicate table wine cannot be produced in a very hot climate, nor where the weather is so cold that the grapes will not ripen sufficiently to eliminate the harsh acidity of the fruit. In a comparatively new country like California, the matters



IN THE WINE CELLAR

of climate, physical condition and soil must be determined by experience, following the indications suggested.

The best variety of grapes, however, must absolutely be planted. The Cabernet Sauvignon enters largely into the production of all the classified grands crus of the Medoc, and its use cannot be neglected in the production of similar wines in any country. Grown with this grape in different proportions are a few other varieties peculiar to that region. Chateau-Lafite cultivates seventy-six hectares of vines, seventy hectares in Cabernet Sauvignon, three in Merlot, and three in Cabernet Franc, and Verdot. Chateau Margeaux has eighty hectares, forty of which are Cabernet Sauvignon, twenty Malbec, and twenty Merlot, Verdot, and Carminere in about equal proportions. Chateau Latour has forty-six hectares in vines, one-half of which are Cabernet Sauvignon and Cabernet Franc, one-fourth Malbec, one-fourth

Verdot and other varieties. Mouton Rothchild has sixty hectares almost exclusively in Cabernet Sauvignon.

Many connoisseurs who have drunk "La Questa" have flatteringly compared it with some of the fine growths mentioned, therefore I take the liberty of giving our own methods, after years of experimenting on the lines followed in the Medoc.

La Questa Vineyard at Woodside, San Mateo County, is situated on a hillside, gently sloping to the southwest, the soil contains a noticeable proportion of broken rock, sand and gravel, and is underlaid with a ferruginous clay. It is planted to Cabernet Sauvignon and a small percentage of other varieties. The grapes ripen about the middle of October and at that season of the year the fermentation is gentle, even, and complete, and we do not experience the difficulties of warmer climates, where the high temperature destroys the yeast germs, and the vintner has what in common parlance is called "a stuck tank," in which fermentation ceases all too soon, and before the must is dry.

The vines are planted four feet apart in rows eight feet between, and are pruned and trained according to the system which prevails in the Medoc, each vine bearing two arms, and each arm one or two canes bent in the form of a bow or arc and tied to a wire about eighteen inches above the ground, as illustrated in the picture showing the vines after the winter pruning and tying. The grapes are gathered when the juice shows about twenty-two per cent of sugar. Defective and green grapes are left on the vines in picking. We stem our grapes and they fall from the stemmer into fermenting tanks of 2000 gallons capacity, with four foot staves. Fermentation is completed in about a week, when the new wine is drawn off into puncheons of about 180 gallons capacity, and remains in them until the first racking when it is drawn off into vats holding about 1000 gallons, leaving the heavy lees behind.

The fermenting house in which the new wine remains till the first racking is a plain, wooden building with a concrete floor.

The cellar in which the ovals are stored is a stone building with thick walls, partly underground, with a well ventilated attic, and we are able to maintain a fairly even temperature in all kinds of weather.

The wine is carefully racked four times the first year, and after that twice or three times a year till it is put into bottles. After three or four years in wood it is bottled and laid away for one or two years more before putting it on the market.

It is not possible in an article of this length to give more than general indications of the practices to be followed in making a Chateau wine, but they will be found assembled from the works of the best French writers in the book already mentioned. But presuming that the proper location has been found with favorable climate and soil, and the finest varieties of grapes are planted, and they are gathered and pressed, and the wine has been put into the cellar, it will be impossible to put out a fine wine much less a Chateau wine, unless the most scrupulous attention is given to cleanliness. No utensil or cask should be allowed to become sour or mouldy, or come in contact with the liquid. If ever "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," emphatically it is so in wine making.

It is a notorious fact that a few years ago almost all the California wines when new seemed good and promising but at the end of a year or two were found to be defective, partly because stored in open wooden buildings, but principally because they had come in contact with sour and filthy utensils and containers.

And let me say here that the average man will no more make fine wine than the average farmer will make fancy butter. The same neatness and tidiness in both is essential. The attempt to produce a Chateau wine must be a labor of love, for years of experimenting are required before adequate results can be had, and therefore, as already indicated, in making wine for profit, the producer must carry on the more remunerative business of producing quantity rather than quality, but he should not fail to experiment in a small way in hopes, in the end, of reaching perfection in the art.

A BURNING QUESTION

How to Keep Warm Frosty Mornings? Try the

HOME OPEN FRONT OIL HEATER



A PERFECT HEATER
PORTABLE
SAFE

Cheerful as an open grate fire. Most successful oil heater ever invented. Sold on a guarantee. If not satisfactory money refunded.

Made in Three Sizes

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W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

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PRECIOUS STONES

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BUY MOHAWK-TRIANGLE BUY MOHAWK-TRIANGLE



MOHAWK TRIANGLE MINING CO. OF ARIZONA
MINE S IN GOLDFIELD NEVADA

OFFICERS & DIRECTORS
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P. De B. ROSSI VICE PRES.
Hon. JAMES T. BOYD.
GEORGE M. WILLCOX SEC & TREAS

A Practically Proven Mine of Great Value--- Enormous Profits and Early Dividends Assured

The **Mohawk-Triangle Mining Company** owns over sixty acres of wonderfully rich ore bodies in the famous Goldfield Mining District of Nevada, where never before in the mining history of the world has there been such an amazing tale of suddenly acquired riches as that which has been told during the past few years.

Its properties consist of a small fraction of a claim situated in the very heart of that fabulously rich mining camp and completely surrounded by rich properties. **Within a Stone's Throw** of our line are the shafts out of which the famous **Hayes-Monnette** lease, the **Ish-Sheets** lease, the **Francis-Mohawk** lease and the **January-Jones** lease have taken millions and **made their stockholders independently wealthy,** while adjoining us and in close proximity to us on the south, east and north are such well known properties as the **Red Top, Jumbo, Mohawk, Combination, Florence** and other famous mines. Our Engineers, Messrs. **Thomas Price & Son,** the well known Mining Engineers and Metallurgists of San Francisco and Goldfield, and others who have examined this Fraction for us say. **"The same great vein undoubtedly underlies this portion of your property."** We have sunk a shaft there, have cut through the drift, and struck solid formation at a depth of about forty feet.

In addition to this fraction, the company owns the **Camp Bird Group** of claims, consisting of sixty acres situated in the famous **Golden Horseshoe Belt,** on which are located all the **proven mines** of the Goldfield District. The properties immediately surrounding these claims are rich in high-grade ore and we have every reason to believe that **these sixty acres will develop into a mine ranking in the Bonanza class.** We are down one hundred and seventy feet in a shaft on one claim of this group. The shaft is being sunk midway between two well-defined dykes of rich, gold-bearing rock, both of which carry as far as composition, formation and appearance goes, the **same kind of ore as that taken from the famous Mohawk** mine, which has assayed as high as sixty thousand dollars to the ton. We already have assays running from ten dollars to three hundred dollars to the ton in our shaft but expect to reach the real high grades as soon as we have cut stations at the two hundred and three hundred foot levels and cross-cut to the ledges not more than twenty to thirty feet away.

The Managers and Directors of the Company are all well known men of standing in San Francisco and vicinity; they are developing the properties in a thorough business-like manner with the sole object of making the investment of their stockholders **a highly profitable one** through the actual, intrinsic, dividend paying value of their mines, rather than through any temporary, fictitious fluctuation in the price of its stock.

For the purpose of continuing the work more vigorously, of sinking the shafts lower, cutting stations, cross-cutting, and for the further purpose of installing a better equipment to enable us to work more rapidly and more economically, we are desirous of raising a little more money, not much for we do not need much more to put us on a paying or dividend paying basis, and for that reason are offering a small block of only 25,000 shares of treasury stock or any part of it at 25 cents a share.

We are offering you the **biggest bargain on the American stock market today** and urge you to join us, but you must **act at once, buy it now. Take it all or as much as you can.**

IT MEANS A FORTUNE FOR YOU.

THE MOHAWK-TRIANGLE MINING CO.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - - - - - ROOM 623, CHRONICLE BUILDING

Xmas Time

Now are the jolly days
  Home for the holidays,
Loudly rejoicing in freedom from school,
  Freed from the pedagogue,
  Every young head agog,
Over the profits accruing from Yule.

For Pa:

There's a fine embroidered motto, and a pair of slippers neat,
Worked up in flaring worsted that will surely burn his feet.
Here's a shaving mug, and pasteboard box to hold his cuffs and collars,
And a pocketbook that's horribly devoid of cents or dollars.

For Ma:

There's a bulky looking bundle, quite suggestive of a sacque,
Which some will think a seal once wore upon his dripping back.
But which, when looked at closely, and not in social rush,
Will prove to have been made complete of A 1 cotton plush.

The Children:

Will find their little stockings a hanging o'er the fire,
Stuffed full of indigestion, to which they all aspire.
For little girls are pretty dolls, in gorgeous satin drest,
Which cry Mamma, also Papa, when thumped upon the breast.
And for th'omniscient, omnipresent, ubiquitous small boys,
Are horns, and drums, and everything that contributes to noise.
And, last of all, for baby sweet, the dearest little fellow,
There stands a horse six inches high, his legs all painted yellow.
And wagons great, all stuffed with blocks, and sixteen Noah's arks,
And three or four small woolly dogs, with artificial barks.

Not one forgot of all the clan upon this happy morn
Which makes all other happy days by contrast seem forlorn,
Which bringeth to ye poet's face a broad, refulgent smile.
For now he vends to Sunday school his carols by the mile

WHAT WINGFIELD THINKS OF GOLDFIELD

George Wingfield, vice-president of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, whose sudden rise from comparative poverty to the affluence of a multi-millionaire when the Mohawk mine made its sensational strike a few years ago and the stock of the company rose quickly from twenty-five cents to twenty dollars a share, is quoted in the Goldfield News of December 12, 1908, as saying: "The Mohawk has made a magnificent record, as everybody knows, but there are other Mohawks in the Goldfield district." The Mohawk-Triangle Mining Company is practically a close corporation, very little of its stock having been permitted to its treasury but all who are interested in the company or who are in close touch with its management thoroughly agree with Mr. Wingfield. Before the present managers of the company secured these claims they spent days and weeks thoroughly examining and pricing every available claim in the Goldfield district, and judging then from the excellent surface showings, from the fact that the claims were traversed by two of the strongest quartz outcroppings to be found in the State, from the values placed on and found in the adjoining properties and the prices at which claims in the immediate vicinity were selling, they believed they had secured a bargain, while now, having practically proved their value by the development work already done, they are convinced of it, and honestly and sincerely believe their property to be worth over a million dollars and that they will take many millions out of it before the end of next year. Over sixty-seven thousand dollars, it is said, was taken out of the Ish-Sheets shaft, within a few feet of the Mohawk-Triangle sideline during the last three days of the Ish-Sheets lease. Mr. S. Thornton Langley, a Goldfield pioneer and one of the best informed and most successful mining operators in the district, writes as follows: "In my opinion, the combination of your Camp Bird Group with your Mohawk-Triangle Claim, presents the strongest combination of any group of mines in Goldfield today." From all reports it certainly looks as though this was one of the coming mines of the Goldfield district.

A GREAT HOME BUILDER

It will possibly be a great many years before a building and loan association will be able to duplicate the good done by the Continental. In nineteen years it has been the means of helping people in California to build nearly 5,000 homes. Counting five people to a family, this number of homes assembled would make a city of 25,000 population. The number of men employed in constructing this number of homes means a small army of employees. In the meantime it has distributed to its investors, whose money has been invested in the association and whose money built these homes, over $3,000,000.00 in profits.

The Continental was organized in 1889 for the purpose of creating a medium through which people could build their homes and for the further purpose of helping the workingman or woman to make better interest on savings than by any other system of banking. Its record shows the success of the enterprise, beyond question. In January, 1909, the Continental will be in its new home at the junction of Market and Taylor streets and Golden Gate avenue.



"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes"

MURINE EYE REMEDY

A Favorite Toilet Accessory

Has won many Friends as an Aid to the Restoration of Normal Conditions, Healthful Tone and Natural Brilliancy to Eyes that Need Care.

It has proven of great value in the Home as An Eye Tonic for Weak, Red, Inflamed & Itching Eyes & Eyelids.

As An Eye Insurance Tourists, Automobilists and others exposed to Strong Winds, Dust and Reflected Sunlight, which produce Irritation, Granulation, Ulceration and Weak Eyes, will find in Murine a Safe, Soothing Eye Lotion affording "Reliable Relief."

The Finishing Touch

Bewitchingly Costumed
In Costliest Gown,
For the Social Event,
At the South End of Town.

The "Finishing Touch"
To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
"Two drops" of Murine.

Try Murine for the "Automobile Eye"

OLD CROW R. B. HAYDEN JOHN BUTLER BOURBON
MEADVILLE RYE

Powell's
THE STRAIGHT WHISKEY HOUSE
NO RECTIFIED GOODS

N.W.COR. MISSION & FIRST STS.

TELEPHONE KEARNY 2047

EVERY DRINK OF WHISKEY SOLD OVER THIS BAR IS PURE AND STRAIGHT; REDUCED TO 87 PROOF WITH DISTILLED WATER ONLY.



A BEAUTIFUL CLASSIC STRUCTURE

The "CONTINENTAL BUILDINGS," located at the junction of Market and Taylor Streets and Golden Gate Avenue, is now practically completed.

This structure was designed by Architects Howard & Galloway. It is a two-story and basement Class "A" building of classic architecture. The exterior of the building is ornamented with granite relieved by pure white terra cotta and oxidized copper.

The entire ground floor will be devoted to the use of the Continental Building and Loan Association. This floor will be finished in Grecian cream-colored and Verdi marble with ornaments of solid oxidized copper.

The second story will contain a number of handsomely equipped offices unsurpassed for light, heat and ventilation.

The locality is one of the most central in San Francisco, being in the very midst of the great department stores and is also fast becoming the banking center.

Nineteen Years

The **Continental Building and Loan Association** was organized in September, 1889, and has been doing business in California during the entire time.

Nearly 5000 members have built their homes through this Association.

It has paid to its members in dividends the sum of $3,000,000. At no time have they amounted to less than six per cent per annum, compounded semi-annually.

There is no better investment than its 6% Certificates of Deposit.

If you are not a member you have missed a safe and profitable investment.

A Systematic Home-Saving Institution

Our literature is free. Cordial treatment if you call.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

To Bethlehem

(Continued from Page 27.)

of the older faith who affect to despise them. They are ragged —these tarbooshed Turk "Askeri"—they are out at elbows and often shoeless, and not infrequently go hungry; yet they stand quietly at their posts, while hordes of greasy, squabbling, unsavory pilgrims jostle them, and only too frequently have they to intervene in embittered conflicts between the members of different congregations, which not seldom lead to bloodshed.

The most prominent building in the town, and one which naturally chiefly impresses the approaching visitor, is the great square convent of the Nativity. The building much more resembles a fort than a convent, and it is like enough (seeing that in its present form it is reputed to have been built in one of the later crusades, after being previously destroyed by the Saracens), that it may not infrequently have been used as a fortress. Within this convent do we find the church of the Nativity, which is of course the objective of every visitor. This church is built in the form of a cross, but only one portion of it is open. This is the nave, a stately specimen of architecture which contains forty-eight magnificent Corinthian columns of solid granite, each nearly three feet through and twenty-seven feet high. This nave belongs to the Armenian congregation; the rest of the building—the arms, that is, of the cross—is walled up and inaccessible. One of the most noticeable facts about this great church is the low square door which is its only entrance; there were of course many other doors, but they also have been walled up, and for a reason that is not flattering to Christianity, seeing that the measure was taken by the Turkish authorities for the purpose of preventing the Christians of various sects from making a battle ground of the interior of the sacred edifice.

Even as it is, however, and despite the actual reason, there is a beautiful appropriateness about this low doorway, in that all who pass its threshold must perforce bow the head. Within the nave itself the many chapels are hardly ever to be found untenanted. It would be hard to describe them or the shuffling crowd that constantly frequents the great building. At the head of the cross and on the threshold is a sculptured marble star; which the Bethlehemites believe to be the central point of the universe—the umbilicus mundi. It is a long, intricate and tortuous passage that leads from here to the crypt below, and to the lamp-lit chapel of the Nativity—where the Saviour is said to have been born,—whose walls are hung with silken draperies from Damascus, bright with the gayest colors, and where the gold star of Bethlehem gleams before the altar, with its inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est," almost wholly worn away by the constant kisses of fervent worshippers. Near by, again, the stone manger stands—within another chapel—in a low recess cut in the solid rock. To each of these shrines, and others, the Christian visitor is gravely escorted by a Turkish soldier, whose office of protection is indeed no sinecure.

Of course, in this church of Bethlehem there has been built up, around the original and simple fact, a vast amount of superstition. There is, however, amid all these chapels and shrines one other spot, apart from the center of peculiar worship, which must have an abiding interest for everyone. This is the grotto where St. Jerome (whose advocacy of celibacy for women had brought down upon him the wrath of Europe), settled down after his long wanderings through Asia Minor, Egypt and Palestine, to make the translations of the Old Testament, which, in spite of persecutions which drove him at times to seek refuge in the mountains, he succeeded in completing before his death.

The sentiments of the visitor to Bethlehem are of a conflicting nature. On leaving the place of his pilgrimage, all associations impel reverence, respect and worship, yet it must be granted that in view of the scenes which the visitor to the sacred shrines can hardly fail to witness—the turbulence, the violent quarrels, the jealousies, the bloodshed even, which the Moslem soldier is sometimes powerless to avert—all the coarse features, indeed, which cannot but take from the simple majesty of the Holy Place—it were, perhaps, the most gracious part to remain away.

The "Direct Wire"

Editor of great city daily (to his assistant):

"Billy, have you finished that 'special' from Washington?"

"Not quite. I had to write one from Chicago, a letter from our correspondent in Paris, the Wall Street story and that stuff from Lincoln, Neb. I'll finish the Washington 'special' in a few minutes. By the way, do you want anything from New York about the Harriman deal in Los Angeles—a denial or anything of that sort? Seems to me that we ought to set people right about the matter.

Not the Right Man

A young man had been calling now and then upon a young lady, when one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were. He turned very red and was about to stammer some incoherent reply, when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stair: "Mamma, mamma, that is not the one."

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Christmas Legends and Superstitions

(Continued from Page 40.)

the mountaineers of the Abruzzi. In the early years of the nineteenth century the pipers knew no limit of hours. They played day and night, as long as breath and endurance enabled them to hold out, a condition which was by no means agreeable to those who would sleep o' nights, amongst whom was Pope Leo XII, who decreed that pipers should not play upon their instruments earlier than four o'clock in the morning. In 1836, owing to the prevalence of cholera and the watchfulness of the soldiers, the pipers were unable to make their annual descent on the Eternal City, and the populace looked upon the deprivation as a national misfortune. Up to 1870 the Christmas pipers were still a spectacle of the Roman holiday but in that year it was thought that they were too primitive and too little in keeping with modern times, so their places were taken by certain wandering players akin to our own "little German bands," who stopped outside shops and hotels and played some modern march or operatic selection, with drum beats and harsh brazen instruments. The few survivors of the once numerous band of pifferai are to be found now only in isolated rural districts, where they are still welcomed in the houses, rewarded with gifts of money and merchandise and treated to holiday cheer.

Though the children of Mexico and Spanish South America have neither Santa Claus nor Christmas tree it does not follow that they are to be commiserated, for the holiday season is by no means ignored. Every household has its representation of the stable at Bethlehem, which is usually put in place a week before Christmas day and not removed until after the Epiphany, the sixth of January. Always, on the night before Christmas the old story is told that the animals have the gift of speech, and it might be an additional miracle to the young minds could they but know that wherever the legend is revived the creatures invariably speak the language of the country, be it Italian, French, Spanish or Portuguese, though all the year round the bleating of a sheep, the lowing of an ox or the crowing of a cock would appear to be a common tongue in all lands. In Mexico a characteristic celebration, which, however, has fallen somewhat into decay of late years, was the "posada." This was a commemoration of the journey undertaken by Mary and Joseph, and lasted for nine nights. Several families joined together in this ceremony, and their respective houses represented the various stopping places at which shelter was sought on the way to Bethlehem to be enrolled according to the order of the Roman emperor. On each successive evening the guests with their servants assembled at the house designated for that particular night, and each provided with a lighted candle, they formed a procession at the head of which were carried the figures of Mary and Joseph. Maching through the corridors of the house they recited a litany or sang hymns until they reached the appointed room. There some of the company entered and closed the door, taking upon themselves the character of inmates of the house. The party outside, representing the pilgrims, then chanted a request which, freely translated ran:

"In heaven's name I beg for shelter;
My wife tonight can go no farther."

To which those inside the closed room made reply,

"No inn is this; begone from hence.
Ye may be thieves; I trust ye not."

Further importunities in the same style overcame the objections and, the door opened, the pilgrims were admitted. A gaily decorated altar with small gifts received the figures, and after prayers were recited, the remander of the evening was spent in dancing, feasting and amusement. The last night of the "posada" was usually held at the home of some wealthy man who could afford to decorate lavishly and make the entertainment in keeping. The Mexican peasantry, like the English rustics, used to hold a rude sort of dramatic entertainment such as Thomas Hardy describes in "The Return of the Native." The "pastores" or shepherds do not seem to have inherited a traditional play, or to have constructed a systematic presentation, but, dressed in fantantic garb representing anything from angel to devil, they went about from house to house, singing and dancing. They were rewarded with small gifts of money or simple refreshments, and occasionally a rich resident would provide a special entertainment for them. But with the advent of railroads, tourists and the inevitable sophistication, both the "posada" and the shepherd's serenade have become more or less vulgarized and for that reason they are, if not forbidden, at leased looked askance upon by the church.

The custom of giving presents at Christmas is usually attributed to the tradition of the gifts carried by the Three Wise Men to the Christ child, but it is likewise claimed to have had its origin in another old custom, that of the priests placing a box on out-bound ships for the receipt of alms. On Christmas day this box was opened and masses said for the contributors. The box came to be called the Christ Mass Box, hence our custom of Christmas boxes and gifts. It seems a far-fetched and improbable derivation, but no one is obliged to accept it as genuine.

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Herodias

(Continued from Page 30.)

A negro appeared. His body was white with dust. He gasped for breath and could only say:

"Vitellius!"

"What! has he arrived?"

"I saw him. Within three hours he will be here!"

The portieres at the doors of the corridors were separated as by the wind. A busy hum filled the castle, a tumult of people running to and fro, of furniture being dragged about, of silver plate falling to the floor; and from the towers trumpets sounded, to call the scattered slaves.

II.

The ramparts were thronged with people when Vitellius entered the courtyard. He was leaning on his interpreter's arm, followed by a great red litter adorned with plumes and mirrors; he wore the toga, the laticlave, the buskins of a consul, and his person was surrounded by lictors.

The Tetrarch had fallen at the Proconsul's feet, grieved, he said, that he had not been sooner informed of the favor of his presence. Otherwise he would have ordered that whatever the Vitellii might require should await them along the roads.

Between the pillars, with their brazen capitals, Herodias was seen, advancing with the air of an empress, amid women and eunuchs carrying burning perfumes on silver-gift salvers.

The Proconsul took three steps to meet her; and, having saluted him with an inclination of the head:

"What joy!" she cried; "henceforth, Agrippa, the enemy of Tiberius, is powerless to do harm!"

Vitellius asked why there were so many people. Antipas told him the reason: his birthday festival; and he pointed out several of his people, who leaned over the battlements, lowering enormous baskets of meat, fruit, vegetables, antelopes and storks, large sky-blue fish, grapes, melons, pomegranates arranged in pyramids. Aulus could not restrain himself. He rushed towards the kitchen, impelled by that gluttony which was destined to surprise the universe.

Passing a cave, he saw stew-pans like cuirasses. Vitellius came to look at them, and demanded that the underground rooms of the fortress should be opened for him.

They were hewn in the rock, with high vaulted roofs, and pillars at intervals. The first contained old armour, but the second was filled to overflowing with pikes, all their points protruding from a bouquet of plumes. The third seemed to be hung with mats of reeds, the slender arrows were arranged so straightly side by side. Scimitar-blades covered the walls of the fourth. In the center of the fifth, rows of helmets, with their crests, formed as it were a battalion of red serpents. In the sixth naught could be seen save quivers; in the seventh, naught but military boots; in the eighth, naught but armlets; in those following, pitchforks, grappling-irons, ladders, ropes, and even poles for catapults, even bells for the breastplates of dromedaries And as the mountain grew larger at its base, and was hollowed out within like a beehive, beneath these rooms there were others more numerous and deeper.

Vitellius, Phineas his interpreter, and Sisenna, the leader of the publicans, walked through them by the light of torches borne by three eunuchs.

In the shadow they distinguished hideous objects invented by the barbarians: head-crushers studded with nails, javelins that poisoned the wounds they made, pincers resembling a crocodile's jaws; in a word, the Tetrarch had in store in Machaerus munitions of war for forty thousand men.

He had gathered them in anticipation of an alliance of his enemies. But the Proconsul might believe, or say, that it was to fight against the Romans, and the Tetrarch sought explanations.

They were not his; many were used for protection against brigands; moreover, they were needed against the Arabs; or else, they had all belonged to his father. And, instead of walking behind the Proconsul, he went before, at a rapid pace. Then he stood against the wall, which he covered with his toga, holding his elbows away from his sides; but the top of a door appeared above his head. Vitellius noticed it and wished to know what was on the other side.

The Babylonian alone could open it.

"Call the Babylonian!"

They awaited his coming.

At first he seemed not to understand the interpreter. But Vitellius cast a glance at Antipas, who instantly repeated his command. Thereupon Jacim placed both his hands against the door. It glided into the wall.

A breath of hot air came forth from the darkness. A winding path sloped downward; they followed it and reached the entrance to a grotto, of greater extent than the other underground apartments.

At the rear there was an arched opening over the precipice, which defended the citadel on that side. The blossoms of a honeysuckle that clung to the wall hung downward in the bright light of day. Along the ground trickled a murmuring thread of water.

There were white horses there, a hundred perhaps, eating barley from a board on a level with their mouths. All had their manes painted blue, their hoofs in bags of esparto, and the hair between the ears curled over the frontal bone, like a wig.

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With their very long tails they lazily lashed their legs. The Proconsul was struck dumb with admiration.

But what was there beneath?

"Nothing! a man, a prisoner."

"Show him to me!" said Vitellius.

The Tetrarch did not obey; the Jews would have learned his secret. His disinclination to raise the shield angered Vitellius.

"Break it in!" he shouted to the lictors.

Mannaeus had divined what was happening. Seeing an axe, he thought that they were going to behead Iaokanann—and he stopped the lictor at the first blow on the bronze circle, inserted a sort of hook between it and the pavement, then, straightening his long, thin arms, slowly raised it; it opened, and all marveled at the old man's strength. Beneath the wood-lined cover was a trapdoor of the same dimensions. At a blow of the fist it folded in two panels; then they saw a hole, a great ditch, surrounded by a staircase without a rail; and they who leaned over the brink saw at the bottom something indistinct and horrifying.

A human being lay on the ground, covered with long hair that mingled with the beast's hair that clothed his back. He rose; his brow touched a horizontal grating; and from time to time he disappeared in the depths of his den.

The sun gleamed on the points of the tiaras and on the sword-hilts, and heated the flagstones beyond measure; and doves, flying from the eaves, fluttered above the courtyard. It was the hour when Mannaeus usually threw grain to them. He crouched before the Tetrarch, who stood beside Vitellius. The Galileans, the priests, the soldiers, formed a circle behind them; all held their peace, in agonizing suspense as to what was about to happen.

First there was a profund sigh, uttered in a cavernous voice.

Herodias heard it at the other end of the palace. Overcome by a sort of fascination, she passed through the crowd; and with one hand on Mannaeus's shoulder, and body bent forward, she listened.

"Woe to you, Pharisees and Sadducees, generation of vipers, inflated skins, tinkling cymbals!"

They recognized Iaokanann. His name passed from mouth to mouth. Others hastened to the spot.

"Woe to you, O people! woe to the traitors of Judah, to the drunkards of Ephraim, to those who dwell in the fat valleys and who are overcome with wine!

"Let them fade away like the water that flows, like the snail that melts as it crawls, like the foetus of a woman who does not see the sun.

"Thou must take refuge, O Moab, among the cypresses like the sparrows, in caverns like the jerboa. The gates of the fortresses shall be rent asunder more easily than nutshells, walls shall crumble, cities shall burn; and the scourge of the Eternal shall not rest. He shall turn your limbs about in your blood as wool is turned in the dyer's vat. He shall tear you like a new harrow; He shall scatter morsels of your flesh upon the mountains!"

Of what conqueror was he speaking? Was it of Vitellius? The Romans alone could effect such an extermination. Complaints arose:

"Enough! enough! let him finish!"

He continued, in a louder voice:

"Beside their mothers' dead bodies, little children shall drag themselves through the dust. You shall go at night to seek bread among the ruins, at the risk of sword thrusts. The jackals shall fight for your bones on the public squares, where the old men used to talk at evening. Your virgins, swallowing their tears, shall play the lute as the stranger's feasts, and your bravest sons shall bend their backs, crushed by too heavy burdens!"

The people remembered their days of exile, all the calamities of this history. These were the words of the prophets of old. Iaokanann sent them forth, like mighty blows, one after another.

But the voice became sweet, melodious, musical. It proclaimed enfranchisement, splendid portents in the sky, the newly born, with an arm in the dragon's cavern, gold instead of clay, the desert blooming like a rose. "That which is now worth sixty talents will not cost an obol. Fountains of milk shall gush from the rocks; you shall sleep in the wine-presses, with full bellies!—When wilt Thou come, whose coming I await? In anticipation, all the peoples kneel, and Thy sway shall be eternal, O Son of David!"

The Tetrarch threw himself back, the existence of a Son of David affronting him like a threat.

Iaokanann anathematized him for his assumption of royalty: —"There is no king save the Eternal!"—and for his gardens, his statues, his ivory furniture—like the impious Ahab!

Antipas broke the cord of the seal that hung upon his breast, and threw it into the hole, bidding him to hold his peace.

The voice replied:

"I will cry aloud like the bear, like a wild ass, like a woman in labor!

"The punishment has already befallen thee in thy incest. God afflicts thee with the sterility of the mule."

And laughter arose, like the plashing of the waves.

Vitellius persisted in remaining. The interpreter, in an unmoved voice, repeated in the Roman tongue all the invectives that Iaokanann roared in his own. The Tetrarch and Herodias were forced to listen to them twice. He panted, while she, open-mouthed, watched the bottom of the hole.

The ghastly man threw back his head, and, grasping the bars,

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pressed against them his face, which had the aspect of a tangled underbrush, and in which two coals of fire beamed.

"Ah! it is thou, Jezebel!

"Thou dost take his heart captive with the creaking of thy shoes. Thou didst neigh like a mare. Thou didst set thy bed on the mountains, to accomplish thy sacrifices!

"The Lord shall tear away thine earrings, thy purple robes, thy veils of fine linen, the circlets from thine arms, the rings from thy feet; and the little golden crescents that tremble on thy brow, thy silver mirrors, thy fans of ostrich feathers, the mother-of-pearl pattens that increase thy stature, the pride of thy diamonds, the perfumes of thy hair, the painting of thy nails—all the artifices of sensuality; and the stones shall be too few to stone the adulteress!"

She glanced about her for protection. The Pharisees hypocritically lowered their eyes. The Sadducees turned their faces away, fearing to offend the Proconsul. Antipas seemed at the point of death.

The voice grew louder, took on new intonations, rolled hither and thither with a crashing as of thunder, and, repeated by the mountain echoes, struck Machaerus with bolt after bolt.

"Stretch thyself in the dust, daughter of Babylon! Grind flour! Remove thy girdle, unloose thy shoes, truss up thy skirts, cross the rivers! Thy shame shall be laid bare, thine opprobrium shall be seen! thy sobs shall break thy teeth! The Eternal abhors the stench of thy crimes! Accursed! accursed! Die like a dog!"

The trap-door closed, the cover was lowered to its place. Mannaeus wished to strangle Iaokanann.

Herodias vanished. The Pharisees were scandalized. Antipas, in their midst, defended himself.

"Doubtless," said Eleazar, "one may marry his brother's wife; but Herodias was not widowed, and, moreover, she had a child, wherein lay the abomination."

"Not so! not so!" objected Jonathas the Sadducee. "The Law condemns such marriages, without proscribing them absolutely."

"It matters not! They are most unjust to me!" said Antipas; "for Absalom lay with his father's wives, Judah with his daughter-in-law, Ammon with his sister, Lot with his daughters."

Aulus, who had been sleeping, reappeared at that moment. When he was informed of the affair, he took sides with the Tetrarch. He should not be disturbed by such foolish ideas; and he laughed aloud at the reprobation of the priests and the frenzy of Iaokanann.

Herodias, on the steps, turned towards him.

"You are wrong, my master! He bids the people refuse to pay the tax."

"Is that true?" instantly asked the publican.

The answers were generally in the affirmative. The Tetrarch confirmed them.

Vitellius thought the prisoner might fly; and, as Antipas's conduct seemed to him equivocal, he posted sentinels at the gates, along the walls, and in the courtyard.

One thought afforded the Tetrarch consolation. Ioakanann was no longer at his disposal, the Romans had taken charge of him. What a relief! Phanuel was walking on the path around the battlements. He called him and said, pointing to the soldiers:

"They are stronger than I! I cannot set him free; it is not my fault!"

The courtyard was empty. The slaves were at rest. Against the reddening sky, flame-colored on the horizon, the smallest perpendicular objects were outlined in black. Antipas distinguished the salt-wells at the far end of the Dead Sea, and he no longer saw the tents of the Arabs. Doubtless they had gone. The moon rose; a feeling of peace descended upon his heart.

III.

The guests filled the banquet-hall.

It had three naves, like a basilica, separated by pillars of algum wood, with bronze capitals covered with carvings. Two galleries with openwork balustrades overhung it; and a third, in gold filagree, jutted out at one end, opposite an immense arch.

Candelabra burning on long tables extending the whole length of the hall formed bushes of fire, between cups of painted clay and copper platters, cubes of snow and heaps of grapes; but those red gleams one after another were lost in space because of the height of the ceiling, and points of light twinkled, like the stars at night, through the branches. Through the opening of the vast arch, one could see torches on the terraces of the houses; for Antipas feasted his friends, his subjects, and all who had presented themselves.

Slaves, as active as dogs, and with their feet encased in sandals of felt, went to and fro, carrying salvers.

The proconsular table stood upon a platform built of sycamore boards, beneath the gilded tribune. Tapestries from Babylon enclosed it in a sort of pavilion.

Three ivory couches, one opposite the door and one on either side, held Vitellius, his son, and Antipas; the Proconsul being next the door, at the left, Aulus at the right, the Tetrarch in the center.

On one side there were the priests and officers of Antipas, people from Jerusalem, the chief men of the Greek cities; and, under the Proconsul, Marcellus with the publicans, friends of the Tetrarch, the notables of Cana, Ptolemais, and Jericho; then, mingled pellmell, mountaineers from Libanus and Herod's old soldiers (twelve Thracians, a Gaul, two Germans), gazelle-hunters, Idumean shepherds, the Sultan of Palmyra, seamen of Eziongeber. Each person had before him a cake of soft dough,

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on which to wipe his fingers; and their arms, stretching out like vultures' necks, seized olives, pistachioes, and almonds. All the faces beamed with joy beneath crowns of flowers.

The talk was of Iaokanann and men of his type; Simon of Gittoy purged sin with fire. A certain Jesus—

"The worst of all!" cried Eleazar. "An infamous juggler!"

Behind the Tetrarch a man arose, as pale as the hem of his chlamys. He descended from the platform and addressed the Pharisees:

"False! Jesus does miracles!"

Antipas would fain see one.

"You should have brought Him hither? Tell us."

Then he told that he, Jacob, having a daughter who was sick, had betaken himself to Capernaum, to implore the Master to heal her. The Master had replied: "Return to thy home, she is healed!"—and he had found her in the doorway, having left her bed when the hand of the dial marked three o'clock, the very moment when he had accosted Jesus.

Of course, argued the Pharisees, there are devices, powerful herbs! Sometimes, even there, at Machaerus, one found the "baaras," which made men invulnerable; but to cure without seeing or touching was an impossiblity, unless Jesus employed demons.

And the friends of Antipas, the chief men of Galilee, repeated, shaking their heads:

"Demons, clearly."

Jacob, standing between their table and that of the priests, held his peace, with a haughty yet gentle bearing.

They called upon him to speak:—"Explain His power."

He bent his shoulders, and in an undertone, slowly, as if afraid of himself:

"Know you not that He is the Messiah?"

All the priests glanced at one another, and Vitellius inquired the meaning of the word. His interpreter waited a full minute before replying.

They called by that name a liberator who should bring to them the enjoyment of all their goods and power over all peoples. Some indeed maintained that two should be expected. The first would be vanquished by Gog and Magog, demons of the North; but the other would exterminate the Prince of Evil; and for ages they had expected His coming every minute.

The priests having taken counsel together, Eleazar spoke for them.

First, the Messiah would be a Son of David, not of a carpenter. He would confirm the Law; this Nazarene assailed it; and—a yet stronger argument—he was to be preceded by the coming of Elias.

Jacob retorted:

"But Elias has come!"

"Elias! Elias!" echoed the multitude, even to the farthest end of the hall.

All, in imagination, saw an old man beneath a flock of ravens, the lightning shining upon an altar, idolatrous pontiffs cast into raging torrents; and a women in the tribunes, thought of the widow of Zarephath.

Jacob wearied himself repeating that he knew him! He had seen him! And so had the people!

"His name?"

Whereupon he shouted with all his strength:

"Iaokanann!"

Antipas fell backward as if stricken full in the chest. The Sadducees leaped upon Jacob. Eleazar harangued, seeking to obtain an audience.

When silence was restored, he folded his cloak about him and propounded questions, like a judge.

"Since the prophet is dead—"

Murmurs interrupted him. It was believed that Elias had disappeared only.

He angrily rebuked the multitude, and asked, continuing his inquiry:

"Think you that he has come to life again?"

"Why, not?" said Jacob.

Aulus had not finished vomiting when he wished to eat again.

"Give me some marble-dust, schist from Naxos, sea-water, no matter what! Suppose I should take a bath?"

He crunched snow; then, after hesitating between a Commagene stew and pink blackbirds, he decided upon gourds with honey. The Asiatic stared at him, that faculty of absorbing food denoting a prodigious being of a superior race.

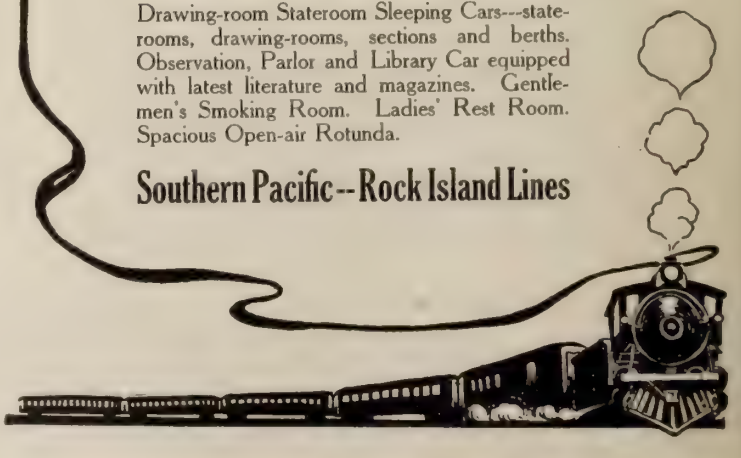
Bulls' kidneys were served, also dormice, nightingales, and minced-meat on vine leaves; and the priests disputed concerning the resurrection. Ammonius, pupil of Philo the Platonist, deemed them stupid, and said as much to Greeks who laughed at the oracles. Marcellus and Jacob had come together. The first described to the second the bliss he had felt during his baptism by Mithra, and Jacob urged him to follow Jesus. Wines made from the palm and the tamarisk, wines of Safed and of Byblos, flowed from amphorae into crateres, from crateres into drinking-cups, from drinking-cups down thirsty throats; there was much talk, and hearts overflowed. Jacim, although a Jew, did not conceal his adoration of the planets. A merchant of Aphaka stupefied the nomads by detailing the wonders of the Temple of Hierapolis: and they asked how much the pilgrimage would cost. Others clung to their native religion. A German, almost blind, sang a hymn in praise of that promontory of Scandinavia where the gods appeared with halos about their faces; and men from Sichem refused to eat turtle-doves from respect for the dove Azima.

Many talked, standing in the center of the hall, and the

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vapor of their breaths, with the smoke of the candles, made a fog in the air. Phanuel passed along the wall. He had been studying the firmament anew, but he did not approach the Tetrarch, dreading the drops of oil, which, to the Essenes, were a great pollution.

Blows rang out against the gate of the castle.

It was known now that Iaokanann was held a prisoner there. Men with torches ascended the path; a black mass swarmed in the ravine; and they roared from time to time:

"Iaokanann! Iaokanann!"

"He disturbs everything!" said Jonathas.

"We shall have no money left if he continues!" added the Pharisees.

And recriminations arose:

"Protect us!"

"Let us make an end of him!"

"You abandon the religion!"

"Impious as the Herods!"

"Less so than you!" retorted Antipas. "It was my father who built your temple!"

Thereupon the Pharisees, the sons of the proscribed, the partisans of the Mattathiases, accused the Tetrarch of the crimes of his family.

Suddenly the panels of the golden tribune opened; and in the brilliant blaze of candles, between her slaves and festoons of anemone, Herodias appeared—on her head an Assyrian mitre held in place on her brow by a chinpiece; her hair fell in spiral curls over a scarlet peplum, slit along the sleeves. With two stone monsters, like those that guard the treasure of the Atrides, standing against the door, she resembled Cybele flanked by her lions; and from the balustrade above Antipas, she cried, patera in hand.

"Long life to Caesar!"

This homage was echoed by Vitellius, Antipas, and the priests.

But there came to them from the lower end of the hall a hum of surprise and admiration. A young girl had entered.

Beneath a bluish veil that concealed her breast and her head could be seen her arched eyebrows, the sards at her ears, the whiteness of her skin. A square of variegated silk covered her shoulders and was secured about her hips by a golden girdle. Her black drawers were embroidered with mandrakes, and she tapped the floor indolently with tiny slippers of hummingbirds' feathers.

When she reached the platform, she removed her veil. It was Herodias, as she was in her youth. Then she began to dance.

Her feet passed, one before the other, to the music of a flute and a pair of crotala. Her rounded arms seemed to beckon some one, who always fled. She pursued him, lighter than a butterfly, like an inquisitive Psyche, like a wandering soul, and seemed on the point of flying away.

The funereal notes of the gingras succeeded the crotala. Prostration had followed hope. Her attitudes signified sighs, and her whole person a languor so intense that one knew not whether she was weeping for a god or dying of joy in his embrace. Her eyes half closed, she writhed and swayed with billowy undulations of the stomach; her bosoms quivered, her face remained impassive, and her feet did not stop.

Vitellius compared her to Mnester the pantomimist. Aulus was vomiting again. The Tetrarch lost himself in a dream and thought no more of Herodias. He fancied that he saw her near the Sadducess. The vision faded away.

It was not a vision. She had sent messengers, far from Machaerus, to Salome her daughter, whom the Tetrarch loved; and it was an excellent scheme. She was sure of him now!

Then it was the frenzy of love that demanded to be satisfied. She danced like the priestesses of the Indies, like the Nubian girls of the Cataracts, like the Bacchantes of Lydia. She threw herself in all directions, like a flower beaten by the storm. The jewels in her ears leaped about, the silk on her back shone with a changing gleam; from her arms, from her feet, from her garments invisible sparks flashed and set men aflame. A harp sang; the multitude replied with loud applause. By stretching her legs apart, without bending her knees, she stooped so low that her chin touched the floor; and the nomads, accustomed to abstinence, the Roman soldiers, experts in debauchery, the miserly publicans, the old priests soured by disputes, all, distending their nostrils, quivered with desire.

Then she danced about Antipas's table, in a frenzy of excitement, like a witch's rhombus; and in a voice broken by sobs of lust he said: "Come! come!" She danced on; the dulcimers rang out as if they would burst; the crowd roared. But the Tetrarch shouted louder than them all: "Come! come! thou shalt have Capernaum! the plain of Tiberias! my citadels! half of my kingdom!"

She threw herself on her hands, heels in the air, and thus circled the platform like a huge scarab, then stopped abruptly.

Her neck and her vertebrae were at right angles. The colored skirts that enveloped her legs, falling over her shoulders like a rainbow, framed her face a cubit from the floor. Her lips were painted, her eyebrows intensely black, her eyes almost terrible, and drops of sweat on her forehead resembled steam on white marble.

She did not speak. They gazed at each other.

There was a snapping of fingers in the tribune. She went thither, reappeared, and, lisping a little, uttered these words with an infantine air:

"I want you to give me, on a charger, the head—" She had forgotten the name, but she continued with a smile: "The head of Iaokanann!"

BRITTON & REY
ESTABLISHED 1852

Everything from a visiting card
to a twenty-four sheet poster

Copperplate engraving and printing, photo-engraving, steel die engraving and stamping, type printing, bookbinding, lithographing

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UNION LUMBER CO.

Redwood and Pine Lumber

Railroad Ties, Telegraph Poles,
Shingles, Split Shakes, Etc.

CROCKER BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

The Tetrarch sank back, overwhelmed.

He was bound by his word, and the people were waiting. But the death that had been predicted to him, should it befall another, might avert his own. If Iaokanann were really Elias, he could escape it; if he were not, the murder would be of no importance.

Mannaeus was at his side and understood his purpose.

Vitellius recalled him to give him the countersign of the sentinels guarding the moat.

It was a relief. In a moment all would be over.

But Mannaeus was hardly prompt in the execution of his functions.

He reappeared, but greatly perturbed.

For forty years he had filled the post of executioner. He it was who had drowned Aristobulus, strangled Alexander, burned Mattathias alive, beheaded Zosimus, Pappus, Josephus, and Antipater, and he dared not kill Iaokanann! His teeth chattered his whole body trembled.

He had seen in front of the hole the Great Angel of the Samaritans, all covered with eyes, and brandishing an enormous sword, red and jagged like a flame. Two soldiers brought forward as witnesses could confirm him.

They had seen nothing save a Jewish captain, who had rushed upon them and who had ceased to live.

The frantic rage of Herodias burst forth in a torrent of vulgar and murderous abuse. She broke her nails on the gilded grating of the tribune, and the two carved lions seemed to bite at her shoulders and to roar with her.

Antipas imitated her, so did the priests, the soldiers, the Pharisees, all demanding vengeance; and others indignant that their pleasure was delayed.

Mannaeus went forth, hiding his face.

The guests found the time of waiting even longer than before. They were bored.

Suddenly the sound of footsteps echoed in the corridors. The suspense became intolerable.

The head entered; and Mannaeus held it by the hair, at arm's length, proud of the applause.

When he had laid it on a charger, he offered it to Salome. She ran lightly up to the tribune; some moments later the head was brought back by the same old woman whom the Tetrarch had noticed that morning on the roof of a house, and later in Herodias's chamber.

He recoiled to avoid looking at it. Vitellius cast an indifferent glance upon it.

Mannaeus went down from the platform and exhibited it to the Roman captains, then to all those who were eating in that part of the hall.

They examined it.

The sharp blade of the instrument, cutting downward, had touched the jaw. The corners of the mouth were drawn aside convulsively. Blood, already clotted, studded the beard. The closed eyelids were of a leaden hue, like shells; and the candelabra all about shone upon it.

It reached the priests' table. A Pharisee turned it over curiously, and Mannaeus, having turned it back again, placed it in front of Aulus, who was awakened by it. Through their partly open lids the dead eyes and the lifeless eyes seemed to speak to each other.

Then Mannaeus presented it to Antipas. Tears flowed down the Tetrarch's cheeks.

The torches were extinguished. The guests took their leave, and Antipas alone remained in the hall, his hands pressed against his temples, still gazing at the severed head; while Phanuel, standing in the center of the great nave, muttered prayers with outstretched arms.

At the moment when the sun rose, two men, previously despatched by Iaokanann, returned with the long-awaited answer.

They confided it to Phanuel, who was enraptured by it.

Then he showed them the sorrowful object on the charger, amidst the remnants of the feast. One of the men said to him:

"Be comforted! He has gone down among the dead to announce the Christ's coming!"

The Essene understood now the words: "That He may grow great, I must needs shrink."

And all three, having taken the head of Iaokanann, went forth in the direction of Galilee.

As it was very heavy, they carried it each in turn.

German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908	$34,474,554.23
Total Assets	$37,055,263.31

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, Attorneys.

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TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 671

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EXTRA PALE

LAGER BEER

Is Better Than the Rest
It's Brewed of the Best

On Draught at all the First-class Cafes

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Golden State Limited

1908-09 Season Opened
December 15, 1908

No better or more direct service between San Francisco, Southern California and Chicago

Through the golden laden orange groves---by the wonderful Salton Sea---Mexican border scenes and the Rio Grande

Careful and attentive dining service Meals a la carte

Drawing-room Stateroom Sleeping Cars---state-rooms, drawing-rooms, sections and berths. Observation, Parlor and Library Car equipped with latest literature and magazines. Gentlemen's Smoking Room. Ladies' Rest Room. Spacious Open-air Rotunda.

Southern Pacific--Rock Island Lines



PIERCE-ARROW

SIX-CYLINDER

Four Speed Selective Transmission Side Lever Control



36 H. P. SIX CYLINDER FIVE PASSENGER TOURING CAR

We Have to Offer

36 H. P., Six Cylinder Pierce Arrow Cars
48 H. P., Six Cylinder Pierce Arrow Cars
60 H. P., Six Cylinder Pierce Arrow Cars

The above cars can be equipped with Runabout (2 and 3 passenger), Tourabout (4 passenger), Brougham, Landaulet (5 passenger), Suburban, Landau and Open Tonneau (7 passenger) bodies.

MOBILE CARRIAGE CO.

DISTRIBUTORS

TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 1784

762-764 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE

Auto Notes

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Co., left for a short trip to the northwest Saturday for the purpose of installing another branch in that section with distributing depots in the larger cities. The enormous increase in their business in that section makes it imperative that the trade be given the same care that is accorded other branches of the Diamond Rubber Company.

With the idea of demonstrating the usefulness of the automobile many remarkable tests have taken place during the past year, and the latest exploit was to drive an Olds touring car so that the six states would be touched within twenty-four hours. The idea originated with Arthur Adams of Boston, and W. D. Smith and William Snyder did the trick in an Oldsmobile. The party of four motorists left Boston at 9:30 p. m. for Newburyport and then made for Portsmouth, N. H. Then the car was headed for Kittery, Me., and from this point the journey was continued to South Vernon Junction, Vermont. Having entered Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, the car came back to Massachusetts once more via Worcester, and crossing the State entered Connecticut at East Thompson. The run was then continued to Blackstone, R. I., and it wound up in Boston. The entire distance of 352 miles was covered in 22 hours and 40 minutes. Mr. Smith said that in some places in Vermont and Western Massachusetts he found some very bad stretches of roadway. This is one of the most strenuous tests ever given a stock motor car, especially one driven by an amateur driver. The car at times on the route reached the fifty mile an hour clip, while at other places the low speed had to be used, for miles at a stretch.

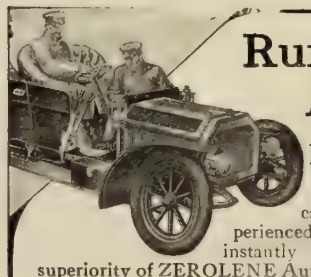
Colonel Fenner has had a delivery wagon put into service at his garage in Los Angeles. He took a White Steamer Chassis, stripped it, and substituted a wagon body in place of the tonneau. As is the custom with all of Colonel Fenner's White Steam Cars, the new vehicle has been named; it is called "Maggie."

At the demonstration given Sunday afternoon a week ago by the local agents for the Studebaker E-M-F "30" car, one of the first 1909 popular priced machines to reach the local market, the car proved itself all that has been claimed for it by the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California. With John H. Eagal, manager of the automobile department of the firm referred to, at the wheel, every known test in the way of road demonstration was put to it, in each instance the car proved itself mechanically qualified to be awarded a place in the front ranks with the new '09 cars that will be seen in this State. One of the chief features of the new machine is the exceptional road clearance, the rear axle clearing the ground by 10¾ inches, while the fly wheel scores 13½ inches. One of the most satisfactory incidents of the afternoon's run was the manner in which the car climbed the steepest hills.

While recuperating from his recent severe attack of illness at Redding, Governor James N. Gillette has enjoyed many drives in the bracing air about that pretty little city situated under the shadows of Mt. Shasta. These health jaunts were made in the Buick "White Streak" of his attending physician, Dr. F. Stabel, and in company with the doctor and Ferdinand Hurst, a member of the Governor's staff and a resident of Redding.

The "World's Work" in a recent issue had the following to say about the White Steamer in foreign trade: "The makers of a well-known American automobile may be taken as one example, chiefly for the reason that the French are credited with being the foreordained manufacturers and exporters of these vehicles. An American company which had met with great success in the manufacture of sewing-machines entered this field a few years ago, and its factory was given the task of producing a car that would win in competition with those made in Europe. One such test was made in England last year. Nearly fifty cars of American and European manufacture undertook to climb a certain hill under specific conditions—and an American car, the by-product of the sewing machine factory, showed the highest efficiency. The company has a branch office in London and claims England as one of its important markets, in spite of the proximity of Paris. Its triumphs in other parts of the world are equally significant. The traveler may find the automobiles of this company in Japan, where twenty-nine of them are used as passenger buses in the city of Osaka; in India, where another company operates ten on the bus line between Rawal Pindi and Muree; in Java, where the Dutch government uses them for carrying the mails, and in such widely scattered cities as Mexico, Melbourne and Johannesburg."

Many automobile owners who have declared their intention of taking part in the big New Year's Eve parade in which 1,500



Running A Car By Ear

The trained ear of the experienced automobilist instantly detects the superiority of ZEROLENE Auto Lubricating Oil in the even, contented "pur-r" of the engine that tells the story of perfect lubrication. No matter what the type of gasoline engine or season of the year, ZEROLENE invariably gives perfect lubrication under all conditions.

ZEROLENE

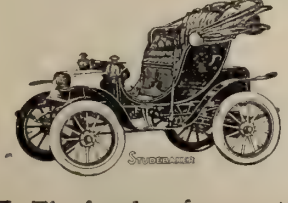
Auto Lubricating Oil

is produced in only one place in the world. It is non-carbonizing, and keeps cylinders and spark plugs in perfect condition. It is practically friction, carbon and *trouble* proof.

Absolutely free from all trace of acid.

ZEROLENE is put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also put up in barrels for the garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)



Delightful Independence

¶ The freedom from restraint that a woman never experiences until she has driven her own electric car can be appreciated by only those who have enjoyed that pleasure. The Studebaker electric car is woman's ideal carriage. Its daintiness and luxury of appointment, its safety and simplicity appeal instantly to her refined tastes.

FREMONT AT MISSION — Studebaker — PHONE DOUGLAS 3000

ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

OLDSMOBILE

We beg to announce arrival
1909 Oldsmobile, December 15th

The following complete line of 1909 models will be on exhibition on the above date. Every one of these cars is representative of the factory that makes it:

Model X Special Runabout	$2000
Model D Palace Touring Car	2750
Model D Toy Tonneau	2750
Model DR Flying Roadster	2750
Model DR Detachable Tonneau	2750
Model Z Touring Car, 6-Cylinder	4200
Model Z Runabout, 6-Cylinder	4200

Besides Limousine and Landaulet Bodies.

The 1909 Oldsmobile contains all that has made the car famous in the past, together with the improvements in keeping with the largest and most extensive factory in the country. Recognized the world over for durability. Investigate.

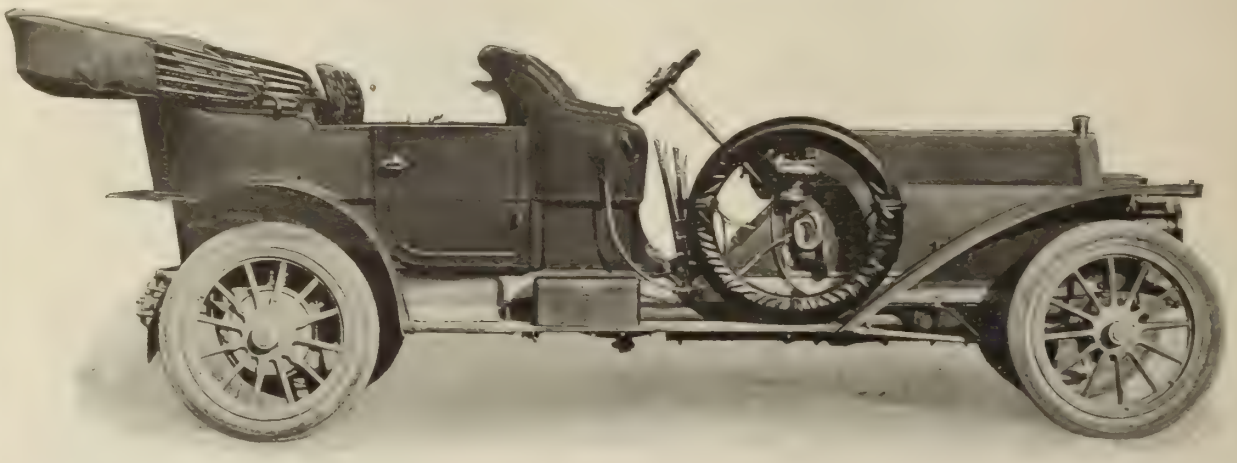
PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524 Twentieth St., Oakland — 901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

STEVENS-DURYEA

SIX-CYLINDER TOURING CAR

Model Y 40 Horsepower



SPECIFICATIONS

Passenger Capacity—Seven.

Motor—Six vertical cylinders 4¾ bore x 4½ stroke, cast in pairs, water jackets integral. Inlet and exhaust valves are located on the same side of the cylinder and are operated by one camshaft.

Ignition—Two independent systems; Bosch high tension magneto and multiple coil.

Control—By throttle and spark levers located on a sector on the steering wheel but not revolving with it; also foot accelerator on the throttle.

Clearance—Under front axle 12 inches. Under flywheel 12 inches. Under transmission case 16 inches. Under rear axle 10¼ inches.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic, 36 inches. Rear, semi-elliptic, 48 inches. Rear, cross spring, 36½ inches.

Brakes—Two sets on each rear hub. The external set are contracting brakes, asbestos-to-metal, operated by foot lever. The internal set are expanding brakes, metal-to-metal, operated by an emergency lever. Both brakes are extra wide faced and of large diameter.

Wheel Base—142 inches.

Tires—Front 36 x 4, rear 36 x 5.

Cooling—Large cellular radiator. Centrifugal pump. The fan driven by wide belt from the flywheel.

Oiling—Direct connected force feed oiler, located under the hood lubricates the engine. The steering gear, cardan joint, and differential are packed in grease. The transmission gears run in oil and transmission bearings are oiled by splash.

Tank Capacity—21 gallons of gasoline, with auxiliary tank.

Clutch—Patented multiple-disc clutch, consisting of two sets steel discs, one set being faced with asbestos. No oil is used.

Gears—Three speeds forward, and reverse. Automatic position-finder for shifter.

Rear Axle—Floating type.

Front Axle—I beam section.

Weight—Car complete, 3400 pounds.

Finish—Standard, English purple lake body and black underbody. English purple lake chassis with carmine striping. Option: Brewster green body and chassis. Any special color will be furnished for $50 additional.

Body—Of rolled sheet aluminum, built upon a wood frame.

Bearings—Annular throughout, except engine which are Babbitt.

Equipment—Full Lamp, and Gas Tank.

Price—$4.000.

THREE POINT SUPPORT—UNIT POWER PLANT

PACIFIC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

376-380 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE

Manufactured by the STEVENS-DURYEA CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

cars will participate, have endorsed the suggestions made by John H. Eagal of the Studebaker Company that the occupants and drivers of the different cars appear in costumes.

Dan Whitman has received the demonstrator of the Regal, a new car in this market for which he has been appointed. The car is a low-priced thirty horsepower machine, and is made in touring car, roadster and toy tonneau styles.

E. M. Hecht has returned from a tour in Europe, during which he covered 17,000 miles in his Packard.

The distinction of having driven the farthest over the most difficult roads to attend the recent Savannah races, belongs to R. D. Lambert. Mr. Lambert piloted his 30 horsepower White Steamer from New Orleans, a distance of 1150 miles. He was eight days on the road and almost all of the journey was through deep sand or over heavy clay roads.

What is probably the severest test to which an automobile has been subjected in California was the two years' service exacted from two two-cylinder Buick touring cars by the Aetna Springs Company on the auto stage-line between St. Helena and Aetna Springs, Napa County. Len D. Owen, manager of the Aetna Springs Company and his driver, Randolph Preston, drove both of these cars to this city last week. During the two sessions' service these cars were in daily use, except Sundays, and were overloaded with both passengers and baggage on almost every trip. The most remarkable features of the splendid showing made by these cars were their ability to negotiate the heavy grades, their constant reliability and last but not least the grand total mileage of 21,000 miles for each machine. In appreciation of the splendid showing made by the two-cylinder Buicks, Manager Owen has placed an order with the Howard Automobile Company for two four-cylinder, seven-passenger, fifty horsepower Buick touring cars of the '09 model which he will place in service on the St. Helena-Aetna Springs line for the season of 1909.

A. Hatt, Jr., left San Francisco for his home at Napa yesterday in his new 30 horsepower straight line body White Steamer. The recent convert to the automobile will use his car on trips through the mountains of Napa and Lake County. Mr. Hatt is proprietor of the Napa Transportation Company, and owns the various boats which ply between San Francisco and Napa. Before deciding upon the purchase of an automobile he had his engineers and experts on both steam and gas engines thoroughly investigate all of the cars in the local market. It was upon their recommendation that he purchased a White Steam car.

The first of the Cadillac "Thirty" cars to arrive, following Cuyler Lee's demonstrator, and some of them were delivered. Clarence Letcher of San Jose came up to the city to get his, which he will use as a demonstrator in the Garden City. The others were shipped to Watermann Bros. at Fresno and A. L. Salbach at Stockton.

C. E. Williams, a prominent motorist of Portland, arrived yesterday with his thirty-horse-power Chalmers-Detroit car, and will tour the State. The severity of the weather during the winter season in the northern State prevents motoring on any extensive scale, and a great many enthusiastic motorists of the web-foot State are expected to follow the example of Williams and immigrate to the land of sunshine and flowers with their cars.



GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER OF GEN. VALLEJO AT WHEEL OF WHITE "PATHFINDER"

Indicative of the popularity enjoyed by the Studebaker automobile, and specially significant at the present time, is the following telegram which was received yesterday by the Studebaker Brothers' Company of California from the New York branch of the same institution: "Notwithstanding inclement weather, sales at this branch constantly increasing. Past two weeks sold forty-four cars." The local representatives say the



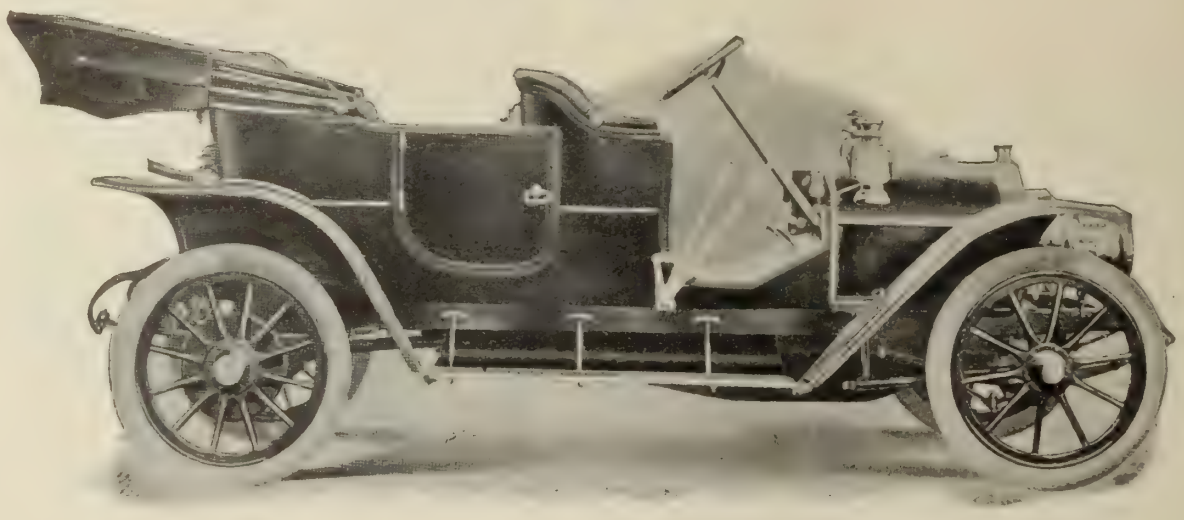
DR. A. J. MINAKER IN 1909 RAMBLER ROADSTER

Before You Buy Be Sure You

COMPARE THIS

1909 CHALMERS-DETROIT 1909

"30"



FOUR CYLINDER. PRICE, $1650, SAN FRANCISCO

With any car on the market regardless of price. Compare the Chalmers-Detroit part by part with any other car selling anywhere near the same price. Pick it to pieces and select your machine by the result.

NO EXCUSES NO APOLOGY NO PROMISES

You get a CHALMERS-DETROIT on the date you want it IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

$3180 to $6000

Also a complete line of 1909 Thomas Flyers on hand, including the famous old New York to Paris 4-60 type, the new demountable limousine body, and the sensational 6-40 touring car. Seventeen models. Ready for delivery.

Inspection cordially invited

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

901 GOLDEN GATE AVE., SAN FRANCISCO 524 TWENTIETH ST., OAKLAND



THE 1909 PALMER-SINGER TOURING CAR
Pacific Motor Car Co., Distributors.

dispatch indicates not only a healty demand for the Studebaker cars in the East, but likewise in the South, as the New York house controls that portion of the country.

In an interview on the advantages and results of advertising, E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company said: "The method of selling automobiles is one of the most important questions of the motor business. Ever since the automobile industry was in its infancy, up to the last two years, the chief difficulty the manufacturers had to overcome was the equal distribution of their outputs to the country representatives. It was not a question of how to get rid of such a number of machines, but how much each agent could be allowed. With the rapid increase in the production of motor cars, however, the competition arising therefrom became close, and has continued until an automobile is now sold weeks and even months in advance of delivery. The people have become educated to motor cars principally by the publicity given in newspapers, and liberal advertising on the part of the factories. Advertising creates the interest among the possible purchasers of automobiles, and eventually brings results in the shape of inquiries for a car. An instance of the advantage of preliminary advertising is shown by the orders we placed for Chalmers-Detroit cars, principally from customers who had become familiar with that line of machines from reading advertisements. Another case of advertisement is shown by the Thomas Company, which has sold hundreds and is continuing to sell hundreds of Thomas cars all over the world, as a result of the victory in the New York-to-Paris race. Every newspaper in the country had pictures and advertisements of the car, and people placed their orders simply on the showing made by the car. I consider newspaper advertising one of the most important and successful methods of disposing of automobiles."

The 1909 Rambler demonstrators which have reached this city cause thought among the automobilists. They are a study to those who admire the consistency in detail. It would be impossible to find an automobile where the designer and constructor paid so much attention to the fine details as are apparent on the Rambler car. These refinements dovetail in so well that they produce a vehicle that is very popular.

Cuyler Lee has just delivered to Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt a thirty horsepower Packard touring car of the 1909 model.

Captain Pourie, stationed at the Presidio, is the latest army man who joined the ranks of motorists. Every day the Captain takes a spin about the reservation in his new White Steamer, and lately has gained enough confidence to go off alone out of town.

Packard — Cadillac

All That is Best in Motor Car Construction



PACKARD '09 TOURING CAR



CADILLAC "30" TOURING CAR

30 horsepower, four cylinder, 5 passenger, $1550.00

Cuyler Lee

453 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE SAN FRANCISCO

METROPOLIS TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

MARKET & NEW MONTGOMERY STS.

ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS we pay 4% INTEREST



BOXES $4 and up.

DUPLICATION OF KEYS IMPOSSIBLE. PARACENTRIC LOCK

Inspection Invited.

VAULTS ~ 'DIFFERENT FROM ANY YOU'VE SEEN'

SPECK, PASCHEL & CO.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

228 MONTGOMERY STREET, MILLS BUILDING

Insurance Placed in First-class Companies
Money Loaned at Current Rates of Interest

OFFICES TO LEASE

BUTLER BUILDING
S. W. Cor. Geary and Stockton Sts., facing Union Square
WESTBANK BUILDING
Gore Corner Market, Ellis and Stockton Sts.

REPORT OF CONDITION

UNION TRUST COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Banking Department

At the Close of Business, September 23, 1908

Not Including any Trust Funds

RESOURCES

Loans on Stocks and Bonds		$3,239,048.30
Loans on Real Estate		2,391,277.08
Investments in U. S. Bonds, Other Bonds and Stocks		3,256,018.98
Office Building and Safe Deposit Vaults		1,499,925.15
Money on hand	$ 868.893.10	
Due From Banks in California	2,775,043.85	
Due from other Banks and Bankers subject to Check	2,622,725.85	
Total Available Cash		$6,266,662.80
		$16,652,932.31

LIABILITIES

Capital paid up		$1,192,000.00
Surplus and undivided Profits		1,368,437..18
Due on Current Accounts	$7,794,986.43	
Due on Term Accounts	6,297,508.70	
Total Deposits		$14,092,495.13
		$16,652,932.31

CHARLES J. DEERING, Cashier.

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I. W. HELLMAN, Jr., Vice-President and Manager
CHARLES J. DEERING, Cashier and Secretary
H. VAN LUVEN, Asst. Cashier and Asst. Secretary

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WM. L. GERSTLE - Treasurer Northern Commercial Co.
A. H. PAYSON - President Spring Valley Water Co.
J. HENRY MEYER - - Ant. Borel & Co., Bankers
CHARLES G. LATHROP - - - - - Capitalist
E. S. HELLER - - - - - - Attorney-at-Law
CHARLES J. DEERING - - Cashier and Secretary
Union Trust Company of San Francisco

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Safe Deposit Vaults

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

PAULA BICK STERN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Paula Bick Stern, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EDGAR C. LEVY AND GEORGE M. LIPMAN, 623-630 Pacific Bldg.
Attorneys for Petitioner.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARTIN C. HOGAN, Deceased.

Edward C. Harrington, executor of the last Will and testament of Martin C. Hogan, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain part of the real estate of said decedent, for the purpose thereon set forth:

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, at the corner of 7th and Market Streets on Monday the 28th day of December, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at private sale as shall be necessary, and that a cony of this order shall be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open court this 24th day of November, 1908.

THOS, F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. C. QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor, First National Bank Bldg. 12-5-5

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
No. 3386. Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of REBECCA G. COHN, Deceased.

FLORA BROWN, Contestant,
vs.
HENRY HYMAN, et al, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA to Henry Hyman, as Executor of the Will of said Decedent; to Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Flora Brown, Kaskel Bick, Rosalie Bick, Jacob Bick, Meyer Bick, Estella Horn, Paula Stern, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler, A. L. Brown, Gracie Weiss, Hebrew Orphan Asylum of the City and County of San Francisco, California, Ladies' Relief Society of Marysville, Yuba County, California, Henry Hyman, Amy G. Hyman, Raymond Gabella Hyman, minor, Doris P. Hyman, minor, legatees and devisees named in said will; to Henry Hyman as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Raymond Gabella Hyman and Doris P. Hyman, minors; to John Doe and Richard Doe, as Administrators of the estate of or as Executors of the will of Rosie Rosenthal, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said will, and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Harry Rosenthal, her husband and heir-at-law; to John Poe and Richard Coe, as Administrators of the estate of or as executors of the Will of Annie Solomon, deceased, a legatee and devisee named in said Will and an heir at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, and to Adolph Solomon, Hildred Solomon, minor, Adolph Solomon, minor, Lesley Solomon, minor, Phylis Solomon, minor, and Louis Solomon, minor, heirs at law of said Annie Solomon, deceased, and to John Roe as Guardian of the persons and estates of said Hildred Solomon, Adolph Solomon, Lesley Solomon, Phylis Solomon and Louis Solomon, minors; to Flora Brown, Theresa Rosenberg, Roeschen Schneider, Meyer Bick, Paula Stern, Estella Horn, Flora Stern, Tina Abrams, Gussie Adler and A. L. Brown, the heirs at law of said Rebecca G. Cohn, deceased, residing in the State of California, GREETING:

Flora Brown, an heir at law of Rebecca G. Cohn, the above-named decedent having filed herein a Petition alleging that the instrument heretofore filed herein and admitted to probate as the will of said decedent was wrongfully procured and caused to be made by and through undue influence, menace and fraud, that said decedent was not of sound or disposing mind or memory at the time of the execution of said will, and praying the probate of said will be revoked and set aside;

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department Ten, Probate thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets on Monday, the first day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petitioner should not be granted, and why the probate of said Will should not be revoked.

By order of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco this 28th day of September, 1908.

Attest:
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. MADDEN, Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Attorney for Petitioner.
KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Of Counsel.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Rodrigo Knell, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Morrison, Cope & Brobeck, Rooms 701-6 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

PHILIP KNELL.
Executor of the will of Rodrigo Knell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1908.

MORRISON, COPE & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-6 Crocker Building.

NOTICE

Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of California Cream and Butter Company (a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California), which consent has been duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, said State, on the 3rd day of December, 1908, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a meeting of said Board of Directors duly called and held at the said office of said corporation on the third day of December, 1908, at which meeting more than a quorum of the Directors of said corporation was present,

NOTICE is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will, on the 2nd day of January, 1909, be changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, in said State, at No. 401 East Fourth Street therein, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be said City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles at No. 401 East Fourth Street therein.

This notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said California Cream and Butter Company.

Dated San Francisco, Cal., December 3, 1908.

F. V. NELSON,
Secretary of California Cream and Butter Company.



RACING

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Six races each week day, rain or shine.
First Race at 1:40 p. m.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market street; leave at 12 M.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M.

No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

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For appointments phone Merritt 2845

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California. in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny Street, S. F. 11-21-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff,
378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

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PAPER

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California's Leading Paper House

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Phone Kearny 1272

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT JOHN SCHERZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Albert Scherzer and Ada C. Brown, Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator and Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Neal Power, room 204, No. 250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

ALBERT SCHERZER,
ADA C. BROWN.

Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed, of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 16, 1908.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for Administrator,
250 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and
THEO. J. ROCHE, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN LUDWIG UMBACH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased.

EMILY MARY UMBACH,

Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 3, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., San Francisco,
Attorney for Executrix. 12-12-5

MEN

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DANGER SIGNALS

Painful, Sore, Red, Inflamed, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Scratching, Twitching, and Gluey Eyes, Heavy or Crusty Eyelids, Floating Spots, Cloudiness of Vision, Cross Eyes, Watery or Discharging Eyes, feeling like sand in the Eyes, Heavy and Crusty Eyelids are often Considered Dangerous Signals.

NEGLECTED EYESIGHT AFFECTS THE BRAIN

Mayerle's Glasses rest and strengthen the eyes and preserve the sight.

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TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

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Surplus and Undivided Profits - -	4,785,996.41
Total - - -	$10,785,996.41

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I. W. HELLMAN, Jr., Vice-President

F. L. LIPMAN, Vice-President

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GEORGE GRANT, Asst. Cashier

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the food that is all food. Made of the choicest white corn, steam-cooked, malted, flaked and toasted. Supplies the energy needed to begin the day's work. Crisp and delicious with milk or cream.

THE ONLY MALTED CORN FLAKES

To get the full flavor and delicious crispness of "FORCE" and KORN-KINKS it is best to pour them into a pan or earthenware dish and warm in oven before serving; then serve in large dish with cream, piling the flakes in on one side of the dish and pouring the cream or milk in the other side, dipping the flakes as eaten.

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Made by the H-O Mills, Buffalo, N. Y.
The Famous Mills That Make Good Things to Eat

Vol. XVII. No. 852. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 2, 1909. PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

IF YOU GET TIRED



of ordinary cereals there's a lot of palate pleasure for you in a dish of crisp, dainty, delicious

KORN-KINKS

Also a lot of nourishment, for it contains all the nutritive material in white flint corn, cooked, malted, rolled into flakes and baked. It agrees with the most delicate stomach and has a flavor that pleases everybody. Makes the blood tingle with new life and energy.

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To get the full flavor and delicious crispness of KORN-KINKS it is best to pour them into a pan or earthenware dish and warm in oven before serving; then serve in large dish with cream, piling the flakes in on one side of the dish and pouring the cream or milk in on the other side, dipping the flakes as eaten.

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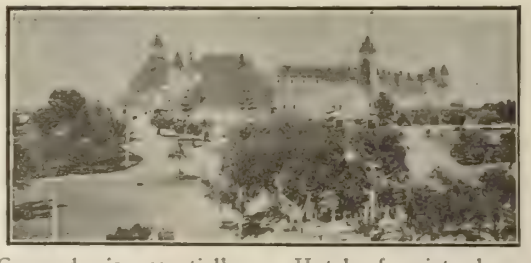
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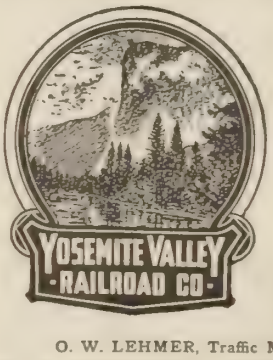
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American Plan, Reopened

Rates per Day **$2.50** Rooms without Bath

Rooms with Bath **$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00**

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$1.00 per day and up, with bath $1.50 and up

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, January 2, 1909. No. 853



SCENE FROM "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

To be produced at the Van Ness Theatre following "Ben Hur."



SCENE FROM "THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

Which is making such a hit at the Valencia Theatre.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First Street, San Francisco.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Judge Wright's Decision

From what we read in the newspapers it appears that Judge Wright excited great indignation by sentencing three illustrious labor leaders to jail for contempt of court. It appears too that Judge Wright's action was entirely unexpected. For though labor is represented to be very much down-trodden these days, as a matter of fact it excites so much awe and commands so much servility that it is almost incredible that there is sufficient backbone anywhere to exact from it the deference due to the institutions of the country. The arrogance of capital is bad enough, but it is not so pregnant with menace as the presumption of organized labor. It is easy enough to dissipate the arrogance of intrenched capital. This we have learned from history as well as from recent experience. Like all bullies capital is cowardly. Witness the terror of our pompous plutocracy which has been in a panic more than a year. Wall street has had the ague from fright; the harrimans have been on the run, and even the mighty, saturnine Rockefeller has dismounted from his high horse to conciliate the inflamed multitude. Meanwhile Labor has been as "chesty" as an imperial tyrant; now strutting like a titanic peacock, now striking an attitude of defiance and demanding the while that all interests be subordinated to those of the two million men banded together under the banner of unionism. For several years that proud, domineering autocrat of the unions, the Hon. Samuel Gompers, has commanded at Washington the services and the obedience of statesmen employed to represent all the people. We have seen the President himself serving as the mouthpiece and instrument of this despotic bully. From his headquarters in Washington Gompers has ordered the political death of Congressmen for refusing to vote for class measures; laws have been suspended at his behest; the highest officials in the land have been intimidated into acquiescence in projects designed by him to abridge the liberties of the millions of American workingmen who decline to submit to union dictation. No wonder that Judge Wright caused some astonishment when he decreed that the cloud-gatherer of the industrial Olympus, whose frown is fraught with consequences dire, should go to jail for merely presumsuming to render negligible the order of a court of inferior jurisdiction!

The Coddling of Labor

According to the volcanic and vociferous orators of organized labor Judge Wright's decision is in restraint of certain inalienable liberties guaranteed by the Constitution. These learned patriots who invoke or damn the Constitution with equal facility evidently are laboring under the delusion that civil liberty means the power of self determination and unrestrainedness of action, whereas it means protection or checks against undue interference whether this be from individuals, from masses, or from government. The philosophers of organized labor lose sight of the fact that what is guarantee for one individual is check to another; and apparently it suits their purpose to ignore the axiom of political science that there can be no individual liberty where every citizen is not subject to the law. In this connection it is interesting and instructive to recall that the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States rendered in the Danbury Hatters case showed that in that tribunal of many dissents no difference of opinion existed as to the clear application of the Sherman anti-trust law to the boycotts which were admittedly maintained by the American Federation of Labor from time to time against the interstate trade of hundreds of manufacturers. This is interesting and instructive to recall because when that decision was rendered it became the duty of the President to proceed against the American Federation of Labor as he had proceeded against certain trusts that had violated the Sherman law. But the election was approaching, and the truculent Mr. Roosevelt who hates malefactors of great wealth with the same fervor with which he cultivates the friendship of organized labor, cautiously refrained from setting the machinery of the law in motion. Yet Mr. Roosevelt in his annual message of 1903 said: "Whenever either corporation, labor union or individual disregards the law or acts in a spirit of arbitrary and tyrannous interference with the rights of others, whether corporations or individuals, then where the Federal Government has jurisdiction it will see to it that the misconduct is stopped, paying not the slightest heed to the position or power of the corporation, the union or the individual, but only to one vital fact—that is, the question whether or not the conduct of the individual or aggregate of individuals is in accordance with the law of the land." Thus did the Big Talk at Washington expound certain admirable principles. Thus did the Prince of Politicians launch his thunderbolts. But mark what happened when in the Danbury Hatters case (which is on all fours with the Buck's Stove and Range Company's case), it became a matter of undisputed fact and law that since its formation the American Federation of Labor has had as the principal reason of its existence the maintenance of the boycott, and had imposed an embargo upon interstate commerce and had coerced employers into a surrender of their liberty and employees into joining the union. The President suspended the law and advised that it be amended. Yet the labor leaders vociferate about oppression and about liberty; and the demagogues of the press inveigh against a Government that discriminates in favor of capital!

The Demagogues of Journalism

If Judge Wright's decision was unexpected, not so the mob-coddling attitude of the demagogue press. The Cleons of journalism know their Demos. They have been very busy of late stirring up dissatisfaction with the courts, and naturally they seized with enthusiasm the opportunity of affecting the belief that Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison had received very harsh treatment. Incidentally they did not scruple at conniving at the propagation of the impression that to punish the labor leaders Judge Wright entirely ignored the principle of the freedom of the press. Judge Wright of course did nothing of the kind. Gompers, Morrison and Mitchell deliberately employed the press for the express purpose of violating an injunction. To be sure they assumed that the injunction was void in so far as it infringed upon the freedom of the press, but it is a very grave mistake to assume that the principle of the freedom of the press implies that no punishment can legally be imposed on newspapers. Civil liberty is but a phrase if does not compel respect for all the reasonable rights and privileges of man; and whenever the press curtails or extinguishes those rights and privileges it frustrates the primary pur-

pose of the Constitution of a free people, and in its own licentiousness it becomes a despotism. But as a matter of fact Judge Wright did not find the labor leaders guilty of contempt merely for what they printed. As he was careful to explain their conduct as publishers was but incidental to the whole plan of action by which they defeated the purpose of the injunction. In respect of these matters, which are well understood by all intelligent men, it is hardly likely that any delusion exists among the demagogues of journalism. But they have found it profitable to appeal to the ignorance of the mob, for thus they extend their circulation, and when they do not purposely employ sophistry to mislead, their specious arguments may with a fair degree of certainty be attributed to a state of mind developed insensibly through zealous perseverance in the charlatanical art.

Urging Mob Rule

The persistency of the press in its demagogic course ought to be inspiring to speculative minds; and doubtless it is to those melancholy pessimists that read in the signs of the times the gradual disintegration of our government. In this very indignation excited by Judge Wright's action in sentencing the labor leaders to jail we see the effect of agitation designed to persuade the multitude that the courts should be rendered more directly amenable to public opinion. To give point to their arguments the agitators have descanted on the indifference of the courts to the rights of the weak and the advantages enjoyed by wealth in the tribunals of justice. There has been so much said on this subject that the dissatisfied and the disgruntled, who are more accurately classified as the multitudinous unsuccessful, have come to believe that all the courts are controlled by the predatory rich. Along with this belief has come the notion propagated by political peddlers of catholicons that our system of government is in need of improvement, and that millennial perfection is to be attained by putting the people in closer touch with the machinery of government. This theory is entirely grounded in the most familiar of all fallacies pertaining to the science of government: that there are but two principles between which civilized men have to choose—Divine Right and Democratic Might. Both principles were fabricated by despots. They are false in logic, unhallowed in practice and ruinous in development. The founders of this Republic believed that to establish a democracy on a solid basis the people and the government must be united in one living organism by a widely ramified system of institutions instinct with self-government. They knew that power was not liberty; that because it is power it requires limitation; that wherever liberty was believed to consist in the unlimited power of the people the inevitable result was neither more nor less than the absolutism of the majority and the speedy decay of the nation. It has been said that the great danger of self-government is that the people may come to forget the principle of being governed and remember only that they are governing. When this takes place popular absolutism begins and the end is always near. Obviously we have reached the point where we are being urged to devote most of our attention to governing. We are thinking of destroying our representative form of government by getting so close to our legislature that it will have no freedom of judgment, and so close to our courts that they will heed our passions in preference to law and reason. It was but the other day that a local journal suggested the advisability of applying the principle of the Recall to our courts, the argument being of course that the judgment of the people should prevail in all matters irrespective of the principles of any governmental institution. This has always been the philosophy of the demagogue whose maxim ever has been, Vox Populi Vox Dei. Which reminds us of the words of a great American philosopher: "Woe to the country in which political hypocrisy first calls the people almighty, then teaches that the voice of the people is divine, then pretends to take a mere clamor for the true voice of the people, and lastly gets up the desired clamor." To be apprehensive of destructive innovations on our system of government is not to be considered without justification when we find that throughout the country the people are being told that they are almighty and that the only way to correct the abuses that have resulted from the corruption sown by men of prodigious wealth is to substitute the voice of the multitude for the principles of Republican institutions. If we are not coming to popular absolutism it is not because at this moment the people apprehend its inevitable consequences. The direct primary is in favor and the principle of it is being urged for all purposes. It is believed to be the only principle by which we can crush the power of corrupt political bosses and compel our servants to be honest. The evil of it is its plausibility. The effect of its universal application cannot be doubted by anybody who has studied the science of government and the history of nations that are no more.

Good Resolutions

The first week of the new year is a time-honored period of good resolutions. A place that shall be nameless is paved with them annually. The lamentable circumstance that the same resolutions are renewed by the same persons at the beginning of each year is not an argument in favor of the discontinuance of the ancient custom. A good resolution is never wasted even if it is only passed to print and eventually laid on the table. A good resolution is always an earnest of a virtuous intention, and virtue is invariably its own reward, except in those rare instances when the Carnegie committee in charge of the Carnegie hero medal fund rewards virtue conspicuously advertised in the newspapers.

The Best Resolution

With this generalization upon a subject with which we are all more or less familiar, let us now consider a specific resolution that ought to be adopted by every citizen of

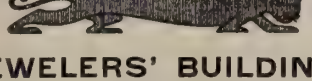
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We Protect Chas Keilus & Co. Qualities.
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This ready-made clothes industry today is one of the country's largest enterprises. Today nobody that is well posted would think of having a pair of shoes, a shirt, underwear or hat made to measure. The art of fitting by capable designers has advanced the standard of ready clothes. Our clothes have converted men who used to have their clothes made to order. Ask "my tailor!" and they are more than satisfied.



JEWELERS' BUILDING
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San Francisco. Suppose that each of us resolves to mind his own business hereafter. Let each citizen of San Francisco look back upon the history of this city as it has been written from day to day during the year 1908—what does he read? Everybody's business has been the business of everybody else. And what has been the consequence? A condition almost bordering on a state of anarchy. A lot of people have been interfering with the business of their neighbors, instructing them how they should act, how they should conduct their private affairs, how they should behave in the presence of each other, how they should utter their thoughts in relation to the morals of the town. Even private opinion has been under surveillance, espionage and censorship by self-constituted courts of inquiry and individual snoops. Let us resolve that there shall be no more of this. Let each citizen resolve that he will attend strictly to his own business and let that of his neighbor alone. We are living under what is known as an institutional form of government. Our institutions do not render us entirely free from the ills that flesh is heir to, but it is safer and more consistent with the principles of morality to be governed under them than to be subject to the whims and prejudices of even the wisest and best of men. We should all strive to strengthen those institutions. When we disregard the sanctity of them, as we do when we attempt to do that which we deem to be expedient rather than that which the law prescribes we are guilty of a great crime. It would be well for us to be more tolerant of one another. Intolerance bespeaks ignorance and breeds evil. Why should our self-righteous neighbor seek to coerce the rest of us into believing as he believes. It is possible that our meddlesome neighbor may be wrong in his own opinion; and it is also possible that we may be right in our opinion. What do we gain by trying to force our neighbor to believe as we do? In some instances we gain the contempt of our neighbor. This contempt may not always be expressed, because we may fear that such expression would injure our legitimate business by depriving us of our neighbor's trade. In business the pocket is the depository of all our emotions. It is exceedingly sensitive to threat and menace. If the businessmen of San Francisco were bullied in the matter of their political and religious views as they have been bullied in regard to their opinions on the civic morality of their fellow citizens, there would be such an uproar that the bullies would be glad to get back into the obscurity from which they had emerged—back to their law practice, back to their counting rooms, back to their inherited wealth, back to their over charged office tenantry, back to their ordinary business—their vocation in life, where they belong. If everybody had attended to his own business last year without regard to the business or opinion of his neighbor this city would have been more prosperous and more moral than it is. If everybody will resolve in the beginning of this new year that he will mind his own business during the year, San Francisco will, at the end of the year record the most prosperous year in her history. Therefore let us all so resolve in this first week of 1909. It is business prosperity that we need first; that achieved the morality of the community will take care of itself without assistance from the self-righteous, the censors or the snoops.

The British Female Boor

Old time text books on rhetoric used to devote a chapter to the exemplification of the differences between wit and humor. A more imperative need today is some means of infusing into the average intellect a knowledge of the difference between either wit or humor and sheer, downright insolence. In Lady Aberdeen's mind there is evidently much confusion on this subject. The lady herself appears to have some wit, which is but a varnish on the mind, an exterior polish that can never compensate for a lack of humor. Lady Aberdeen has no humor, but with insolence and bad manners she is well supplied. This aristocrat recently spent six weeks in New York gathering material for a novel designed "to show up American women so that they may see themselves as other do and see just how funny they are." If she succeed half so well in showing up Americans as she has in her own unconscious self-revelations, she will score a brilliant success. She spent much of her time making ill-natured criticisms on the appearance and dress of her fellow passengers in the street cars and of whipping out her pencil and tablets to caricature them openly. She complains of the annoying things she found to put up with during her stay, but apparently it has not occurred to her that she may have been a serious annoyance to others, whose better breeding, even if it is not "aristocratic" and does not date back to the eleventh century, deterred them from impertinences. If American women were too stout, "Your men lack, what shall I say? Backbone; yes, that's it. They are too namby-namby. Our men are fine specimens of manly men. Well, I guess that comes from fighting, don't you think so? If the New York men had more fighting ancestors back of them, who had really distinguished themselves in war as ours have done, well, it would give them more real character and manliness." There was scarcely a topic which this agreeable lady did not treat in the same refined and restrained manner. She complained that Americans talked too much, "while we English think a lot and do little talking." Doubtless she will succeed in making an interesting book of her Six Weeks in New York. Mrs. Trollope did the same sort of thing long, long ago, and her son, the distinguished novelist, afterward admitted that his mother's views were colored by the failure of her expectations of reaping a fortune in a commercial enterprise. The Americans proved to be less gullible than she hoped and she recouped herself by her vitriolic pen. If they will display the same prudence with regard to Lady Aberdeen and restrain their curiosity to see how they appeared to her and how she hopes to make them appear to themselves, they will effectively rebuke her insolence.

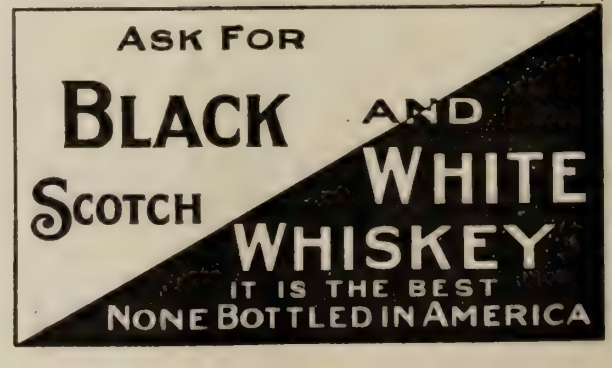
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The Dark Horse in the Wilderness

I lay my face on barren sands;
The thirsty sands drink up my tears,
My tribute to the desert lands
Where I have wandered years and years!

Insatiate sands, the whole world's flood
Of tears but leaves you thirsting still.
O could you drink of my life's blood
Your heart and mine had had their will.

Love holds the trembling mortal heart
Within the shelter of his hands,
And will not let its Dream depart
For all the drought of desert lands.

—Althea Gyles.

Perspective Impressions

Wounded vanity is not to be dressed by a surgeon.

It may be better to be sad than unrighteous, but it is not more agreeable.

In time San Francisco will have an aristocracy tracing itself back to the great fire.

San Francisco must and will do more than sympathize with the earthquake sufferers of Italy.

The old Globe is off again on her annual trial, and the pilot will have his hands full to keep the craft bottom side down.

The experience of Philander Chase Knox proves that the divinity that shapes our ends is not to be prejudiced by a name.

Mark Twain has incorporated his pen name in the hope that his heirs may be able to profit from his works after the copyright expires. But Mark seems destined to survive his heirs.

Mr. Roosevent says he may catch some wild animals in Africa. Setting traps is one of his favorite pastimes.

Nine-tenths of the fussiveness of reformers is nothing but the gratification of the itch to be doing of people who have nothing to do.

The New York World says that the testimony drawn out at the trial of the night riders shows that conditions existed which "illustrate vividly the danger to society of the law-twisting and law-evading oppression of the unscrupulous strong and the lawless reprisal of the revengeful weak." This is vague but it is worth keeping in mind. Night riders are not the only law-twisters in the country.

Mr. J. C. Martin of Dayton, O., says that Mr. Roosevelt altered his letter to the President by inserting the word "unitarian" as synonymous with "infidel," and then used the altered document as a text on toleration. Of course Mr. Martin may properly be described by a short and ugly word which has become the most popular in the language.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.
—Chicago Tribune.



PEACE.
—New York World.

Fioraccio

(This short story is a translation from the Italian of Giovanni Magherini Graziani, whose most important work, a life of Michael Angelo, was published in 1871. He published several small volumes of tales and essays. He held high rank among the literary men of his day in Italy. "Fioraccio" is one of the masterpieces of the literature of the supernatural.—Editor's Note)

They called him Fioraccio, but his real name was Antonio. He kept an inn by the bridge. Behind the inn he kept a "fence." He was a receiver of stolen goods. The police had him under suspicion, but they never could catch him. Fioraccio was bald, and he never wore a hat. He had yellow eyes like a cat's. He wore a sneer on his face, and when he talked he whistled because he had lost his teeth. He sat all day in front of his inn and said spiteful things about everybody that passed by. He scoffed at religion, and if the holy sacrament passed by his door he didn't even take his pipe out of his mouth, but smoked faster than ever to show his disrespect. He had no use for the Madonna or the saints; and if the priest asked him as he was blessing the houses:

"Fioraccio, do you want the holy water?"

"I can give it myself," he would answer.

Hardly was his old father in his grave when he cleared all the pictures and crosses out of the house; and when the old woman who swept out his rooms asked him if he wasn't afraid of the judgment, he answered:

"I don't want my wall covered with rubbish."

If he'd been content with being wicked himself! But he was always making mischief, and putting other people up to evil doings. He didn't even respect innocence, and taught little boys to lie and steal.

And so he lived for many years; but at last his time came, like other people's. He began to look very old, and to get up late, and go to bed early. The shop would be open every other day; then open two days and shut three days. He grew to be a perfect skeleton, all skin and bones, and the scaldino was never out of his hands. Everybody said, "Ah! Fioraccio isn't long for this world." And he wasn't. At last he took to his bed; but instead of repenting and changing for the better, he went on worse and worse. He blasphemed like a fiend. The worse he was the worse he swore. At last the old woman, who was the only creature that went near him, told him that if he didn't stop swearing she wouldn't come any more.

"Why not?" asked Fioraccio.

"Because I'm afraid that some day the devil will come and carry us both off," said the old woman.

"Oh, the devil! and the devil! If there was one really, he'd have made me a visit long ago," said he.

The priest, when he heard how ill Fioraccio was, said to himself, "I must go to him; there's no help for it!"

And he went; but they say he made a fast that day, though it wasn't in the calendar. He knocked, and went upstairs. When Fioraccio recognized the priest's voice, he said, "What does that fellow want with me? I won't see him."

"How? you won't see him!" said the old woman. "It seems to me it is only polite of him to make you a visit."

"Oh yes, I dare say, but I don't care for such politeness; priests are like owls, birds of ill omen. And—"

But the old woman had opened the door by this time, and beckoned to the priest to come in.

The priest entered the room.

"But I told you not to come in," howled Fioraccio.

"Good-morning, Antonio."

Fioraccio only growled.

"I heard you were ill, and—"

"It was something that they didn't say I was dead."

"And I thought I would come and see you." So he began to talk; but as soon as he tried to bring the talk round to the point he desired, Fioraccio always changed the subject. At last the priest grew desperate, and laying his hand on Fioraccio's shoulder:

"Fiore," he said, "you mustn't be angry if I speak seriously to you. You know that we haven't only the body to look after—"

"I know what you mean; but when I want to confess I'll send for you."

"But, of course, whenever you choose—"

"Pray don't trouble yourself—"

But the priest wouldn't be content without preaching a little; so he began to talk of repentance, and restitution, and such things, you know. When Fioraccio heard the word "restitution" he flew into a rage, and called out:

"Did I ever rob you of anything?"

"I don't mean that; I mean—"

"Now, listen, Mr. Rector. You and I do very well as long as we are apart, but if we meet we disagree. So, if we're to have peace, you'd better not come here any more. Do you hear?" And he turned his back, and not another word would he say.

"How goes it?" asked the old woman.

"He won't hear of it. If those above don't take it up, I don't see what is to be done. Tomorrow I'll come, at all events," said the priest.

"The Lord and Our Blessed Lady grant it." But before the next day Fioraccio suddenly grew worse, and before the priest could get to him he was dead.

This happened in 1837, and there are plenty of people living now that remember the whole story, and can tell it to you better than I can. Scarcely was he dead when he turned black all over, so that it was a horror to look at him. They rang the bell, carried him to church, and then into the church-yard, where they buried him.

The next morning, before day (it was hardly four o'clock), the priest was in bed, when he heard a knock at the door, and asked who was there, thinking some sick person wanted him.

"It's Cecco," said the servant.

"What Cecco?"

"Cecco from ———" (Fioraccio's place).

"What, in Heaven's name, does he want at this hour?"

"Wants to see your reverence."

"Send him in; let's see what it is."

Cecco appeared at the door, hat in hand.

"What's the matter now?"

"Something you'll hardly believe. Didn't your reverence bury Fioraccio yesterday?"

"Of course I did. What about it?"

"He's got up again."

"What?"

"He's got up again."

"Impossible!"

"It's the case, all the same. I was passing by on my way to work in the field. When I was passing the burial-ground I turned around to look in, and there, just where we buried him, I saw something white. I thought I must be dreaming, and as by chance I had the key in my pocket, I went in to look. It was he—Lord keep us from lies!—but I turned short round, and came away without looking back."

"So you came here and waked me."

"Who else was I to come to? The strange thing is that the earth looks as if it hadn't been touched."

"Some one must have done it to play you a trick. You're sure the gate was locked?"

"Locked and bolted. And he wasn't very pleasant to go near, either."

(Continued on Page 29.)

J. C. WILSON

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A Clay-Footed Idol

Methods and Practices of the Autocrat of all the Americas Compared Cursorily With Similar Devices Employed by the Senate-Strangling, Liberty-Choking Tyrants of Rome Under the Caesars; with a Brief Allusion to Mr. Roosevelt's Unhappy Scrimmage with the Newspapermen.

By Democritus

The King is dead; long live the king. (Mark the capitalization of the dead King.) Roosevelt goes; Taft is at the open door. Exit the Big Noise; enter the Broad Grin. Hail and Farewell! A bas le Teddy; salut le Bill.

With Caesar goes all his impedimenta—the Big Stick; the Brotherless Spear; the Flatulent Message; the Short and Ugly Word; the Fatherly Advice and the Motherly Counsel; the Bluster of Bombastes, the Brag and Bluff of Bobadil, and the Petulant Pop of Ancient Pistol. So passes the prophet of the Utterly Absurd; so vanishes the Patently Impossible and Vain.

It is not a President that steps down from the seat of the mighty; it is just Roosevelt. English alienists say he is mad. Not so; but we are. The reign of Theodore I (may his tribe decrease) is ending not an hour too soon. And we now realize what a narrow escape we have had—for he might have been elected to a third term. But the gods were kindly—and the Big Gun exploded prematurely; his grand stand play of putting aside the proffered crown was an impulse of vanity to be atoned with the penance of life long regret; to be retrieved, if possible, four years hence by another nomination and election. Not mad in the sense that the English alienists describe; but afflicted with an ego-mania that is nearer akin to madness than is genius.

It is curious that Theodore Roosevelt should have begun his career in politics by stepping softly in gumshoes, and that he wears the same shoes as he goes roaring down the front steps of the White House. How many students of American history remember that it was Theodore Roosevelt, Police Commissioner of the city of New York, who gumshoed the red light district to spy personally on the patrolmen suspected of taking bribes from fallen women and after midnight drinks at the back doors of saloons? Yet it must now be palpable to the uninformed and the incredulous that a Big Policeman has been occupying the office of President of the United States for more than seven years. The assumption is not figurative, for Congress has accused Theodore Roosevelt of using the secret service of the national government as a Chief of Police or a Police Commissioner would use the Gumshoe Department of a city government. It is related that the President of the United States, when called upon to produce proof of the necessity of employing the secret service men in business connected with the Executive Department, called into consultation one of the detectives so employed to assist him in framing a message of explanation to be sent to the greatest deliberate body in the world! A detective at the elbow of the President of the United States while that exalted personage was in the act of writing a State paper! Napoleon may have consulted Fouche; but Napoleon was a despot duly accepted by the people of France, and Fouche was more than a mere Minister of Police—he had served as ambassador to the Cisalpine Republic and the Netherlands, and he was head of the provisional government after Waterloo—a man of superior ability and one who is mentioned with respect by the historian.

It is extremely difficult for a modern democrat to reconcile the methods of Tiberius and Sejanus with the administration of a free republic of the twentieth century. It is difficult, but not impossible. By reincarnating Tiberius or by imagining a Sejanus in power in the executive mansion of the United States, it would be possible to rehabilitate the old Roman despotism under the stars and stripes. Readers of Roman history are aware that Rome was once a republic, and that it persisted as such for nearly five hundred years. Then came ambitious, unscrupulous, aggressive men who gradually and insidiously sapped the foundations of the republic and poisoned the patriotism of its citizens. The ultimate crime of this imperial conspiracy was Caesar—by Caesar was Roman liberty finally assassinated. After Caesar came Tiberius—and Sejanus; and all that is implied in those names.

Not that I would compare Roosevelt with any of the great men that wore the Roman purple; but some of the Roosevelt methods have been in the manner of Roman tyranny. Especially Roman is the Roosevelt manner of browbeating the American Congress; very like the manner of Tiberius is Roosevelt's later attitude towards the United States Senate—as if, like Tiberius, he would compel obedience to his command from every representative of the people. And the Roosevelt method of achieving this despotic purpose is very much the same as was practiced by Tiberius—the method of the spy and the informer; espionage and suspicion; the secret service and veiled threats of unpleasant exposure.

The only prototype of Theodore Roosevelt in American history was Andrew Jackson; yet here too there is a marked difference. Jackson was an autocrat and as far as his powers permitted he was a self-willed despot; but he was braver than Roosevelt has shown himself to be. Jackson was a man of action rather than a writer of vituperative messages to Congress. Where Roosevelt is merely an academic critic of the courts and the administration of justice that does not suit him or accord with his personal ideas of what justice may happen to be, Jackson, on the other hand was not afraid to speak of the Supreme Court of the United States with contempt; to give it credit, in ironical phrase, for lawyer ability, while denying that the highest tribunal in the nation was other than a co-ordinate branch of the executive vested with power to advise the President if he asked for its advice but always subordinate to his jurisdiction. As for any advice that the Justices of the Supreme Court might offer—if President Jackson thought it good advice he would act upon it; but if he did not like the advice he would not hesitate to reject it.

Theodore Roosevelt has not gone quite as far as that; but another term as President would probably have screwed his courage to the sticking point and perhaps he would have out-Jacksoned Jackson in defiance of the established institutions and the sacred traditions of the nation.

Roosevelt's absurdity, however, reached its apogee when he undertook to measure his big stick with the rapier of the press. When Laffan of the Sun, Pulitzer of the World and Delevan Smith of the Indianapolis News had finished with Roosevelt he was a frazzle—and nothing more. Contrast the verbose, clumsy diction of Roosevelt's letter to Foulke, and the bombastic vituperation of his subsequent Panama scandal message, with the forty lines reply of Laffan, the double paragraph of Pulitzer and the scant half column written by Delevan Smith; and then tell me who got the worst of that joyous passage at arms. In all this answer to the Roosevelt attack there was not a single epithet; Roosevelt was

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all epithet. With a turn of the wrist Roosevelt was completely disarmed—and he hasn't found his big stick yet; his spear that knows no brother is at the shop of the blacksmith for repair. I believe he even threatened a libel suit "on behalf of the American people" who had been "insulted" by these journalists because they had insinuated or charged that the Panama canal negotiations had been manipulated by grafters to put money into the pockets of a pirate crew whose long, low rakish schooner sails the sea of finance along the Wall street main. But at latest advices this libel suit inter populi has not been instituted and I suspect that it was balked by the Attorney General who gravely advised to the face of Roosevelt and laughed consumedly behind the Roosevelt back.

Now that Roosevelt is going out, a long peace is looked for in administration circles. It will be the calm after the storm. President Taft is no longer in need of advice or assistance from Roosevelt; and he will do a very foolish thing if he permits his friend and sponsor to meddle with affairs of State. We can stand a bully in the White House once in fifty years; but we can't stand for a puppet in the presidency once in the lifetime of the republic.

The Spectator

Rich and Respectable Smugglers

I do not understand why persons who are rich enough to buy $20,000 worth of clothes and gewgaws and trumpery "art"—brummagem of the Parisian fakers in "old antiques" and trash of the faubourg junk shops—try to sneak the stuff into this country without payment of the duty that a paternal government has placed on such truck to discourage its importation. I read in the newspapers that some of the most respectable of the rich people of Burlingame have committed this crime and that some of them have been caught at it. Now they will have to pay about five times the amount that the stuff cost them and about twenty times the amount that it would "fetch" under the hammer in a place of vendition. If this evasion of the customs were invariably the act of women I could easily reconcile the fact with the purpose and intention. Woman is not a smuggler by instinct though she resents the embargo on goods for which she has already paid the price. The government itself is for her an intangible thing—she knows that it exists because it attempts to charge her for bringing her "bargains" into the country; but that the government is vested with the right to impose this tax or that she is under any moral obligation to pay the tax she utterly denies. But the offenders are not all women. Some of them are said to be among our most "prominent" male citizens; men that would scorn to profit illegally at the expense of their fellow countryman. Why, then do they stoop to this petty robbery of all their fellow citizens? I confess that the answer is wholly beyond my limited knowledge of this phase of human nature. I suspect, however, that the smugglers realize that they have been swindled by the fakers and dressmakers, and are trying to delude themselves into the belief that their merchandise is enhanced in value if it is not burdened with the government tax. It is a foolish notion, to be sure; but even the rich and respectable are frequently afflicted with foolish notions.

The Brilliant Klumpke Sisters

"Rosa Bonheur, Her Life and Works" is the title of a forthcoming volume which should prove of more than passing interest to art lovers in general and San Franciscans in particular, since its author, Miss Anna Klumpke, is the eldest of that distinguished family of four sisters who were born in our city and acquired their early education in the public schools. Miss Anna Klumpke was at first the favorite pupil, and later, the nearest friend and companion of the French artist whose life was too busy to afford time for ordinary intimacies. When Miss Bonheur died it was found that she had made Miss Klumpke her heir, and there were rumors of the usual suits at law by distant relatives or "dear" friends, but Miss Klumpke, who probably had had a private understanding with her patroness, maintained a dignified attitude during the preliminary storm, and after the tumult and the shouting died, explained her intention of turning the bequest into a permanent public benefaction with reasonable restrictions to guard the property and maintain the exhibit, and the tempest subsided almost as speedily as it was raised. The second sister, Augusta, Mme. Dejerine, M. D., and the wife of Dr. Dejerine of Paris, is one of the most noted nerve specialists of Europe, and the first woman to be admitted to a French hospital as an interne. There was a deal of fuss and talk and yards on yards of red tape unwound before the conservative old school of French doctors gave way, and the victory which was finally won was made the occasion of a celebration by the women students and doctors, but while they were banqueting and speech-making, Dr. Klumpke, in her dark gown and list slippers was walking the wards under her charge. The youngest of the quartette, Julia, is a violinist of note in Europe, but the third sister, Dorothea, Mrs. Isaac Roberts, the astronomer, is perhaps the most widely known. Besides her original work in observation and recording, she has held high office in astronomical associations. She translated into French all the scientific documents of the Astronomical Congress held in Paris a few years ago, and when the Bureau of Measurements was established at the Paris Observatory she was made its director. Dr. Roberts was a pioneer of nebular photography. He was a self-made man who, by his own exertions advanced himself to the first rank of his profession, and at his death in 1904 he left scholarships in the University of Liverpool, the University of North Wales and the University of South Wales, in astronomy, botany, geology, electricity, biology, chemistry, physics and zoology. He expressly stipulated that no religious test should be applied to students taking examinations for these scholarships and that if two applicants were found equally worthy the preference should be given to the poorer. The Klumpke girls were quite young when they left San Francisco in the seventies, none of them having yet donned long skirts. It is worthy of remark that though they were all good students, standing well in their classes, they are not remembered as prodigies. Either their parents displayed more common sense than most in restraining them from

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exploitation or the quiet, matter of fact manner in which they did their work failed to attract the attention of their preceptors, and yet, of the scores of wonder-children who were their contemporaries in the same school, those whose drawings adorned the blackboards on "company days," and whose recitations and music were a stereotyped part of every exhibition program, scarcely one in after life rose above mediocrity.

Brown Jr.—Is there a difference between embarrassment and shyness?

Brown Sr.—Certainly. When you are embarrassed for money your shyness doesn't stop you from asking for some.

Moral Tone of Oakland Town

Some of the unco guid of Oakland have declared a holy war on one of the newspapers of that city because the newspaper, as charged by the holy hypocrites and sacrosanct pharisees, is "pro-graft," meaning as clearly defined in the talmud and book of laws of the hypocrites and pharisees, that the newspaper has expressed opinions concerning the methods and purposes of the graft prosecution in this city differing essentially from that which the "anti-grafters" hold and express. In Oakland it is rank heresy and flat sacrilege to oppose the edicts and "interpretations" of the hypocrites and pharisees, who are not only without sin themselves but are divinely inspired to utter the only truth on which the citizens of Oakland can believe and be saved. If Praise-God-Barebones were alive and praying today he would dwell in Oakland when he was not going up against the tribes of Kedar to spoil the men of the east, to take away their tents and their flocks, their curtains and all their vessels, and their camels. Oakland is so full of holiness and hypocrisy that it looks like a pillar of a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Oakland wears an arc light halo throwing its beams afar to blazon its good deeds in a naughty world.

A Debt Never to be Paid

But as I started to tell you, these Holy Willies of Oakland have placed a boycott on one of the local newspapers because it refuses to bow down and worship the graft prosecution, crying aloud: "There is but one Spreckels and Professor Boke in his prophet!" This holy interdiction is peculiar in that it prohibits the printing in the unholy columns of the newspaper the usual announcements of the Sunday discourses of the preachers earning the wages of virtue by the sweat of their tongues in the pulpits of the two-and-seventy jarring sects whose chapels and conventicles are assessed for taxation by the assessors of Oakland. This excommunication is not a pecuniary deprivation. On the contrary, it is a glad relief for the newspaper. These announcements are not paid for like other advertisements; they are printed by the newspapers as one of the multitudinous charities demanded by the churches from the press. The Oakland newspaper in question has given thousands of dollars' worth of advertising space to the churches of Oakland; it has given this space without price and without hope of future reward. The entire obligation has been upon the preachers and the church people. If these announcements had not been printed in this newspaper nobody would have known that the preacher was in existence, that the church was supporting a preacher, or that he would on the next Sabbath morning preach a sermon in which he would definitely answer the question, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" All the "activities" of all the churches of Oakland have been advertised in this newspaper during more than thirty years; all the church raffles have been "written up"; all the begging "socials" and "subscription parties" have been iterated with damnable iteration in endless columns of whining appeal written by the preachers or the gifted feminine members of their congregations; sermons that were stale, flat and unprofitable have been printed verbatim at the request of the preachers; appeals for aid on behalf of the churches or in the interest of the missionary department of the churches have been published almost weekly during more than a quarter of a century, necessitating, in many instances the curtailment of real news to make room for this rubbish. And not one dollar of profit has ever resulted to the newspaper for all this printing and advertising. Now the viper strikes at the breast that has warmed it. There's a sample of Christian charity and human gratitude for you! That's the way they order things for the greater glory of the two-and-seventy jarring sects in the holy city of Oakland! But I say unto you that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a hypocrite to enter the kingdom of heaven, and in the final judgment it shall be reckoned a crime of magnitude against him who has cast scorn upon his benefactor. But these things are not written in the books of the pharisees nor uttered from the lips of their priests and elders.

Fantastic Figments of Fiction

E. Hough, a writer for the magazines whose specialty is western episode and western manners, has devoted a page of criticism of all the other writers for the magazines whose specialty is western incident and western customs. He does not spare his intimate friend Frederick Remington, the artist, whose specialty is western art and western delineation. He is also cruelly sarcastic in detraction of the Belasco western drama. All of which is justified by the documents in the case and the truth of nature. As Mr. Hough declares, this flood of fiction based on the manners of the west, is the product of the imagination of writers who live mostly in the town of Brooklyn, New York—the artists are either resident in or temporarily exiled from the town of Lyme, Massachusetts. These have created a west of their own, peopled by cowboys and others whose like is not upon sea or land save in the fancy of their inventors; whose attire is a grotesque masquerade, and whose language is nearer that of the sheeted dead that did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets, than any tongue the mortals speak. But what of it? Why complain? Who, of the multitude that read these stories will know the difference? or, knowing, care the worth of a rawhide quirt whether this fiction is true to the western manner or

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not? If it were true it would probably be quite commonplace, for the truth about the cowboy is not stranger than the fiction that he has inspired. And the same may be said of all the fairy tales that fill the magazines and periodicals; it is all bombast and fustian from the same loom; it is all fashioned out of whole cloth, cut to fit the requirements of the reading mob. It is neither truth nor literature; it is rot—and the only reason that it is not published in the Sunday supplements of the daily newspapers is because the magazines, high and low class, pay a better price for it than is paid by the "Sunday editors."

Tommy—Papa, was Berkeley a bishop?

Fond Parent—No my son; Berkeley is a town that has no excuse for existence save that it is a source of reform for San Francisco.

An Honest Policeman

The appointment of Jesse B. Cook to the office of chief of police has given more satisfaction than anything else that has been done during the whole course of Mayor Taylor's administration. In a large city there can be no more important desideratum than that of an honest man at the head of the police department, and from all reliable accounts 'twas of the incorruptible kind of clay that Jesse B. Cook was fashioned. For having selected Cook the Police Commissioners are deserving not only of felicitation but also of the ardent esteem of this community. We are under a far greater debt of gratitude to those gentlemen than the average citizen is able to conceive. That incredible person, the average citizen, is incapable of conceiving the possible depth of his own ignorance respecting current happenings. He has read all about the persecution of Biggy, the dogging of his footsteps, the schemes to force him out of the department; he has observed that the Police Commissioners were subjected to ridicule and abuse, but do you suppose that he has the faintest idea of the inspiration of it all? In all probability he thinks that such things are of spontaneous occurrence. Yet doubtless he is as cocksure in his views on what ails this city as though he had a supernatural source of information.

A Terror to the Chinese

In addition to being honest Chief of Police Cook is qualified by experience, intellect and enthusiasm for his present position. Though he is known principally for his record in Chinatown being the only man that ever compelled the gamblers of that quarter to close their dens, he has proved himself capable and efficient in the performance of every duty to which he has been assigned. He is a man of education and of exceptional courage. A fact that is not generally known is that he is something of a linguist and that Chinese is one of the languages which he has pretty well mastered. To this is attributed much of his success in Chinatown, for the Chinese never knew that he understood their language, and as a consequence he was in such close touch with their designs and their doings that they suspected him of being in communication with one of their innumerable evil spirits. They called him "The Man With the Evil Eye."

Bergerot Dissents

By the time Mr. William Denman gets his plan for improving the judiciary before the Legislature he will probably find that it is not so free from objection as he has been pleased to believe. A little while ago he reported that Grove L. Johnson of Sacramento was the only lawyer who had expressed disapproval of the plan. I am informed that there are many members of the bar whose views on the subject are in accord with those of Mr. Johnson, and I have seen a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. Denman by P. A. Bergerot, a very highly respected and learned practitioner, in which several objections to the proposed reform are set forth in vehement terms. Mr. Bergerot is opposed to the scheme for legal reasons and for sentimental reasons, and from the statement of his views it is evident that though he has not figured in factional strife he has not been oblivious to the strange realities of contemporary life in this turbulent city. He states as one of his objections to the plan that "It may help to perpetuate in power or in office, venal and incompetent judges who may be, to speak without discrimination, the tools of the higher-ups or the lower-downs, or of newspaper cabals, or of Order and Law Leagues, Leagues of Justice, Civic Leagues, Good Government Leagues, or of Vigilance Committees, which are all in one sense or another, nothing more or less than embodiments of some fixed, narrow, fanatical, one-sided principle, idea or project." Obviously Mr. Bergerot's perceptive faculties are in good working order. As a lawyer of considerable experience and one who tries his cases on their merits perhaps he has had some experience of judges who are press made and who are the faithful puppets of tyrannical journals.

The Root of the Evil

Mr. Bergerot observes that there seems to lurk in Mr. Denman's plan "a moral fear to strike at the root of the evil." He adds: "The experience of every civilized nation in the world, ancient as well as modern, has conclusively shown that the only practical and successful way to remove the judiciary from the demoralizing influence of politics or from the baneful contamination of Law and Order Leagues of the Chicago type which resort to dynamite, and of Leagues of Justice which employ equally reprehensible methods to attain their objects, is to abolish the present system and supplant it by an appointive scheme." The State courts of Massachusetts, by the way, are not supplied with judges by popular vote. The judges are appointed to office and no complaint is ever made of the quality of justice dispensed by the courts of that commonwealth, which are not only removed from popular clamor but are independent of the press. No Massachussetts editor ever dares to threaten a judge or suggest what decision should be rendered. No newspaper in that State ever attempted to intimidate a court by reporting that it was rumored

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that the judges had been influenced by the relatives or friends of a litigant.

Three different waiters at a large hotel asked a professor at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup.

A little annoyed, he said sarcastically to the last: "Is it compulsory?"

"No, sir," answered the man, "I think it is mock-turtle."

A Millionaire's Literary Effusion

The Hon. James D. Phelan has been uttering himself in Colliers Weekly in what his enemies will say is his characteristic style. Among capitalists Mr. Phelan is reputed to have some rhetorical affluence and even grace of diction, but I find no evidence of these gifts in his magazine article. Judged as a literary performance Mr. Phelan's disquisition is far from praiseworthy. Nobody can discern the genial warmth of Mr. Phelan's amiable temperament in a production which is so dull and fish-like as to remind one spontaneously of stale beer and a clammy handclasp. It reveals not even that glibness which exhibits itself in Mr. Phelan's public speeches when he has had time to prepare himself. There have been occasions when the gallant young patriot exhorted the mob in a fulgurant, sulphurous and piping style, but in this literary effusion his style is turgid, his English execrable, his reasoning obscure and confused.

It is Not Characteristic

But the blemishes of Mr. Phelan's article are not wholly the result of the swooning of his intellectual faculties. Apparently his inflexible conscience nods occasionally, for one might imagine from what he wrote for Collier's that he had set himself to express judgments that would satisfy other demands than that of veracity. If men, as somebody has said, in their writings unconsciously afford glimpses of the depths of their being, Mr. Phelan is an exception to the rule. This article, which purports to have been written by him drips venom and abounds in half-truths, circumstances that bespeak an ugliness of soul not to be imputed to a man of Mr. Phelan's noble qualities of mind and heart. Apparently to swat two men it is stated in Colliers that love of successful dishonesty went so far in San Francisco that W. H. Crocker and I. W. Hellman "refused to subscribe to funds for the reception of the American fleet last May because Mayor Taylor's committee, representing the honorable and inflexible administration in San Francisco, and whose chairman was a man identified with the graft prosecution had charge of the work." Now this is not merely bad English; it is untrue. But it is incredible that Mr. Phelan in the enjoyment of unclouded senses would stoop to such flagrant unveracity. It is incredible that a man distinguished for his shrewdness as well as for his broad mind and large heart would swat an enemy so awkwardly as to expose himself to the scorn of honest men? The whole town knows that many prominent citizens who, whether justly or not, despise Mr. Phelan, refused to contribute money to a committee over which he presided and for no other reason than that they are intolerant of his personality. Yet we find Mr. Phelan attributing their attitude to a sinister motive and at the same time concealing from the people of the East for whom he wrote that he himself was the chairman of the committee to which he referred. To believe that Mr. Phelan in his sober moments thus rendered himself naked to his enemies is to assume that his is a vacant mind fettered by puerile hate. Preposterous!

The Courts Calumniated

But let us further examine this remarkable article and see how unlikely it is that Mr. Phelan wrote it in the full tide of his faculties. He says therein that many residents of this city were disposed to be tolerant of the crime of bribery and that "even the courts were infected with this poison," and "the several judges of the Appellate and Supreme Courts privately expressed bias." This of course is gratuitous assertion which seems conclusive of mental habits that blunt not only the perceptive faculties but also the sense of truthfulness. Incidentally it bears out what I have repeatedly asserted in these columns, and I feel quite certain that Mr. Phelan would not consciously lend me corroboration. I have stated that it has been the policy of the Graft Prosecution to calumniate the courts of this State and that this policy was adopted when other methods of intimidation were found futile. I have stated that principally because of this policy, which I hold to be more infamous than any of the crimes that excited the virtuous indignation of the prosecutors, I have refused to credit them with being animated with zeal for the welfare of the community. It is the policy by which they have damned themselves, and which must eventually result in their execration. Mr. Phelan knows that Justice Beatty and his associates and the judges of the Court of Appeal are not intolerant of crime; though he probably feels that they must be intolerant of the criminal methods by which men charged with crime have been pursued. He knows furthermore that the only basis there is for the statement that they "privately expressed bias," is the statement of a woman, employed by the veracious Bulletin, to the effect that one judge told her that Calhoun "had to put up."

Indiscreet Argument

It is not quite easy to discover what Mr. Phelan considers himself to have proved. It is obvious enough that he affects a firm belief in himself and his associates, but one is almost tempted to impugn the genuineness of a zeal that so readily germinates unveracity. If it was Mr. Phelan's purpose to rehabilitate the Graft Prosecution against criticism he was unfortunate in adopting a method which has all the flavor of the method by which the Graft Prosecution got itself into disrepute. Moreover he was unfortunate in his choice of position. For example he says: "Something has been wrong in San Francisco, but the attempted assassination of Heney has made it right." This is what Mr. Phelan's Pacific-Union Club friends would call an epigram. Apparently it is compact with shrewd observation, but it will not stand the test of analysis. To hold that public sentiment was set right by the murderous assault on Heney is to imply that it required an absurd misconception of the obvious to bring the public to the support of the Graft Prosecution. While this is in a measure true it is an indiscretion on Mr. Phelan's part to refer to it with gratification. Undoubtedly Haas propped a tottering cause by doing

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something which enabled Mr. Phelan and his associates to delude the sentiment of the stupid and unwary. But is it not apparent to all intelligent persons that there is reason to censure a movement conducted by men who are inclined to such charlantry? Everybody knows that Heney was shot by a madman whom he had driven to desperation by an act which he might have some difficulty in justifying. Everybody knows that the incita-



MR. L. OHLEYER

Returning from a few hours sports on famous preserves at Alvarado.

tion of Haas cannot even be remotely traced to the circumstance that Heney was engaged in the graft prosecution. No intelligent person believes that Haas who shot Heney and then killed himself acted at the instigation of any higher-up. Nay, it would be less preposterous if anybody were so foolish as to contend seriously that Haas was the instrument of a third party, to argue that he was instigated by the prosecutors, since it is at least not irrational to impute the motive for a crime to those who profit by it. The shooting of Heney surely could never have been conceived to be advantageous to the higher-ups. The feeblest minded of mortals might have conjectured the effect of so startling a crime. The prosecutors have exploited it for all it was worth, but they should cautiously abstain from reminding the feeble-minded public how the trick was worked. Mr. Phelan should put his cumbersome pen aside. The Graft Prosecution has not been opposed, as he would have the people of the East believe, because they are trying to send wealthy criminals to jail, but because their conduct on the whole has been characterized by the very same qualities that are to be found in the mass of misrepresentation which Mr. Phelan wrote for Collier's Weekly.

Fond Young Mother (with first-born)—Now, which of us do you think he is like?

Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you!

REMOVAL NOTICE

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Another Daniel Come to Verse

If all the poetry now extant were of mediocre quality and if all the poets now living were inferior, I would be willing to accept the poetry of Daniel S. Richardson as serving a purpose superior to that which, in my present opinion, it seems to serve. As there are many poems of acknowledged merit and as there are a few poets of ability still living, I am compelled in all candor to say that, personally, I fail to see any necessity whatever for Mr. Richardson's poetry. I do not wish to be understood as denying Mr. Richardson's right to express his thoughts in poetical form; there is no law, human or divine, that prohibits poets from writing their poetry. I merely question Mr. Richardson's discretion in forcing himself into the asphodelian fields where better poets have trod and where other better poets are even now treading.

Suggestions by a Layman

Mr. Richardson calls his collection of poems "Trail Dust," with the sub-title, "A Little Round-up of Western Verse," to appraise these cattle terms at their full poetic value. I am sure that the imagery is all right, and I am convinced that there is a subtle analogy between a dusty trail and a little round-up of Western verse; but I am compelled by a defective imaginative faculty to take the title of Mr. Richardson's book of verse for granted, accepting it in blind faith upon the assumption that he would not have so named it if it were not absolutely appropriate to the contents. Turning to the poetry of Mr. Richardson, I chance upon these lines:

> "My heart was light, though the skies were dumb,
> 'At last, sweet Dora,' I said, 'I come.'"

Here I find myself on the horns of a dilemma. Does the poet speak in avoirdupois or optics? Does he mean that his heart was illuminated or does he wish us to understand that it was buoyant? The statement that "the skies were dumb" fails to elucidate the poet's meaning, for if his heart was light in the sense that it could be measured by candle-power the skies ought to be dark; whereas if his heart were light as a feather the skies should be heavy as lead. Solving the problem by the first process the lines would read,

> "My heart was light, though the skies were dark,
> 'At last, sweet Dora,' I said, 'I bark.'"

But if we interpret the lines in the terms of weights and measures they should be construed thus:

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"My heart is light, though the skies are heavy.
'I'll meet thee, Dora, on the levee.'"

This is not poetry, I am free to admit, but it conveys a clear meaning and is logical which Mr. Richardson's version is not. I do not insist that Mr. Richardson's heart should have been talkative while the skies were dumb.

Personal Poetry

Bard Richardson is an admirer of Andrew Furuseth. He writes an entire poem to that "plain, strong man" who "makes his fight along the ramparts, armed alone with sense of wrong—the people's moan—the pathos of their plea for right." If I were a poet and were inspired to write a poem panegyrical of Andrew Furuseth, I think I should keep in mind that the subject of my poem was a sailorman as well as a professional agitator. Starting from this premiss I would picture him as "making his fight" along the bulwarks or the taffrail instead of "along the ramparts" like a soldier. I would arm him with a cutlass and boarding pike as more effective for his purpose than "sense of wrong," the people's "moan," or even the "pathos of their plea for right." But in truth if I were a poet I wouldn't write about Andrew Furuseth at all. I would tune my lyre for nobler themes, and I would sing of Walter McArthur and Richard Cornelius—names that hit the Parnassian trail with the anapaestic lilt of a galloping mule on a corduroy road. I am convinced by reading Bard Richardson's poem on Andrew Furuseth that there is more poetry in a bucket of tar and more genuine afflatus in a mess of lobscouse.

More of Sterling

There is one thing to be said for Mr. Richardson—he writes for his contemporaries. Who runs may not only read but understand Poet Richardson, but the test of a poem is not its intelligibility. The world is full of poems that are not worth understanding. These sentiments I have written with George Sterling before me; not in the flesh but between book covers, in a new volume of poems printed by Mr. A. M. Robertson, who, by the way, also gave us the effusions of Richardson. Now Sterling is suspected of writing for posterity, a suspicion born of his "Testimony of the Suns" and strengthened by the incredible misunderstanding of his "A Wine of Wizardry," which is the title poem of the book before me. This poem is a riot of the imagination, and it is therefore unintelligible to the average man whose imagination is merely latent, but as for the poems that accompany it they are constructed on lines at once sane and magnificent. There is in them poetry to be proclaimed inflexibly for what it is. It is uttered in the language of poetry and it can be recognized not by hackneyed poetical expressions but by the eternal signs of poetry, one of which is that of spontaneous inspiration as when he speaks—to take a thought at random—of the Wind's insuperable throng like the roar of archangels' chariots heard by mariner or sentry along "The star-usurping battlements of night." Sterling's book of poetry is like a garden that you wander through picking blooms as you go and when laden and you retrace your footsteps you find that you have left behind others as beautiful as those you have gathered. That he is not hard to understand may be seen from the following perfect piece of craftsmanship, charming in its simplicity and its verbal music achieved by the deft employment of vowels and consonants:

Slow to the wanton sun's desire
The vestal-bosomed buds unfold,
Till poppies flaunt a silken fire,
And buttercups a glassy gold.

The Man I Might Have Been

And here is a Sterling poem, which, though it will appeal to the man in the street, is nevertheless not without merit:

Now, ere the gray and ghastly dawn
Restore the heartening sun,
And Conscience, at his light withdrawn,
Behold her toil undone,
With more than day's remorseful pow'r,
To grimmest ghosts akin,
He comes to haunt a candid hour—
The man I might have been.

Clear-visioned with betraying night,
I count his merits o'er,
And yet no comfort from the sight,
Nor any cure therefor,
I'd mourn my desecrated years
(His maimed and sorry twin)
But well he knows my makeshift tears—
The man I might have been.

Decisively his looks declare
The heart's divine success;
He held no parley with despair,
Nor pact with wantonness;
He wanders with accustomed feet
The heights I dreamt to win;
A sleepless hour, he finds it sweet—
The man I might have been.

His station in the ranks of good
I view with joyless eyes;
His victories o'er self withstood
Denying I surmise.
Tho' reason slay him at a glance,
The mirth of death agrin
Defines him master of mischance—
The man I might have been.

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Whenas I ponder in my pride
(An after-dream of day)
If thus the willful gods deride
My will to scorn the clay,
He comes where jealous of their youth
I nurse a starveling sin,
To sting me with the acrid truth—
The man I might have been.

Tho' half I deem my gentle friends
Would love him less than me,
No less the daunting wraith attends
The dark's sincerity.
O Fates that held us at your choice,
How strange a web ye spin!
Why chose ye not with equal voice
The man I might have been.

An Immunity Banker

If Dazell Brown has not sequestered some of the money he stole from the California Trust Deposit Company he is a very foolish and improvident bank looter. I suspect, however, that he has put by a lot of the swag to be used in his personal financial habilitation after he has doffed the stripes of his penal servitude. Dalzell Brown is a very wise person. He seems to know a lot more than they know in the District Attorney's office, over whose eyes he seems to have pulled much wool. Any way he managed to take advantage of the immunity habit that has fastened upon the District Attorney; and although he was guilty of robbing the widow, pilfering the money of the orphan and stealing candy from babes, he was sent to the penitentiary for only eighteen months, and all of the other charges against him were cast into the limbo of immunity to companion the immunity contracts of the grafting supervisors. And if the sheriff's deputies had not protested against being compelled to chaperon this favorite jailbird Dalzell Brown might have been enjoying a joyous ticket of leave even unto this day, for all that Mr. Langdon would have done to curtail it. We hear loud noise clamoring of Justice with a ciptal J. Does anybody, including District Attorney Langdon and Professor Boke, think that justice with a capital J. Does anybody, including District At-Is there anybody in San Francisco, or even in Berkeley, who will deny that Dalzell Brown is as depraved and despicable a criminal as Abe Ruef? Yet somebody has permitted Dalzell Brown to escape the full penalty of his felonies. Why? It is said that Brown promised to unload about a million dollars of his plunder, and that on this mere promise he received his "immunity." But he has not unloaded. Perhaps he never had it to unload; but that does not clear the skirts of the District Attorney's office. They ought to have made him "come through" with the coin or with evidence to convict somebody "higher up," before they wasted their immunity on him. Even now it is not too late to withdraw the contracts, as they were withdrawn from Andy Wilson. This bank looter can be prosecuted upon the other charges against him, if District Attorney Langdon sees fit to order the prosecution. Otherwise I fear that Dalzell Brown will come out of the penitentiary prepared to start another fake bank and, fortified with this experience, educated by his former mistakes, that he will succeed in robbing more widows, that he will pilfer the trust funds of some more orphans, and that he will steal some more candy from babies, conducting his financial operations on a higher plane and so far within the strict letter of the law that even District Attorney Langdon will not attempt to prosecute him or dare to offer him immunity. By the way, Mr. Brown's attorney was Hiram Johnson who sometimes represents the District Attorney's office and prosecutes grafters.

STILL ON THE MARKET

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Exit the Band

The noisy brass band is to vanish from Golden Gate Park and there is to be substituted a symphony orchestra. The musical taste of this community is to be educated right in the heart of the great playground. The plain people are no longer to vegetate in inglorious ignorance of the music that soothes the highbrowed intellect. Wagner could not understand Berlioz nor Berlioz Bach, but the great masters all and singular are to be understood by the plain people of this cultured metropolis. Ragtime is to be banished. Vulgar popular ditties are never more to appeal to elemental emotions. Mayor Taylor, who is above all things a poet, and who loves art in whatever terms it is expressed, is in favor of the symphony and Theordore Vogt, the composer and talented musician, has been delegated to introduce the musical change. Mr. Vogt believes that the plain people can easily be educated up to an understanding and an appreciation of high class music, and it was at his suggestion that Mayor Taylor and the Park Commissioners resolved to banish the band. Mr. Vogt has already organized an orchestra of forty-eight pieces, and he will start the music going on Sunday, January 10th. Mr. Vogt is a musical enthusiast and he is entering with much spirit into his enterprise. He believes that the new organization will be the nucleus of a permanent symphony orchestra.

Father (trying to read the paper)—What was that awful racket in the hall just now?

Mother—One of the children fell down the stairs.

Father (irascibly)—Well, you tell those children that if they cannot fall down stairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all.

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Recollections of Teed

The telegraphic reports of the death of "Koresh" Teed and of the final consent of his followers to the interment of his body after they has despaired of the promised resurrection probably attracted but little attention locally, yet a score of years ago Teed was a figure of much prominence in this city. He was one of the pioneers of a new freak religion, and despite his revolutionary theories of astronomy and geology he had quite a following, not by any means recruited from the most ignorant and lowly. One of his "doctrines" was that we inhabited the inside of a sphere, not the outside, and his theories of the movements of the heavenly bodies were as fanciful. He professed himself to be Moses, the Hebrew lawgiver, and claimed divine powers. Though he was not actively persecuted, means were found to convince him that the atmosphere of San Francisco was insalubrious and he departed hence, prophesying all sorts of disaster for a community so inhospitable to the Lord's chosen. Eventually he established himself at Tampa, Florida, where his death took place last week. Amongst the households that were disrupted by his vagaries was that of James E. Mills, the mining engineer. There was an interesting family of four children, the two daughters just verging upon womanhood when Mrs. Mills became a disciple of Teed. No persuasion or argument could shake her faith in her prophet, and when he left California she was one of the dupes who accompanied him. Finding himself unable to influence her, Mr. Mills obtained a divorce for the sake of settling family and business affairs, and with his children he returned to Quincy, Plumas County, near which place he had been engaged in experimental engineering projects. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mills died several years ago. The children felt keenly the humiliation of their mother's vagary, and never cared to emerge from their retirement.

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent.

"Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class.

The Shoppers' Revenge

The workingman's pipe has almost gone out in Oakland. The street railroad corporation of that city has issued an edict to the effect that no smoking shall be permitted on the rear seats or platforms or in the closed sections of the cars operated by the corporation. Heretofore the weary workingman could smoke his after-breakfast or after-toil pipe on the front and rear section of the cars while resting from a hard day's work on his long ride from the workshop to his humble cottage home in the suburbs. Now it is ordained that he must ride on the front section or forego the solace of his pipe until he escapes from the jurisdiction of the railroad company. I am informed that this order was issued at the behest of women passengers who, during the rush of the recent shopping season, were compelled to stand or hang themselves to the straps while the seats were filled with workingmen, all of whom wore pipes in their mouths and puffed the smoke where they listed, regardless of what nostrils might be offended with the rank odor of cheap tobacco. Thus a double revenge on the horny-handed sons of toil was planned by the early and late shoppers of Christmas week—they revenged themselves upon the workingmen for their ungallantry in refusing to offer their seats to the shoppers, and they revenged themselves on the vile tobacco. The husbands of these shoppers never smoke anything except the best cigars; and when the shoppers themselves indulge the pleasant vice they smoke only the most delicate latakia or the most fragrant Turkish and Egyptian. Nobody except the weary workingman of Oakland is inconvenienced by this new order of the street railroad corporation; and as the ukase is in absolute consonance with the reform policies of the company, largely based on rules conspicuously placarded in the cars instructing the "patrons" of the company how to behave in the presence of the conductors, its philanthropic and beneficient purpose may not be questioned.

"The Irresistible Current"

Mrs. I. Lowenberg's philosophical novel "The Irresistible Current" which has been the talk of women's clubs for some months is now in its third edition. This is indeed a remarkable record for a first production. Mrs. Lowenberg had the good fortune to write a novel with a purpose of interest to a very large class of people. The religious question, which is really the motif of the work, is one that has entered deeply into human affairs, and the author has handled it with tact and discretion while at the same leading her readers through a story abounding in heart interest. Fresh stimulus appears to have been given to the demand for the novel during the season of peace on earth.

MOVE TO NEW QUARTERS

Sherwood & Sherwood will move into new and commodious quarters at 41 to 47 Beale street, San Francisco, about January 1st. The large increase in orders for their different world standard goods have compelled them to seek larger accommodations for carrying on their growing business and no pains have been spared in fitting up their new establishment, in a manner which will facilitate the promptest and best delivery service to their many customers.

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulcahy

The action of the Wall Street securities during the last ten days of 1908 were decidedly puzzling to those best informed. The present bull market started just one year ago, and has been a most remarkable market to say the least. Many reactions were seen but only two were of any particular consequence. These were followed by quick recoveries. The Union Pacific and Southern Pacific stocks have continued during that period as market dealers. A reaction or an up turn in these stocks meant the same action in the whole market list. At times the Hill group would show signs of becoming leaders, but their supremacy would be of short duration. The Harriman issues have a wonderful public following. This has come about through natural channels. Harriman has to some extent taken the public into his confidence by his manner of building up properties. No man on Wall Street at present or in the past has had such public aid in carrying on a bull campaign as Harriman has experienced. There was a time not long ago when Hill had the public's confidence; but some way or other Harriman has supplanted Hill. By securing control by the Burlington Company of the Colorado Southern, Hill has attained a very strong position geographically speaking, and ere long there may be a clash of no small magnitude should encroachment be made upon the territory of either. It is rumored with some grounds of authority that St. Paul will be placed in control of the M. K. & T. property. Both properties are controlled by the Standard Oil crowd.

The Texas and Pacific securities have been very active of late on rumors of a dividend in the near future. From the action of the Wisconsin Central stock issues it is quite evident strong buying has been in evidence for the purpose of control. Those well informed say the Canadian Pacific people have practically secured control of Wisconsin Central and will soon announce the fact officially.

New York Central has been very active and scored a fair advance lately. A general shake up in its management is expected soon after January 1st.

There has been quiet absorption of the Erie shares during the past month, the stocks have been taken as they were offered. If Harriman has representation sufficiently strong in the Erie management the stock is cheap and will do better.

Denver and Rio Grande has shown remarkable strength of late; this is thought to be due to the expected early completion of the Western Pacific, of which company it owns and has in its treasury fifty-one per cent of the common stock, which has sold recently at 22½. At no distant day this stock will become a valuable asset of the Denver and Rio Grande.

The general stock market from an unbiased standpoint should have a good reaction, but such a condition is not at present visible. The best market readers consider a good break would put the market in a much stronger position. Evidently the strong market leaders tried their hand to force a decline last week, but were forced to retrace their steps in a hurry as the outside buying that came into the market was too strong not to be understood. The action of the market at present would indicate a higher range of prices during the early part of January at least. The Industrial list is being given a great deal of attention just at present. Car Foundry, American Locomotive, Pressed Steel Car and the Equipment companies in general should show improvement in their security values. Many of them have shown good profitable earnings during the late depression. No doubt regular dividends will soon be resumed by many of them.

The Copper stocks are very erratic. There is no doubt existing a fair supply of metal which will take time to consume. The Silver market shows signs of advancing. This should add some encouragement to the situation. The Grain markets, after a month's depression, are again advancing and promise to continue to a higher level. Exports of wheat are considered liberal. The Cotton market seems to drag, a fact attributed by many to the recent laws passed by Southern States abolishing "futures." The buying power has been taken away and all opportunity given to the Market Center buyer who is dictating prices to the producer. It is thought these laws will be repealed at the earliest possible moment. Security values in the local market are firm with an advancing tendency. Money is somewhat tight but will become easier after the first of the year, when considerable eastern money will find its way to San Francisco.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Haughty Mrs. Mills

Apropos the recently announced engagement of Miss Beatrice Mills to the Earl of Granard, some interesting stories of the young lady's mother were related at a gathering one evening last week. Mrs. Mills was a Miss Livingstone of New York, one of an old family better provided in its later days with pedigree than with pelf. It is said she once remarked that there were no ladies to the manor born in California, so, when D. O. Mills, her father-in-law, gave a large dinner party to some visiting Californians, amongst whom were the Mayo Newhalls, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. Russell Wilson, and others as socially prominent there was some speculation amongst the ladies as to whether Mrs. Ogden Mills would condescend to grace the festal occasion. She did not, and when, later in the season, Mr. Russell Wilson visited New York and was a guest at a dinner given by the Ogden Millses, he made a merry joke about



Photo, Bruguiere & Eisen

MRS. ARTHUR BRANDER

Formerly of this city but now of San Diego. She has been visiting friends in town.

"moving in an entirely different set from that which his wife graced." Apparently Mrs. Mills believed the men from California to be more congenial than the women.

She Sparkled

Literally the most brilliant figure at the Greenway Assembly was Mrs. George Newhall, who scintillated with diamonds. Her dog collar excited enthusiastic admiration. I believe it outrivals any other on the coast. It was a gift from Mr. Newhall presented just before the ball, and it is said that he has been collecting and matching the stones for five years. On his last trip to New York he completed his self-appointed task, and the collar was made to order, and finished with a marvelous pearl clasp. Even Mrs. Oliver Tobin's wedding gift is said to be dimmed by comparison, and Mr. Newhall is receiving as many congratulations on his good taste as Mrs. Newhall is on her acquisition. Mr. Newhall's quest and purpose was kept secret, and until the persentation was made his wife had not a suspicion of what was in store for her.

Eastland's Freak Pin

Joseph Eastland is another prominent society man with a fad for precious stones, but his taste lies in the direction of the odd and fanciful. One of his recent acquisitions was picked up in Paris. It is composed of a cluster of diamonds connected with a hidden spring which, when manipulated causes the diamonds to disappear and be replaced by rubies, while another touch



Photo, Bruguiere & Eisen

MISS HELEN THOMAS

Who will become a bride in the New Year. She is engaged to J. W. Sefton, Jr.

will replace the rubies with sapphires. Mr. Eastland congratulates himself on having fewer pins to be mislaid, but on the other hand, there is the disadvantage of having all three disappear at once. The combination jewel is said to be really pretty, which is not always or often the case with "freak jewelry."

Social History

The exploitation of the affairs of the Long family, consequent on the discovery of the identity of the long-lost daughter Ada brings to mind an encapade of one of the sons. Frank Long, while yet in his teens, hied himself to Martinez, not then the Gretna Green which it has since become, accompanied by Miss Birdie Yost, the daughter of the late Dan Yost, who was several

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years his senior. They were duly married, and after the ceremony, returned to San Francisco, each to the bosom of the family. Not a word was said and not a suspicion entertained until a full year later, when suit was brought by the wife to compel support. Then, of course, the story of the secret marriage came out. Eventually Mrs. Long obtained a divorce and married into the army, becoming the wife of an officer named Hammond. Frank Long also ventured again on the stormy sea of matrimony, his second wife being Miss Carol Cobb, a relative of Prentiss Cobb Hale.

Some of the Old Aristocracy

Mrs. Robert Williams and Miss Queen Anne Williams are visiting relatives in this city. The late Mr. Williams was a brother of Mrs. E. B. Clement, Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness, and Gardiner Williams of South Africa. Mrs. Will Denman, (Leslie Van Ness), Mrs. John Taylor, (Daisy Van Ness), and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt (Kate Clement) are all nieces. Although not yet formally announced it is an open secret amongst the family and friends that Miss Queen Anne Williams is to be married in the near future to Mr. Axel Applegarde of Sweden, whom she met while visiting her sister in Finland. Mrs. Williams was Miss Jennie Gluyas of St. Helena, where she continued to reside for many years after her marriage but Mr. Williams met with financial reverses and went to Central America with a hope of retrieving his fortunes. One day Mrs. Williams invested in a lottery ticket which proved to be a winner. It netted her fifteen thousand dollars, and she immediately took her family abroad for education, locating herself in Dresden. It is only within the last few years that she has returned to America. The eldest daughter, Mary, developed artistic talent and was one of the Examiner's staff about ten years ago. After the death of her husband, Seymour Davidson, she went to New York where she won new fame as a caricaturist under the name Kate Carew. Later she married Henry Chambers, a newspaperman, and has now retired from the field of active work. Nona Williams married a wealthy resident of Finland. Miss Queen Anne is the youngest daughter, but there are three sons, Neil, Reed and Gluyas, all attending eastern colleges. Miss Ethel Hartson, whose marriage to Lieutenant Caldwell Turner, U. S. N., will take place in February, is a niece of Mrs. Williams. The Williams and Gluyases families were of our early day aristocracy.

Ned is Democratic

The bavardes of the daily press seem to be losing sleep over the discussion of the vexed question of the revision of the Greenway list. It is claimed that under a new title the club will be reorganized on a much more exclusive basis, but there seems to be little ground for the assertion. There has been some weeding out, but after all it is very slight. The old faces appear at the Assemblies, reinforced by the pretty debutantes. The personal friends of the Czar resent the implication that he has a passion for exclusiveness and in proof that he is democratic they point to his many intimates who are not "in." At the dinners that preceded the Assembly the diners found time between courses to discuss their neighbors, the Greenway list, and of course, the Assemblies. "The list is to be decidedly revised," was the authoritative statement of one; "only the exclusive set is to be included—even the papers have gotten hold of it." A gentleman looked over to the opposite table and smiled. "If Greenway has revised the list," he said, "he did it on the wrong side of the fence," and the subject was changed.

A Gift From the Cook

Perhaps one of the most curious gifts ever made on any occasion was the contribution to the Merry Christmas of Judge and Mrs. Beatty made by their Chinese cook, who proudly presented to them a young Celestial of the age of twelve years. A white elephant could not have been less unexpected or more difficult to dispose of and for the present that part of the problem still remains unsolved. It develops that there was a world of method in the philanthropic cook's madness, for it seems the youngster is his own son, but just arrived from China. By presenting him to the Beatties the provident father reasoned that he was providing a good home for the boy, and while relieving himself of the expense of his support he would yet be able to keep a watchful eye on his training. In the first blush of their surprise the new "owners" did the obvious and natural thing, and ushered young Master Oriental into the room where the grandchildren were surrounded by their toys. A gramophone was set going and it was the first thing which attracted his attention. He gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the machine, took two slow and methodical trips around the box examining it critically, and finally ended by giving a vigorous shake to every curtain and drapery in the room. He has not yet solved the mystery, but the traditional patience and persistency of his race will eventually clear it for him unless, in the meanwhile, the Beattys find some practical answer to their own problem, how to dispose of their unwelcome gift.

Carrying Jewels to Golconda

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Yale of Oakland have received some very interesting letters from their daughter, Mrs. Gracey, wife of Consul Wilbur T. Gracey of Tsingtau, China. The letters were written en voyage from London to Colombo, Ceylon, where the curried prawns are famous for their delicious flavor and where they know how to cook rice in ninety-and-nine ways before they descecrate it by mixture of other food. From Aden Mrs. Gracey wrote a vivacious description of English manners aboard the India, a P and O steamer outward bound for Calcutta on the Hoogley and Bombay. These English people were evidently much affected by their caste distinctions, and while the ordinary Englishman and Englishwoman of the "middle class" were extremely punctilious in the matter of acquaintance with one another, refusing all recognition unless formally "introduced," they were paralyzed with joyful awe or awful joy whenever one of the titled Englishmen on board condescended to remark within hearing of any of the "lower class" that "it was beastly fine weather, don't you know." Most of Mrs. Gracey's fellow voyagers seemed to be excessively rich, or, in any event, if not as rich as they seemed to be had been only temporarily impoverished by lavish expenditures for jewelry. Solomon must have been arrayed gloriously indeed if he wore as much jewelry as did these Englishwomen on a steamer voyage "from Nome to Hindia." At dinner every night diamonds shone from every breast, sunbursts blazed, tiaras flashed, bracelets dazzled, rings sparkled. There was but one logical conclusion: Either these women were very wealthy or diamonds were very cheap. Mrs. Gracey, being an American, and naturally addicted to

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a Jeffersonian simplicity of habit and manner, could not help but draw the contrast between this brilliant dinner and promenade display and the general view of a similar occasion in America, where only the vulgar rich and the unspeakable parvenu empty their jewel boxes every time they go to a public dinner; and where a very broad distinction is made between the opera and the cafe. Of course these women changed their frocks or gowns for every meal, and those who were accompanied by maids were easily distinguished from the others by their elaborate coiffures, some of which had been in process of construction since luncheon. The Graceys were to proceed from Colombo to Hongkong where they would remain a short time before visiting Mr. Gracey's father at Foochow, finally reaching Tsingtau by way of Shanghai where a brief stop would be made. It was their original intention to travel on the trans-Siberian railway,



PRAYING TO SANTA CLAUS

but they were deterred by reports of cholera in Russia; and they were prevented from visiting Alexandria and making the trip to the pyramids and the upper Nile, by a quarantine against smallpox in Egypt.

Mabel Toy's Engagement

Along the channels of social gossip there rippled early in the week the glad news of the engagement of Miss Mabel Toy and Mr. Francis W. Lucas. The felicitations that poured in on the popular young real estate man were in the nature of a continuous performance. Miss Toy is one of the most lovable girls in society, and the winning of her hand and heart is indeed an enviable achievement. Possessed of all the graces that make companionship enjoyable, she has matured her intellectual gifts in travel abroad, and her manners and conversation attest not only her power of observation but her appreciation of the things that are worth while. Miss Toy was introduced to society through the medium of the Greenway dances, and she has figured prominently in the principal social events that have marked the past two seasons. She is the daughter of George D. Toy, one of San Francisco's leading real estate agents.

Of the Clan Kirkham

A wedding of much interest to Californians on account of the prominence of the bride's family took place on Wednesday evening, December 30th, at Christ Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, when Miss Lolia Safford, daughter of Mrs. May Kirkham Safford, became the wife of John Stevens, also of Springfield. Mrs. Safford will be remembered as the interesting and attractive May Kirkham, daughter of the late R. W. Kirkham, at one time quartermaster at the Presidio. Their beautiful home in Oakland was the center of much gaiety in those days. Mrs. P. J. Wheeler, wife of Dr. Wheeler, is a relative of the family, and Stanton Davis Kirkham, the author, is a cousin of the bride. Kirkham street in Oakland was named after General Kirkham. Mr. Davis is head of the largest twine manufactory in the world at Ludlow, Massachusetts.

The Penalty of a White Lie

"How oft a tangled web we weave
When first we venture to deceive."

The parents of a family of young daughters residing on the "good" side of the bay were to be absent from home for a few days, and the careful mother thoughtfully asked an old friend of hers to keep a watchful eye on the "children," not that they needed surveillance at



THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT BYRON SPRINGS

all; oh, no, but accidents might happen, etc. The good matron took her responsibilities rather more seriously than is generally the case, and immediately 'phoned her charges to come and spend the evening with her. They, however, had made their own disposition of their time, and had no inclination to see their program superseded, so they as promptly 'phoned back an excuse. One of the sisters was suffering from a severe cold, and they thought they should all remain at home to nurse her. Meanwhile, the young bachelor guests whom they had invited to supper arrived, and after the meal all strolled out about the large grounds. The door bell was heard to ring, and one of the girls volunteered to investigate, promising to be "right back in a minute." It happened to be the ci-devant invalid, and it was many weary minutes ere she returned to report, for the visitor whose importunate ring had summoned her was none other than the non-resident chaperone, provided with a family medicine case and "first aid to the injured." "I have come to doctor your cold," she announced. "Now, go right upstairs to bed and I'll get the mustard and hot water and things." Protest was in vain. A cold severe enough to be an excuse to remain at home could not

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possibly have cured itself so speedily, and there was nothing to do but submit to the dragooning. To bed she went and was liberally dosed and drugged after the approved methods. Then the good woman departed, saying that she would be around early in the morning to note the effect of her treatment, and no sooner was she out of the house when the patient jumped up, dressed hurriedly and returned to her companions, explaining her enforced absence by saying, "I've been through the third degree sweating process."

The Honolulu Smart Set

Mrs. Hyde-Smith is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harold Dillingham, in Honolulu, and by all reports she is having a delightful time. She is singularly fortunate in being in a position to enjoy the hospitality of all three of the cliques which rule society in the island capital, the missionary element, the real smart set, which rivals our own Blingum in its hilarity, and the highly intellectual set. Harold Dillingham's parents are both descendants of the early missionaries, and his sister, the wife of Governor Frear, is quite the leading light of the cultured cult, while he and his brother have been amongst the most brightly gilded youths of the coterie of that bachelor hall known as "Virtue Villa."

It Was Here They Originated

Although the fire made great inroads on the income of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst she has not permitted her charities to languish on that account. She supports five kindergarten classes in various parts of the city. The board of education has recently granted the use of two class rooms to the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, and there is a class, established three months ago in connection with the Glen Park school. The Pioneer Association supports two classes amongst the Italian residents. The Christmas festival with which the kindergartens bring their school term to a close is always an interesting occasion, not only to the children and their parents, but to the members of the kindergarten associations and to disinterested visitors who are apt to be amazed at the capacity developed by the infants. San Francisco is the home of the kindergarten. It was in this city that the experiment was first tried, and the success which crowned the early efforts was the direct means of establishing the feasibility of the scheme on American soil. Incidentally, it was the Pioneer kindergarten which gave Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Miss Nora Smith, to literature, for according to Mrs. Wiggin's own confession, she had never even dreamed of writing until the imperative need of funds for her work made some desperate effort necessary.

Christmas at the Victoria

Christmas was a day of feasting and frolic at the Hotel Victoria, where the permanent guests kept open house in an informal way, and there was a constant stream of visitors all day. In the evening there were music and song and an impromptu promenade concert. Four dinners were given in the latest style which is in reality a resurrection of that of older times. After the soup and salad the other courses were omitted and everything was served from the head of the table. Monsieur Adagnous, acting as master of ceremonies, gave his attention to the carving, going from table to table as there was demand for sliced turkey. The cochon de lait occupied a table in the European dining room, and the little squealer was very picturesque in his harness of red ribbons, with a sprig of holly in his mouth. The largest of the old-fashioned dinners was given by Mrs. A. L. Foye in the banquet room. All of the ladies were handsomely gowned in Directoire style. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Park, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Chisholm, Mrs. Douglas, W. W. Douglas, A. T. Dunbar, Mrs. J. H. Sullivan, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Sophie Sullivan. Col. W. L. Weimer was host to a party of six in the European dining room. His table was decorated with red berries and carnations. Monsieur A. de Closmadenz entertained eight at his table. California violets were the only flowers used. Monsieur and Madame M. Rolland had four friends as guests to their dinner. Their flowers were carnations.

Better Than a Policeman

Philanthropists have queer experiences, especially about holiday time. A lady prominent in benevolent circles tells this good story on herself. One day she was quietly entertaining a caller in her own home when the door was unceremoniously pushed open and in rushed a ragged and forlon specimen of childhood, who breathlessly exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. ————, if daddy comes home drunk again tonight, will you come and sit on him?" "But sonny," she remonstrated, "that's a case for the policeman." Nothing daunted, the urchin made answer, "Oh, but dady's a heap more scared of you than he is of the 'cops.'"

The Del Monte Dance

The Christmas Cotillion given by Hotel Del Monte was a very pretty affair carried through with unusual vivacity and dash. The Post was out in full force, and Captain Estes led the merry party through the intricate figures with a spirit none could resist. The opening of the cotillion was an effectiv march with Japanese lanterns and all other lights turned low. Two trees illuminated with colored electric bulbs held the favors and added a charming bit of color to the room. A novel and pretty figure imprisoned the ladies fair, in a many sided screen while the devoted swain waited outside on bended knee. At a given signal the fair ones burst through the colored

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tissue panels and sailed away with the chosen one. Another popular but less romatic figure was the closing one with horns, which the exuberent ones tooted with all their might and main, and wished with all their hearts they might come back another night to toot again.

Another Californian on Broadway

Another California girl has made a hit. Ruth Allen, daughter of one of our pioneers, has her name out in electric lights on Broadway. She began her stage career as a member of a barnstorming party, and afterward joined the Alcazar forces, where she became a great favorite and soon came under the notice of Florence Roberts, whose company she joined. She created the character of the college girl in "The Strength of the Weak." They played on Broadway that season, and though Miss Allen was only a novice she was the single success of the metropolitan production. She is enjoying another successful season now on the vaudeville stage, in a sketch written especially for her and called "Ruth Allen and Her Six English Boys." The lads were imported from the old country especially for the playlet.

A Bishop's Lecture

The Camera Club gave one of its most interesting exhibitions on Friday evening last, when Bishop Edwin H. Hughes gave a lecture illustrated by lantern slides descriptive of his trip up the Nile and other travels abroad. He is an eloquent speaker, and the humorous anecdotes of his experiences were appreciated by the large audience which filled Christian Science Hall. Bishop Hughes is a recent acquisition to San Francisco, having been appointed to succeed Bishop Hamilton of the M. E. Church.

The Bohemian Dinner

The Christmas dinner of the Bohemian Club was very lively and festive, even for a Bohemian entertainment. The cost of the decorations alone ran well up into the hundreds. Some three hundred and forty of the club members were present, and whispers from behind the closed doors are to the effect that Christmas enthusiasm rose so high as to verge upon disorder. Frequent calls for order and even resort to strong language were found necessary, and for a while it looked as if serious measures would be demanded. Wine flowed freely and the genial Charlie Dickman gave an excellent personation of Bacchus. The enthusiasm died down somewhat towards the early hours, but day was breaking before the last took their departure. One of the older and more staid members made caustic comments on the conduct of those present but there is question whether he himself was so very circumspect a score of years ago, and comments on the difference in the point of view of seventy and forty have savored neither of the indulgence due to youth nor of the reverence expected for age.

In the Social Spotlight

There was a merry Christmas celebration at Byron Springs where the L. R. Meads entertained a jolly week-end party which included Dr. and Mrs. L. D. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sadler, Miss Ruth Sadler, Mr. Sydney Woodruff, Mrs. Woodruff, Miss Mildred Woodruff, and Rev. F. Jacquet. The Christmas tree at Byron was a gorgeous affair and there were many little ones on hand to sip full of the delights of the occasion.

On the evening of the first Colonial dance, Miss Hanna Du Bois, one of the most hospitable hostesses of the younger social set, will entertain a number of her friends at dinner in the St. Francis.

Professor J. G. Schurman, President of Cornell University and one of the leading educators of America, is at the Fairmont.

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One of the smartest dinners that will precede the first Colonial dance will be given in the St. Francis by Mrs. Mary H. Smyth for her grandson, Hanson Grubb. The guests will be a number of our most charming debutantes and several of Mr. Grubb's college friends.

The popularity of the golf links is steadily increasing. It has become quite the winter fad for those not drawn Burlingameward for the polo tourments to meet Sunday afternoons for a few hours' practice. Amongst the best players are Fred Greenwood, Joe Eastland and Courtney Ford, who are becoming experts. Some excellent plays are made by the girls, too. One of the most striking figures on the links last Sunday was Mrs. Henry Crocker in her new sealskin coat. Henry Crocker, too, is quite a devotee to the sport.

The Honorable M. Shiraishi, one of the industrial barons of Japan, is at the Fairmont accompanied by Mrs. Shiraishi. Mr. Shiraishi is president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha steamship line which is making such a strong bid for the commerce of the Pacific. The new liner Chio Maru is due to arrive here shortly, as she is now en route on her maiden voyage. The Chio is a sister ship to the beautiful Tenyo Maru, but is said to be a finer vessel in many ways.

Mrs. W. R. Broome of Ventura, better known as "Lady" Broome, is at the Fairmont with her charming daughter and is being extensively entertained during her stay in the city.

One of the most popular debutantes of the season is Miss Anna Weller, the grand daughter of Mrs. John McMullin, who makes her home at the Fairmont. She has been the recipient of many teas, luncheons and other entertainments given in her honor at the hotel.

There was an old-fashioned merry-making at the Hotel Carlton, in Berkeley, on Christmas day, and in the evening a tree was provided at which both old and young shared the fruit, the gifts being in the nature of mirth-provoking trifles suggested by the fads and fancies of the recipients. After the tree there was an informal dance held in the lobby of the hotel. New Year's night saw another dance, and on the evening following a progressive bridge party. The directors of the Chamber of Commerce gave a banquet during holiday week in the private dining room, and on January 15th the members of the Unitarian club will entertain.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett will leave the city on January 2nd for their long tour abroad. Mayo Newhall will accompany them as far as Philadelphia where he will resume his studies. Masters Mintzer and Macmonigle are students of the same college.



BEAUTIFUL AND CHARMING MADAM L. M. MAYE, 55 YEARS OF AGE

Who will assist Dr. Cristion of Paris, France, in his two lectures on "Beauty Culture and Facial Blemishes," next Monday and Tuesday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock at the Golden Gate Hall, 2137 Sutter street. Madame Maye will be dressed on this occasion in the latest Parisian gowns and hat. Every lady should attend these beauty lectures and learn how to remain young and attractive looking. Monday afternoon lecture is free and for ladies only.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: From San Francisco, Mr. C. P. Gooding, George B. Webster, C. P. Carruthers, A. R. M. Blackhall, Percy Russell, Mary E. Dunne. From Portland, Oregon: Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Tyman, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Shaw, J. Veach, Mrs. J. Veach, and Miss Lillian Veach.

Parties are being made up to spend New Year at Del Monte, where a golf tournament for the men and a bridge tournament for the ladies have been arranged for. Amongst those who have signified their intentions of being present are Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenerey, and Mr. and Mrs. B. Brady.

Mrs. E. A. Sturgis, wife of Captain Sturgis, U. S. N., will sail on January 3, for Honolulu to join her husband, who will be stationed in the islands for the next two years.

Mrs. E. Walter Hedges will leave New York on January 13th for a tour abroad. She will sail on the Oceanic, going first to Paris, and expects to be absent for several months.

The marriage of Miss Helen Gentry of Kansas City, Missouri, and Edward Bonneau Noble took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gentry, on Wednesday evening, December 30th. The Gentrys are socially prominent in Kansas city and Mr. Noble is the son of Mrs. Carrie Green Noble of this city. The young people will be at home at 2405 Webster street after February 15th.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln returned from their New York visit in time for the holidays. They are once more established in their own home on Scott street.

Dr. William E. Page has been appointed resident physician at the Hotel Potter. Mrs. Burling, mother of Mrs. Page, and Miss Lolita Burling, will in future make their home permanently with the Pages in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Frederick Hastings, the baritone of the Nordica Company, was the guest of honor at an enjoyable dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wright at their home in Alameda last Friday evening. The guests numbered sixteen, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Miss Winifred June Morgan, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Antonio de Grassi, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Landsburger. Later other guests arrived to participate in the pleasures of a musical evening, an exceptionally enjoyable one, amongst so many gifted artists.

George T. Mayre made a flying trip to Washington, D. C., last week. He will return with the new year, accompanied by his family.

Bert Payne, son of the late Theodore Payne, arrived in the city in time to spend the holidays with his mother and brothers at the Fairmont. Curiosity is rife amongst his acquaintances as to whether he will renew his devotion to one of the attractive sisters who occupied his attention before he became a Yale student. It was surmised then that an engagement had been entered into but if so the public has not been taken into confidence.

The large New Year eve ball given by the Mayo Newhalls was in honor of Mayo Jr. and was distinctly an affair for the very young. Only those in their early teens were invited.

The dance given by the Hitchcock Military Academy in San Rafael was also for the youngest members of society, and proved a most enjoyable affair.

The annual concert and Christmas entertainment of the Crocker Old People's Home will take place on December 29th. An interesting program has been arranged, including a vaudeville stunt by Mrs. E. A. Sturgis, formerly Miss Edna Montgomery, assisted by her brother, Chauncey Montgomery. The Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club will give selections, Miss Alice Poorman will give a reading, the Misses Sherwood will contribute and the Girls' Settlement Club is down for a one-act play. The entertainment will conclude with dancing and refreshments. The directors of the home and their friends will be the special guests of the evening. Mrs. Charles Stewart has worked indefatigably to make the affair a success.

The first of the Subscription dances, hereafter to be brilliant features of social life in San Francisco, was given last Saturday night in the Colonial ball room of the Hotel St. Francis. The spirit of holiday cheer inspired the motive of decorations; and wreaths of red berries, as well as palms and laurels, were used to create a very happy setting to the picture of beautiful women attired in costly gowns and jewels. A clever idea was introduced at an interval between the dances, when a number of the ladies, standing in the loges, swung tissue paper fishes, suspended from gilded poles, over the heads of the dancers, who eagerly sought to capture them. Each fish contained a favor, and great fun was aroused by the fantasy. The second dance will occur on the evening of February 6th.

Cards have just been received here from Chicago announcing the marriage in that city of Mr. A. D. Shepard, the popular President of the Pacific Improvement Company, and Miss Margaret Bowen. The news came as a pleasant surprise to Mr. Shepard's many friends who had not the slightest suspicion that his journey eastward had been taken at the behest of Cupid. Mr. Shepard is one of the enthusiastic members of the Sequoia Club, in the affairs of which he has played a conspicious part. The bride is one of Chicago's fairest daughters and I hear that she is a member of a distinguished family. On their arrival here Mr. and Mrs. Shepard will be at home to their friends at the Hotel Victoria.

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SANTA BARBARA MISSION

Odd Things in the World

The chance discovery of a wild persimmon tree in an abandoned field is bringing to J. C. Evans of Harlem, Kansas, a good annual income. Fourteen years ago Mr. Evans was walking through an abandoned field in Eastern Jacobson County when he noticed the persimmon tree, and being a horticulturist he saw that it differed somewhat from the ordinary wild persimmon. He took some scions or sprouts from it and planted them on his farm in Clay County, just across the river. From these shoots he planted until he now has 200 fine bearing trees, the fruit of which is said to be the largest and finest flavored of native American persimmons. The fruit is about as large as a California plum and finds a ready sale in Kansas City at 30 cents a basket. The 200 trees yield an income of $10 or more a tree each year.

The senate of Glasgow University has issued an order that girl graduates are not to converse inside the cloisters with the students of the other sex. The girls



MUIR WOODS, MT. TAMALPAIS

much resent this action as encroaching upon their freedom. To enforce the order the senate has established a woman censor, whose appearance in the cloisters was the signal for a reception which was by no means effusive. The girls declare they themselves are quite capable guardians of their hearts and threaten to refuse to enter the classrooms if such an indignity is persisted in.

First Giraffe in Europe

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, refused for many months to believe in the Lisbon earthquake, and Parisians formerly were just as skeptical as to the existence of the giraffe, a new specimen of which has just been added to the Jardin des Plantes. The earliest specimen of these gentle creatures was seen in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. We learn from a French contemporary that the giraffe was first heard of in 1787, when it was described by a Frenchman named Levaillant, who had journeyed to the land of the Hottentots and Kaffirs. When the explorer referred to the animals with the long necks he was looked upon as a Munchausen and told that he was such in not the politest language. It was only when some living specimens arrived in the French capital that Levaillant's reputation for veracity was re-established, and then the animals for a long time formed the sensation of Paris, not only among the multitude but in all scientific circles.

Kiamil Pasha, the leader of the young Turks and the present grand vizier, is by birth a Jew, but became a Mohammedan when a boy through his father's conversion. Although about 75 years old, he is a man of very modern ideas, having served his country as governor of Syria, as ambassador at St. Petersburg and also as grand vizier. He is a great traveler and a wonderful linguist, speaking English, Hebrew, Greek, German, French and, of course, Arabic and Turkish. He is the most accomplished statesman in Turkey today.

Medals for Canal Workers

Medals of bronze manufactured from the old scrap left by Ferdinand de Lesseps in his unsuccessful effort to dig a canal across the Isthmus of Panama are soon to be struck in the mint in this city, to be presented to all American workmen on the present canal operations who can show a service record extending over two years. Correspondence toward this end has been conducted for some time, and it is expected the medals of honor will be ready for presentation in 1909. The idea originated with President Roosevelt on his visit to the Canal Zone. Large quantities of copper and tin have been collected from the useless French machinery for the purpose.

The Ten Travelers

(A popular puzzle of a generation ago.)

Ten weary, footsore travellers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you.
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of those tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

A B C D E F G H I

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in G and H and,
And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by;
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

Stage

Drew's latest

When John Drew next appears here it will be as the hero of William Sumerset Maugham's play "Jack Straw." Maugham is the brilliant young English author of four successful plays lately acted simultaneously on the stages of four of the leading London theaters. "Jack Straw" is written in a vein of light comedy and makes no pretensions to literary quality. "The name of Maugham," as the New York Sun remarks, "will not go thundering down the ages along with Racine, Ibsen, Shaw and Shakespeare .... A new intellect has not arrived on the stage in the person of Mr. Maugham, but a new entertainer has. 'Jack Straw' is a farce. It is merry and delightful." The hero of the play is something between a butler and an Archduke of Pomerania, and the comic elements of the piece arise from this confusion of identity. In London he was acted by Charles Hawtrey. In New York, where the play is being presented by Charles Froman at the Empire Theater, he is impersonated by John Drew. The part shows Mr. Drew at his best.

Van Ness Theatre

"Ben Hur," the inspiring religio-dramatic work from the pen of General Lew Wallace, is proving a tremendous drawing card at the Van Ness Theatre where it will remain the attraction for a second and final week. No Sunday performances are given but matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday. It is well for those who attend to know that the curtain rises promptly at eight o'clock and also that one of the greatest scenes of the play is shown at the outset. The one referred to is the desert where is shown The Wise Men and their camels. The Chariot race scene is shown to fine advantage on the immense stage of the Van Ness and the same can be said of The Mount of Olives scene where over three hundred people appear bearing palm branches. Conway Tearle in the title role is especially convincing. In fact he is exceptionally well fitted for the portrayal of the part. Florence St. John as Iras, Zaidee Appleton as Tirzah, Alice Haynes as Esther, Chas. M. Harris as Messala, are all well cast. The final performance of "Ben Hur" is announced for Saturday night, January 9th. "Brewster's Millions" will be the succeeding attraction, opening its engagement of eight days on Sunday, January 10th. The comedy-melodrama was seen at the Van Ness last season for two weeks and will be played this year by practically the same excellent company as that which appeared in it on the former occasion. Robert Ober will have the principal role. The attraction is under the management of Cohan and Harris who have staged the play on a very elaborate scale. The big yacht scene is said to be the height of stage realism.

"The College Widow"

So great has been the glee and so many have been the laughs caused by the hundreds of funny lines and amusing situations in "The College Widow" that the Valencia Theatre management has wisely decided to play George Ade's delightful pictorial comedy for another week. The concluding performances will not be given on Sunday afternoon and evening, as was originally intended, but seven days later. Everybody who loves clean, clear, witty American comedy, staged with artistic discretion and acted by a cast which fits every individual role to a nicety, will rejoice in the advent of "The College Widow." It has been gladdening the hearts of the laugh-hungry audiences during the week and has demonstrated the enduring charm of this inimitable stage picture of life in the small colleges of our land. Time does not dim the luster of George Ade's jolliest of plays. Although one knows all the bright lines by heart, he laughs just as much as the first time he heard them, for they are so vividly true to character and the life of the day. To most theatregoers "The College Widow" is a familiar and well beloved friend. There is not a single character type in the play which any one who has even a slight acquaintance with the universities cannot recognize and identify. One does not have to be a B. A. to enjoy the wit and humor of this delicious comedy, yet it must always appeal most strongly to those who have lived through just such experiences as the boys in the play; who have tender memories of other college "widows," other football games, faculty receptions, athletic co-eds and fraternity chums. The performance at the Valencia goes with a snap and zest absolutely refreshing. Robert Warwick, handsome, big of frame and looking Bill Bolton, the half-back hero, to the very finger tips, does fine work in this role. Blanche Stoddard gives just the correct touch to the character of the widow. Charles Dow Clark as "Bub" Hicks, the freshman, is one of the great laughing hits of the show. His blank facial expressions would make an undertaker forget his vocation. W. T. Sheehan as the trainer, Matty McGowan, is another of the irresistible mirth-provokers. The character of the waitress, Flora Wiggins, is acted by Helen Lackaye for every laugh there is in it. Grace Travers is the real thing as the athletic girl who says, when she regards her sunburned arms and neck at the faculty reception, that she wishes she had either taken more clothes off or not gone out in the sun. Antoinette Crawford is charming and piquant as the girl with the kodak and her "thank you" every time she gets her subject to pose is one of the catch tidbits of the performance.



WILFRED CLARKE

To appear at the Orpheum Theatre next week.

Belasco's "Girl"

Another week of "The Girl of the Golden West" begins next Monday evening at the Alcazar, with every indication that the drawing power of the great Belasco play has increased rather than decreased since its first presentation. The duration of its run has not yet been decided. It is not so much in its story as in the atmospheric effects employed and the brilliant acting of at least three members of the Alcazar company that "The Girl of the Golden West" enthralls. Indeed the narrative is little more thon a series of dramatic incidents in the career of "The Girl," but the clothing of each incident with a marvelous realism intensifies the general coherence, while the individual and team work of Evelyn



MME. GADSKI
Soon to appear at the Van Ness.

Vaughan as The Girl, Bertram Lytell as the road agent, and Will R. Walling as the sheriff compels admiring attention when it is in evidence. If fate had willed that Miss Vaughan instead of Blanche Bates create the role of The Girl, Broadway would now have another favorite, for all who have seen both actresses in the part pronounce the Alcazar's young leading woman more than equal to its exaction. Mr. Lytell has never appeared to better advantage than as the road agent, and Mr. Walling's acting as Jack Rance is excellent. The rest of the characters are minor ones, but all are portrayed in a way that preserves the rough and ready atmosphere which Belasco's marvelous stagecraft has created.

The Gadski Concerts

For her two concerts at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday afternoons, January 10th and 17th, Mme. Gadski has arranged programs of the greatest interest from every standpoint. At the first concert part I will consist of old songs by such composers as Hadyn, Reichardt, Young, Dr. Arne and some of the charming old French XVIII century chansons. Among the works in this group are "My mother bids me bind my hair," "The lass with the delicate air," "Venez agreeable printemps" and" Phyllis has such charming graces." The second part will consist of modern songs by Schubert, Franz, Frank La Forge and Richard Strauss. For the third part Mme. Gadski has chosen three Wagnerian gems, "Der Engel," "Slumbersong" and "Senta's Ballard" from "The Flying Dutchman." Mr. Frank La Forge, the splendid pianist and composer, will be the assisting artist. Prices will range from $2.50 down to $1.00. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum. Mme. Gadski has been secured for the second concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society Thursday evening, January 14th. Mme. Gadski's Oakland concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse Wednesday afternoon, January 20th, and on this occasion she will give a recital entirely different from either of her San Francisco concerts. It is probable that she will repeat the St. Francis program on this occasion.

E. H. Sothern Coming

Mr. E. H. Sothern, the foremost American actor, will appear at the Van Ness during the two weeks commencing January 18th. For his San Francisco engagement Mr. Sothern has selected three of the most important plays of his entire repertoire—Hamlet, Lord Dundreary, and Richard Lovelace. He will be seen therefore in romantic drama, eccentric comedy and Shakesperian tragedy. Mr. Sothern presents "Lord Dundreary" in strict accordance with the manner of interpretation given by his father, the original parader of the role. "Richard Lovelace" is Mr. Sothern's latest dramatic achievement. Like in "If I Were King," he appears in this play as a poet-warrior. The scenes are laid in 1650. Lovelace was a poet who went to war. The play was written by Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving. It gives Mr. Sothern great opportunities for widely diversified portrayal.

The Lyric Hall "Pop" Concerts

The first of Will Greenbaum's "Pop" concerts at Lyric Hall will be given Sunday afternoon, January 3rd, with the Lyric String Quartette and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt as the executants. This will be the first of a series of four concerts to be given at intervals of four weeks. These concerts which Mr. Greenbaum hopes to establish as a permanent institution will open a new field to our local artists who will be given every opportunity of appearing before the public. The program arranged for this first concert is as follows: 1—String Quartette No. 12 (G major, Mozart; 2—Sonata for violin and piano (G minor), Tartini; 3—Quintette for strings and piano op. 5, Sinding. Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will be the assisting pianist and will play the sonata with Mr. William Hofman in addition to the very important piano part in the quintette. Season and single tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Sutter and Kearny street store and the box office at the hall will be open Sunday at 10 a. m. The general admission is 50 cents. The second concert will be given on the 31st. It will be styled "An Afternoon with Dvorak."

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Tuesday afternoon, admission, 50 cents.

"The Politicians"

Kolb and Dill have scored a tremendous hit at the Princess with their new musical farce, "The Politicians," which there is every indication is destined to be as popular as any of its predecessors. The production is a most elaborate one and the additions they have made to their company are certainly valuable acquisitions. Adele Rafter has made a complete conquest of her audiences and George A. Wright and Percy Bronson are in pleasant evidence as admirable comedians. The production is elaborate and beautiful and the entire entertainment is enjoyable throughout. "The Politicians" will be continued until further notice.

Thomas's "Arizona"

After an extended engagement in England and after again playing to crowded houses for over 150 nights at the Academy of Music, New York city, Augustus Thomas's masterpiece "Arizona" will return to this city with most of the original cast and the same mammoth production which pleased the theatre-goers abroad and in the east. "Arizona" will open at the American theatre Sunday afternoon and will be here for one week only with the usual matinees. The critics and public are unanimous in declaring "Arizona" to be one of the best of American plays. The story is full of heart interest and of tense situations which are relieved by the richest kind of comedy, skillfully worked in by the author who has given so many clever plays to the American stage. The story of the play revolves around the officers of the Eleventh United States Infantry and the family of Henry Canby, a wealthy ranchman. Col. Bonham's wife who is young and pretty becomes infatuated with Captain Hodgman, and his scheme to have her elope with him is nipped in the bud by the timely arrival of Lieutenant Denton, a young officer who is in love with her sister. Denton is found in a compromising position with the colonel's wife and in order to protect the woman refuses to speak. This leads to many trying scenes but in the end the truth is bared and all are united happily. The production is under the management of Hollis E. Cooley who has engaged such capable players as Ernest Allen, J. J. Hyland, Edward Mulligan, Julia Morris, Alma Bradley, Frederick Webber and Charles E. Graham for the principal characters, while all of the minor parts are in the hands of players who have been portraying the roles for several years past. The following attraction will be "Fifty Miles From Boston," by George M. Cohan.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Rare enjoyment may be looked for at the Orpheum next week beginning this Sunday matinee when a new program will be introduced. Wilfred Clarke, a dashing light comedian, will appear in a farce of which he is the author, entitled "What Will Happen Next." Mr. Clarke, who is a nephew of that great tragic genius, Edwin Booth, and a brother of Creston Clarke, will have the support of his own company. De Biere, a wonderful illusionist from London will introduce some astonishing novelties. The Salvaggis, the famous whirlwind dancers from the El Dorado, Paris, are expected to prove a tremendous success. The troop includes four ladies and one gentleman whose dancing is described as "furious and strenuous." The effect of their performance is heightened by a picturesque setting showing the Bal Tabar, Paris, during its busiest moments. In addition to their whirlwind dancing the Salvaggis introduce characteristic Parisian, Spanish and classic numbers. Edwin Latell, a very amusing comedian and a capital musician, will present a musical monologue, called "Dull Care." Josie and Julia Rooney, daughters of Pat Rooney, will do a singing and dancing stunt. Hibbert and Warren, two minstrels, will indulge in a pastime which they call "The Pianist and the Dancer." Gus Hibbert is considered one of the best eccentric dancers in this country, while his partner, Fred Warren, is thoroughly at home at the piano. Eva Taylor, whose recent success in "Chums" is fresh in the public mind, will return for one week only, and Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls, whose popularity is greater than ever will conclude their engagement with this program. A new series of Orpheum Motion Pictures will conclude the performance.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Sunday Afternoons, January 10th and 17, VAN NESS THEATRE.
Seats $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Kearny and Sutter Street store only where complete programs may be obtained. Mail orders accompanied by current funds carefully attended to address to Will L. Greenbaum.

GADSKI IN OAKLAND
Wednesday Afternoon, January 20th at 3:30 "Ye Liberty.
Coming: Katherine Goodson, Pianiste.

Fioraccio

(Continued from Page 8.)

"Did you bury him again?"

"Not I, indeed! And, besides, your reverence must come, for perhaps it isn't all quite natural. I mean—you know—

"This morning I can't manage it; I have that affair at X——."

We each took a thick stick, and started, for the cemetery.

"You could come before that; the whole thing won't take more than an hour."

"No, no; mind what I tell you. Go and bury him again."

"But—"

"Only you put him deep enough, I'll promise you he won't come above ground again."

The next morning there he was again. The priest called out:

"What now?"

"Same old story."

"What story?"

"Fioraccio."

"Above ground again?"

"Just that."

"It doesn't seem possible."

"But it's so. If you don't believe me come and see for yourself."

"I do believe you, but what can I do? You must just bury him again. Some one must have—"

"If you saw the state he's in you wouldn't think anybody would be likely to want to meddle with him."

"I don't know. Sometimes—"

"Well, I'll bury him this time, and then we'll see."

That same day—I remember it as if it were yesterday—I was taking some tools to the smith to be mended, when I came upon Cecco coming away from the burial-ground with the spade in his hand.

"Been putting somebody to bed?" I asked.

"If you knew!" said he.

"What?"

"I've just buried Fioraccio."

"Only now. What did you keep him above ground so long for? Wanted to be quite sure he was dead?"

"I've buried him over again—twice." And he tells me the whole story.

I wouldn't believe him, and I remember saying: "I'm sure somebody helps him to get above ground."

"Somebody does, you may be sure, and it's easy to guess, who."

"I know what you mean. Somebody who has no need of a spade. Look here," I went on, "Let's you and I come and watch here to-night, and see who comes. Are you afraid?"

"No!" he answered; "not with you. I wouldn't stay alone, though."

That night at nine o'clock there I was.

So we each took a thick stick, and started for the cemetery. It was an ugly black night, promising rain. Outside we couldn't stay; we should have been seen.

Cecco opened the gate, and we went in; but we could not shut the gate when we were inside.

"Leave it ajar," said I, "if any one comes it won't be by the gate, but over the wall."

"But here we shall be seen."

"Where's he buried?"

"There, by the dead-house."

"Let's go in there, then."

"In the dead-house?"

"Where else? There's no other place."

There was a bench, and we sat down. I began to light my pipe.

"What are you doing?" asked Cecco; "if they see the light they'll know there's some one here."

"Oh yes, as if I was going to stay here all night without even smoking; I should go to sleep."

We said very little more; neither he nor I had any wish to talk. We heard nothing but the bats, which kept flying in and out; now and then a dog barked.

The clock struck eleven. I thought I heard steps on the road, but they passed by.

"It's Faustino," said Cecco. "I know his whistle"—for he had began to whistle as he passed the gate, as people do when they feel a little timid. About half an hour later an owl flew close by my face, and gave me a great start; but she was afraid of us, and flew off, and we heard her hoot outside.

"It must be nearly midnight."

"We might go now. Nothing is likely to happen to-night," said I.

"Wait till the clock strikes."

"Very well, we'll wait."

"Listen, there's the clock. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—twelve."

I felt him catch me by the arm.

"Look, look there!"

There, where Fioraccio was buried, the earth began to heave and roll, rising slowly, slowly, as if it were pushed up from below, and we saw him rise out of it upright; he remained so for a moment, and then fell at full length on the grass. Cecco said not a word, but strode off across the cemetery and went out, and I after him. I wanted to turn back and look if it were really he, but I hadn't the courage; I passed close by him, but I didn't look. I tell it to you as it happened. Cecco was trembling from head to foot; I knew by his voice.

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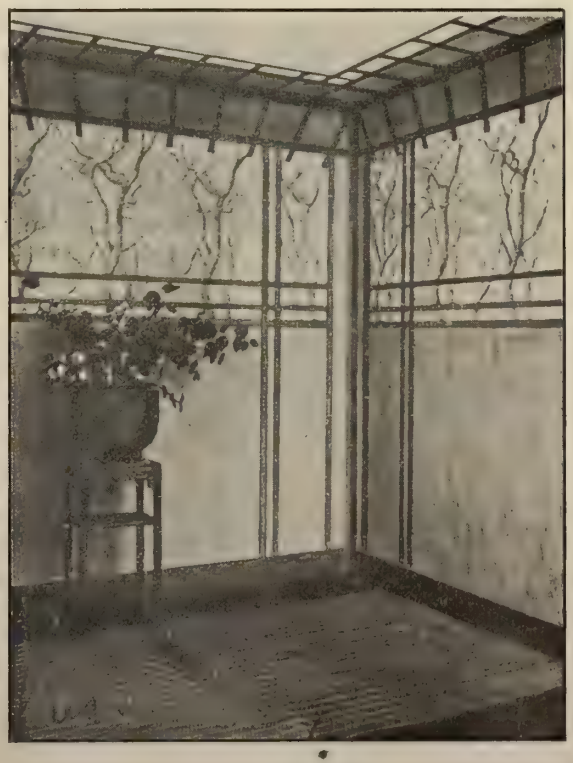
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"Did you see?" he said.

"I saw it. Won't you shut the gate?"

"I won't touch anything. The rector must come to-morrow and see for himself—he wouldn't believe me. I'll go straight to him now, and you must go with me."

"But we can't go at this hour," said I; "to-morrow morning early, rather. I'll go home with you to sleep. I told them at home that I should be out all night."

In the morning early we went to the priest, and told him all that happened.

"And what are we to do?" he asked.

"If your reverence doesn't know who should?" asked Cecco.

"If you tried—"

"Tried what? Burying him again? You see it's of no use."

'Certainly it is no use," said I; "in holy ground he won't stay, that's quite plain—such a rascal as he was."

"Hush!" said the priest. "Don't tell any one of this—I lay it on your consciences; and, besides, we have no right to judge the dead. You,Cecco, go and put him once more underground."

"Your reverence may command me in everything, but, saving your presence, I can't and I won't go back to the cemetery again; here's the key, but go I won't—that's flat."

"Never mind, I'll send some one with you, if you're frightened. And you (to me) go to the convent of ————, with a note for the father superior."

In fact he wrote a note, and I took it to the convent. The superior read it, and said to me: "I understand; tell the rector that everything shall be done as he asks."

I took back the answer to the priest.

"Have you got him underground?" I asked.

"Yes, but I thought we never should manage it, I assure you."

"Do you want anything more of me?"

"Not now; to-night, perhaps. If I want you I'll send for you."

"You will find me at home; I'll come directly."

All the while I was at work I was wondering what the priest could want of me, but I thought it must have something to do with Fioraccio. Just after sunset the priest's nephew came to tell me I was to go to the parsonage. I went, and found there two Capuchin friars, who had come to exorcise Fioraccio. The priest wanted me to come with him.

"When?" I asked.

"To-night."

"Then I must go and tell my wife."

"What in the world are you doing always out at night?" asked she.

I told her some story or other, and after supper I went off to the priest. He would have it that I should sup again with him. The friars would neither eat nor drink, and we heard them praying aloud in the next room, and reciting the office. Just before midnight one of the friars put his head in at the door and said:

"It is time now. Let us go."

The priest turned pale, but he was forced to make a virtue of necessity and to come with us. We took a lantern, and went out of the house by the garden door. There were five of us—the priest, the two friars, Cecco, and I, all as silent as the grave; in the dark, that way, we seemed like conspirators. I was in front with the Capuchins; Cecco and the priest came behind. When we came to the gate I lit the lantern; plenty of trouble it gave me, too; I thought it would never light, but at last I found a match that would kindle. The priest was the first to enter the cemetery.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Cecco; "there he is again!"

I was in front. The light fell full on the face of Fioraccio. But why do I call it a face? It was black as charcoal, with open mouth and those two yellow teeth, and the yellow eyes wide open, shining in the darkness. I turned sick and stopped short.

"Heavens! how ugly he is!" I cried.

"Hush!" said the friar who was nearest me.

Then they put on their stoles, opened their books, sprinkled the dead with holy water, and recited the service of exorcism. I held the light, the priest clung to my sleeve, and I felt him tremble; indeed, from time to time, he gave such convulsive starts that the lantern shook in my hand, and the friars could not see to read. "Antonio! Antonio!" called out the friar, "Antonio! answer, in God's name."

Not a word did he say.

"Try calling him Fioraccio; perhaps he won't answer to his Christian name." This I whispered into the friar's ear.

The Capuchin sprinkled the corpse once more with holy water, then began calling, "Fioraccio, answer, answer!"

There came a deep voice, hollow-sounding, and far away, as if from fathoms underground.

"Who calls me? What do you want?"

It was the devil, who answered for him.

"Why do you not stay where you have been laid. What is the reason you do not rest?"

"Because I cannot."

"Why can you not rest?"

"Because—" And he began to tell us why. Such things! such things! that he had done in life. The priest put it all under the seal of confession with us afterwards He said "that he was damned body and soul." And saying this, he swore a fearful oath. And then he said:

"Take me away from here."

"Where do you want to go?"

"To the Arno. Under water twenty braccios deep. There, where I can hear no bells."

SUNSET MAGAZINE

JANUARY NUMBER

The Blue Moon

A story of mystery and romance in the quest of a lost mine in Nevada. This is the latest novel by Mary Austin, famous as the author of "The Land of Little Rain." It begins in January and will run through six numbers.

Defense of the Pacific

Two stirring articles, profusely illustrated, and written from army and navy standpoints. Naval Constructor H. A. Evans discusses from the view point of an expert, the vital question of provision on the Pacific Coast for the care of a great fleet. Col. M. P. Maus, U. S. A., who commanded the recent army maneuver camp at Atascadero, points out what such schools of war mean to the country's defense.

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The $500 prize story, a tale of the desert and the mystery of man's soul. A powerful tale by a new writer, Ralph W. Gilman.

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CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, Market and Sansome Sts. Branches: 624 Van Ness Ave. and 3039 Sixteenth St. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this Bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. B. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

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HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth—(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco). For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. W. E. PALMER, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1909. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street, Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street near Twenty-second. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Bank of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. Money deposited before January 10th will draw interest from January 1, 1909. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), northwest corner California and Montgomery Streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1st. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

"You shall have three braccios."

We heard another oath, always in that voice underground, for Fioraccio's mouth never stirred. And the friars sprinkled him again with holy water.

"For the last time; how much water must you have?"

"Five braccios."

"You shall have three, and no more."

He went on swearing. At last he said:

"Well, if I must I must, but not in too much of a hurry."

And at that moment we saw something, dressed all in red, fly up over the wall.

"We must come back to-morrow," said the friar. "God have us all in his holy keeping!"

We left the cemetery; you should have seen the priest how he trembled. The next day he sent for me and told me: "We must take him away to-night, and you must make a coffin for him."

"But I never made a coffin in my life."

"You can manage it somehow. You can generally get to the end of what you undertake. And it needn't be such a fine piece of work, you know, so long as it holds together."

"Well," said I, "I'll do my best." I went home, and looked up some chestnut planks I had, and made the coffin. Then I went to the parsonage, where I found the Capuchin friars and the priest talking together.

"The coffin is done," I said. "Shall I bring it here?"

"What are you thinking of? To-night, after dark, you must take it to the cemetery and put him into it; you can call Cecco, if he will go with—you, in short, do the best you can; only get him into the coffin. Then he must be carried—somehow—"

"I understand," said I; "I am to look after the whole business. Very well, I'll see what I can do. Cecco wouldn't hear of carrying him; we had better ask some of the Brotherhood."

"No; because we must keep it as quiet as we can."

"As quiet as you like. But it is a long way to the Arno, and that coffin is made of chestnut. It is heavy, I can tell you."

"Can't you find a cart?"

It was settled that I should borrow my cousin's cart, and the priest should find some more men. Then I went for Cecco, who made no end of difficulty about coming, and after dark we carried the coffin to the cemetery. There he was again, uglier than ever. One could see that he was damned only to look at him.

"Here, Cecco," said I, "help me to lift him." I turned round. No Cecco. I ran out of the gate, and found him in the road.

"Look here," said he, "if you can't manage it by yourself, you must get somebody else, for you've seen the last of me in there."

I went back. I had a great mind to run away, too, but I had promised his reverence, and, besides, it wouldn't have done to make a scandal. So I set the coffin on its side, and rolled him into it. Blessed Virgin! it almost made me faint away. Then I had nothing better to do than to turn round and look at him. It was the light, perhaps, but he looked just as if he was grinning as he used to when he was alive. I threw the cover on, anyhow, and bolted—I must say I bolted—as hard as I could go. The priest told me to harness the cart towards ten o'clock at night, when there would be no one about, and bring it to the cemetery. I found waiting for me at the gate the priest, the two friars, Cecco, a brother of Cecco's, and three others whom the priest had sent for. We took up the coffin in silence, and put it in the cart; then I took the donkey by the bridle, and we set off. It was a dark, close night, when one could hardly breathe or see where one was going, though we had two lanterns. What we went through on that road God only knows—now we were on this side of the road, now on that, now among the trees, never ten paces straight ahead; and the poor donkey tugged and tugged, as if the coffin had been made of lead. Every minute one or the other of the lanterns went out. From time to time we passed through a thick fog, so thick that we lost sight of each other, of the east, of everything. The friars went on muttering prayers and sprinkling holy water, and we recommended ourselves to God and to the Madonna. Even I lost courage altogether. As for the poor priest, we had to leave him at a farm-house on the road, for he could go no farther. But that was nothing to what followed. Just as we passed the turning at the mill of ——— a hurricane burst over us that uprooted trees, carried off hay-stacks, tiles off the roofs, all sorts of things. We were surrounded by a cloud of leaves, twigs, straw, and dust. I never remember such a whirlwind. Two hay-stacks flew off into the air as if they had been locks of tow; a big pine-tree that two men couldn't clasp round went rolling over the plain like a twig; and along the banks of the Arno oaks uprooted, willows twisted together like yarn. Nothing to be seen of the cart or of the beast—nothing; we could not tell which way they had gone. We recommended our souls to Heaven, and went on. I don't know how we found our way to the bank of the Arno, just there where it is deepest. We could hardly recognize the place. We found the donkey standing there, quite still.

"Here," said the friar.

"No," said the same voice we had heard in the cemetery. "More water—more water!" And then oaths, to make one's hair stand on end with fright.

"No; there's enough here."

Then more oaths, and more oaths.

"Here," said the friar, "I command you, in the name of God!"

All of a sudden there was a great rush and sputter of flame, as if one had thrown sulphur on a fire, and we saw a figure like a galley-slave, all in red, and heard a splash and a gurgle, and when we looked at the cart it was empty. I went home, put the beast in the stall, and turned to go to the house.

"Who's that?" cried my wife. "Wait; I'll get up."

I didn't answer; it didn't seem as if it was me she was speaking to.

"Will you have something to eat?" she said. "You had no supper yesterday. I'll make a fire and cook this bit of beef; it will only take a minute." So saying, she began to kindle the fire.

I looked on while my wife put a fagot on the coals, which began to sputter and send out sparks, and I said, without thinking:

"Just like him."

"Just like who?" said she.

I perceived that I had said too much, and wanted not to say anything more; but it was of no use, she had it all out of me. I tried to eat, but couldn't swallow a mouthful. I went to bed. When I was nearly asleep I heard the house door open. I listened, and heard a noise as if the kettle and the bucket were rolling over the floor.

"There's somebody there," said my wife.

"Hush," said I, "I hear them," for the noise began again.

"Get up; there's some one there."

I got up and went into the kitchen. Nobody there—the bucket and the kettle each in its place, the door shut and bolted. I went back to bed, but couldn't close an eye until morning. The noise kept on all night in the kitchen. The next morning, when I went out, I met the old woman who had taken care of Fioraccio. She stopped me and asked me about what had happened in the night, of which she had heard something. When I told her about the noise in the kitchen, she said: 'At that same hour I could not sleep, and I took up my rosary meaning to say it for him. Hardly had I begun when I saw him appear, all dressed in red, and he said to me:

"'No need to say it for me; it's of no use. I'm damned—damned for all eternity.'"

A BURNING QUESTION

How to Keep Warm Frosty Mornings? Try the

HOME OPEN FRONT **OIL HEATER**



A PERFECT HEATER
PORTABLE
SAFE

Cheerful as an open grate fire. Most successful oil heater ever invented. Sold on a guarantee. If not satisfactory money refunded.

Made in Three Sizes

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NEW YORK CITY

A Family and Transient Hotel of the Best Class

In the Very Center of Everything Worth While

Cafe and Restaurant noted for excellent cooking, efficient service and moderate prices.

Rooms with detached bath $1.50 per day and up.
Rooms with private bath $2.00 per day and up.
Parlor, bedroom and bath $3.50 per day and up.

W. JOHNSON QUINN,, Prop.

The Gold Medal for quality in the Whisky Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to the "White Horse" Whisky, belonging to Mackie & Co., Distillers, Ltd., Islay and Glasgow. It was only last month this old-established firm was honored with the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.



The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing Correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We shall also start a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. These questions will be answered always in the following issue.

THE FULL DRESS SUIT AND ITS DUTIES

To be worn only after 6 p. m. where ladies are present in full evening dress for the following functions: Reception, Evening Wedding, Formal Dinner, Dance and Theatre. The complete attire for these occasions are as follows:

Full Dress Coat. With peaked lapels, these lapels to be silk faced.

Waist Coat. White, single breasted of pique or silk with either 3 or 4 buttons.

Trousers. Same material as dress coat, to have braid or soutache at side seams.

O'Coats. Inverness, Raglan, Protector, Chin or Chesterfield in oxford grey or black, colors proper, Protector and Chin coats most popular this season.

Shirts. Cuffs attached, plain white or pique bosom, also bosoms with one-thirty-second inch knife pleat.

Collars. Round tabbed wings or poke.

Cravat. White lawn tie, silk or pique (be sure to get tie to fit collars).

Gloves. White kid gloves with self back.

Hat. Silk or opera hat for theatre.

Boots. Patent leather, calf or calf with either cloth or kid tops to button. For dance patent leather pamps.

Hose. Black lisle or silk.

Jewelry. Pearl or moonstone links, studs to match.

That the dress suit is only to be worn after 6 p. m. and what a sartorial crime it is to do otherwise is plainly shown by the following anecdote: A man who committed an atrocious crime was confined at Sing Sing awaiting the day of his electrocution, the hour of which was 2 p. m. When asked as customary to express his last wish, his desire was to be electrocuted in a full dress suit—which wish was granted. Now a prominent sartorial art journal is in doubt which was the greater crime, the one he committed or that of wearing a dress suit before 6 p. m.

Automobile roads between Belmont and the fourteen mile house, south of San Francisco, are in bad shape according to M. W. Levy, who returned from a trip south several days ago in his Studebaker touring car. Levy says that while the rains have been to a large extent responsible for the conditions of the roads there is plenty of room for improvement of a character which would not be so effected by rains. "For instance," says Levy, "men are at work on portions of the road right along, but, it seems that the moment one end of the road is repaired, the other is in bad shape and this back and forth work is not doing the road the good that it should. There seems to be nothing permanent about it. The last time I went down that way, a few days ago, we went down by way of Oakland. The road to San Jose by that route is in good condition, but, it was coming back by way of San Bruno and San Mateo that we encountered the cut up pieces of roadway that I refer to and which in my opinion needs immediate attention with the view of making the improvements of a more permanent nature."

Mid-winter motoring, through snow and mud is not the pleasure that summer touring affords the automobilist, according to Jack Nagle, who owns a 30 horsepower Chalmers-Detroit car in a northern town. The roads throughout the northern section of the State are reported to be in bad condition and the chances are that few of the owners of automobiles will wear their cars out touring before spring. The snow, which would be a novelty to local motorists, is reported to be one of the worst drawbacks to the automobile enthusiasts around New Castle.

Joseph A. Bouquet of this city purchased from the Howard Automobile Company this week his second Buick automobile. His first purchase was of the '07 model two-cylinder runabout which he used in his buisness. He took delivery this week of a two-cylinder touring car which he will use exclusively for the pleasure of his family.



"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes"

MURINE EYE REMEDY

A Favorite Toilet Accessory

Has won many Friends as an Aid to the Restoration of Normal Conditions, Healthful Tone and Natural Brilliancy to

Eyes that Need Care.

It has proven of great value in the Home as

An Eye Tonic

for Weak, Red, Inflamed & Itching Eyes & Eyelids.

As An Eye Insurance

Tourists, Automobilists and others exposed to Strong Winds, Dust and Reflected Sunlight, which produce Irritation, Granulation, Ulceration and Weak Eyes, will find in Murine a Safe, Soothing Eye Lotion affording "Reliable Relief."

The Finishing Touch

Bewitchingly Costumed
In Costliest Gown,
For the Social Event,
At the South End of Town.

The "Finishing Touch"
To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
"Two drops" of Murine.

Try Murine for the "Automobile Eye"

LARGEST COLLECTION ON THE COAST

DIAMONDS AND GEMS

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1261 VAN NESS AVENUE AT SUTTER



RACING

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Six races each week day, rain or shine. First Race at 1:40 p. m.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market street; leave at 12 M.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M.

No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

Auto Notes

E. R. Thomas says: "I do not favor a reduction or increase of tariff on foreign automobiles on account of French and Italian labor ranging from seven to ten cents per hour as against twenty-five to thirty-five cents per hour for American labor. The present tariff will not prohibit the importation of the surplus product of foreign manufacturers wherever they so desire. On account of the newness of the industry, out of the whole two hundred manufacturers a limited number are firmly established on a profit-making basis. In my opinion, the industry has hardly started in this country. There are two million horseless vehicles made annually in the United States, and contrary to public opinion, over twelve hundred thousand of them are for transportation of individuals, and if the industry is given further opportunity for development within a comparatively few years, instead of turning out fifty thousand per annum, the country will absorb two hundred and fifty thousand automobiles per annum, if unretarded by reduction of tariff and permitting foreigners to compete for all classes of trade. It is not the tariff but home competition that regulates the cost to the consumer for the reason that the foreign manufacturer charges a much higher price than the American for the same quality and character of machine."

A unique investigation conducted by a Chicago magazine with a view to ascertaining the best quality of auto tires in use has resulted in a decision that the Diamond tires surpass all others in durability.

"Courtesy of autoists to one another on the automobile roads in Europe is on the decline," writes Frank H. Baird who is at present touring Europe in his Studebaker touring car which he purchased while in California last spring from the local Studebaker Bros.' Company. "I have recently made the famous



M. W. Levy and party of friends leaving the St. Francis in his special constructed Studebaker touring car. Reading from left to right those seated in the automobile are Sam Marshall, M. W. Levy, Harry H. White, J. Bradford, Chester N. Weaver and Frank B. Dickson.

Paris-Berlin run and while on the road encountered many autoists in all sorts of plights from punctures to machines that had taken fire and burned down. It is deplorable the absolute selfish attitude which seems to prevail here. And such a contrast to the brotherly spirit which prevails on the roads in California! The drivers here hardly stop to aid even when they know that someone has perhaps been injured. It is needless to say that I am enjoying the change. During the few weeks that I have been abroad I have traveled no less than 3,000 miles in my machine and I can truthfully say that it is a wonderful car for endurance. I shall spend the next month in Italy after which I will go back to France where I intend to rest with my family for a few weeks and then return to America." The letter which was dated Berlin was received yesterday by Chester N. Weaver, manager of the local Studebaker Bros.' Company branch.

The first of the '09 Buick "White Streak" are now on exhibition in the sale room of the Howard Automobile Company. The new models have many improvements and refinements over the '08 model which won such an enviable reputation in the track meets and hill climbs during the current year. The '09 "White Streaks" are of three inch longer wheel base than the '08 model. It has detachable single rumble seat, double tourabout seats or baby tonneau. The regular tire equipment for the coming year is 30x3½ inches. A more economical oiling system with dash sight feed has been installed. What is probably the greatest improvement is the double ignition system with Remy magneto with which the new cars are equipped.

Mr. John W. Stetson of Oakland received the first Cadillac "30" to be delivered at retail in San Francisco by Cuyler Lee.

Speaking of the recent trip of the one hundred members of the Chamber of Commerce to Southern California, Mr. E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Companys, says that the automobiles of Southern California contributed very largely to the success of the trip and much to the pleasure of the delegates. In Los Angeles the party was met by a delegation from the Chamber of Commerce with fifty automobiles and were taken for a three hours' ride all over the city. On the following day at Riverside the entire party were taken for an automobile ride of some forty or fifty miles, and on their stop at Santa Maria, they were met by forty-six automobiles. This was indeed a surprise to the entire party. The machines were numbered and lined up according to number and kept in this order throughout the entire fifty mile drive. Mr. Brinegar states that the handling of the machines at Santa Maria was the best he had ever seen and he believes our local people in giving automobile parades would do well to consult those who had charge of the automobile ride at Santa Maria. The visitors were all surprised at the number and class of machines used in Southern California. Automobiles were seen as far south as Imperial Valley.

Mr. C. H. Letcher of San Jose has just received his Cadillac "30" demonstrator from Cuyler Lee.

A fast trip from San Ramon Valley, via Haywards, was made recently by E. J. Twiggs and party in their Oldsmobile. The roads via the Dublin Grade are fine for motoring, according to Twiggs, the surface being as hard as asphalt and very fast, even the mud holes were frozen and gave the motorists no trouble. The trip to this city was made in less than two hours.

Mr. A. L. Salbach of Stockton has just taken delivery of his Cadillac "30" demonstrator from Cuyler Lee.

Studebaker

¶ A high-class dependable car built by a responsible maker, a car that never fails to give satisfaction on the road and a car in which it is a pleasure to ride.

Three Models: Two "30's" one "40"
Touring or Limousines

Write or phone for a demonstration

Studebaker Bros. of California

Phone Douglas 3000 Mission at Fremont

ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

OLDSMOBILE

We beg to announce arrival
1909 Oldsmobile, December 15th

The following complete line of 1909 models will be on exhibition on the above date. Every one of these cars is representative of the factory that makes it:

Model X Special Runabout	$2000
Model D Palace Touring Car	2750
Model D Toy Tonneau	2750
Model DR Flying Roadster	2750
Model DR Detachable Tonneau	2750
Model Z Touring Car, 6-Cylinder	4200
Model Z Runabout, 6-Cylinder	4200

Besides Limousine and Landaulet Bodies.

The 1909 Oldsmobile contains all that has made the car famous in the past, together with the improvements in keeping with the largest and most extensive factory in the country. Recognized the world over for durability. Investigate.

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

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Letters

Monologues on Graft

"The Gentle Grafter" is a series of monologues delivered by one Jeff Peters, who, if he is not king of his craft, is, at all events, one of the "higher-ups." Despite his absurd and whimsical extravagances of language, Peters is a philosopher and so clever in his presentation of his side of the case that one more than half sympathizes with him. Jeff has his own code of morals. He reasons that a certain proportion of mankind is born with a perverted opinion of its own smartness, and that it is the logical corollary that others are endowed with the complementary attributes. If the fools are so intensely anxious to be relieved of their superfluous increment, the wise ones are only carrying out the designs of nature in lightening their burdens for them. Jeff Peters has only scorn and contempt for the Wall street methods of preying upon the credulity of the poor by inducing them to enter into fake investments. He does not want it on his conscience that he has "robbed" any one nor taken anything without giving something in return, even if it is only a square inch of white soap as a spot eradicator or a bottle of water colored with cochineal and flavored with cinnamon, as a cure-all. Peters is strictly honest "according to his light," but his light is usually black darkness. The naive innocence with which he relates his exploits is comparable only to the gravity assumed by small children at play when they are unaware of the observation of their elders. Peters and his partners work in a humble sphere, but after all, their morals, or lack of morals are precisely those of the better favored; and perhaps the vital difference between the two is that whereas the "financiers" manage to hold on to enough of their gains to insure a respectible social position, the "gentle grafters" are apt to be overtaken by misfortunes unheralded and to find themselves at the bottom of the toilsome ladder almost before they realize that they have climbed. Though thus made foot balls of fate, the grafters are always good tempered, and one could readily recall better men than Jeff Peters who would prove worse company. The high lights of the literary world have but just discovered O. Henry, and though it says little for their perspicacity or the wide range of their reading, one can envy them the pleasant sensation of the novelty. He has been compared to Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and the whole succession of humorists, but the comparison really means nothing more than the hint that those who have enjoyed and appreciated the older authors will find O. Henry a kindred spirit. Published by McClure.

A Good Juvenile

Here's another first-rate book for boys, and by a woman, too—Isabel Hornibrook. Its first merit is that it is not a "school-book," where pampered and spoiled youngsters put in their time cutting up monkey-shines and outwitting faculties. Its second and many subsequent ones is that it has a substantial meal of meat in its five hundred pages, and the boy who secures a copy will not discard it after one reading. Oakley Rose, its boy hero, was the son of a Gloucester skipper, last member of a family distinguished for courage and fidelity in a community where it takes extraordinary courage to attract attention. Oakley was an orphan, living with his grandfather, who had a small veteran's pension. Grandfather Rose was considered a young man by his neighbors, only a little past three score. His was of a long-lived family, usually surviving well into the nineties, and he and Oakley assumed as a matter of course that matters would remain as they were for many years. The boy's ambition, fostered by his aged relative, was to complete his high school course and enter the Institute of Technology with a view to becoming a naval designer. Grandfather Rose's sudden death puts an end to all these dreams. Not only is there no possiblity of continuing the school course, but the immediate bread and butter problem becomes an imperate consideration. Oakley does not give up, however, but attacks his problem from a new angle. If he cannot learn to design a vessel he will learn to build one, and with this end in view he secures work in a neighboring ship yard, beginning in the lowest capacity. Partly through friendship with a nephew of the owner, partly through the good nature of the "Professor" himself he is permitted the "run" of the "mould loft," and between work in the yard and observation in the loft, coupled with ambition and determination, he had already made substantial strides when the attention of a designer was attracted by the crude design of a fishing vessel which Oakley had made. It was not the first occasion when Oakley and the architect had met, and the mutual attraction of the first meeting was the spark which struck fire on the second occasion. The door of the architect's office was opened and the ambitious youth was ushered in to begin on his chosen career. Meanwhile he had been north to George's Shoal on a haddocking trip, and later, to the arctic waters halibuting, and between fishing and sailing, fog and storm, he experienced all the vicissitudes and dangers that are to be found in such undertakings. The title, "From Keel to Kite" is symbolical, both of the building of the lad from his first humble work to his final success, and of the ship, from its first timbers to its loftiest sails. Stores of the sea seem to have leaped into popularity, probably to some extent because of the prominence which the navy has occupied during the past year. It will not be surprising if the youngsters who have been spending spare moments on college yells and ragtime ditties should be found numbling to themselves that sing-song rhythm:

Nothe a point easterly
No' nothe-e-east
Nothe-east a point northerly
Nothe east.

Every boy who navigated a raft on a winter pond used to take a pride in knowing how to box the compass, but of late it has become numbered amongst the lost arts of childhood. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, who are the fairy godfathers of juvenilia, are the publishers.

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For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Murine Doesn't Smart—It Soothes Eye Pain.
Try Murine For Your Eyes.

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Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908	$34,474,554.23
Total Assets	$37,055,263.31

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARTIN C. HOGAN, Deceased.

Edward C. Harrington, executor of the last Will and testament of Martin C. Hogan, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain part of the real estate of said decedent, for the purpose therein set forth;

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, at the corner of 7th and Market Streets on Monday the 28th day of December, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at private sale as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order shall be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open court this 24th day of November, 1908.

THOS, F. GRAHAM, Judge.

J. C. QUINLAN, Attorney for Executor, First National Bank Bldg. 12-5-5

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California. in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 45 Kearny Street, S. F. 11-21-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff, 378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT JOHN SCHERZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Albert Scherzer and Ada C. Brown, Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator and Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Neal Power, room 204, No. 250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

ALBERT SCHERZER,
ADA C. BROWN.

Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed, of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 16, 1908.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for Administrator, 250 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and THEO. J. ROCHE, Attorneys for Administratrix, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN LUDWIG UMBACH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased.

EMILY MARY UMBACH,

Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 3, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Attorney for Executrix. 12-12-5

MEN

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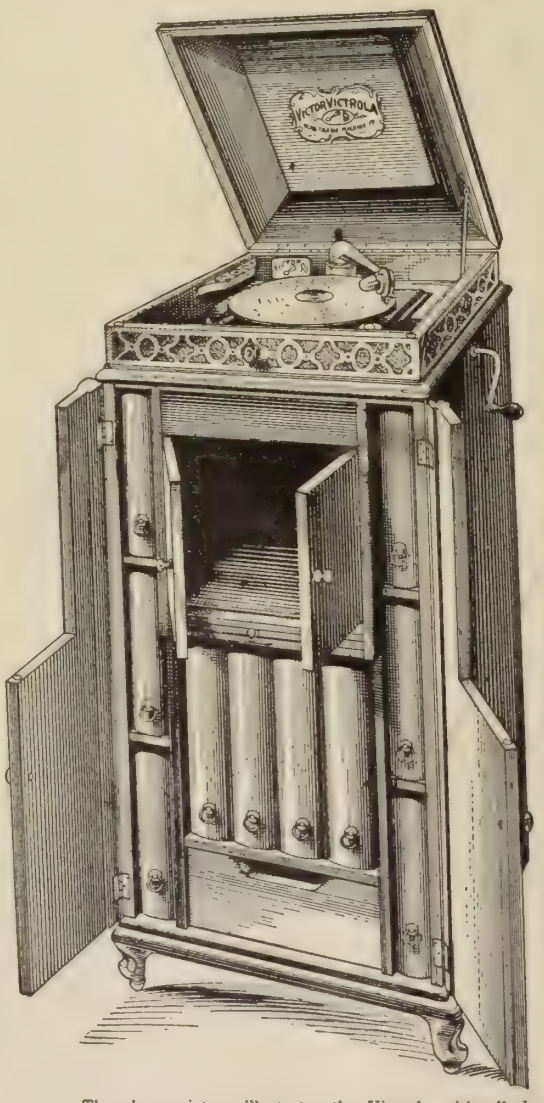
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If interested call or write without delay, as our stock of Victrolas is limited in quantity.

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1635 VAN NESS, SAN FRANCISCO

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY



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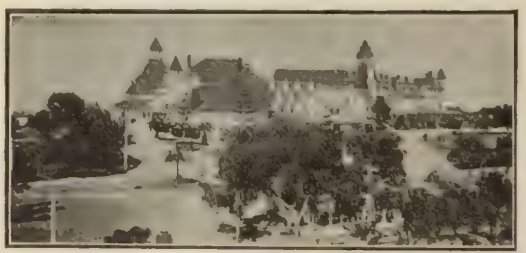
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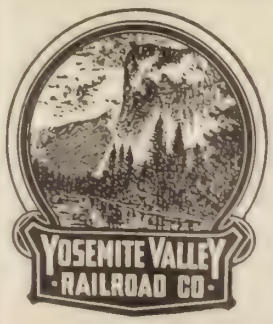
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, January 9, 1909. No. 854



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To be seen at the Van Ness Theatre for one week only beginning Sunday, January 10th.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager

88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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A Dread of the Legislature

The deliberations of the provincial statesmen who assembled at Sacramento this week will doubtless be productive of many blessings for which we shall all be duly grateful. However, without sinister motive, with no desire to disparage or deprecate we take this occasion to express the hope that our legislators may plod proudly through the session without consummating any radical innovations. Frankly we confess that every session of the Legislature fills us with misgivings. We are apprehensive of the zeal that transplants itself to Sacramento every two years, there to devise new schemes of government, and incidentally to win distinction, not to mention other things, in the interest of all the people. The psychology of our attitude toward the Legislature is quite simple. We have observed that men whose temperament inclines them toward such honors and emoluments as are to be achieved at Sacramento have a consuming passion for exercising their faculty for adventurous and crude speculation upon subjects in regard to which their knowledge is scanty and their perceptions confused; and therefore we are painfully conscious of the tremendous power of evil that resides in the legislative department of our glorious commonwealth. Nor is it only with a sensation of dread that we approach a session of the legislature. It is impossible to view without impatience the great waste of good purpose and noble aspirations which is bound to be caused by the efforts of shallow reformers to improve on existing conditions. How much intellect and zeal do we find consumed at ever session of the Legislature in spasmodic efforts to galvanize worn-out formulas into a dim semblance of life!

When it is Dangerous to Dissent

This year, unless all signs fail, there is to be a greater burst of energy on the part of reformers at Sacramento than ever before. The State is now in the throes of a spasm of political reform; and where more logically should such a spasm ease itself off than at Sacramento. The State is full of reformers who have discovered short cuts to the millennium, and all of them will be heard from before the end of the session. And we fear that it will be useless to advise our provincial statesmen, while the moral spasm is on, to adhere to fundamental principles in all essential points, or to remind them of the importance of consenting only to such modification as seem necessary to repair what time has enfeebled and to restore what abuse has impaired. Of the futility of advice in this matter we are persuaded because history teaches that it is never safe to differ from a reformer at a time when the people are enthusiastic in their devotion to demagogues, and in these degenerate days we do not hope to find self-sacrificing patriots in the Legislature. To argue against a reform measure, however mischievous it may be, at a time when the passion for reform amounts to a popular obsession is like daring to contend with a deity, or a mysterious, yet irrevocable destiny. Dissenters are corrupt heretics in the eyes of the majority until the scales are worn off. It is in such times that individuality in politics is destroyed, that manly character degenerates, and the salutary effect of the decorous conflict of opinion is lost. It is in such times that great damage is done. That something radical is about to occur we have reason to believe. The people of California are disgusted with machine politics, and they are disgusted with corruption, and they are ready to do the things that the righteous and omniscient leaders of reform proclaim essential to their welfare. But let us hope that we are only about to have crowded upon us the experience that leads to enlightenment.

To Tinker With the Jury System

Among the institutions of our government which the Legislature is to be urged to reform is that of the jury trial. Certain philosophers who are quick to see the blemishes which are but the casual specks on a glorious institution that has endured for centuries, have come to the conclusion that in trial by jury in criminal cases there is room for improvement. They are of the opinion that unanimity should not be required except in murder cases. Whether it would be wise to make the proposed change is a question upon which there may be honest difference of opinion. In our opinion it would be very unwise to make the change without making other changes equally important. The only argument that we have heard advanced in favor of the proposed innovation is that it would have a tendency to render successful bribery impracticable. This is a desideratum of considerable importance, but of far greater importance is the principle of personal liberty which is not upheld in some communities with the zeal that bespeaks a high order of civic patriotism. While jury-bribing is an evil that we should be eager to eradicate, the punishment of innocent persons is one that we should strive to make impossible. In reducing the strength of the strong let us not render the weak absolutely helpless. Let us not, for example, countenance the practice of employing professional jurors. This is a scandalous practice that has been in vogue in our criminal courts for some years. Ever since we began paying jurors in criminal cases the criminal courts have been infested with men eager to do jury duty; and it is a well known fact that these men are less concerned with satisfying their conscience than with pleasing the prosecuting officer. When we start in reforming trial by jury let us see to it that no man shall be allowed to serve in more than one criminal case in one year. Let us also make it a serious offense for a prosecuting officer to employ detectives in interviewing men before they get into the jury-box; let us deter detectives from threatening to indict jurors when their only purpose is intimidation; let us make it hazardous for a newspaper editor to employ devices journalistic prejudicial to the rights of an accused person. After all these matters are attended to then it may be worth while considering the advisability of altering a time-honored institution which has served as the great bulwark of liberty in monarchies against the crown, and which in republics, has stood as a committee of the people between the accused and the people themselves, a more exacting king when excited than one that wears the emblem of imperial power.

A Trimmer in Action

"He never plainly manifested what was his wish; he never expressed his meaning with explicitness; his words were ever utterly opposed to his real purpose; he ever wholly denied what he wished, and seemed to wish what he abhorred. He stormed on occasions which in reality excited no strong emotion in him; and seemed perfectly tranquil precisely in moments of the most vehement wrath."

Of the foregoing description of an historic personage frequently have we been reminded of late, but never more strongly than when we read President Roosevelt's last

message to the Congress wherein he disclaims ever having intimated that "the majority of the Congressmen were in fear of being investigated by the secret service men" or "that Congress as a whole was actuated by that motive." The precise language used by the President in his former message in discussing the action of Congress on the provision in the sundry service bill with reference to the employment of the secret service in the Treasury Department is as follows: "It is not too much to say that this amendment has been of benefit only, and could be of benefit only, to the criminal classes"; also, "The chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by secret service men"; also, "but if this is not considered desirable a special exception could be made in the law prohibiting the use of the secret service force in investigating members of Congress." Could anything be clearer than the implication contained in this language? Doubtless if the President had wished to affront Congress unequivocally, to make it impossible for Congress to ignore the imputation, he might have employed innuendo more delicately veiled, but in all the circumstances of the matter his meaning is obvious enough. He says that the chief argument in favor of the provision was that "the Congressmen themselves did not themselves wish to be investigated"; that the provision "could be of benefit only to the criminal classes." This is the favorite, the familiar argument of all the dogmatic reformers of the day. Accompanying ever proposed innovation is the sentiment: "If you do not agree with me you are a crook." If President Roosevelt did not wish to charge that Congress as a whole was not moved by another argument than the one which he mentioned then why did he make reference to it and assert that it was "the chief argument in favor of the provision?" That his language is hardly susceptible of any other construction than the one placed upon it by Congress, is a conclusion borne out by his own pitiable periphrastic performance in casuistry of last Monday. If the Idol of the Masses does not by his most recent outpouring of tangled and incoherent verbiage convict himself of being a trimmer, then our judgment in such matters is absolutely worthless. In this characteristic message the President tells us he has never said that Congress was actuated by evil motives; that no one holds the authority and dignity of Congress in higher respect than he does; that he has always deprecated indiscriminate condemnation of all Congressmen; et cetera. And then he proceeds to explain that the argument to which he referred as the chief argument was employed by only two members of the Committee on Appropriations and by the private secretary of Congressman Cannon in an article published in a Chicago newspaper. All of which taken in connection with the President's contradictory utterances, professions and practices with reference to the courts, organized labor and muckrakers bears out the description of an historical personage contained in the excerpt quoted above. Of that character drawing, it is but just to explain, Theodore Roosevelt was not the subject. That was written by Dio Cassius who had for his subject a gentleman of the name of Tiberius known in history as one of the Caesars. He ruled the Roman people with the assistance of a detective named Sejanus. Tiberius, like Theodore Roosevelt, had great faith in the spy system. He argued that only the criminal class objected to being "shadowed," and Sejanus employed spies to trail the Roman Senators, who as a consequence, became the servile tools of their imperial master and the result was disastrous to the Roman people. Which reminds us that the chief argument against the employment of civil service men to watch Congressmen is the one discussed by Mr. Cannon's secretary, of which it is evident that President Roosevelt is not in ignorance since he refers to the whole article in his message. From that article we learn that the objection to the employment of secret service men to watch Congressmen is that it may give the Executive a dangerous power over the legislative department of the government. Of the soundness of that objection there can be no question, and cowardly indeed is the Congress that would tolerate on the part of the Executive the assumption of such a privilege. In that same article of which the President in his profound ignorance of the true principles of this government complains it is stated that secret service men have been employed at Washington to shadow Congressmen "with a view of involving them in scandals that would enable the bureau to dictate to them as to the price of silence." This is the inevitable consequence of the employment of detectives in official life. It was the consequence of the activity of spies in the days of Tiberius. Government by the spy system is not a free government, and it is not the kind of government that a free and intelligent people has ever desired.

The Call of Nature

In these days, when ministerial scandals are as common as any other kind, it is not surprising to find a preacher advocating from the pulpit the cause of the "love pirate." The Rev. Phillip Cone Fletcher of St. Louis recently took up the cudgels in favor of the "affinity," his argument being that "In nine cases out of ten there was no willful wrong perpetrated or intended by the guilty ones, but only a lack of strength to overcome one of the most powerful and masterful forces of the universe—the call of nature to nature." There it is, the whole modern doctrine of irresponsibility. "I can't help it" is justification and excuse for any dereliction. Time was when anyone who could not plead a weak mind as a mitigation for moral lapses was promptly told that he should find means to strengthen his resolution or else expect to be dropped from the ranks of the respectable. People usually find it a comparatively simple matter to choose the course which will give them the greatest degree of satisfaction. In other times, when "love pirates" were called by a plainer and harsher name, and found themselves ostracized by their relatives as well as by their social acquaintances there was comparatively little of the affinity business. It is an unquestioned truth

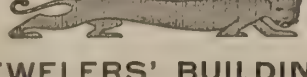
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We cater only to dressers of class, who appreciate clothes that are correct. We search every market of the world to procure patterns that are exclusive. This being an exclusive men's clothes shop, it behooves us to be carefully exclusive, not in price, but in fabrics and shapes. There are no better clothes to be had than those you find in this new and modern shop. If more men knew this, we'd be awfully busy.



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Post Street, Near Kearny, San Francisco.

that the mere ceremony of marriage is no charm which precludes the possibility of straying thoughts, but it is only a weak, selfish, and self-indulgent nature which will make no effort to withstand impulse. Marriage was never designed to procure the everlasting blissfulness of any pair of individuals, much less of any one. The evolution of society has made the orderly propagation and rearing of children an essential for the carrying on of the social scheme. Nature is never in the least concerned with the individual be it plant, animal or human. The laws of nature are the laws best suited for the welfare of each species, and it is manifestly not for the benefit of the children of the human race that all laws save individual whim should be abrogated. Rev. Fletcher is most considerate in his statement that the "business girl" who is blamed for "usurping" husbands is not any more deserving of reprobation than her sisters in other walks of life would be under the same conditions. The simple, plain, unvarnished fact is that a silly flirtatious woman and a man without ballast are not endowed with either virtues or vices out of the circumstance of their occupations. A woman will always be given all the opportunities to behave herself that she cares to avail herself of, whether she is "in society" or earning her own living. A man who is inclined to amorous dalliance will not be forced to walk the straight and narrow path simply because his stenographer refuses to meet him half way. Dr. Fletcher and others of his ilk would be better employed in teaching observance of the seventh commandment as handed down from Mount Sinai than in laying such particular stress on the eleventh. He is furthering the cause of neither God nor man by his attitude, but only adding stress to the current view that the greatest menace to morality today is the sensational pulpit.

In Restraint of Musical Quacks

Dr. H. J. Stewart is the responsible father of a bill for licensing music teachers which is to be introduced at the current session of the State Legislature. His ostensible object is to secure official recognition for teachers and to bar out incompetents; and to that end there is to be an examination before an official board, with a fee of ten dollars for that "privilege," and a yearly license tax of a dollar. Dr. Stewart's object is most commendable, but most difficult of achievement. The profession of the musical instructor is a refuge for quacks and incompetents, and they are very mischievous impostors, but how to get rid of them is a hard problem. The difficulty lies in the fact that the musical art is at once the most popular and the most difficult of comprehension. Like all art it has its fixed principles, but ignorance concerning them is widespread and profound. This ignorance is to be met with even among skilled musicians, and among them, too, are to be found many pretenders—instrumentalists, who do not scruple at teaching the vocal art which they do not understand, and fiddlers who will direct an orchestra though they may be lacking in all the essential qualities of leadership. It will be easy to organize a board of examiners, but who will pass upon the fitness of the examiners? For the medical and legal professions it is easy to select examiners because we have schools that certify to the qualifications of practitioners, but we have no academy of music which fixes standards by which musicians may be judged. We fear that Dr. Stewart's scheme for ridding his profession of charlatans will only result in exciting the political ambition of incompetent musicians. So long as it is assumed that every little girl must have music lessons, and so long as the average parent is capable of comprehending just two things—the low price at which instruction can be had and the short period in which Mamie can learn to bang out a tune, the probability is that the cheap and incompetent teacher will flourish openly or surreptitiously. Unfortunately this delusion respecting the desirability of rendering the power of execution in some degree accessible to all women is encouraged by competent as well as by incompetent instructors, and the public, as well as the musical art, suffer in consequence. What we need more than a board of examiners to pass upon the mere question of the competency of musical instructors is more general cultivation of the knowledge of the musical art. More important than that every little girl shall be rightly instructed in an art for the practice of which but few are temperamentally or intellectually qualified, is that the majority should have sufficient theoretical education to enable them to discriminate and enjoy.

The Book Problem

"It's the hardest thing in the world to get a salesman or woman in a shop to tell you what book among a thousand of its kind is the best." This is the wail of a perplexed holiday shopper to whom, evidently, books are only bricks of printed paper. Otherwise she would have known that it is as nearly impossible for a book salesman to give final judgment in the matter of the best book as it would be for a milliner to select the prettiest bonnet, or the manager of a toy department, to pick out the very prettiest doll. Individuality is too large a factor in these matters for any arbitrary judgment to be satisfactory. The book which the salesman would select might be anything but pleasing to the one it is intended for. The chance of its being otherwise would be about equal to the chance of picking a winning lottery ticket, for there is no absolutely best book of any kind unless it be a text book or a scientific treatise. What pleases one taste will make no appeal to another. Admirers of Laura Jean, Charles Garvice and Georgie Sheldon have never heard of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. They cannot give the titles of two of Scott's or Dickens's works and are blissfully unconscious of the existence of most of the other novelists of note. History and essays are non-existent for them. The intelligent book clerk who would offer "The Portreeve" to one of them might better have resurrected Caesar's Commentaries. The fulminations of the literary periodicals have not shaken the faith of the worshipers at the shrine of Caine and Corelli, nor have all the efforts to "teach literature" had an appreciable effect on the general intelligence. Boys and girls who are set to work to pick Shakespeare and Browning to pieces in school, and to parrot the opinions of their preceptors on the beauties of Ruskin and the strength of Carlyle, drop to their natural level just as soon as they forsake the class room, and take up for their own delectation precisely the same grade of books which their brand of intelligence has always reveled in. And children, as well as adults, have their preferences, and where one boy revels in Stratemeyer another of the same age demands Stewart Edward White. Girls of a certain age and cast of mind are never so happy as when they have something to weep over, while elderly women crave the happy ending even though it be at variance with probabilities. Men read fewer books than women, and have correspondingly less patience with frivolties. The only safe guide to follow in selecting books for others is to confine one's self to the precise volume which has been specified as desirable. It is about as puzzling a task to prescribe reading matter for another as it is to select clothing. If it were a mere question of covering nakedness or providing a specimen of printed matter, anything at all would answer the purpose, and apart from that, appearance might be the guide, but there are so many other points to be taken into consideration that Punch's famous advice to those about to marry becomes equally applicable to those tempted to buy books for presentation—"Don't."

Beauty-Sprite

False lights and shifting sand,
Black way and rough and long,
Lost men and like to fail,
This much is ours:

Sometimes to strike a trail.
Sometimes to hear a song.
Sometimes to seize a hand.
I even yours.

Go with me till the sun
Mine be and yours,
Star and companion,
Ours, even ours.

—Ralph Hodgson.

Perspective Impressions

Grand Juror Sanborn has been rewarded for his civic zeal. But what's the matter with Oliver?

If it were proposed to amend the Commandments by substituting for one of them the words "Thou Shalt not Squeal," the proposition would receive the hearty support of many distinguished citizens.

An Exchange wishes to know what has become of the talented writers whose brilliant thoughts once sparkled in the columns of the daily press. Having recently examined the advertising columns of our country exchanges we have come to the conclusion they are holding editorial positions with patent medicine firms.

Why this persistent iteration of the demand that the balance of the Relief Fund be sent to Italy? It is true we have no more earthquake sufferers who need the money, but perhaps there are eminent citizens who do. But don't concern yourself about that fund. You may be denounced as a crook if you do.

When William S. Bade, theological professor of Berkeley and member of the Sierra Club protested in Washington against the proposed "desecration" of Hetch-Hetchy, Marsdon Manson, a celebrated political engineer, demanded to know whether his "way" was being paid by Spring Valley. The logic of this question is irrefutable. It is the kind of logic for which Berkeley is famous, and hence the irony of its employment for the confounding and flooring of a Berkeley professor.

Detective William J. Burns in an interview in Toledo, Ohio, said that he expected to catch Detweiler of the Home Telephone Company in the near future. This is the same Burns who is said to have said that Haas confessed to him; the same Burns who has the "goods" on jurors every little while; the same Burns who was so indignant at the imputations arising out of the Biggy inquest that he was going to have the matter investigated by his friend Langdon. There is nothing that throws so much light on the edifying methods of the Graft Prosecution as what Burns has said.



A HIGH LIVER

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



MAKE ROOM

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Guardians of Public Morals

How the Great and Wicked City of San Francisco was Saved From the Insidious and Fascinating Vices that Came on New Year's Eve Accompanying Queen Carnival Disguised as the Spirit of Wine, the Spirit of Woman and the Spirit of Song.

By Democritus

I am more than pleased to be able to report to the Advance Committee of the Civic Department of the California Club that the people of San Francisco behaved themselves with decorum, decency and outward virtue on New Year's eve. I credit this salutary condition of the public morals in the trying circumstances of a hilarious, convivial and hysterical occasion, solely to the good offices of the Advance Committee of the Civic Department of the California Club. It has probably been forgotten by everybody except the members of the Committee and myself that on Tuesday, December 29, 1908, an admonitory proclamation was published by the Committee announcing the coming of Carnival "accompanied by three spirits—Spirit of Wine, Spirit of Woman, Spirit of Song," and asking Spirit of Womanhood to "see to it" that "no shadowed page is turned this New Year night"; that "the spirit of wine, which is strong and sometimes wanton, doth not rule over the other spirits"; that "the morning light breaks on no broken hearts or soiled wings of white doves"; and that "the bright crown of her glory is not taken." I therefore recall this proclamation to assure the ladies of the Advance Committee that their admonition was duly heeded and that nothing beyond the usual routine of vice and virtue happened in this town on the night of the New Year's carnival.

No "shadowed pages" were "turned" that are not turned every day in the year by some of those who make up the heterogeneous population of a great city; the spirit of wine, though strong and sometimes wanton, did not rule over the other spirits more despotically than she rules at all times in the places where she has absolute jurisdiction; the morning light did not break on a single broken heart, no wings of white doves were soiled, and no bright crowns of glory were taken. The abstemious drank no more wine than the apostle Paul recommended to Timothy in place of water for his stomach's sake and his other infirmities; the virtuous practiced their virtues assiduously if not as ostentatiously as might have been desired by the Committee; and the vicious did not forget that the police were abroad and vigilant beyond their ordinary habit. I congratulate the Advance Committee on the good result of their timely warning to the people of San Francisco. It is something to be proud of when admonition of this kind uttered by those who are nameless save for their collective designation, enforces a moral pulchritude in the presence of which even those who are without sin find no opportunity to cast the stones tight clutched in their immaculate fists.

I have heard but one note of protest against the Advance Committee's pronunciamento. One old cynic, steeped in vice, wanted to know what business it was of the Advance Committee to arrogate to themselves the right to regulate the private morals of the community. He announced that as far as he was concerned he would do as he pleased as long as the doing did not bring him to the attention of the police. His morals and his vices were his own, he declared, and as long as they did not interfere with the morals and vices of his fellow citizens he would resent any attempt to restrict them or to correct them. "Suppose," said he, "I should issue a monitory edict directed at the members of this committee advising them to keep out of the divorce court, to pay more heed to their husbands and children than they lavish on their clubs and their 'civic duties,' to stay at home more than they do, and to quit meddling with affairs of other people—suppose I should address such a communication to these ladies and publish it in the newspapers in big type; what do you think would happen to me? Why, my dear fellow, they would run me out of town. Yet I see no essential difference between my impertinent remarks and the gratuitous admonition of this Advance Committee of the Civic Department of the California Club. Such assumption of virtue is nothing less than rank pharisaism. No doubt my eyes are full of motes, but that fact does not confer upon my neighbor the right to pluck them out before he has cleansed his own optics of the beams that disfigure his visionary apparatus, obscuring his perception and distorting his judgment of the things he sees. For my self I judge no man, lest I be myself judged even more severely than I have judged him. I mind my own business and I think everybody else should attend to his business in the same way. We have laws and courts and a fairly efficient police department to enforce the statutes deemed necessary to maintain the moral status of the community, and I consider it a work of supererogation even in the technical theological sense of the term, to transcend the letter and the spirit of those statutes, founded as they are upon the experience and usage of long ages. If my eye offends me I will pluck it out; but I will not permit the man that lives next door to perform that service for me, or to advise me upon the offensive character of my organ of vision."

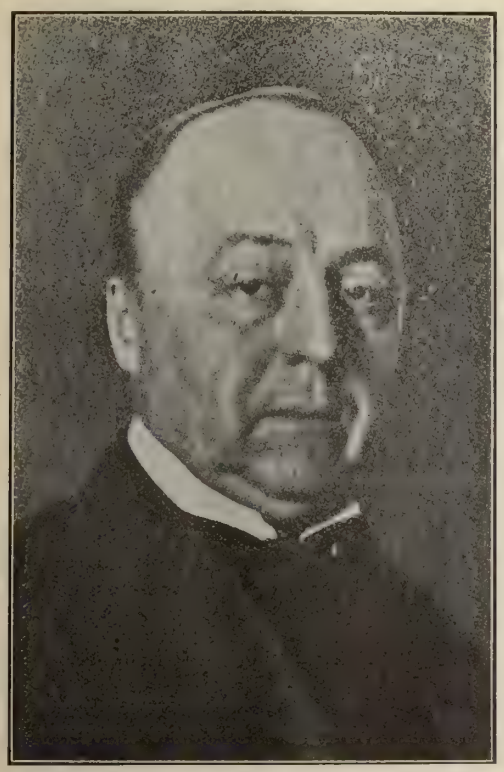
So spoke the vicious old cynic—a reprobate of magnitude and a brand not to be snatched from the burning. Otherwise I have heard naught but the most enthusiastic commendation of the good effect accomplished by the Advance Committee's proclamation. That the city was thereby saved from a saturnalia of vice and drunken disorder on New Year's eve is not questioned by any reputable, self-righteous citizen. No one conversant with the unspeakable immorality of the town left to its own devices without restraint by such influences as are exerted by our leagues of justice and good government, can for a moment doubt that this warning proclamation by the Advance Committee of the Civic Department of the California Club absolutely squelched every tendency on the part of the unvirtuous, the bibulous and the libidinous to convert our New Year eve celebration into a bacchanalian rout and a riot of libertinism.

The good that was accomplished by the committee's proclamation in deterring thousands of men and women who were viciously inclined and who would have indulged their vicious inclinations if they had not read the committee's high-flown address, completely silences the criticisms of those who insist that the warning was in bad taste. Surely the moral behavior of our citizens is of greater importance than good manners or good taste. If every body attended strictly to his own business as advised by the old cynic whom I have quoted our morals would go to the demnition bow-wows. Besides those who admonish the rest of us are made better, if that is possible, by watching over the morality of their neighbors, prying into the concerns of persons whose lives are not above reproach, snooping hither and thither in the dark and noisome places of the social environment, and devoting the leisure of their shopping time to the duty of casting stones at the sinful. In the exercise of these self imposed civic, social and moral functions the people who go about performing these services to humanity are themselves lifted to a higher plane from the lofty altitude of which they may look down on the vast mass of their fellow citizens still wallowing in their several sloughs of despond. I have always envied the fellow who went up into the temple to pray, standing and praying thus with himself: "God, I think thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican"; and I feel my own degradation and utter unworth in the presence of such persons even as did the publican, who, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Taft's Secretary of State

Being a Recital of the Principal Events in the Brilliant Career of Philander Chase Knox, Formerly a Trust Lawyer, Now a Trust Buster.

In the four years of President Taft's administration we shall hear a good deal of a little fat man who is familiarly known in Washington as "the sawed-off cherub," which isn't any worse than his real name. The man is Philander Chase Knox. He is only five feet five inches in height, but he is said to share with Elihu Root the distinction of being our most highly finished product. And like Elihu Root he illustrates the absurdity of the efforts of newspapers of a certain character to propagate a prejudice in public life against lawyers who have achieved fame and wealth in the service of great corporations. Root and Knox have rendered more valuable service to the Government in its efforts to abridge the unlawful privileges of the trusts than any other two men in the country. Familiar as they are with the methods



PHILANDER CHASE KNOX

of the trusts; having pointed the way to most of them, they are experts in the art of tearing down that which they reared.

Mr. Knox is to succeed Mr. Root as Secretary of State, and he will doubtless be as zealous as was the man who defended Tweed in promoting the interests of the Government. With a fortune accumulated in the service of the trusts, ambitious of the highest honor in the gift of the people, Philander Chase Knox is now a sterling civic patriot. It is of such material that some of the greatest civic patriots in the history of the country were fashioned.

Senator Knox was born in Brownsville, Pa., fifty-four years ago. His wealth today is estimated at two million dollars. His real career was carved out in Pittsburg. He specialized on corporation law, and when the Smoky City began the manufacture of multimillionaires it found Knox a very indispensable sort of individual. He has been described as "the law on two legs." It is difficult to think of him, says one Washington correspondent, in any other way than as a lawyer. "Try to figure the teething Knox, the Knox of measles, the marble-playing Knox, and still the respected shade of Blackstone will linger." He became connected with the Carnegie company, and it is said that it was he who did the major part of the legal work of putting together the United States Steel Corporation. The newspaper men, in that fine, easy, generous way they have, allotted him an income from his law practice of anywhere from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars a year at the time that President McKinley enticed him away from his practice to become Uncle Sam's attorney-general at a salary of eight thousand.

President Roosevelt's recent special message on the Panama Canal gives Mr. Knox credit for the work which he, as attorney-general, did in connection with the purchase of the waterway, a piece of work which Senator Knox himself calls his most important legal accomplishment. Upon Mr. Knox, as attorney-general, devolved the duty of securing a good title to the property of the Panama Canal Company. Senator Morgan of Alabama, the champion of the Nicaragua route, urged that under the French law the Panama Canal Company had no right to dispose of its concession. He said the concession was not worth anything, even if it could be obtained. Furthermore, he declared that if this Government should take over the concession, it would have to take with it debts of the company aggregating $600,000,000.

The attorney-general was besieged with offers from legal firms desiring to undertake the examination of the titles and attend to the legal formalities. The knowledge that he had $10,000,000 at his disposal made the employment specially attractive to the legal talent of the country. While dining at the White House one evening Mr. Knox was asked by the President if he had decided what legal firm he would employ for this work.

"Yes, I have already decided that question," replied Mr. Knox. "This is the first big legal job that has come along since I have been in the Cabinet, so I think I will attend to it myself. I have plenty of assistants to look after the details, and I am not unused to handling big jobs."

"I am mighty glad to hear you say that," replied the President, and it was so arranged.

Charles W. Russell, one of Mr. Knox's regular assistants, was sent to Paris and spent two months in searching the French statutes, examining the concession, and investigating questions of French constitutional law. Then he cabled for Attorney-General Knox. Mr. Knox arrived in Paris on a Monday evening and left the following Saturday. In less than a week he went over all the data prepared by Mr. Russell, satisfied himself on every doubtful point, and was prepared to submit his opinion. During the return voyage he occupied himself in dictating his opinion, and when he arrived in Washington, it was practically ready to submit to the President. The conclusion he reached was that "the United States would receive a valid and unencumbered title."

When the attorney-general put in his expense account for this work, John Hay, Secretary of State, called him on the telephone and told Mr. Knox that evidently there was a mistake in the account.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Mr. Knox.

"Why, the clerk must have dropped a cipher or two," said Mr. Hay. "It is only thirty-nine hundred and some dollars."

"Well, that is correct," replied Mr. Knox.

Perhaps the most important accomplishment of Mr. Knox's administration of the Department of Justice was his victory in the Northern Securities case. The Northern Securities Company was a corporation with an authorized capital of $400,000,000, organized for the purpose of taking over the capital stock of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads, two competing lines, and in effect merging them. The promoters believed that by means of this holding company they could accomplish what the law forbids. Knox brought suit against the Northern Securities Company, the two railway companies, and their controlling stockholders, for the purpose of dissolving the merger. The Government won its case in the United States Circuit Court, but under the old order of things the defendants could have appealed

(Continued on Page 31.)

The Tall Woman

(From the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcon. This is one of the masterpieces of the fantastic literature of psychical phenomena, the theme of which is taken from a realm of experience which is traditional and which has engaged the sober attention of scientists. The story is founded on a Spanish legend, similar to that of the family spectre, whose appearance gives to the luckless one who sees it an infallible presentiment of death. It has a counterpart in the legend of the banishee's cry familiar to the people of Ireland. Editor's Note)

"Sit down," said Gabriel, "and I will tell you a strange and wonderful story in proof of my thesis, which is, that supernatural events still occur on this sublunary globe. I mean of course events which you cannot explain in terms of reason, or science, or philosophy."

Gabriel was addressing a group of friends who were spending a day among the beautiful pines of Pequerinos, and who at this moment were eating a lunch out of a hamper.

"As you know," he said, "I am not visionary or superstitious, but listen to what I have seen and heard, and then tell me what explanation of an earthly, physical, or natural sort, however you may name it, can be given of so wonderful occurrence. My story is about Telesforo X———; he died in 1860. He was a young fellow from Andalusia, an engineer of the roads corps. He was to have married the Marquis of Moreda's daughter, but as you know the fair Joaquina died suddenly at the baths of SantaAgueda. I called on Telesforo about fifteen days after his loss and I found him very melancholy. He told me this story.

I.

"'I do not know whether it is due to some inborn fatality of imagination, or to having heard some story or other of the kind with which children are so rashly allowed to be frightened, but the fact is, that since my earliest years, nothing has caused me so much horror and alarm as a woman alone, in the street, at a late hour of the night. The effect is the same whether I actually encounter her, or simply have an image of her in my mind.

"'You can testify that I was never a coward. I fought a duel once, when I had to, like any other man. Just after I had left the School of Engineers, my workmen in Despenaperros revolted, and I fought them with stick and pistol until I made them submit. All my life long, in Jaen, in Madrid, and elsewhere, I have walked the streets at all hours, alone and unarmed, and if I have chanced to run upon suspicious-looking persons, thieves, or mere sneaking beggars, they have had to get out of my way or take to their heels. But if the person turned out to be a solitary woman, standing still or walking, and I was also alone, with no one in sight in any direction—then (laugh if you want to, but believe me) I would be all covered over with goose-flesh; vague fears would assail me; I would think about beings of the other world, about imaginary existences, and about all the superstitious stories which would make me laugh under other circumstances. I would quicken my pace, or else turn back, and would not get over my fright in the least until safe in my own house.

"'Once there I would fall a-laughing, and would be ashamed of my crazy fears. The only comfort I had was that nobody knew anything about it. Then I would dispassionately remind myself that I did not believe in goblins, witches, or ghosts, and that I had no reason whatever to be afraid of that wretched woman driven from her home at such an hour by poverty, or some crime, or accident, to whom I might better have offered help, if she needed it, or given alms. Nevertheless, the pitiable scene would be gone over again as often as a similar thing occurred—and remember that I was twenty-four years old, that I had experienced a great many adventures by night, and yet that I had never had the slightest difficulty of any sort with such solitary women in the streets after midnight!

"'Things were going on so, when, nearly three years ago (unhappily, I have good reason for knowing the date, it was the night of November 15-16, 1857), I was coming home at three in the morning. As you remember, I was living then in that little house in Jardines Street, near Montera Street. I had just come, at that late hour, a bitter, cold wind blowing at the time, out of a sort of a gambling-house—I tell you this, although I know it will surprise you. You know that I am not a gambler. I went into the place, deceived by an alleged friend. Little by little I was carried away by the feverish and seductive passion, and lost all the money I had. I even went away owing a round sum, for which I had left my note behind me. In short, I ruined myself completely; and but for the legacy that came to me afterwards, together with the good jobs I have had, my situation would have been extremely critical and painful.

"'So I was going home, I say, at so late an hour that night, numb with the cold, hungry, ashamed, and disgusted as you can imagine, thinking about my sick old father more than about myself. I should have to write to him for money, and this would astonish as much as it would grieve him, since he thought me in very easy circumstances. Just before reaching my street, where it crosses Peligros Street, as I was walking in front of a newly built house, I perceived something in its doorway. It was a tall, large woman, standing stiff and motionless, as if made of wood. She seemed to be about sixty years old. Her bold and malignant eyes, unshaded by eyelashes, were fixed on mine like two daggers. Her toothless mouth made a horrible grimace at me, meant to be a smile.

"'The very terror or delirium of fear which instantly overcame me gave me somehow a most acute perception, so that I could distinguish at a glance, in the two seconds it took me to pass by that repugnant vision, the slightest details of her face and dress.

"'The first thing which struck me in that woman, as I will call her, was her extreme height and the breadth of her bony shoulders. Then, the roundness and fixity of her dry, owl-eyes, the enormous size of her protruding nose, and the great dark cavern of her mouth. Finally, her dress, like that of a young woman of Avapies—the new little cotton handkerchief which she wore on her head, tied under her chin, and a diminutive fan which she carried opened in her hand, and with which, in affected modesty, she was covering the middle of her waist.

"'Nothing could be at the same time more ridiculous and more awful, more laughable and more taunting, than that little fan in those huge hands. It seemed like a make-believe sceptre in the hands of such an old, hideous, and bony giantess! A like effect was produced by the showy percale handkerchief adorning her face by the side of that cut-water nose, hooked and masculine; for a moment I was led to believe (or I was very glad to) that it was a man in disguise.

"'But her cynical glance and harsh smile were those of a hag, of a witch, an enchantress, a Fate—a I know not what! There was something about her to justify fully the aversion and fright which I had been caused all my life long by women walking alone in the streets at night.

"'My house was at the opposite end of the long and narrow street, in which I was alone, entirely alone with that mysterious phantom whom I thought able to annihilate me with a word. How should I ever get home? Oh, how anxiously I looked towards that distant Montera Street, broad and well lighted, where there are policemen to be found at all hours! I decided, finally, to get

(Continued on Page 28.)

J. C. WILSON
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The Steinheil Murder

A Case that Abounds in Incidents More Redolent of the Gallic Temperament Than Any of the French Dramas Which are Expurgated for American Audiences.

The Steinheil murder still holds the attention of Paris. The examination of witnesses has been in progress in the Palais de Justice for several weeks, and the newspapers are full of the testimony. From recent developments it appears that Mme. Steinheil is credited with having created a character which certainly will live in Paris boulevards and music hall life. She said that when she went to her villa at Bellevue to entertain one of her wealthy lovers she used to explain her absence to her family by saying she was going to see her Aunt Lily, a rich and eccentric lady, who loved her, but did not want to know her husband or daughter. If all the family were at Bellevue and she wanted to get rid of them she told them Aunt Lily was coming and sent them off to the house in Paris. Mme. Steinheil has confessed that her affection for her husband had died, giving for a reason the receipt of anonymous letters accusing him of infamous habits. Once she wished to divorce him for this reason, but he opposed her on account of the daughter.



THE STEINHEIL FAMILY

Mme. Steinheil, her husband whom she is believed to have murdered and her daughter.

She allowed that she had lovers, but could not say if her husband was aware of it; at least he never let her know that he was. Her love for her mother had changed to hate because she had induced her to marry Steinheil, her mother's motive being to take advantage of Steinheil's infatuation for her by giving her no dowry, her mother having made great sacrifices to give the other two daughters dowries. She accused her mother of living on her.

Since the tragedy nearly all of Mme. Steinheil's lovers have been in hiding, but there is one, Count de Balincourt who has come into the open and talked quite freely. "I really can't understand," he says, "why people seem so terribly afraid of recalling their friendship with the Steinheil family. What do they fear—the eminent functionary of fine arts, Mr. D. B——— and Judges L———, Lem———and B——— or Gen. C———, D——— and N——— of Paris, B——— of Ardennes or the other B——— of Anjou? Why should the charming Countess of T——— find it a reproach to have eaten a dinner cooked by Mariette? What have we all to fear? A little ridicule? And after that? It's a long time now since ridicule killed any one. I met Mme. Steinheil one evening on the Metropolitan Underground Railway. In the crush of leaving a station a young woman cried out. I intervened and helped her up the stairs. Outside she thanked me. I gave her my name. She invited me to come and see her husband, who was an artist. Some days later I called and the husband showed me his work. It was of Meissonier's style, but style only. Shortly after he proposed to paint my portrait. I agreed. I have only a very vague recollection of the man. He was small, puny and miserable, who painted with a magnifying glass little things tremendously worked up and had no point of view for the affairs of real life. They say much evil of him. I believe they are wrong; he seemed to me incapable of any action at all, even a bad one. His wife was a woman of grace and excessive amiability, with a constant wish to please every one. In many circumstances this exaggerated mania to charm neighbored on disease."

All the amateur Sherlock Holmeses in Paris have been exercising their skill on the question of the clocks that were found stopped in the house of the murder. One was a long grandfather's clock which had stopped at twelve minutes past midnight and the other was a small clock from beside M. Steinheil's bed found in a cupboard marking the same time. At the time of the murder it was taken for granted the long clock had been shaken by the burglars, possibly in the struggle, or purposely stopped so that its ticking or striking should not prevent them hearing any one approaching. At any rate, it was concluded that they marked the time of the crime. But now it is suspected that they were altered, moved back some hours, with a view of establishing an alibi. The question has been raised whether the striking machinery was altered at the same time as the hands, this does not seem to have been tested at the time of the murders, and when a reporter tested the clock some months after the striking movement was correct with the time. An expert clockmaker has been charged with the task of examining this clock to see if the state of its works will show whether it has been deranged by being turned back, and M. Bertillon has been instructed to search for any finger marks on the pendulum and machinery. No satisfactory explanation for Mme. Steinheil reviving the case has been brought forward. The murders were committed the last day of May; June, July, August, September and October passed without the inquiry making any progress, and the affair had dropped entirely out of public interest when on October 31st Mme. Steinheil wrote a letter to a newspaper saying that long cloaks similar to those the murderers had worn had been stolen from the Yiddish Theatre in Rue Saint Denis. How she knew this has not been found out. Now M. Borderel, Madame's friend from the Ardennes, whom she hoped to marry, had continued to send her money after the murders by the hand of his friend M. Martin. M. Martin told the Magistrate that when he gave her a sum of money on October 15th he told her that M. Borderel would only consent to see her again when she had established her innocence. Was it this intimation that caused her to write the letter of a fortnight later which has resulted in her own arrest? The most sympathetic

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if not the only sympathetic figure in the whole tragedy is the daughter, Marthe Steinheil. She had looked forward to marrying her lifelong playmate, Louis Buisson, but now his father declares there was no engagement and has sent his son into the army to work his way up from the ranks to a commission. It is, however, satisfactory to find Louis Buisson quoted as saying:

"I have no impressions on the Steinheil affair. I don't know the Steinheil affair. I know only Marthe Steinheil. I know that Marthe had a lot of trouble in sending me letters. It was not, perhaps, always Remy Couillard who intercepted them.

"I have enlisted for three years. When I have finished my service I shall be of age and shall marry."

"Marry Miss Marthe Steinheil?"

"Absolutely. She is not responsible for what her parents may have done and I shall marry her whatever happens."

The Spectator

Terrors Obliterated by Earthquake

Whatever has happened to our old friends Scylla and Charybdis reliable information on the subject will not be forthcoming until calm scientific inquiry is made with reference to those effects of the great earthquake which are not immediately of human and harrowing interest. But far be it from me to suggest that the fate of the gloomy cell where "whuling Scylla shrouds her face" and of that "humbler rock" where, beneath "a huge wild fig-tree curled with ample leaves," sits divine Charybdis "supping the black deeps," is merely of scientific interest. Warm in the affections of all of us are those two terrors of the Strait of Messina of which Homer sung in the twelfth book of his Odysseys. They have become proverbial to denote opposite dangers that beset one's course, and they have served the purpose of writers and spellbinders from time immemorial. Scylla and Charybdis have been conspicuous figures in the field of rhetoric ever since Horace, observing that an author, seeking to avoid one fault falls into another. Even Shakespeare found them available for his purpose in The Merchant of Venice, thus: "When I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother." Some writers have preferred to eschew Scylla and Charybdis in favor of the frying-pan and the fire, but the instinct for classical allusion is strong in the best of us.

More Mythology Must be Written

Surely if Scylla and Charybdis are no more, as has been reported, they are entitled to an obituary notice. Both were personages of distinction long before they became fixtures in the treacherous Strait of Messina. For their age alone they are entitled to reverence, and if they have disappeared a new chapter of mythology must be written covering the most recent decree from Olympus. Perhaps Scylla, the beautiful maiden, who, by reason of the passion which she kindled in Glaucus provoked the jealousy of Circe and was transformed into a snaky monster, with six heads and an appetite for hapless mariners, has been reinstated in divine favor. The truth should be known. Perhaps Charybdis has by this time repented the theft of the oxen of Hercules and is very glad to be out of the whirlpool business. As a matter of fact, Charybdis, who has been known in modern times as Galofaro, has not of late been so great a terror as in the days of Ulysses. Hans Christian Anderson describing a trip through the gulf says: "Our ship glided over the eddying Charybdis; we had no foreboding of it. Where is that wild maelstorm? They pointed to the sea close by where we sailed; but there was no particular motion of the waves to be seen."

Messina in History

That Charybdis, however, was once a pretty tough proposition to encounter we have the testimony of history as well as mythology. Which reminds me that a great deal of history was made right in the Strait of Messina and on the shores thereof. It was the embroiled transactions of Carthage with the Grecian States in Sicily that provoked the occasion of her first rupture with Rome. The town of Messina was then the seat of the pirate Republic of the Mamertines and it stood in close alliance with Rhegium on the Italian side, now known as Reggio, one of the cities which is reported to have been destroyed. In Rhegium a community as lawless as that of Messina had sprung up in the confustion of the Roman war with Pyrrhus. During that war inhabitants of Rhegium had solicited a detachment of a Roman garrison for their protection. Accordingly, a body of Campanians was sent them from Rome, and these troops with the assistance of their neighbors across the Strait in Messina, expelled or massacred the citizens for whose protection they had been sent, and established a tumultuary government in Rhegium. A little later a Roman army marched upon Rhegium, took it by storm and killed nearly all of the garrison consisting of 4,000 men. Thenceforth in effect Rhegium was subject to Rome. It was in one of the wars with Carthage that Rome lost a large fleet in the Strait of Messina, mainly for the reason that the Roman navigators were unacquainted with the currents.

The Vicissitudes of Reggio

The City of Reggio was one of the oldest settlements in Italy. It was originally a Euboean colony and was peopled in 723 B. C. by fugitive Messenians. It rose to great prosperity in the old days, but suffered from war, and in 387 B. C. was captured by Dionysius I. of Syracuse and destroyed. It was again captured in 270 by the Romans and it underwent many vicissitudes of conquest in the Middle Ages. Totila, the Goth, captured it in 549 A. D., the Saracens did likewise in 918, the Pisans in 1005. Robert Guiscard in 1060 and the Turks in 1552 and again in 1597. After the great earthquake of 1783 the town was almost entirely rebuilt, and it presented a more modern aspect than some of the other towns and had wide streets which were studded with numerous handsome villas. It had a beautiful cathedral which dated from the seventeenth century, and it possessed numerous other handsome buildings, among them the

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Capella del Sacramento, highly decorated with colored marble; the Strada delle Caserme, and adjacent to it the Civic Museum, which contained a fine collection of terra cottas, lamps, statuettes and vases, including a few very antique specimens with curious ornamentation. Above the cathedral and back of it stood the Castello. In the piazza adjoining the railway station there was a fine statue of Garibaldi. Another handsome square was the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, where the band often played and which was embellished with a statue of Italia. The Strada Reggio Campi, which ran along the heights behind the town, was considered a fine promenade, and it gave one of the finest views of the environs and of the Sicilian coast to be obtained anywhere. Reggio was distant from Messina about six and a quarter miles. Probably its most beautful feature to the tourist lay back of the town, where the forest called Aspromonte rose in imposing fashion. It was there in the vicinity of Reggio that Garibaldi was wounded and taken prisoner by the Italian troops under Pallavicini on August 29, 1862. The ascent of this forest slope took about nine hours and when the summit was gained, especially in moonlight, a commanding view of the sea, the islands and Sicily of unparalleled beauty was obtained.

Teacher—"Now Tommy, if I say 'The father blessed his six children,' is that active or passive?"
Tommy—"That is active."
Teacher—"Correct, and what is passive?"
Tommy—"The father was blessed with six children."

Maxine Has a Theatre

That Maxine Elliott isn't wasting any tears over her lost Goodwin I am convinced from what a friend writes me from New York. The fair ox-eyed beauty of the polite, social drama is now so busy managing a theatre that she has probably forgotten all about the fickle Nat. and probably doesn't care if he has an affinity at every one-night stand. The new playhouse was opened last week. It is on West Thirty-ninth between Broadway and Sixth avenue. It is one of the finest in America, the materials being marble, steel and concrete, and the building being practically impervious to fire, there being nothing combustible in it except the wood of the stage proper and in the framework of the seats. Special arrangements have been made for the comfort of the public, including seats of more than common width. The capacity of the house is about 900, and there is an uninterrupted view of the stage from all points, owing to the absence of supporting columns. The front of the house and the inner walls are of white marble and the interior decorations are in old ivory, old gold, and mouse color. It is to be hoped that the dramatic entertainment within may prove worthy of the luxurious and artistic surroundings. The opening play, "The Chaperon," is by Marion Fairfax, and deals with the adventures of an American girl who is seeking a divorce from the objectionable foreign count whom she had foolishly married. While acting the part of chaperon with some girl friends, she is surprised by her husband, and, in the effort to avoid him, innocently involves herself in a somewhat compromising situation. Everything, of course, is straightened out satisfactorily in the end. It is expected that Julia Marlowe, Madame Nazimova, and Mary Mannering will act in this house when Miss Elliott is engaged elsewhere.

Sexless Sororities

L L

Social scientists and sophomoric sororities at the State University have formally decreed that hereafter the feminine gender shall be taboo among the precieuses and intellectuals of the academic vicinage. It began with the term "co-ed." Years ago when woman sat the feet of Gamaliel because she couldn't sit at the feet of Hypatia, they were called "co-eds" in derision of their presumption manifested in a desire to crowd the porticos and consume masculine fodder at the supreme feast of reason. Then as time tempered the humor of the appellation they were called "co-eds" because nobody could think of any other name quite as appropriate. So they have been "co-eds" from that day to this. But now the sororities revolt and declaring that there is no sex in intellect insist that the emasculated sobriquet, which is neither male nor female and scarcely human, shall be consigned to the limbo of dead slang. There are no more "co-eds" at the State University—they are students; if, by some stretch of infrequent and virtually impossible circumstance it should ever be necessary to differentiate the sex of the students at the university they may be called women students and men students as a reluctant concession to an obsolete usage. Other sex distinctions have also been disposed of in a similarly summary manner. There are no more "postmistresses" and an employe of the postoffice department is invariably a "postmaster" whether he wears trousers or skirts—she is a "postmaster" in petticoats or shirt sleeves. So with "shop girl." There are no "shop girls," of course, for the girls have themselves decreed that they are all "shop ladies," but as there are no "ladies" in the sorority vernacular the lady of the shop must submit to being called hereafter a "shop woman" if she will not lose her sex identity in the common noun "clerk." The next move of the reforming sororities of the university will be to abolish the feminine pronouns. All impersonal designation will be "he," "his" and "him." Even the term "sorority" is to be abolished; hereafter the lettered Greeks of the university will be "frats." It was at first suggested that they were "feminine frats" but a student learned in etymology and syntax acquired in some high school, pointed out the contradiction of meaning in the proposed designation and the offensive if eternal "feminine" was dropped. Now the stranger on the campus will be unable to distinguish between the male students and the female students except as he may presume a difference of sex by the attire, which, in all probability will also, eventually, be compromised to conform to the sexless idea of the social scientists and the sophomoric sororities.

"Did she have a rawhide when she assaulted you?" asked his honor of a meek gentleman who accused his wife of assault with intent to kill. "No, your honor," said the poor man, feeling of himself tenderly, "I'm the one that had the raw hide; in fact, your honor, I have it still."

A Literary Native Returns

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, California's most gifted authoress, has come home to write her new novel. She was heralded by a hundred journalistic trumpets all of them proclaiming how great she is and how proud we are that she belongs to us. Let my own wiffling note help to swell the adulatory clamor. Mrs. Atherton is direct from the famous Bavarian capital, the lordly city

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of Munich founded by Henry the Lion in the twelfth century, hoary with tradition, steeple-deep with wonderful legends of battles, sieges and knightly deeds; redolent of literature, art and courtly manners; renowned for its conservatories of music; admired for the architecture of its cathedrals and palaces; so oppressed by its atmosphere of culture, so high-browed with intellectual aspirations. What a contrast it must be in the comparative degrees of Mrs. Atherton's descriptive epithets between Munich and Petaluma where our gifted pen lady wrote her last novel! Munich—Petaluma! Yet the music of Petaluma's name is sweet, far more melodious, than the abrupt, explosive consonants of Munich.

She May be a Tradition

The newspapers inform me that Mrs. Atherton will write her "forthcoming novel" on top of Mount Tamalpais. It is announced by the literary bavardes of the local press that the authoress of The Randolphs of Redwood and The Conquerors seeks seclusion as an aid to the composition of this latest seller. That is why she will perch on Tamalpais. Now I don't know what kind of novel Mrs. Atherton intends to write, nor do I know how much "seclusion" is necessary to the composition of a novel of any sort. The summit of Tamalpais may be sufficiently secluded for the production of a novel of adventure or manners; but I do not think it is isolated enough to inspire the writer of a problem novel or a novel of serious purpose. I am sure that Marie Corelli would not be able to attain her best thought on Tamalpais, and I have heard that Mrs. Humphrey Ward's best work has been achieved at a very low altitude. It is possible, however, that Mrs. Atherton has no intention of writing in competition with Marie Corelli or Mrs. Ward; perhaps she has designed a novel to fit the kind of seclusion that she will find on the top of Tamalpais. Anyway it is a good thing for Tamalpais, and in time to come tourists will probably perform pilgrimages to the summit of Tamalpais to breathe the Atherton atmosphere, to sit in the chair that Mrs. Atherton sat in, to eat at the same table where our famous authoress dined while she was writing one of her most famous sellers—as travelers from New Zealand and Oshkosh now seek out the tavern of the Cheshire Cheese in London, to sit in Samuel Johnson's chair, to dine at Samuel Johnson's table, to eat of the pudding that Samuel Johnson loved so well, made from a recipe two hundred years old and handed down from cook to cook of the famous tavern. All this may happen to the memory of Mrs. Atherton as it happens to the memory of Dr. Johnson.

Sam, Oliver and Gertrude

Pardon me if I interpolate here the legend that garrulous biographers tell of the first meeting of Johnson and Goldsmith when the Great One came to sup with the Young Unknown—how the Behemoth wore new clothes, his wig nicely powdered and his buckles well polished, wishing, as he explained to Percy, of the Reliques, who inquired the cause of such unusual neatness, to show a better example to Goldsmith whom he had heard of as justifying his own disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting his (Johnson's) practice. It was from this humble lodging in Wine Office Court, while Goldsmith's landlady was pressing him within doors and the bailiff threatening without, that Johnson took a manuscript written by Goldsmith, to James Newberry, sold it for sixty pounds, and returning with the money relieved the Young Unknown from all pecuniary embarrassment. And the story ends with the dramatic touch to the purpose that the manuscript lay neglected for two years and was then published to win immortality for the author of The Vicar of Wakefield. May the novel that Mrs. Atherton will write on the summit of Mount Tamalpais gain for her a niche in the temple where Goldsmith and Johnson abide.

"I must have order in this court-room," said the stern judge; "I must and will have less noise and confusion here. I have already disposed of three important cases without being able to hear one word of the evidence."

Even Wheeler Was Forgiven

The friends of that great moral uplifter, the Hon. Charles S. Wheeler, are felicitating him these days on his good fortune in falling into the soft, lucrative snap of attorney for the Spreckels estate. At the same time they cannot but marvel at the singularity of the manner in which the whirligig of time has requited the good Mr. Wheeler for the zeal which he exhibited in behalf of his client, Rudolph Spreckels, in the days when bitter warfare was being waged between father and son. For while it is gratifying to know that the fierce animosities engendered in the heat of that scandalous contest have been abated, one cannot resist the impulse to ponder the curious transformation that has taken place. It is all the more curious when we reflect that the late Claus Spreckels was noted not only for his unyielding, unbending character, but also for his disposition to harbor and nourish resentment. He did not go through life forgiving his enemies or gratifying them by permitting himself to be placated. With all his virtues he was reputed to be inexorable in his hostilities. While it was natural for him to forgive his children, even those that brought sorrow into his life, yet it seems incredible that he should go to his grave with the prospect of his estate supplying riches to the attorney who had devised ways and means of harassing him during a protracted struggle in the courts. However, I rejoice in the good Mr. Wheeler's good fortune. And now I expect to see him more zealous than ever, if that be possible, in his wholly disinterested espousal of the great moral cause which Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is engineering. Mr. Wheeler has had faith in Mr. Spreckels for lo these many years, and his faith has brought him grace and other things. His faith in Mr. Spreckels is stronger, I believe, than his faith in the courts, which his friend Mr. Phelan calumniated in Collier's. And yet the courts have been very kind to Mr. Wheeler. Especially were they kind to him during the contest over the Fair estate. It will be remembered

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that Mr. Wheeler first had faith in the pencil will, but in those days his faith could be shaken.

No Contest in Sight

The supposition is that there is to be no contest over the Spreckels millions and yet the unsentimental alacrity with which the Hon. Charles S. Wheeler rushed in for letters of administration on the estate of the Sugar King might justify the suspicion that it was deemed advisable to take no chances. The will of Claus Spreckels, by the way, is a most lawyer-like document. There is nothing of sentiment in it. It gives not the slightest hint to the charitable side of the distinguished Captain of Industry; but this is probably for the reason that he instructed his heirs as to what charitable institutions should receive some of his millions. Mr. Spreckels was not in the habit of taking the public into his confidence; so the will is therefore characteristic. There are persons who think that a will should disclose the tender sentiments of the testator, but Mr. Spreckels regarded a will as nothing more than a business document. Hence his failure to mention even his little grandson who was named for him at a time when his son Claus A. Spreckels preferred to be known as C. Augustus Spreckels.

"What a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is," whispered an old lady, in a court-room, to her husband. "I'd be afraid to get near him."

"Sh!" warned her husband, "that ain't the prisoner. He ain't been brought in yet."

"It ain't! Who is it, then?"

"It's the judge."

The Utility of Statistics

A child of tender years recently took from the shelf of one of the branches of the public library for home use a bulky tome of the report of the coast and geodetic survey or something of that nature. The assistant, who was a recent addition to the library force and more deeply impressed than she is ever likely to be again with the scope and value of modern educational methods, asked the little miss if it were for herself, and if she expected to master its contents. "Oh, it doesn't make any matter what the reading is about," answered the supposed prodigy. "I want a big, fat book to press leaves in."

Emma Goldman, Anarchist

Emma Goldman, anarchist and expounder of new thought, is coming to town to lecture at the Victory Theatre on some very interesting topics. By some of them my interest has been aroused, and I have resolved to know more about Emma Goldman than what hitherto I have learned from the newspapers in which she is pronounced dangerous. "Minorities vs. Majorities" is one of her subjects. Now it occurs to me that if Emma Goldman argues that minorities are more frequently deserving of consideration than majorities her views, so far as that particular subject are concerned, are not so dangerous as the insidious preachments of the demagogues of the press. "Puritanism the Great Obstacle to Liberty," is another thesis which arrests my attention, for that is just what Puritanism is. Miss Goldman is also to lecture on "The Drama the Greatest Disseminator of Radical Thought." That doesn't sound dangerous. Emma Goldman is said to be the most cultured and scholarly woman on the public platform. Versed in the literature of many countries, an art critic, a student of the drama and of political economy, yet she is not deemed worthy of the respectful consideration of the highly respectable. But the highly respectable are generally Philistines.

Little Willie Knew

The Sunday school lesson had been on the subject of Moses leading the children of Israel into the wilderness. When the great day of the Christmas entertainment arrived the teacher, misguided mortal, sought to turn the late instruction to good account before Bishop Nichols, who was to preside over the festivities. The children were bright and quick, and the superintendent counted much on their precocity and its effect on the distinguished guest. "And now, children," said he with a view to making practical application of the lesson, "who is it that has led the people of San Francisco out of the wilderness?" A blank and bewildered silence followed, and the pleasant smile which illuminated the teacher's countenance began to congeal, when a small urchin in a back seat frantically waved his hand. "That's right, Willie," was the encouraging invitation, for it seemed as if the situation were to be saved after all, "you may tell us who it was." "Abe Ruef," was the trimuphant reply, and the class wondered why the superintendent collapsed.

Yuan Gives up His Jacket

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ousies did not hamper their mercenary greed. It was Yuan Shih Kai, more than Li Hung Chang, who established friendly relations between the foreigners and the imperial court at Pekin when that coterie of Manchu usurpers was sore beset by these "foreign devils" highly inflamed by passions incited by the cruelties and massacres of the Boxer revolt. It was Yuan Shih Kai who reformed the money standard of China as far as it could be reformed on a silver basis. It was Yuan Shih Kai who raised the army to a higher caste standard and compelled its reorganization on a modern military formula. It was Yuan Shih Kai who procured an edict from the late Emperor, indorsed by the Empress Dowager, abolishing torture in the courts of the empire. It was Yuan Shih Kai who, in conjunction with Chang Chih Tung, viceroy of Hupei, inspired the edict that made essential features of western learning a part of the educational system of China as part of the requirement of official preferment. All this was accomplished by Yuan Shih Kai, taotai of Shanghai, Viceroy of Chihli, Grand Councillor of the empire. And he was a patriot throughout. He worked constantly for the good of his country without thought of personal emolument or personal aggrandizement in any sense. The consequence has been the disgrace of the greatest man in China; the downfall of one of the ablest statesmen and most subtle politicians in the world. His purple jacket has been taken from him, and his golden clasps removed from his official belt.

Perils That Environ the Manchu

The degradation of Yuan Shih Kai is unquestionably the result of reactionary intrigue in the Forbidden City. The Manchu feels that he has come at last permanently into what is his own by right of conquest and forthright usurpation. It is the Manchu or the Chinese in China today; the Manchu stands for the maintenance of the traditions of his order; the Chinese is in revolt against the dynasty. The Manchu is conservative; the Chinese is progressive. The Manchu is of the old; the Chinese of the new. If the Chinese prevail by the adoption of western ideas and western methods the day of the Manchu is done in the Middle Kingdom, and the Machu is wise enough to see that. There will be no constitution for China if the Manchu can prevent it. Therefore it was necessary to get rid of Yuan Shih Kai even at the risk of an uprising of all the southern provinces where revolt against Manchu tyranny breeds with the breeding of a wonderfully fecund population; it was necessary to suppress this Chinese patriot, eminently fitted to be the leader of his people, even though the action should bring upon the reigning dynasty the resentment of the foreign powers and all that may be implied of aggression in such resentment. What the outcome will be even the wise men of Pekin cannot foretell. It takes a long time to percolate the essence of a great thought through the arid, close-meshed mentality of the Chinese masses. But once strained it ferments with terrific violence. The Tai-ping rebellion was an Idea militant; the Boxer uprising was an Idea in reaction; the one was a Chinese movement to give China back to the Chinese; the other was a Manchu plot to drive the hated foreigner into the sea. If Yuan Shih Kai gives the word the Manchu will sit no more on the dragon throne; if Yuan Shih Kai holds his peace, the Manchu will learn another lesson from the West—and it may be taught in the language of the Japanese.

Wedding Invitations

Announcements Name Cards

Late Books Fine Picture Framing

SMITH BROTHERS

462-464 THIRTEENTH ST. OAKLAND, CAL.

Miss Jones—Don't you think, Mr. Heha, that Miss Brown, whom you met last evening, is a very plain person?

Mr. Heha—Yes, indeed, I think she is the homeliest girl I ever saw, present company of course always e—er—um—that—is—yes, yes, she's mighty plain.

A Street Car Moralist

A philosopher is employed by the Oakland Traction Company to write moral precepts, ethical apothegms and quaint apologues for the edification of the corporation's patrons. I suspect that this is the aphorist who put out the workingman's pipe on the rear platforms of the company's cars. Anyway the diction of the ukase placarded in the cars announcing the prohibition is very like that which conveys the philosophical epigrams on the duty of the passengaire in the presence of the conductaire—an interdiction, by the way, that does not include the occupancy of seats by the objecting women on the front section of the cars. And in this I see a great injustice and discrimination scarcely consonant with the high tone of the ethics prescribed for the Oakland traveling public by the corporation. Why should the workingman's pipe be forced into the none too commodious area of the front platforms already monopolized by women who were unable to obtain seats on the back section? I hope the philosopher will take up this question with the inner soul of the corporation. And I look for another edict compelling women passengers to restrict themselves to the inside of the car and the rear section. The poor workingman surely has a few left over rights that the car company is bound to respect without the admonitory hint of a court of law.

Time-Devouring Transfers

But I was almost forgetting my philosopher and his latest definition of a transfer. That definition is now pasted conspicuously in all of the cars of the company so that all who ride may read. It is written thus: "Transfer: A bit of paper that costs you nothing and fre-

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This is the season of the year with us that the purchasing power of your DOLLAR is stretched to its utmost buying capacity. All our departments offer a TEN PER CENT REDUCTION on our regular prices; some of them 15 per cent; some 25 per cent; and in some cases where we have lines that we are desirious of closing out the reduction reaches 50 PER CENT. This statement cannot help but convince you that this month of JANUARY, 1909, will be an ideal month in which to shop and to buy generously.

CLAY STREET, 14th to 15th
OAKLAND

quently saves you $4 for carriage hire. Gets stale and useless if kept over 15 minutes. Some people kick because they can't use it as an annual pass." How's that for the richness of things? A transfer "costs you nothing"; yet you have just paid money for the right to use the cars of this corporation as a vehicle of transportation to some point which cannot be reached on the line over which you are traveling! A transfer to another line, therefore, according to the corporation's moral philosopher is a generous gift by a generous benefactor who is under no obligation to carry you to your destination without payment of another fare to reimburse the company for the trouble of letting you ride on another car. Moreover, I don't quite see the analogy between the saving grace of an Oakland Traction company's transfer and $4 worth of carriage hire, nor do I recall any decision of the Supreme Court that enables a street railroad corporation to "stale" a transfer after it has been "kept over 15 minutes." Furthermore I am compelled to dispute this philosopher's dictum that "some people (not some persons, mark you) kick because they can't use it (the transfer) as an annual pass." Why should anybody wish to use a street railroad transfer as an annual pass? I can readily understand why any person holding a transfer entitling him to ride on another car should wish to use that transfer whenever he saw fit—under the law of contracts; but the philosopher's statement is otherwise not only irrelevant, impertinent, and immaterial, but it is absurd. Philosophers should avoid hyperbole and exaggeration in the expression of their philosophy. I commend to the studious attention of this street car philosopher the exemplary restraint invariably practiced by such eminent ethical authorities as Immanuel Kant, Karl Wilhelm, Friedrich von Schlegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, Rene Descartes, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and Francis Bacon, all of whom, he will find on close inspection, were painfully accurate in all their statements and exceedingly chary in arriving at conclusions by mere inference. I am afraid that the Oakland Traction philosopher has not quite learned his ticklish trade.

The Hamburg American Line have removed their offices from Market Street near Powell to 160 Powell Street.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street; and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, July 20, 1865, and recorded in Map-Book E and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at ——————, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-10

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

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Tenderloin of Sole, Tartar Sauce — Salmon Trout, Maitre d'Hotel
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Vienna Schnitzel, Tomato Sauce — Leg of Lamb with Spanish
Tagliarini and Cheese — Roast Beef, au Jus

Dessert
Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
Swiss Cheese — Roquefort Cheese — Brie Cheese

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Phone Kearny 1812

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THE WEEK'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By R. E. Mulchay

The decision rendered on Monday by the Supreme Court in favor of 80 cent gas in New York took Wall Street by surprise. The shock was tremendous, causing holders of Consolidated Gas securities to unload them regardless of price. Sales were made from 165 to 138 in a few minutes. A difference of ten points was seen between sales. At 138 good support was given resulting in a rally to 148 where another spasm of selling broke out afresh quickly breaking the price to 141, from which point a faint rally was seen. On Tuesday and Wednesday outsiders began to liquidate their belated holdings causing a decline to 123 as compared with 165¼ on Monday. It is believed further court proceedings will be brought shortly.

The severe decline in Consolidated Gas unsettled the rest of the list, resulting in declines of two to six points throughout the list. The Harriman group seemed to be without support except that of a spasmodic character. The general news of the past week was favorable to higher prices. The earnings published by several of the leading railways was decidedly favorable, the one bearish feature was Italy's great disaster; to what extent insurance companies have suffered is the question troubling banking interests most. It will be remembered the action of the stock market after our own disaster of April 18th. The Eastern security market continued firm until May 2nd, when urgent selling started; this was afterwards learned to be the liquidating of securities by insurance companies to provide funds to meet losses. It may be possible the present decline comes from a similar cause; however, money rates continue cheap, and do not reflect any immediate urgent demand as might be expected in a case of great loss. That a reaction of good proportion has been overdue is beyond question. One year of a steady upward movement is more than an average. There are many conditions appearing which are not encouraging to a bull market at the present time. The Standard Oil case is to be retired. The advance in freight is meeting with strong opposition. President Roosevelt is again becoming aggressive. Trouble is brewing among the Eastern and Northwestern Railways regarding the entrance into New York of the Canadian Pacific, Hill having encroached upon Harriman's Southern territory. The Industrial Properties are threatened with tariff legislation, the Steel corporation being the chief target. It will mean a greater volume of production with no reduction in general earnings. It will also mean the locking up and closing down of many small steel plants, the business of which must find its way to the big show. No one will question that there is room for certain reductions in the steel trade, but to make reductions as a whole will place hardships upon many small plants which they were not able to stand up under. So many conditions are in evidence at the present time that will affect market values it would seem the part of wisdom to act with due caution before taking on too many commitments marketwise. At this time the issuance of over one billion dollars of new bonds is contemplated for new improvement by railways; these bonds must be sold and it will require time for the public to digest them. The best that may be looked for will be a scalping market for some time. On good declines good stocks will do to buy to be sold out on a fair rally. Trading should be confined to first class stocks regardless of their price. If the cheap ones were worth more the market would give evidence of it. It is as if compared with real estate. If you own inside property you will always find a market for it; if on the other hand you own outside property you must wait your opportunity.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mr. de Dampierre is Here

The date of the wedding of Marie Christine de Guigne and Elie de Dampierre has been set for the fourteenth of this month. It is to be a large church affair followed by a breakfast to which only the family and a few intimate friends have been invited. The first six months are to be spent in France, where the large de Dampierre estates are situated, after which the time will be divided between France and the de Guigne home in San Mateo, but even as it is, there are many regrets that one of the two attractive de Guigne girls has not chosen a Californian for her mate. Like many French marriages, the



MISS BETTY HAMMOND

The talented sister of John Hayes Hammond who is winning fame in the East as a playwright.

engagement between Miss de Guigne and Monsieur de Dampierre was brought about through a family arrangement between the parents of the young couple, who first settled the preliminary details and then intimated their desires to their children. After meeting a few times the young people pronounced the arrangement agreeable to them, and speedily developed a warm attachment for each other. Since the arrival of Monsieur de Dampierre and young Christian de Guigne on Christmas eve Marie Christine and her affianced have been the guests of honor at a number of delightful entertainments at Burlingame and San Mateo, but the time has been so short and there has been so much to do in preparation for the grand event that few of the friends here have had many opportunities to see much of the fair bride-to-be, and she has appeared at only two of the larger social functions. Monsieur de Dampierre is a wealthy man in his own right and successor to the title Compte, now borne by his father. Miss de Guigne, who is the daughter of Minnie Parrott, eldest daughter of the older branch, inherited a fortune from her mother.

Not to be a Nun

The news that Barbara Parrott was in a Sacred Heart convent in Rome was a shock to her many friends in California, for the first impression made by the announcement was that she had entered upon a religious life. It seems, however, that she has only decided upon taking a post-graduate course instead of sharing the quiet family life in Switzerland. Barbara is the little blonde Parrott girl who made her debut the winter previous to the departure of the family for Europe. Her first season was



Photo, Bruguiere & Eisen MRS. J. J. MOORE

One of Burlingame's most beautiful women. The Moores have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

very gay, and she showed such appreciation for the good things of life that her present step was a decided surprise. Perhaps there is not one girl in a thousand who would settle back into convent ways after a few years of emancipation, but Barbara writes that she is quite contented. Her immurement will not be for long, however, for in the summer she will go to Scotland on a visit to her cousins, the Douglas-Dicks.

The Time Will Come

At the Boardman dance given for Dora Winn, the young granddaughter of the house, there was a noticeable dearth of girls of a suitable age for the boys invited.

Mrs. Warfield

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It is an omen favorable to the debutantes of the years to come that the boys should outnumber the girls, but because of the discrepancy in this instance some amusing things occured. Paige Montegle, lacking a supper partner of a suitable age, gaily sauntered into the refreshment room with one of the little Shreve girls under his arm. She is a great many years his junior, and the sight led to some good-humored banter. However the ill-matched couple seemed to have a pleasant time, and difference in age is a matter that every year will remedy. While his friends assure Paige that by the time he has graduated from college the little miss will be just old enough for him to dance attendance upon, he declares that he thoroughly enjoyed the supper and loyally asserts that when the times comes the young lady will be well worth "rushing."

Nobility Coming to Burlingame

Polo enthusiasts are rejoicing in the good news that during the next few months some of the most skilled foreign devotees of the sport are scheduled to visit California. Burlingame is making preparations accordingly, and the three polo fields are being kept in the best of condition. It is the aim of some of the gentle sportsmen to make San Mateo and Burlingame the center of out-door sports for the United States, and no expense is being spared in efforts to attract attention to the coming contests. Valuable trophies are to be presented to the winners, and it is said that already nineteen thousand dollars have been subscribed towards this end. With the advantages of a social environment that loves nothing so much as display, and a practically unlimited financial backing, aided by the most accommodating climate in the world, there seems to be every reason for regarding the coming tournament as a foreordained success. The English and the Indian teams number amongst their members the crack players of the world. The English team will reach California in the late spring, and as most of its players are of the British nobility, and will be accompanied by their wives, the social life of the colony "down the peninsula" will reach the climax of gaiety before the commencement of the summer. Not only are social programs being planned well in advance, but polo practice is faithfully kept up as never before. Some of the new acquisitions to the local club begin to develop considerable skill for novices, and the competition between the two teams is keen. As further inducement, a number of valuable silver cups have been purchased by the committee and at the end of the present series of games each member of the winning team is to receive one of the trophies. Walter McCreery has won commendation for some of his brilliant strokes, and it is confidently hoped that our home teams will invite favorable comparison with the visitors.

The Paxtons

The Charles Paxtons, who according to newspaper report, are on the verge of a domestic rupture, are very well known in local social circles. Charles Paxton is the brother of Blitz Paxton, whose own affairs have had more than a passing interest for devourers of sensational news, and both are sons of the late Healdsburg banker of that name. Mrs. Charles Paxton was Miss Susie Darneal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Darneal of Alameda. She was a beautiful girl and had a long reign as an acknowledged belle. Her father is the official reporter of the Supreme Court and her mother a prominent member of the association of Colonial Dames of America. About eight years ago Susie Darneal married Alan Bowen of Alameda in spite of her mother's opposition to the match, the only effect of which was to give the affair prominence in the newspapers. The young couple went to New York to live but in less than two years they were separated by a divorce. Mrs. Alan Bowen Darneal was married to Charles Paxton about three years ago. She is a woman of taste and refinement, and has created a furor by her magnificent and dazzling dressing. They have resided at the St. Francis, where their domestic rift has attracted the attention of other residents, and their affairs have been whispered over and hinted at, so that, although up to date the papers have not been filed nobody is in the least surprised that there is trouble brewing. The parents of Alan Bowen, Mrs. Paxton's first husband, surprised their fellow townsmen by seeking a divorce after they had had a family of nine children, most of them grown up.

Mrs. Lieb in Italy

Anxiety is expressed for the safety of Mrs. Samuel Lieb, wife of Judge S. F. Lieb of San Jose, as there is fear that she may have been one of the victims of the Italian disaster. The last letter that the family received from her announced her intention of starting at once for Italy where she had planned to spend several months, and nothing has been heard of her since the calamity. Mrs. Lieb is a sister of Dr. John Grissam of Oakland. The eldest daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lieb, Elinor, is the wife of Professor W. H. Wright of the Lick Observatory, a son of the late Judge Selden S. Wright. Miss Lida Lieb married Mr. Armstrong, a mining man of Denver.

At the recent annual dinner of the Sequoia Club Mr. J. D. Phelan had as his guest Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has but recently returned to San Francisco. Eighty-five sat down to the dinner, and brilliant speeches and bright toasts were in order. Messrs. Phelan, Peikotto and Allan Dunn being especially happy in their remarks. Music and dancing brought the evening to a close. The club rooms were artistically decorated by Miss Elizabeth Holmes.

Mrs. W. H. Mills and her two charming daughters, Miss Ardella and Miss Elizabeth, are stopping at the Hershey Arms in Los Angeles. They expect to leave soon for their long contemplated trip to New York.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

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A Literary Couple

Another wedding of social interest locally is that of Kathleen Thompson to Charles Norris, which will be quietly celebrated in New York next March. Owing to a press of business affairs Mr. Norris will be unable to spend the spring in California, as he had anticipated, and in the course of a few weeks Miss Thompson, accompanied by Mrs. Norris, the groom's mother, will leave for New York, where the marriage will take place soon after their arrival. They will make their future home in New York, where, report says they will open a studio and live in truly artistic and somewhat Bohemian style. Charles Norris is well known in San Francisco and well liked. He is essentially a man's man, and like his brother, the late Frank Norris, he has chosen literature for his life's work. He is at present the editor of the American Magazine but has already won for himself a reputation as a writer of short stories. Miss Thompson is no less clever with her pen, and has acquired some glory in our local newspaper world. She is a daughter of the late James Thompson, for many years president of the Bohemian Club, who was noted for his quick, bright mind and ready flow of wit. She is the eldest of three girls. Her sisters, Theresa and Margaret, are favorities of the younger set both here and in Mill Valley where, until within the last few years, they have made their home.

A Mizner in Literature

Wilson Mizner has again made his way into print, this time as the author of a Collier prize story, "Three Saved," a stirring tale of Alaskan adventure. There has never been any question on the subject of ability in the Mizner family, but unfortunately application and ambition have been lacking. Addison Mizner has artistic talent which was put to proof some years ago when in Honolulu. He executed the miniatures of several children so successfully that orders piled in upon him, and had he chosen to accept them he might have made a reputation for himself. Addie, however, found the tropics too enervating for such "hard labor," and nothing came of it.

Stokes Detached

Dr. Charles Francis Stokes, U. S. N., who was in command of the hospital ship Relief when she almost foundered in a typhoon on her voyage from Manila to Guam, has been detached and will join the navy surgeons' department at Washington. Dr. Stokes and his wife are well known in this, where Mrs. Stokes, who was Miss Charlotte Bermingham, daughter of Captain John Bermingham, was prominent in the old, exclusive set of North Beach, amongst whom were Miss Edna Moody, the Bosqui girls, the Boltons and Miss Roberta Wright, all now married and as popular as matrons as they were before. Mrs. Stokes was a brilliant and loveable girl. Her intimate friend was Miss Beulah Hobbs, the first wife of Webster Jones, from whom she was divorced and afterwards married Count Arsimovitch of Russia. Dr. Stokes was appointed to the command of the Relief by the President. At the time it was the cause of some friction and considerable heated discussion between the line and staff officers of the service.

He Has a Dainty Boudoir

A. Dalton Harrison, one of the best known and most eligible bachelors of this vicinity, made a spectacular wind-up to his New Year celebration, which ended in the smashing of a hose cart belonging to the Oakland fire department, a wordy warfare with a good Samaritan who tried to come to his rescue, an arrest for violating the speed limit, and finally, a forfeiture of the thirty-one dollars bail money which he had deposited as earnest of his appearance in the police court to answer the charge of fast motoring. Harrison was returning from the Claremont Club where he had been celebrating the New Year, and at two o'clock in the morning he was either too blind to see or to indifferent to heed the apparatus of the department working to extinguish a blaze in the Delger Block. A. Dalton Harrison is an Englishman, a member of the insurance firm of Catton, Bell and Co. His home is on Paru street in Alameda, and is one of the most artistic in the Encinal city. He entertains in a lavish manner and is noted for his numerous and costly dinner parties. It is said that no society debutante's boudoir could be more dainty than Mr. Harrison's and his bed room is a dream. The four-post bed is draped and festooned in pale pink silk studded with electric lights and the bath room is a work of art. Few bachelors care to entertain in such regal style, and he is the subject of pointed attentions from managing society mammas. At one time he was a worshipper at the shrine of Miss Susie Darneal, now Mrs. Charles Paxton.

Never Again For Her

Word comes from Los Angeles that the Walter Watsons contemplate building in the southern city during the spring. Mrs. Watson will be remembered as Jennie Lathrop, whose romantic marriage was a nine-days' wonder in our social world. It is on account of the unpleasant publicity given to the affair by the Bavardes of the daily press that the Watsons have elected to make Los Angeles their home in the future. In fact, Mrs. Watson has written to her friends vehemently declaring that never again will she set foot in San Francisco. She has taken but little part in the social life of Los Angeles yet, but after the new home is finished and occupied, she will do her share both in entertaining and in being entertained.

A Boston Lecturer in Berkeley

Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., and Mrs. Crooker of Boston are stopping at the Hotel Calton in Berkeley. Rev. Mr. Crooker is pastor of the Roslindale Unitarian Church of Boston, and while in Berkeley he will give a course of lectures at the Unitarian Divinity School. He has also promised to preach several times to congregations in San Jose. He is the author of a number of books dealing with present-day religious problems, and his latest work, "The Church Today," has been printed by three denominations. Mrs. Crooker is also a minister, the Reverend Florence Kollack Crooker, pastor of the St. Paul's Universalist Church of Boston. She organized the Universalist Church at Pasadena and before her marriage was widely known as a writer and lecturer in Chicago, where she organized a large Universalist Church

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of which she was the pastor for thirteen years. At the close of Mr. Crooker's lecture engagement they will leave for Southern California to spend several weeks.

She's Such a Catch

The festivity consequent on the celebration of New Year's eve proved too much for more than one sedate married man. A well known insurance agent was feeling in a rarely happy mood when, accompanied by his wife and her mother, he boarded a California street car outside the Fairmont some time in the "we, sma' hours ayont the twal.'" The car was well filled with returning merry-makers and the bars of conventionality were down, so, spying an old friend in the corner, he waxed loquatious. "Hallo, Tom," he called out pleasantly, "how are you? Come on over here—I want you to meet my mother-in-law. She's a catch!" An audible smile ran round the car and his wife endeavored to quiet him. To her mild remonstrance he made answer, "Oh, that's all right; we want to get rid of her," and even the mother-in-law joined in the laugh that followed.

The Colonials

Everybody has been on the qui vive for the first of the Colonial dances, scheduled for Friday evening of this week at the St. Francis, and as it is designed more for the younger people than for the married set, the debutantes have been anticipating it with more than usual interest. The Colonials promise to be among the jolliest affairs of the season, even though they are to be governed by the strictest of rules. The patronesses insist on having the dances begin early in the interests of the men, who have not found the very late hours compatible with business life. In deference to this consideration the ball will be in full swing by a quarter before ten. There will also be a strict surveillance kept on the arriving guests, and the presentation of membership cards will be insisted upon before admission is granted. The precaution is justified by the experience of other organizations this winter and even that of the hosts at private balls, who have been annoyed by discovering the presence of climbers and would-be's who have slipped into the sacred precincts on the strength of their own impudence. The second Colonial, on the twenty-third of February, will not be a Colonial cotillion, as has been generally assumed, but a regular Mardi-Gras, with fancy costumes, dominoes and masques. It will take the place of the carnival formerly held at the Hopkins Institute of Art, and as it will be the last affair of the season, it may be expected to be a lively occasion.

The Colonel Floored Greenway

According to a veracious New York journal Colonel John W. Cotton's stepdaughter, Elizabeth Latimer, is a great beauty and has been creating a furor in the smart set. Mrs. Cotton and her daughter are conspicuous figures in the social swim, but Colonel Cotton has abandoned the gaiety of the metropolis, preferring as he does the rare and bracing atmosphere of San Francisco. The Colonel is physically and temperamentally a picturesque personality, the very embodiment of Western breeziness and good-fellowship. In New York a few years ago he was one of the familiar figures in Wall street, and he was identified with some pretty big financial projects, but he has forsworn high finance for a business that is to him a pastime—that of cultivating in mankind a taste for wine. The Colonel is really a professional educator, the literature of the vine being his hobby and the expounding of it his chief delight—with a bottle of Pommery for an object lesson. Recently after a debate with Mr. Ned Greenway the verdict rendered was that Pommery had Mum lashed to the mast.

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A Victoria Function

The Hotel Victoria kept open house in true Knickerbocker fashion on New Year's eve, with plenty of enthusiasm, music and good cheer. The Victoria is a new hotel and the management spared no effort in making its first public function a success. The guests of the house were privileged to invite their friends, and a merry gathering of nearly three hundred took possession of the place early in the evening. The entire lower floor was beautifully decorated and thrown open for the use of

The select dancing class of Mrs. Wilkins which convene on different days each week are becoming more and more popular. The Juvenile Class at 3:15 Thursday afternoon always attracts the parents of the youngsters who enjoy watching the children take their first steps. On the same evening the U. C. Student Class is held, and on Friday the High School, both at 8 o'clock, and the married people's assemble is the first and third Monday of each week. All these classes meet at Wilkins Hall, Berkeley, under the personal direction of Mrs. Wilkins.



PROF. FELIX CRISTION, OF PARIS, FRANCE

That Golden Gate Hall will be packed Monday afternoon to hear Paris' great beauty scientist, there can be no doubt. Much will be said to pay the most fastidious ladies, as it is claimed that Prof. Cristion is a master in this art, and coming as he does from Paris and being authority on facial blemishes and beauty culture, the up-to-date lady will receive valuable information. Mme. Maye, his assistant, will wear a genuine Worth gown. No babies or children admitted. Ladies are requested to be seated by 2:30 o'clock. Monday afternoon's lecture is free.

the various buffets in the banquet hall, with sandwiches and all the other good things provided in equal proportion. When the horns announced the coming in of the New Year everyone crowded to the lobby, and helped to swell the din so effectively that it was not until an hour later, when the merrymakers were in the enjoyment of a delicious supper, that Fred. Eppstein and his string orchestra were able to make themselves heard. Every table in the three dining rooms was taken and some of the most prominent people of the city were visitors. Not one, but half a dozen punch bowls adorned among the guests. Choice flowers and fruits were displayed and lights glowed from every corner. The dawn was well advanced before the last of the revelers realized that the New Year was really in and that it was time for them to depart.

In the Social Spotlight

Judge William Lawlor came down by train to meet his friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Spring, Mrs. Daniel Frohman and Mr. E. W. Bowen, who had motored to the Del Monte from the city. Mrs. Frohman, Margaret Illington, as she is better known, is taking a much needed rest after her arduous season in "The Thief."

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite and Miss Postlethwaite are at Del Monte.

Mr. J. W. Irvine and his mother, Mrs. M. Irvine, have returned after a short stay in the city.

The following San Franciscans registered at Del Monte during the week: Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Philip I. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear and George McNear, third, Dr. and and Mrs. Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr. John Marshall and Miss Marion Marshall, Mrs. Samuel Seller, Miss Alma Levison, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindeur, Mrs. A. T. Shaw and Miss Shaw, Miss L. M. Doe, Mr. J. O. Meara, Mr. M. G. Pfaff.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas and their friend, Mrs. Mortimer Smith, spent the week at Del Monte and attended the Charles Rollo Peters' New Year's eve party.

Society is looking forward to the next affair of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, and there is no doubt that the brilliancy of the first concert will be equalled if not surpassed, for Gadski's local popularity is exceptional.

The ball masque on New Year's eve, and the reception of the day following at the Presidio of Monterey, together with Charles Rollo Peters' little party and several informal hops and dinner parties at Hotel Del Monte added considerable vivacity to the social life of the peninsula.

The W. B. Wilshires, with their charming daughter, Miss Doris, have given up their Buchanan street home and are at the Victoria for the winter.

Major J. S. Parks and his daughter, Miss Genevieve, were guests at the Del Monte for the week's end and attended the reception at the Presidio. Major Parks has just got back from a flying trip to the Philippines and China, but he will be obliged to return to the Orient in the near future and in his absence he will leave his family at the Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park, and their guests, Mrs. Kate Voorhees Henry, Miss Jessup, Dr. Otto Graf, Count d' Abbons and M. Leon de Ware, were down for New Years and the week end. They were the guests of Charles Rollo Peters on New Year's eve.

Mr. Lindsay Scrutton was at Del Monte with a jolly golfing party who took advantage of the exceptionally fine weather and played enthusiastically every day. Amongst them were Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mrs. George D. Ali, Mr. Gustave Sutro and Mrs. Samuel Schwartz.

Mrs. Clement Bennett was hostess at two delightful teas on last Sunday and Monday afternoons at the Fairmont, in honor of Mrs. Charles D. Pierce of Stockton. A most delightful hour was spent on each occasion and it enabled the old friends of Mrs. Pierce, who lately returned from Europe, once more to greet her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Trounson have closed their Mill Valley place and taken apartments at the Hotel Victoria for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Joseph E. Crockett, who is soon to leave for an extended tour of the old world, was the guest of honor at Mrs. Samuel Knight's luncheon at the St. Francis. It was a farewell party, and amongst those who assembled to wish her a pleasant voyage were Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. George W. Lent, Mrs. Robert T. Woods, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. William C. Irwin, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

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FIFTH AVENUE - - NEW YORK

Stage

Satire on Family Pride

That clever English writer, St. John Hankin, seems to tread upon very delicate and dangerous ground in his comedy, "The Last of the De Mullins," which has just been produced by the London Stage Society. Presumably this is the reason why it was selected for performance. It, apparently, is a satire upon the least precious sort of family pride. Janet De Mullin is the daughter of an ancient house that has been withering in mouldy, futile, but respectable insignificance for generations. She is born with an independent spirit, an infusion of red blood, and the spirit of revolt, and so permits herself to love unwisely and too well. Being deserted by her lover —a young subaltern—and unable to conceal her lapse, she goes to London where she starts a hatshop, prospers, and boldly faces the world with her fatherless boy. By and by her parents become more or less reconciled with her, but are scandalized at the idea of a De Mullin making a living out of trade. They demand that she shall return and live in the old home, with the child, to whom the grandparents have become attached. But she finds that she can no longer exist in the ancestral atmosphere, with its old-fashioned prejudices and pride, and therefore goes back to town to fight the battle of life alone maintaining that she has been justified from the first by the maternal instinct which had prompted her. The notion that an act of folly becomes a safe or noble precedent because in a single instance its worst consequences have been avoided is, of course, ridiculous, but the modern dramatist is only too apt to mistake the meaning of the old adage that exceptions prove the rule. Mr. Hankin, it appears, found an admirable impersonator of his emancipated heroine in Lillah McCarthy.

"Brewster's Millions" at the Van Ness

The Cohan & Harris comedians, headed by Robert Ober, will present the New York, London and Chicago success, "Brewster's Millions" at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Sunday night, January 10th. "Brewster's Millions" is a dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's novel of the same name. The play deals in the frankest manner imaginable with the improbable and the impossible, and this same frankness so takes the audience off its guard that the unreal becomes real, and the smile of bland good nature engulfs every one. Montgomery Brewster's grandfather dies and leaves him a round million. Then a western uncle passes away and wills the young man seven millions providing he spends the first bequest within twelve months. A list of queer conditions are tacked on the will, but "Monty," being a good-natured young chap, sees fun ahead and takes up the gauntlet. Did you ever try to spend a million in a year? From the difficulties encountered by Brewster it would seem that the spending of ten hundred thousand dollars "legitimately" in 365 days is attended by greater hardships than is the saving of a similar amount. The engagement is limited to eight days.

The Gadski Concerts

The first of the two Sunday afternoon concerts at the Van Ness Theatre by San Francisco's favorite primadonna soprano, Mme. Johanna Gadski, will be given this Sunday afternoon, January 10th, promptly at half past two, when with the assistance of the talented pianist and composer, Mr. Frank La Forge, the artist will present one of the most attractive and interesting programs ever offered our music lovers. The first part of the program will be devoted to very old works and will be as follows: "My mother bids me bind my hair," Hadyn; "When the roses bloom" and "Menuet d' Exaudet," Reichardt; "Venez agreable printemps," Chansons of the XVIII century; "Phyllis has such charming graces," Young; "The lass with the delicate air," Arne; piano solo, "Gavotte with variations, Rameau. The second part will consist of modern songs of the romantic school and will include two by Mr. La Forge. "Die Junge None" and "Nacht und Traume," Schubert; "Stille Sicherkeit," Franz; "Ich lieb eine blume, Franz; "Evening Stillness" and "Expectancy," La Forge; "Nacht" and Zueignung," R. Strauss; piano solo, "Nocturne in F sharp major, Chopin. The third part will be entirely Wagnerian and includes "Der Engel," "Schlummerlied" and "Senta's Ballad" from "The Flying Dutchman. The second and last concert will be given the following Sunday when an equally interesting program will be given.

Gadski in Oakland

For her concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Wednesday afternoon, January 20th, at half past three, Mme. Gadski has selected a program which contains not one work of her San Francisco ones. The reason for this is that so many music lovers cross the bay to attend the concerts on this side and are disappointed when the program is repeated at the Oakland concert. This time there will be no cause for that complaint. Seats for this event will be on sale at the theatre box office Friday morning the 15th, and prices will be just the same as in San Francisco.

Belasco's "Sweet Kitty"

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which is to be given its first presentation west of Chicago next week at the Alcazar, was written by David Belasco, who found his inspiration in Egerton Castle's charming tale, "The Bath Comedy." It will be the most elaborate production ever undertaken by a stock theatre. In the cast are thirty-five speaking parts and a small army of silent supernumeraries, and each of the four acts unfolds a set of gorgeous stage pictures. As a production this play will tax to utmost



UPTON SINCLAIR

Whose play "Prince Hagen" will be given its initial production at the Valencia Theatre Monday evening.

limit the Alcazar's artistic and mechanical resources; and to give full justice to incidental and entreact music, specially composed by William Furst of New York, the orchestra will be considerably augmented. The first act takes place in the temporary officers' quarters of a British infantry regiment where a "ladies' day" is in full swing. In the second act a nobleman's sumptuous lodgings are shown, and act three takes place at a regimental ball. The final act develops at Bristol, where the troops embark for the continent in a pouring rain. This is one of the greatest evidences of Belasco's wizardry as a creator of impressive stage realism. Preceding the play is a pretty prologue addressed to the audience by a pretty girl in coquettish array. In the title part Evelyn Vaughan will have one of the most congenial roles she had ever played. The character rapidly alternates between serious and lightsome moods, and at all times is intensely engaging. In both these phases of interpretation Miss Vaughan has shown a high order of talent since she came to the Alcazar, so it will be akin to a double treat to witness her as the winsome and capricious Kitty. Her acting will be enhanced in effectiveness by her costumes, which are of the fashion worn by England's high-born dames when George the Third was king. All the other principal characters will be attired with similar faithfulness to their rank and the period and place of the play. Bertram Lytell's handsome face and figure will lose no charm by his sartorial embellishment, and the ensemble scenes, of which there are several, promise to be the most luxurious and artistic pictures ever presented in a stock theatre anywhere.

Sothern's Repertoire

The Van Ness Theatre will present its strongest offering to its patrons with the appearance of Mr. E. H. Sothern for two weeks commencing Monday, January 18th. In his first week he will appear in the three most important plays of his present repertoire: "Richard Lovelace," "Lord Dundreary" and "Hamlet." During his second week Mr. Sothern will appear as "Richelieu" for the first time. His performance of Hamlet will rank as one of the most important events of the dramatic year, and "Lord Dundreary" will doubtless excite widespread interest. Mr. Sothern presents this play just as it was presented by his father, and his impersonation of the role is looked upon as one of the most humorous creations of the present day drama. "Richard Lovelace" is the newest dramatic impersonation Sothern has given to the stage.

Sinclair's Play

After a successful run of two weeks the "College Widow" will be played for the last time at the Valencia Theatre on Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "Prince Hagen." a fantastic drama in four acts and six scenes, by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," will be presented for the first time on any stage. Those who have read the story and have been privileged to witness the rehearsals which have been progressing for several weeks predict an overwhelming success for the play. Gerald Manning, the hero. is an impoverished poet with a passion for music, particularly the Wagnerian operas, strains from which he plays on his violin while camping in the Canadian woods, where his solitude is broken in upon by a party of rich New Yorkers. After the departure of the tourists, one of whom has captivated the heart of the poet, Manning turns to his violin for solace from what he knows to be a hopeless passion. As he plays snatches from his favorite operas he is amazed to discover the Niebelungen dwarfs issuing from behind rocks and trees. They convince him that they are not creatures of the imagination, and take him with them into the cavern in the bowels of the earth. Prince Hagen, "the son of violence and crime," is now introduced. He returns to the earth with Manning, where he becomes the controller of the earth's supply of gold. The ensuing scenes are laid in a Bowery saloon, a Fifth Avenue mansion and a Newport country seat, with Prince Hagen always dominating every situation except one. He cannot win the hand of the magnate's daughter, but is eventually eliminated from the scene by being overcome by a sleeping powder and carried back to the Neibelungen cave. With Prince Hagen removed and Manning free to marry the girl of his choice, the end of the play is in keeping with the traditions of fairy lore, "and so they were happy ever after." The almost lightning changes of scene and the opportunity for brilliant stage effects of the woodland scenes bring "Prince Hagen" well within the lines of a spectacular production. The music, which will be a special feature, has been written by Herman Heller, the talented leader of the orchestra, who has been collaborating with Mr. Sinclair, himself a violinist of no small attainments. The orchestra will be augmented by French horns, oboes, bassoons and other instruments, and for this production will comprise over twenty performers chosen from amongst the best musicians obtainable. There are twenty speaking parts in the play, and the full strength of the Valencia company will be called out.

Mackenzie Gordon's Recitals

Although Mackenzie Gordon has often been heard in public here he has given very few recitals; so the announcement of two recitals in this city and one in Oakland will be welcomed by all lovers of beautiful songs perfectly rendered. As an interpreter of "lieder" Gordon ranks with such artists as De Gogorza, Hamlin and

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Bispham, and in English, Irish and Scotch "folk-songs" he has no peer. The concerts in this city will be given Tuesday night, February 9th and Sunday afternoon, February 14th, and the Oakland concert will be Friday afternoon, February 12th at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Katharine Goodson—a Great Pianist

Manager Will Greenbaum is in receipt of a letter from the violinist Arthur Hartman from Vancouver in which he writes: "I have just played the Kreutzer Sonata with Katharine Goodson and I want you to know I consider her about as perfect an artist as lives." In an interview some months ago in London Arthur Nickisch, the great conductor, said: "I have known many artists in my life, many soloists, but the true musicians I can count on the fingers of one hand: Ysaye, Paderewski, D'Albert and to these I now add Katharine Goodson. It is by reason of such reports that Manager Greenbaum claims to have in Katharine Goodson one of the very great pianists and musicians of the present day. Miss Goodson was born in England and was a pupil of Leschetizky. She will be heard in three exceptionally interesting programs at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Tuesday and Thursday nights, January 19th and 21st and Sunday afternoon, January 24th.

A Cohan Play at the American

The attraction at the American Theatre for the week beginning Sunday afternoon will be George M. Cohan's latest musical drama "50 Miles From Boston" which will be presented under the management of Cohan and Harris. Versatile Miss Hazel Lowry will appear at the head of a big company which includes such favorite players as Joseph Sparks, Suzanne Leonard Westford, W. Douglas Stevenson and Thomas Emory. The play concerns itself with the trials and triumphs of the demure little post-mistress, who is also the village beauty, and who falls in love with the hero of the Harvard Baseball Club. The entire village takes a hand in the game and it looks for a while as if poor Cupid and the post-mistress were going to come out losers. The usual rivalry for the favor of the post-mistress furnishes screamingly funny situations and brings in all the village characters, from the shy little post-mistress herself, and the complacent owner of the solitary village department store, to the haughty heiress, who went to school in Boston.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The Orpheum has certainly started the New Year most auspiciously for the present program is of exceptional merit, and next week's bill is particularly attractive. The Three Yoscarys, famed the world over as eccentric comedy acrobats, will be the headliner. Attired in modern costume and encumbered with heavy overcoats they perform marvelous athletic feats which are interspersed with a quaint and dry comedy that is irresistible. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes, refined comedians, will present a dainty comedy by Fred J. Beaman, entitled "Suppressing the Press," which has scored a great hit in the leading vaudeville theatres of the East. Rogers and Deely, who played a too short engagement of one week recently, will return with their clever and diverting skit, "The Singer and His Valet." Next week will be the last of De Biere, the marvelous illusionist, those charming terpsichorean artists, the Rooney Sisters, the famous Parisian dancers, Les Salvaggis, Hibbert and Warren, and also of that splendid light comedian, Wilfred Clarke and his clever company in the delightful comedy, "What Will Happen Next?"

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Monday Night, January 11th, and All Week, First Time in San Francisco of David Belasco's Comedy of Heart
SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS
Adapted from Egerton Castle's Famous Story, "The Bath Comedy."
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

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Beginning Sunday Night, January 10, Engagement Limited to Eight Nights, Matinee Saturday, the Cohan and Harris Comedians in Frederic Thompson's Stupendous Production,
BREWSTER'S MILLIONS
With ROBERT OBER
The same notable cast and scenic effects as seen here last season, including the GREAT YACHT SCENE.
Jan. 18—E. H. SOTHERN in "Hamlet," "Richard Lovelace," "Lord Dundreary" and "Richelieu."

PRINCESS THEATRE PHONE WEST 663
S. LOVERICH, MANAGER
Ellis Street, near Fillmore
Absolutely Class "A" Building
Matinee, Saturday and Sunday
This and Next Week
KOLB & DILL
In Their Latest and Greatest Hit
THE POLITICIANS
Book by Aaron Hoffman—Music by J. A. Raynes.
Prices—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (Except Sundays and Holidays, 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM
Ellis Street, near Fillmore
Absolutely Class "A" Bldg
Phone West 6000
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
THE THREE YOSCARYS, Europe's Foremost Athletic Eccentrics; MR. and MRS. GENE HUGHES, in the Dainty Playlet, "Suppressing the Press"; ROGERS & DEELY, "The Singer and his Valet," This Week Only; The Mysterious De BIERE; LES SALVAGGIS; THE ROONEY SISTERS; HIBBERT & WARREN; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Great Comedy Triumph WILFRED CLARKE & CO. in "What Will Happen Next?"
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE
Valencia Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Phone Market 17
Saturday and Sunday Afternoons and Evenings, Last Times of "The College Widow."
Commencing Monday Evening, January 11, First Production on Any Stage of
PRINCE HAGEN
A Fantastic Drama by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," Presented by the Valencia Stock Company, Including Robert Warwick and Blanche Stoddard. Special Music Composed by Herman Heller and Played by an Orchestra of Twenty.
Regular Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, Prices 25c to 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.

AMERICAN THEATRE
Market St., nr. Seventh Phone Market 381
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, January 10th, Cohan and Harris Present
GEORGE M. COHAN'S
Rural Rustic Musical Play
FIFTY MILES FROM BOSTON
A Fetching Cohan Chorus.
Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. No higher. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Next: FLORENCE ROBERTS.

FREE FOR LADIES
MONDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 11th
At 2:30 O'Clock
GOLDEN GATE HALL
2137 SUTTER STREET, Bet. Steiner and Pierce
Scientific Lectures in English on
BEAUTY CULTURE
And
FACIAL BLEMISHES
By
Prof. Cristion, M.D., A.M.
Late of the Paris Academy of Sciences
Beauty doctor to Mmes. Bernhardt, Nordica, Patti and Langtry, assisted by one of the most beautiful women of her age, MME. L. M. MAYE. Monday afternoon, lecture is free.
Tuesday afternoon, admission, 50 cents.




The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing Correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We shall also start a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. Such questions will be answered in the following issue.

THE BUSINESS OR LOUNGE SUIT AND ITS DUTIES

This suit is to be worn for business, lounge and street. Scarcely ever has there been so much discussion in regard to the proper styles for the business suit, as at the present time. The public mind is so to say perplexed by the many styles shown in the window of the clothier, as well as by the tailors who make clothes to order. One will find in either place quite unobstrusive styles fit for men of refinement, men who think anything away from the plain or conservative, to be foppish. And one will find freak clothes, so-called on account of this freakish appearance. These clothes have an abundance of cuffs, scollopped flaps, pearl buttons, and velvet trimmings. These suits are often mistaken for "college clothes," which is decidedly a misnomer, for should one look down, from the heights of Ithaca into Cornell university or visit Harvard or Yale College, no exaggerated clothes at all would be discovered, and the only chance to have one of these college men wear a freak suit would be to have him first knocked senseless.

A Modish suit is not an embodiment of queer pockets, slits or extreme effect, but on the contrary it should have an individuality due to originality of the designer and the tailor.

Coat. Sack coat either single or double breasted.

Waistcoat. To match coat or fancy waistcoat.

Trousers. If with single breasted coat to match, if with double breasted of same or different material.

Hat. Derby or Alpine.

Shirt. Stiff or pleated, colored, with cuffs attached.

Collar. Fold or wing.

Cravat. Four-in-hand tie or once over.

Gloves. Tan Cape or Reindeer.

Boots. Buttoned calf, high laced calf or Russet high or low.

Jewelry. Gold links or studs.

The shoulders to be of material width and braced with the concave effect, while pugilistic effect should be avoided and so should the narrow or sloping shoulder for neither will "go" with the **American man.**

Length of coat for average height man between 30 and 31 inches. Preferably single breasted except for very tall and slender men who look decidedly better in a double breasted sack suit. No collar on waistcoat.

Trousers full over hips to fall straight from hips to bottom, cuffs permissible.

In the Limelight

Mme. Gadski will be the second attraction for the series of concerts given by the "St. Francis Musical Art Society." The date is Thursday evening the 14th. The subscription list or rather membership list is now completely filled and for next season there will be no chance to secure memberships excepting in cases of resignation. The directors have empowered Manager Greenbaum to proceed with securing the greatest talent available for the season of 1909 and 1910.

The unusual success achieved by Eugene Walter's drama, "Paid in Full," when it was seen here a few weeks since appears to act as a strong lever in awakening interest in "The Wolf" which will be seen here very soon. "The Wolf" is the second of Walter's plays.

The final performance of "Ben Hur" will be given at the Van Ness Theatre this Saturday night. The Klaw and Erlanger production has been making new records in point of attendance during the past two weeks.

A starry season is ahead for the patrons of the Van Ness. The notable list of bookings includes E. H. Sothern, Lillian Russell, Richard Carle, Marie Doro, Elthel Barrymore, John Drew, Billie Burke and Maude Adams.

Two leading women, Miss Gladys Hanson and Miss Virginia Hammond, will appear with the big company coming here in support of E. H. Sothern.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"
and Mamma's greatest comfort. **Mennen's** relieves and prevents **Chapped Hands and Chafing.**
For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox,"** with **Mennen's** face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—*Sample free.*
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Freshcut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } *No*
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } *Samples*
Specially prepared for the nursery. **Sold only at Stores.**

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TAYLOR & SINCLAIR CO.
INTERIOR DECORATORS BUSH AT VAN NESS

The Tall Woman

(Continued from Page 10.)

the better of my weakness; to dissemble and hide that wretched fear; not to hasten my pace, but to keep on advancing slowly, even at the cost of years of health or life, and in this way, little by little, to go on getting nearer to my house, exerting myself to the utmost not to fall fainting on the ground before I reached it.

"'I was walking along in this way—I must have taken about twenty steps after leaving behind me the door-way where the woman with the fan was hidden, when suddenly a horrible idea came to me—horrible, yet very natural nevertheless—the idea that I would look back to see if my enemy was following me. One thing or the other I thought, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning: either my alarm has some foundation or it is madness; if it has any foundation, this woman will have started after me, will be overtaking me, and there is no hope for me on earth. But if it is madness, a mere supposition, a panic fright like any other, I will convince myself of it in the present instance, and for every case that may occur hereafter, by seeing that that poor old woman has stayed in that door-way to protect herself from the cold, or to wait till the door is opened; and thereupon I can go on to my house in perfect tranquillity, and I shall have cured myself of a fancy that causes me great mortification.

"'This reasoning gone through with, I made an extraordinary effort and turned my head. Ah, Gabriel!—Gabriel! how fearful it was! The tall woman had followed me with silent tread, was right over me, almost touching me with her fan, almost leaning her head on my shoulder.

"'I could never tell you all I thought in a single moment. If the truth must be told, I gave a scream and flew away like a child of four years who thinks he sees the Black Man. I did not stop running until I got out into Montera Street. Once there, my fear left me like magic.

"'Just then I saw a policeman coming up Caballero de Gracia Street, and I shouted to him without stirring from my place. I told him that there was a man dressed as a woman in Jardines Street. I directed him to go round by the way of Peligros and Aduana streets, while I would remain where I was, and in that way the fellow, who was probably a thief or murderer, could not escape us. The policeman did as I said. He went through Aduana Street, and as soon as I saw his lantern coming along Jardines Street I also went up it resolutely.

"'We soon met at about the middle of the block, without either of us having encountered a soul, although we had examined door after door.

"'"He has got into some house," said the policeman.

"'That must be so, I replied, opening my door with the fixed purpose of moving to some other street the next day.

"'A few moments later I was in my room; I always carried my latch-key, so as not to have to disturb my good Jose. Nevertheless, he was waiting for me that night. My misfortunes of the 15th and 16th of November were not yet ended.

"'What has happened? I asked him, in surprise.

"'"Major Falcon was here," he replied, with evident agitation, "waiting for you from eleven till half-past two, and he told me that, if you came home to sleep, you had better not undress, as he would be back at daybreak."

"'Those words left me trembling with grief and alarm, as if they had predicted my own death to me. I knew that my beloved father, at his home in Jaen, had been suffering frequent and dangerous attacks of his chronic disease. I had written to my brothers that, if there should be a sudden and fatal termination of the sickness, they were to telegraph Major Falcon, who would inform me in some suitable way. I had not the slightest doubt, therefore, that my father had died.

"'I sat down in an arm-chair to wait for the morning and my friend, and, with them, the news of my great misfortune. God only knows what I suffered in those two cruel hours of waiting.

"'Precisely at six Major Falcon came into my room, and looked at me in silence. I threw myself into his arms, weeping bitterly, and he exclaimed, caressing me:

"'"Yes, my dear fellow, weep, weep."

II.

"My fried Telesforo," Gabriel went on, "also rested a moment when he reached this point, and then he proceeded as follows:

"'If my story ended here, perhaps you would not find anything extraordinary or supernatural in it. You would say to me the same thing that men of good judgment said to me at that time: that every one who has a lively imagination is subject to some impulse of fear or other; that mine came from belated, solitary women, and that the old creature of Jardines Street was only some homeless waif who was going to beg of me when I screamed and ran.

"'For my part, I tried to believe that it was so. I even came to believe it at the end of several months. Still, I would have given years of my life to be sure that I was not again to encounter the tall woman. But, today, I would give every drop of my blood to be able to meet her again.'

"What for?

"'To kill her on the spot.'

"I do not understand you.

"'You will understand me when I tell you that I did meet her again, three weeks ago, a few hours before I had the fatal news of my poor Joaquina's death.'

DIVIDEND NOTICE

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, Market and Sansome Sts. Branches: 624 Van Ness Ave. and 3039 Sixteenth St. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this Bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. B. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth—(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco). For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. W. E. PALMER, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1909. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street, Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street near Twenty-second. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Bank of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. Money deposited before January 10th will draw interest from January 1, 1909. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), northwest corner California and Montgomery Streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1st. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco, Cal. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. A. SBARBORO, President, A. E. SBARBORO, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones Sts. (Members of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.) San Francisco, December 28, 1908. At a meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1908, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1909. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts and become a part thereof and will earn dividend from January 1, 1909. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1909, will draw interest from January 1, 1909. R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4823, N. S. Dept. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased, having presented his Petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of the Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said Petition mentioned and set forth:

And said Petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 11th day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

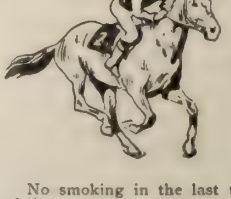
It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, at San Francisco, this 4th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 5, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk. 1-9-5



RACING

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Six races each week day, rain or shine. First Race at 1:40 p. m.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market street; leave at 12 M.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M.

No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

"Tell me about it, tell me about it!

"'There is little more to tell. It was five o'clock in the morning. It was not yet fully light, though the dawn was visible from the streets looking towards the east. The street-lamps had just been put out, and the policemen had withdrawn. As I was going through Prado Street, so as to get to the other end of Lobo Street, the dreadful woman crossed in front of me. She did not look at me, and I thought she had not seen me.

"'She wore the same dress and carried the same fan as three years before. My trepidation and alarm were greater than ever. I ran rapidly across Prado Street as soon as she had passed, although I did not take my eyes off her, so as to make sure that she did not look back, and, when I had reached the other end of Lobo Street, I panted as if I had just swum an impetuous stream. Then I pressed on with fresh speed towards home, filled now with gladness rather than fear, for I thought that the hateful witch had been conquered and shorn of her power, from the very fact that I had been so near her and yet that she had not seen me.

"'But soon, and when I had almost reached this house, a rush of fear swept over me, in the thought that the crafty old hag had seen and recognized me, that she had made a pretence of not knowing me so as to let me get into Lobo Street, where it was still rather dark, and where she might set upon me in safety, that she would follow me, that she was already over me.

"'Upon this, I looked around—and there she was! There at my shoulder, almost touching me with her clothes, gazing at me with her horrible little eyes, displaying the gloomy cavern of her mouth, fanning herself in a mocking manner, as if to make fun of my childish alarm.

"'I passed from dread to the most furious anger, to savage and desperate rage. I dashed at the heavy old creature. I flung her against the wall. I put my hand to her throat. I felt of her face, her breast, the straggling locks of her gray hair, until I was thoroughly convinced that she was a human being—a woman.

"'Meanwhile she had uttered a howl which was hoarse and piercing at the same time. It seemed false and feigned to me, like the hypocritical expression of a fear which she did not really feel. Immediately afterwards she exclaimed, making believe cry, though she was not crying, but looking at me with her hyena eyes:

"'"Why have you picked a quarrel with me?"

"'This remark increased my fright and weakened my wrath.

"'Then you remember, I cried, that you have seen me somewhere else.

"'"I should say so, my dear," she replied, mockingly. "Saint Eugene's night, in Jardines Street, three years ago."

"'My very marrow was chilled.

"'But who are you? I asked, without letting go of her. Why do you follow me? What business have you with me?

"'"I am a poor weak woman," she answered, with a devilish leer. "You hate me, and you are afraid of me without any reason. If not, tell me, good sir, why you were so frightened the first time you saw me."

"'Because I have loathed you ever since I was born. Because you are the evil spirit of my life.

"'"It seems, then, that you have known me for a long time. Well, look, my son, so have I known you."

"'You have known me? How long?

"'"Since before you were born! And when I saw you pass by me, three years ago, I said to myself, that's the one."

"'But what am I do you? What are you to me?

"'"The devil!" replied the hag, spitting full in my face, freeing herself from my grasp, and running away with amazing swiftness. She held her skirts higher than her knees, and her feet did not make the slightest noise as they touched the ground.

"'It was madness to try to catch her. Besides, people were already passing through the Carrera de San Jeronimo, and in Prado Street, too. It was broad daylight. The tall woman kept on running, or flying, as far as Huertas Street, which was now lighted up by the sun. There she stopped to look back at me. She waved her closed fan at me once or twice, threateningly, and then disappeared around a corner.

"'Wait a little longer, Gabriel. Do not yet pronounce judgment in this case, where my life and soul are concerned. Listen to me two minutes longer.

"'When I entered my house I met Colonel Falcon, who had just come to tell me that my Joaquina, my betrothed, all my hope and happiness and joy on earth, had died the day before in Santa Agueda.'"

III.

"I will spare you, my dear friends," continued Gabriel, "the arguments and remarks which I used to see if I could not calm Telesforo, for they are the same, precisely the same, which you are preparing now to advance to prove that there is nothing supernatural or superhuman in my story."

"Well, listen a few minutes longer, and you will see that I was mistaken at the time, as you are mistaken now. The one who unfortunately made no mistake was Telesforo. A few days after that conversation with Telesforo I was sent to the province of Albacete in my capacity as engineer of the mountain corps. Not many weeks had passed before I learned, from a contractor for public works, that my unhappy friend had been attacked by a dreadful form of jaundice.

"After an absence of five months I returned to Madrid the same day that the telegraph brought the news of the battle of Tetuan. I remember it as if it were yesterday. That night



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It has proven of great value in the Home as

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In Costliest Gown,
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STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

OF

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(A CORPORATION)

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

And Where Said Assets Are Situated

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1908

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States ($5,885,000.00), of the District of Columbia, guaranteed by the United States Government ($475,000.00), of the State of California ($250,000.00) and Municipalities thereof $1,598,800.00), the actual value of which is		$10,226,503.87
2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks		1,643,665.00
3—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is		6,322,960.00

They are:
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($475,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds' ($108,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" $249,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of Caliifornia 5 per cent Bonds" ($29,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($1,130,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company first Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($753,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,500,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($484,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is		33,894,892.12

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is		227,529.00

The condition of the said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroads and Quasi-public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($172,202.41), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($27,383.29), Alameda ($23,063.52), and San Mateo ($2,251.57), in this State, the actual value of which is		224,900.79
(b) The land and building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is		958,108.05

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Contingent Fund—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes	$148,014.68	
Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds	102,877.84	
Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year, 1908-1909, chargeable to next year	45,054.81	295,947.33
Total Assets		$53,794,506.16

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is		$50,137,447.14
2—Accrued Interest—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes	$148,014.68	
Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds	102,877.84	-250,892.52
3—Taxes—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year, 1908-1909, chargeable to next year		45,054.81
4—Reserve Fund, Actual Value		3,361,111.69
Total Liabilities		$53,794,506.16

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO—ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of January, 1909.
CHARLES T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

I bought the indispensable Correspondencia de Espana, and the first thing I read in it was the notice of Telesforo's death. His friends were invited to the funeral the following morning.

"You will be sure that I was present. As we arrived at the San Luis cemetery, whither I rode in one of the carriages nearest the hearse, my attention was called to a peasant woman. She was old and very tall. She was laughing sacrilegiously as she saw them taking out the coffin. Then she placed herself in front of the pall-bearers in a triumphant attitude and pointed out to them with a very small fan the passage-way they were to take to reach the open and waiting grave.

"At the first glance I perceived, with amazement and alarm, that she was Telesforo's implacable enemy. She was just as he had described her to me—with her enormous nose, her devilish eyes, her awful mouth, her percale handkerchief, and that diminutive fan which seemed in her hands the sceptre of indecency and mockery.

"She immediately observed that I was looking at her, and fixed her gaze upon me in a peculiar manner, as if recognizing me, as if letting me know that she recognized me, as if acquainted with the fact that the dead man had told me about the scenes in Jardines Street and Lobo Street, as if defying me, as if declaring me the inheritor of the hate which she had cherished for my unfortunate friend.

"I confess that at the time my fright was greater than my wonder at those new coincidences and accidents. It seemed evident to me that some supernatural relation, antercedent to earthly life, had existed between the mysterious old woman and Telesforo. But for the time being my sole concern was about my own life, my own soul, my own happiness—all of which would be exposed to the greatest peril if I should really inherit such a curse.

"The tall woman began to laugh. She pointed at me contemptuously with the fan, as if she had read my thoughts and were publicly exposing my cowardice. I had to lean on a friend's arm to keep myself from falling. Then she made a pitying or disdainful gesture, turned on her heels, and went into the cemetery. Her head was turned towards me. She fanned herself and nodded to me at the same time. She sidled along among the graves with an indescribable, infernal coquetry until at last she disappeared forever in that labyrinth of tombs.

"I say forever, since fifteen years have passed and I have never seen her again. If she was a human being she must have died before this; if she was not, I rest in the conviction that she despised me too much to meddle with me.

"Now, then, bring on your theories! Give me your opinion about these strange events. Do you still regard them as entirely natural?"

Taft's Secretary of State

(Continued from page 9.)

and postponed a final hearing indefinitely. Mr. Knox, however, had prepared for this contingency. He had secured the passage through Congress of an act allowing but sixty days in which to take an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, and also providing that in cases of this character, where the public interest is great, hearing shall be expedited, and a final decision speedily reached. The case was appealed and it was argued before the Supreme Court for the Government by Mr. Knox personally. On March 14, 1904, the court handed down its opinion, sustaining in every particular the contentions of the Government.

Senator Knox's dearest fad is horses, and the span he drives in Washington is said to have cost him several thousand dollars more than the Count of Monte Cristo paid for the span with which he once dazzled Paris. He also likes to play poker, golf and billiards. It is not of record that he has ever said or done a foolish thing in his public career. He carefully counts his words for public consumption. When a man becomes accustomed to receiving large sums of money for his opinion he becomes chary about venting them loosely. Mr. Knox is no more sensational than a safe-deposit vault. He has never coined but one phrase, or, more precisely, given a new application to an old phrase, that has met with temporary but widespread popularity. After the Norther Securities case had been decided in favor of the Government, capital was alarmed, and the then attorney-general promised that the Department of Justice would not "run amuck" against great corporations. The phrase was quickly caught up and had its brief day, but was presently overshadowed by the fresh coinage from the White House mint.

D. B. Farmer, one of the Pioneer Automobile men of Oakland, has joined the selling forces of the Thomas and Chalmers-Detroit cars in the trans-bay city and will devote his time to promoting the interests of the Pioneer Automobile Company with the Oaklandites. Farmer has had several years' experience in the motor trade, during which time he has handled nearly every make of car on the market.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Murine Doesn't Smart—It Soothes Eye Pain.
Try Murine For Your Eyes.

W. M. Hale, a prominent motorist of Sacramento, is the latest purchaser of a Chalmers-Detroit 40 horsepower touring car. The Capital City automobile enthusiast took delivery of his car and expects to do a great deal of touring this winter.

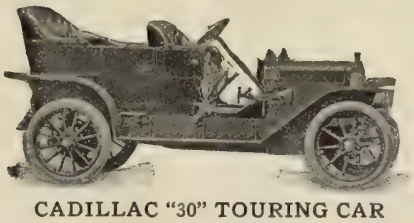
Although the roads between this city and Eureka, Humboldt County, are far from enjoyable to the motorist at any season of the year, the roads within that county are declared to be well constructed and maintained. The Howard Automobile Company reports the delivery of four Buick automobiles to residents of that county. Dr. H. G. Gross of Eureka purchased two Buicks, a "White Streak" runabout and a two-cylinder touring car. L. B. Compton drives a Buick four-cylinder roadster and C. E. Gray bought a "White Streak."

Packard = Cadillac

All That is Best in Motor Car Construction



PACKARD '09 TOURING CAR



CADILLAC "30" TOURING CAR

30 horsepower, four cylinder, 5 passenger, $1550.00

Cuyler Lee

453 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE SAN FRANCISCO

ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

OLDSMOBILE

We beg to announce arrival
1909 Oldsmobile, December 15th

The following complete line of 1909 models will be on exhibition on the above date. Every one of these cars is representative of the factory that makes it:

Model X Special Runabout	$2000
Model D Palace Touring Car	2750
Model D Toy Tonneau	2750
Model DR Flying Roadster	2750
Model DR Detachable Tonneau	2750
Model Z Touring Car, 6-Cylinder	4200
Model Z Runabout, 6-Cylinder	4200

Besides Limousine and Landaulet Bodies.

The 1909 Oldsmobile contains all that has made the car famous in the past, together with the improvements in keeping with the largest and most extensive factory in the country. Recognized the world over for durability. Investigate.

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524 Twentieth St., Oakland 901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

Ninety-Third Half-Yearly Report

OF THE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

Northwest Corner California and Montgomery Streets

SWORN STATEMENT

OF THE

CONDITION AND VALUE OF ITS ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

At the close of business December 31, 1908

ASSETS

Loans secured by first lien on real estate wholly within the State of California	$13,259,776.21
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of approved bonds and stocks	911,154.91
Bonds of the municipalities and school districts of the State of California, railroad bonds and bonds and stocks of local corporations, the value of which is	9,183,133.00
Bank premises	700,000.00
Other real estate in the State of California	724,524.70
Furniture and fixtures	500.00
Cash in vault and in bank	1,420,408.37
Total Assets	$26,199,497.19

LIABILITIES

Due depositors	$23,991,448.07
Capital paid up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and contingent funds	1,205,846.26
General tax account, balance undisbursed	2,202.86
Total Liabilities	$26,199.497.19

San Francisco, December 31, 1908.

(Signed) E. B. POND,
President.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE,
Cashier.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO—ss

We do solemnly swear that we have (and each of us has) a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report, and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained is true, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

(Signed) E. B. POND.
(Signed) LOVELL WHITE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of December, 1908.

(Seal) (Signed) FRANK L. OWEN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909.

Money deposited during first ten (10) days of January will receive interest from January 1st.

Auto Notes

There are no hills in San Francisco, according to Jack Costello. The well known automobile man has just taken delivery of a 1909 Thomas 6-cylinder touring car. "The earthquake leveled all the hills," said Costello yesterday. "All I do is to put on the high speed lever and go. There do not seem to be any hills for my car. We take them all just as fast as it is safe to travel. I do not know how fast the car will go because I am afraid to let her out. I have had the speedometer to 68 miles, and then I could not see the road. The machine can undoubtedly go faster, but not when I am at the wheel."

That the public in general throughout the United States has taken a greater interest in the Studebaker E-M-F "30" cars than any one of the other many makes, has been conclusively proven by Automobile Topics, one of the leading automobile magazines, through a subscriber's convenience plan which was tried during the months of October and November. The scheme of Automobile Topics consisted of offering to furnish subscribers with catalogues of any of the many automobiles that are on the market today, free of charge, simply upon request from a subscriber. Letters from all parts of the country requesting catalogues of different cars at once began to pour into the editorial rooms of Topics. In the December 19th issue of the magazine, the editors print a tabulated result of these inquiries and according to this tabb the studebaker E-M-F "30" cars have aroused more general interest than any one of the other popular cars on the market today. The rating of the Studebaker E-M-F "30" stood 24 as against 21, the latter figure being scored by three other makes. Automobile Topics will continue this feature for the benefit of their subscribers.

The Southern Pacific Company purchased a Studebaker "30" from the branch of the Studebaker Bros. Company of California last Monday to be used by the Kern Oil & Trading Company of Southern California in and around McKittrick. The machine, which is to be driven by M. E. Lombardi, will be taken overland to the district in which it is to be used.

Mr. Truxton Beale has purchased from Cuyler Lee the fourth Packard 3-ton Truck to be sold in San Francisco. The Packard Motor Car Co. has spent five years developing this truck which sustains the reputation of the name it bears. Express companies are close students of transportation and ways and means and this same truck is used in New York City by the Adams Express Co.

The first shipment of 1909 Oldsmobiles which have arrived at the Pioneer Automobile Company have created a great deal of interest along Automobile Row. The new 35 horsepower runabout, which sells for $2150, being of special interest as it is the latest addition to the well known Lansing factory to reach this city. The new car is rated at 50 miles per hous.

Andrew Carnegie, according to a letter which was received recently by the local Studebaker people, has personally endorsed the Studebaker automobile, saying he believed the company manufactures the best machine that is on the market today. The letter containing this information also stated that out of ten automobiles which the magnate owns, Mrs. Carnegie's favorite car was the Studebaker.

Mr. H. S. Deming of Santa Cruz has taken delivery from Cuyler Lee of his Packard "18" touring car. Mr. Deming is an enthusiastic motorist, driving his own car the greater part of the time and anticipates a great deal of pleasure with his Packard during the coming season.

Word received from Bert Dingley by the Pioneer Automobile Company says that business in the southern part of the State promises to be good next season. According to the well known racing driver the market for Thomas and Chalmers-Detroit cars should be good in 1909, a great many inquiries having already been made for particulars of the new cars.

It is not very often Santa Claus is impersonated by a young lady, but this Christmas Eve in San Francisco Miss Franc Merchante with a party of friends, in her Packard "18" touring car, visited the Infants Shelter with a load of toys and good things which make little hearts glad and little eyes glisten and which undoubtedly did all this for the little inmates.

M. W. Levy, whose wealth is estimated in the seven figures and more, is planning one of the most extensive automobile tours that has ever been undertaken by a Californian. In a few weeks he will leave for the islands where he with his family will spend several weeks in touring wherever it is possible for him to pilot his specially constructed Studebaker "40." On leaving the islands the well-known millionaire will take a steamer to Central America and will tour all through the portion of the country, Mexico, and the southern part of the United States, after which he will return to San Francisco by way of Los Angeles. Mr. Levy has been planing for his coming trip for several months and he and the members of his family are looking forward to it with the greatest anticipations.

Mr. Stewart S. Hawley of Oakland has just returned from Mexico and will now put into active service the '09 Packard "18" touring car just purchased from Cuyler Lee.

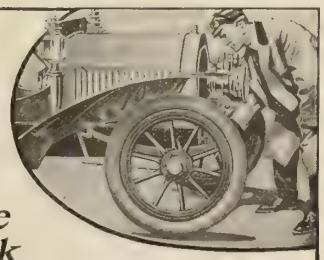
The Pioneer Automobile Company reports the following sales: F. A. Keith, a six-cylinder forty horsepower Thomas Flyer, Douglas Watson, a Chalmers-Detroit "30," and Charles Wheeler, a Chalmers-Detroit "30."

Mr. E. A. Waterman of Fresno has become the proud possessor of a Cadillac "30" demonstrator.

"Almost without exception, the products of fine engineering involve compromises," says Chester N. Weaver, manager of the local branch of the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California, "and next to a battleship, I believe a real touring car designed for the purpose, represents the most difficult of engineering compromises. It is easy enough to get power at the expense of convenience or lightness at the expense of comfort. If the real engineering advantages are disregarded it is a simple task to give the steering column a little more or a little less slant; to modify the form of the spring, the wheel base and track, or to put the dash here, there or anywhere to suit the casual critic on the street who usually voices the accumulation of various ideas which the last few automobile salesmen have communicated to him. It is quite another matter to take all these elements; to consider all these ideas and to mold from them a touring car really designed for touring. For a car of this character the primary considerations are comfort and reliability. There must be power enough and the car must be light enough to be easy on tires at a moderate cost. None of those elements should be unduly sacrificed to the other. In the designing room the ruling question should be: 'What shall we do to make the car serviceable and the best possible for the purpose intended?' The accentuation of any one element at the sacrifice of some other is the easiest and laziest kind of engineering. It is an entirely different matter to recognize all the essentials so that each will be presented in its proper proportion to meet to the best advantage the particular requirements for which the car is intended. If these essentials are not watched with the greatest care the car when completed will have become the victim of some engineer's vanity and the manufacturer may find himself with a car on hand encumbered with a useless novelty which was ingrafted on it as a selling measure.

Mrs. G. Nicbaum has just received her Packard "30" 1909 Landaulet from Cuyler Lee.

The Oil You Can Feel At the Crank



The slighest "feel" of the crank proves the perfection of ZEROLENE Auto Lubricating Oil. There is no carbon deposit to foul the cylinders and spark-plugs; no possibility of anything but perfect lubrication in any gasoline engine, regardless of type, temperature or season.

ZEROLENE

Auto-Lubricating Oil

differs from all other oils in being non-carbonizing, and in "working" with uniform certainty both in midsummer heat and in zero weather. ZEROLENE is the only oil with these characteristics, and is produced in only one place.

Absolutely free from all trace of acid.

Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Studebaker

Sturdiness, Speed and Style

—suggest a few reasons for the large number of STUDEBAKER automobiles seen in constant service throughout the country. One reasonable cause for the success of the STUDEBAKER concern is that they have been constructing vehicles for pleasure and commercial purposes for many decades and all false theories have been eliminated. Demonstrations at any time in any of our various gasoline and electric models.

Studebaker Bros. of California

Phone Douglas 3000 **Mission at Fremont**

Letters

A Villainless Novel

Stewart Edward White is credited with an intention of springing something entirely novel upon the literary world, a villainless novel. It is probable that Mr. White has put forth no such claim, since the gist of the interview from which the scare head was evolved makes him responsible only for saying that in his next venture he will set forth a plot in which there will be conflict but the characters will not be conscious of wrong-doing. It will probably be a romance of land-grabbing. Mr. White does not, himself, endorse the grabbing of territory, but is of the opinion that if we could move ourselves backward for about two generations, and, of course, obliterate the wisdom which experience has garnered in the meantime, we should see that wasteful as methods were, the waste was inevitable.

Vacation Journeys for Boys

Everett T. Tomlinson two years ago started four boys on a series of vacation journeys in their own country. They were recent graduates of the same preparatory school and came from approximately the four sections of the United States. Each was intensely partisan as regarded his own home district and densely ignorant of all the rest, and each determined to prove to his comrades the correctness of his own point of view. The result was that in the first volume of the series New England, New York and Virginia had their eyes opened to the importance of the Lake traffic, the size of the cities bordering on the inland waterways, and the magnificence of the west. In the second book the south and its history, together with the ideals and courtesies of the old-time gentlemen, were exploited. Now the four have camped in Oklahoma with real Indian guides and helpers and sailed down the Mississippi past Memphis, Port Hudson and other battlegrounds and heard true stories of heroism even if not at first hand. The boys are growing in dignity and though Scott is still reminded of "stories" and Larcum still given to bragging somewhat, there is a decided improvement in their speech and manners. Larcum, having no head for books, has been wisely put to work and holds an "important" office position in the railroad company of which his father is president. Mr. Tomlinson is succeeding in his object, which is to familiarize the boys of the present generation with the facts that their fathers and grandfathers learned without this sugar coating to the pill. Like most of the good boy juveniles the Four Boys series is published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

"Friendship Village"

"Of the making of books there is no end." Solomon, in his wisdom, refrained from qualifying, however, and the good books, now as then, were few and far between. "Friendship Village" is decidedly one of those few—one of the rare volumes to be placed side by side with the immortal "Cranford," read and read again, taken in hand at odd minutes, to be glanced at, or only held while thoughts and memories are evoked. Miss Zona Gale tells us that there is no "Friendship" on any map, and that the dear, delightful characters live nowhere on this earth, and yet there will be few merging upon middle age who will not find shadowy recollections haunting them, and those who have lived in small communities, whether for longer or less time, under circumstances which have tended to accentuate surroundings will have their own "Oldmoxon House," and Proudfit family, their Liberty sisters, their "Mis" Holcomb-that-Was-Mame-Bliss," and let us hope, their Calliope March. "Friendship Village" is one of the books that must be read to be appreciated. It would be easy enough to outline the dedication of the new church, the Thanksgiving dinner, the odd Christmas celebration, all under the direction of the energetic Calliope. One could garble the account of Emerel Kitton's debut, and leave only the bare bones or turn the Lonesome Ones into a paragraph to be giggled over and forgotten, for there is not so much of plot or back bone to any of the incidents which, woven together, make up the village chronicles. It is the sympathetic touch, the ability to cross over to the other side and see things from the village standpoint, which makes the charm of the narratives. There is scarcely a page which does not conceal a smile. Who, for instance, could resist the appeal of "Mrs. Ricker and Kitton, washens, scrubben, work by the day or Our," who, having decided to give a party, conceived the brilliant idea of enjoying her funeral flowers betimes and so inserted her notice in the paper, "All that would give flowers when dead please send same anyhow and not expected to send same if we do die afterward." And there's "P. Bemus, Retail Sawmiller," and the Liberties who, having raised poultry "from egg to axe," could not bring themselves to the cannibalism of enjoying the fricassee, and the Married Ladies Cemetery Improvement Sodality, which held a rummage sale and—I do not mean to tell what happened there. Perhaps some casual browser over magazines will recall the description of a woman, always attired in red calico till "she looked like a tomato ketchup bottle, with her apron for the label." She's here, and so is "Mis' Banker Mason" with the black and white foulard she bought "when Gran-ma Mason first hurt her back, so if anything happened she'd be in part mourning, an' if anything didn't she' have a nice dress to wear out places. Ain't it real convenient, white standin' for both companies and the tomb, so?" And "Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman" who couldn't afford to cast aside her mourning while fashions were such that her best could be cut over and who yet, would not disregard the conventions and appear at "companies" in her weeds, despite the desire of her heart for the good things. The quaint usages and survivals of the Friendship Villagers side by side with trolley cars, automobiles, telephones and daily train service make a delicious contrast. Every book that is worthy of the name belongs by right of its individuality to a certain class of readers. Those who can put forth the proper claim in this instance will find themselves in possession of what must prove to them a perpetual delight, and if there is anything in heredity, to their heirs and assigns hereafter. Published by Macmillan.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of Janaury, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

MEMORANDUM

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

Louis Crepaux

(Member of Paris Grand Opera)

Has removed to his new studio,

Delbert Block, 943 Van Ness avenue, cor. O'Farrell.

Reception hours: 11:30 to 12, 3:30 to 5. except Wednesdays. Wednesdays in Oakland, 1154 Brush street.

Emil Steinegger

PIANOFORTE PLAYING

924 Grove St (above Fillmore), San Francisco.

For appointments phone Merritt 2845

Thursdays, 2701 Regent St., Berkeley

Mackenzie Gordon

TENOR

TEACHER OF SINGING { in all its branches, from the rudiments of tone formation to the highest finish and Completion of Public Singing.

Oratorio, Opera and Concert

By appointment only Phone Franklin 3594

Studio: 1350 FRANKLIN ST.

Louis H. Eaton

Organist and Director of the Music Trinity Church

Teacher of

PIANO, ORGAN, SINGING

1678 Broadway Phone Franklin 2244

Donald Maclean

SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske

Henri Etlin

PIANO—First Prize Paris Conservatoire

STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Has removed his Law Offices to the

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

Knight & Heggerty

ATTORNEYS AT LAW and

PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY

MERCHANTS EXCHANGE BLDG., S. F.

Rooms 626 and 630



DOWN TOWN NOW

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO. are now in their new store, 181 Post St., near Grant Ave. The Fillmore Street store is closed.

PATRICK & CO.

RUBBER STAMPS

STENCILS, SEALS, SIGNS & ETC.

126 BUSH ST. SAN FRANCISCO

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California. in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny Street, S. F. 11-21-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff,
378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

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PAPER

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT JOHN SCHERZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Albert Scherzer and Ada C. Brown, Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator and Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Neal Power, room 204, No. 250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

ALBERT SCHERZER,
ADA C. BROWN.

Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed, of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 16, 1908.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for Administrator,
250 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and
THEO. J. ROCHE, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN LUDWIG UMBACH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Ludwig Umbach, deceased.

EMILY MARY UMBACH,

Executrix of the last Will of Christian Ludwig Umbach, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 3, 1908.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., San Francisco,
Attorney for Executrix. 12-12-5

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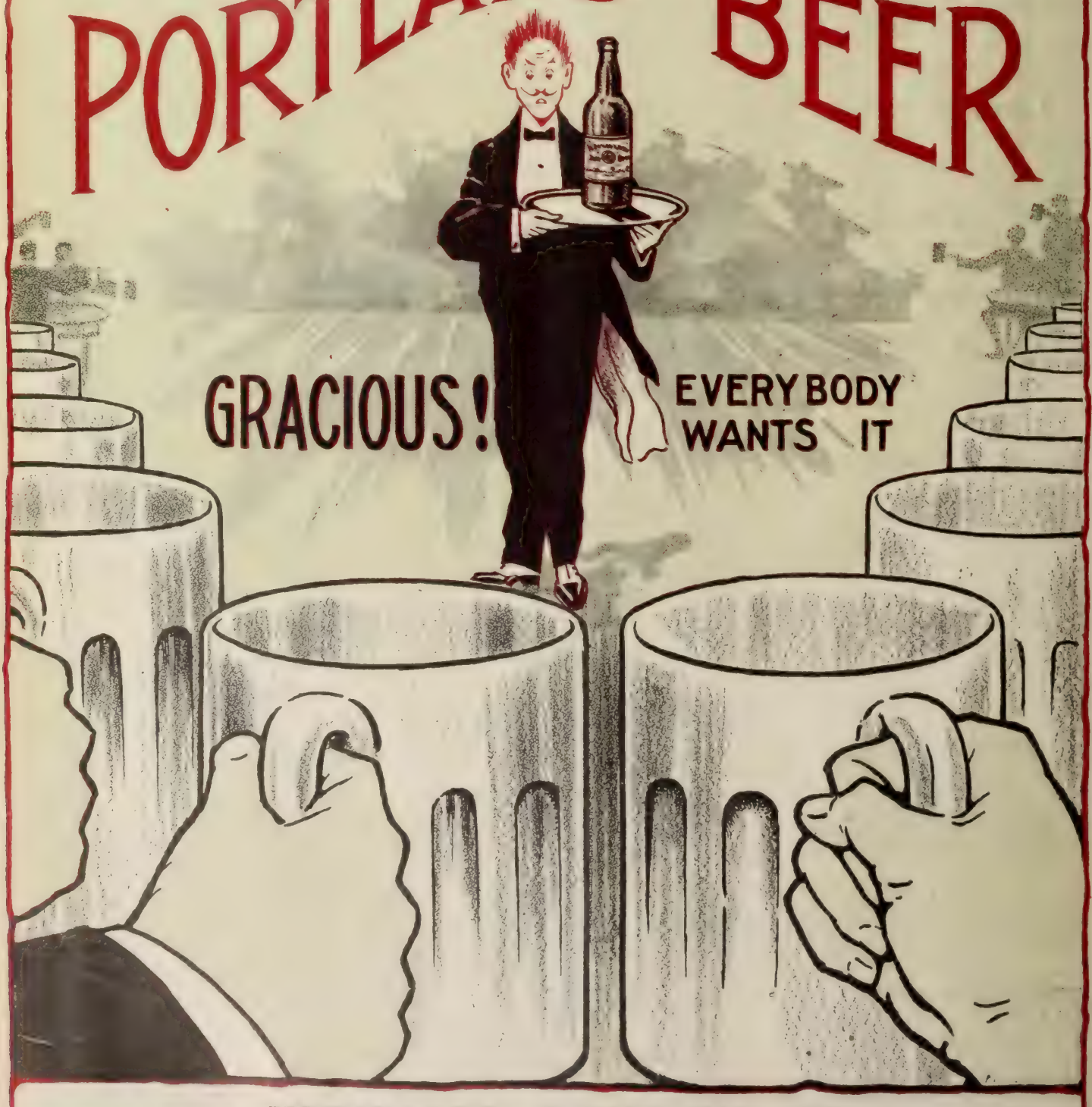
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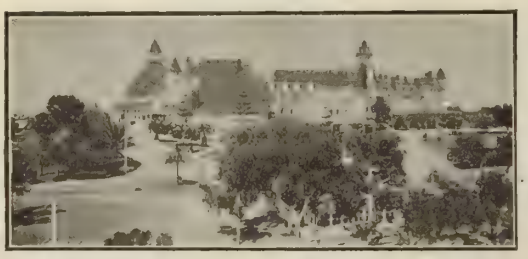
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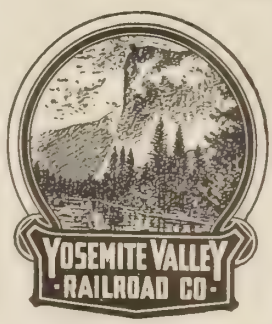
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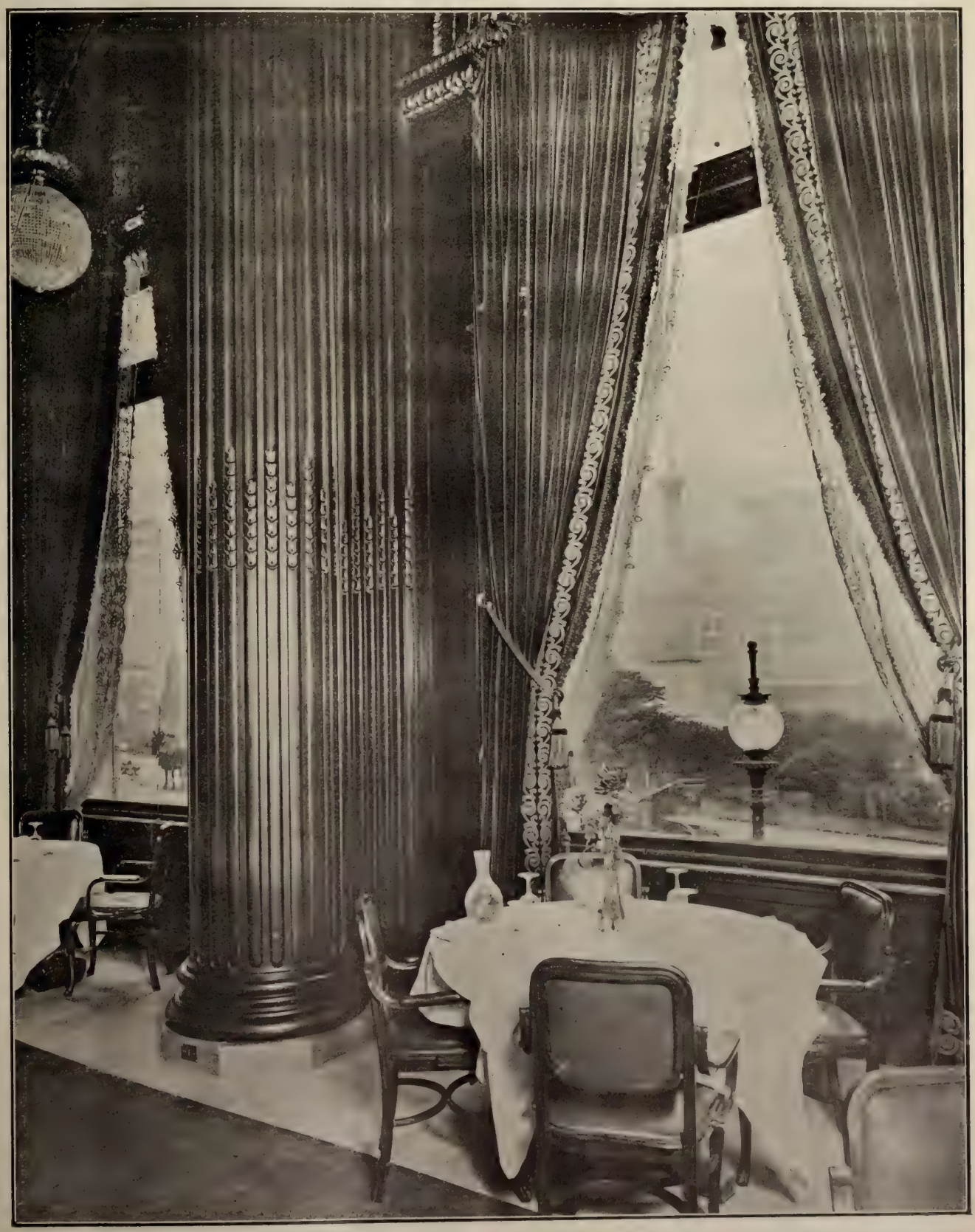
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, January 16, 1909. No. 855.



A CORNER IN THE ST. FRANCIS

In the shadow of the Dewey Monument where San Francisco's epicures regale themselves.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
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Roosevelt the Common Enemy

President Roosevelt seems determined to go out of office under a cloud—not one, but many. His defiance of the Congress of the United States has subjected him to an attack that will follow him even beyond the White House pale. Whatever prestige he may have gained among the unthinking masses will be dissipated in the fury of the people's representatives. President Roosevelt has done more to harmonize the apparently irreconcilable elements of Congress than any man that has occupied the exalted position which he has tried to lower to the level of a political caucus. The harmony that President Roosevelt has created in Congress, however, is the sort that unites warring factions against the common enemy.

A Companion of "Sleuths"

There was something savoring of cowardice in the President's use of the secret service to secure evidence against Congressmen and Senators whom he hated. If he suspected the integrity of the people's representatives there were many processes within his jurisdiction for ascertaining the truth, as "clean as a hound's tooth." He declined to use these processes; he turned aside from statesmanlike administration of the national executive; he stooped from the place where Washington and Jefferson and Adams and Monroe and Lincoln sat, to confer upon matters of State with low-browed, cunning men whose usual business is to apprehend counterfeiters and to ferret out the haunts of moonshining distillers. A pretty companionship for the President of the United States! a most delectable avocation for the ruler of eighty million people! He dared not bring his suspicions to the test of open accusation. He preferred to footpad his enemies and catch them as the agents of "divorce bureaus" procure evidence against erring wives and unfaithful husbands! This may have been work for the Department of Justice, but it was certainly not work for the President of the United States.

End of it All

Now the day of retribution has come. There remains but a month and a half of Rooseveltism for the American people. But in that brief time much will be done by those who have undertaken the doing. If, among those who have been dogged by Roosevelt's gumshoe men there are any guilty of the crimes that he has insinuated, they will suffer, perhaps; but there are others whom Roosevelt and his spies have "shadowed" who are above reproach, above all suspicion; and these will not permit this bullying policeman of the White House to cast upon them the first stain of suspicion. President Roosevelt has gone too far; he has wallowed too deep. His egomania has undone him. He is no longer an object of ridicule among men of sane judgment and good breeding—he is one to be execrated and regarded with such contempt as may be the portion of the man whose low intrigue is at last revealed in all its hideous deformity.

Our Over-Worked Judges

Ever vigilant and fearless, ever as distinterested as it is passionate in its devotion to the welfare of the city, the impeccable Bulletin protests against the proposition to increase the number of judges of the Superior Court which has no justification we learn from this exalted authority. The congestion of the court calendars is more apparent than real and that which is real "is due to the dilatory habits of counsel and to the easy-going ways of judges" who could clear their calendar if they "would do a good day's work, six days in the week, and take no more than a month for vacation in the summer." All of which we should believe to be quite true were it not for the records which show, among other things, that it took Judge Lawlor four years to settle the bill of exceptions in the case of Minnie Adams. That case became famous from the single circumstance that the defendant, a woman, who turned out to be innocent, was kept behind bolts and bars for four years while Judge Lawlor was settling a bill of exceptions which might have been settled in four days if the time had been given thereto. It must be assumed that this outrage was the result of congestion that was real as well as apparent, congestion over which Judge Lawlor had no control; for he is not one of the easy-going judges to whom the Bulletin refers. He is the Bulletin's favorite judge; preferred even to that other Daniel whose surname is Dunne. Judge Lawlor is a man of inexhaustible vitality and unlimited nervous force, and yet to get him to settle a bill of exceptions is the most prodigious task that ever a lawyer undertook. Last week the Court of Appeal set aside the verdict in the case of a man named Smith convicted of murder in the year 1905. Why, do you suppose, did it take Smith three years to get justice? Was it because of what are vaguely described as the law's delays? The sole reason was that Judge Lawlor was consuming time settling the bill of exceptions. This work of settling a bill of exceptions is drudgery, and therefore it is abhorred by Judge Lawlor who is temperamentally qualified for the kind of industry upon which the limelight plays. But far be it from us to suggest that Judge Lawlor from sheer laziness would let an innocent woman languish in jail for four years. Congestion in his court is a condition over which he has no control. Obviously the almost infallible Bulletin is in error.

Our Ignorant Judges

While there is much languor on the Bench in this city, and while not many giants of industry are to be found among the men that administer the law, the easy-goingness of the courts is less vexatious, less deplorable and insufferable than ignorance and love of popular applause, crowning and damning defects which are to be found in those departments which are devoted to the trial of criminal cases. Much of the dissatisfaction which exists with respect to the administration of justice is due to either or both of these defects, the complaint that is most generally heard being that our appellate judges are too fond of finding technicalities in the records, which complaint is based upon the assumption that it is usually as a result of the splitting of hairs that a case is reversed, whereas from the average decision of an appellate court it appears that the judges of those tribunals are more eager to affirm than to reverse a case, and that when a verdict in a criminal case is set aside it is because some elementary and inviolable principle of law was ignored by the trial judge. Even so intelligent an observer as the Examiner complains of the technicalities of the law, and it has suggested that the Legis-

lature should cut them out because "in criminal business more than half the time of the courts is taken up in squabbles over matters of technicality." Now as a matter of fact criminal law is the simplest of all law, and it is in the criminal court that judges serve their apprenticeship. When the judge of a criminal court is a man of ordinary intelligence, grounded in the fundamentals of the science of law and disposed to perform no more than his function of seeing that accused men, however black the crime with which they are charged, are tried with impartiality and with due concern for all their rights, there is never any squabbling over technicalities. Has anybody ever heard of squabbling over technicalities in Judge De Haven's court? Does Judge De Haven experience any difficulty in complying with the spirit and the letter of the law? The fact is that with a conscientious and competent judge on the bench there is never any squabbling; the course of justice is smooth and the accused gets his deserts; but when the judge is either incompetent or disposed to indulge personal bias invariably much time is spent in differentiating tweedledum and tweedledee, the trial resolves itself into a contest not between the opposing attorneys but between one attorney and the judge and errors accumulate in the record.

Some Sample Cases

A great deal of misapprehension has been diffused with reference to the administration of justice in the criminal courts by ignorant critics who are laboring under the delusion that the criminal law is full of pitfalls and snares for unwary judges, which defy not only common sense but the highest order of intelligence. Now the most cursory examination of the records will disclose the fact that the pitfalls are made by the trial judges, sometimes unconsciously from purblind ignorance, and sometimes in a spirit of defiance when persuaded that they are gratifying public passion and that the appellate judges dare not interfere. An example of the perversity with which our courts are plagued is to be found in the records of the murder case tried before Judge Dunne upon which we animadverted some months ago. In that case Judge Dunne would not allow the defendant to show that he was a frail invalid at the time he committed the deed and that his assailant who was on top of him beating him to death at the time was a powerful man of great bulk. In other words Judge Dunne excluded testimony that was in every sense competent to establish the plea of self-defense. Now there was no mystery respecting the rule in that case. The technicalities of the matter were as obvious as the nose on Judge Dunne's face. For another example of juridical perversity take the case of Joseph Smith, which was tried before the Hon. William P. Lawlor in the spring of 1905. It was reversed last week by the Court of Appeal within thirty days after its submission. No congestion or easy-goingness in that court. But why did it take so long to reach the appellate court? The same old reason; Judge Lawlor was too busy to settle the bill of exceptions. This is what the record discloses: Joseph Smith killed Joseph McGowan on November 26, 1904; found guilty April 25, 1905; motion for new trial submitted July 3, 1905; taken under advisement by Judge Lawlor until October 21, 1905, when the motion was denied; sentence pronounced and notice of appeal filed October 24, 1905; bill of exceptions settled by Judge Lawlor December 31, 1907. In this case there was excuse for some of the delay, the records having been destroyed by the fire of April, 1906, but why had the records been slumbering in Judge Lawlor's hands from October, 1905, till April, 1906? Because Judge Lawlor was too busy to settle the bill of exceptions, a task that might have been performed in a few hours. Now let us ascertain what the technicalities were upon which the case was reversed. Upon the trial the defendant took the witness stand, and after giving his testimony he was cross-examined with reference to matters which were not the subject of discussion on the direct examination. The purpose of this cross-examination was two-fold: to prompt the jury to infer from certain circumstances that the defendant was possessed of murderous instincts and "to show," as the appellate court said, "that he was an immoral and dissolute person, and thus to excite in the minds of the jury a prejudice against him for matters in no way connected with the homicide for which he was being tried." We learn further from the opinion that this is the use to which the district attorney put this evidence: "He argued that defendant kept large quantities of whisky and brandy in his room 'with which to ply and debauch women who visited him at all hours of the night' and that 'he kept a regular harem there.'" In other words the bars were down, and the defendant, a man 70 years of age, was not only robbed of that most sacred of all Constitutional rights—the right of immunity from self-accusation, but he was tried by a jury that was led to believe him a monster of iniquity by reason of accusations against which he could not defend himself. Now is it to be supposed that the State is to be put to the expense of another trial of this case because of the pitfalls and the snares of the law? The rules which Judge Lawlor violated are known to every law student in his first year at school. They embody elemental principles of law, and they have been iterated and reiterated, explained, elaborated and emphasized in scores of decisions rendered in this State and in thousands of decisions rendered in other States. Was it out of sheer ignorance that Judge Lawlor made erroneous rulings in a case involving the life of a man? This is a question which we would not undertake to answer. We cite the case not for the purpose of reflecting discredit on Judge Lawlor, but to abumbrate a characteristic of juridical conduct in our trial courts, a characteristic of the conduct that leads to reversals and to ignorant criticism of those higher tribunals in which Constitutional rights are protected against the assaults of stupidity and criminal perversity. Some day perhaps we shall learn the folly of making a law school of our Superior Court and educating men for judges before

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they have been educated for the legal profession. It is men of this calibre that try the cases which are reviewed by our appellate courts, which, if anything, are entirely too indulgent, contenting themselves with merely reversing when they should censure and make clear to the public the mischievousness of conduct, which, if curbed oftener, would be the sooner mended.

A Problem of Minor Importance

Another scientist is giving his attention to the possibilities of prolonging human life to an almost indefinite length. One hundred and fifty years is in his estimation quite within the bounds of reasonable possibility, and so, perhaps, it may be: What would be infinitely more to the purpose would be some proof that a long life is in any way desirable. Why should any rational human being care to outlive his usefulness, and drag out an existence bereft of every interest save the one of continuing to draw breath? In these days of early superannuation, when the first gray hair is a calamity, as marking the beginning of the end—when a man of forty-five, vigorous and capable, is hopelessly barred from seeking employment under new masters unless he has money to invest in their enterprise, when one of the palliative excuses urged in behalf of the employment of children is that their labor and its consequent pitiful wage is needed for the support of their parents, what possible inducement can be urged for an indefinite continuation of mere life? One of the most horrible conceptions in literature is Dean Swift's depiction of the "Struldbrugs," those occasional unfortunates who were born with a distinguishing mark to show that they were exempt from the fate of mortals. They grew old, aged, ancient; they lost their senses and their faculties, but yet they lived. Amongst their contemporaries it was looked upon as the final catastrophe not to be permitted to die. The scientists who are engaged in devising ways and means of rendering existence more bearable are striving to better purpose than those who are giving their attention to the possibilities of prolonging our time on earth. From statistics we learn that suicide is alarmingly on the increase, which goes to show that civilization is yet far from millennial perfection, and that there is a steady decrease of the number of persons who are looking forward with satisfaction to the pleasures of old age.

The Library Delusion

E. E. Slosson has something to say in the January Outlook on the subject of "Books no Library Should be Without." Contrary to the usual view of writers on this and kindred topics Mr. Slosson has given no attention whatever to lists of hundred bests nor to any of the conventional schemes for making public libraries supply individual readers with either all they should be familiar with or all that any one of their innumerable patrons would like to read. On the contrary he defines the function of a public library as that not of a supplanter but of a supplement to private sources of literature, and he thinks that the commercial handlers of books have a just complaint when their business is made to suffer by the large number of copies of popular novels which are at the disposal of borrowers. He considers files of magazines and newspapers essentials, and also those expensive reference volumes which are too heavy a burden for the ordinary private purse, and which, owing to later discoveries and newer editions, need to be constantly renewed and brought up to date. Classics have their place on the library shelves, but there is no better reason for supplying the populace with free fiction than there is for distributing free tobacco. In point of fact public libraries are not so beneficial as they are generally believed to be. The Salvation Army long ago discovered the wisdom of keeping the reading rooms closed during the hours when work is to be sought; for the excuse of shelter and warmth and the appearance of occupation often proved too great a temptation for weak and idle human nature to resist. Any public reading room will furnish an object lesson, especially in inclement weather, when men and boys may be found sitting about in listless attitudes and literally going to sleep with books in their hands. To the casual looker-on they may appear to be laudably employed in improving their minds, but as a matter of fact it would be better for them, both mentally and physically, if they were abroad in the streets, buffeting the wind and feeling the rain in their face. From time to time we have had lay sermons preached on the iniquity of the female portion of the populace gorging on romance, but quite recently it has been observed that novels are not the only poison dealt out by the free reading room dispensary. Anarchistic socialistic literature is "on tap" likewise, and is being fed into crude minds and undeveloped brains like corn into a hopper. There is scarcely a magazine which has not taken some share in the orgy of muck-raking, and there is hardly an idle workman or a human failure of any description who is not ready to see in his own private grievance the persecution of his whole class. These men and youths who seemingly are so laudably occupied are in reality qualifying themselves for bad citizenship just as unmistakeably as if instead of filling their minds with poor arguments they were filling their stomachs with poor liquor. So long as the idea prevails that the function of a public library is to keep on hand everything and to dole it out on demand to every applicant, there can be no remedy. If the time ever comes when the public library slips into its proper place in the scheme of things, as a supplement to the private resources of the individual, no particular harm will result from cutting off at the fountain head the food on which much of the popular discontent, is nourished. Reading in itself is not more commendable than smoking or chewing gum, and when the reading matter is of the wrong kind, either because it is weak and flabby or because it is indigestible, it is decidedly a vice.

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Mist and Rain

(Translated From the French by F. P. Sturm)

Autumns and winters, springs of mire and rain,
Seasons of sleep, I sing your praises loud,
For thus I love to wrap my heart and brain
In some dim tomb beneath a vapoury shroud

In the wide plain where revels the cold wind,
Through long nights when the weathercock whirls round,
More free than in warm summer day my mind
Lifts wide her raven pinions from the ground.

Unto a heart filled with funereal things
That since old days hoar frosts have gathered on,
Naught is more sweet, O pallid, queenly springs,

Than the long pageant of your shadows wan,
Unless it be on moonless eves to weep
On some chance bed and rock our griefs to sleep.

Perspective Impressions

Newspaper Caption: "Mr. Taft in vaudeville." On his shape?

Marrying a rough diamond isn't so bad if he has lots of rocks.

"Are Christ-like people extinct?" asks the Examiner. Is this a smash at the Lincoln-Roosevelt League?

"Foraker," says a contemporary, "hurled the lie at the President." But Foraker is of the Ananias Club.

Senator Tillman doesn't seem to understand that there is only one man in the world whose motives are above impugnment, or that in pursuance of the "larger good" the anointed one is justified in the perpetration of any kind of wrong.

Mayor Taylor appears to be getting the double-cross in the house of his friends. Beware good easy man of the fate of Biggy!

We were afforded an excellent view of yellow journalism in the making the other day when we read in the despatches from Washington that a San Francisco managing editor had wired his correspondent to interview Manson and have him take the hide off the San Francisco delegation in Congress.

Where is the San Francisco Relief Fund? How much is there in the San Francisco Relief Fund? Is the San Francisco Relief Fund intact? Who is getting some of it? Do they need it? or does some manager of the fund need them? These are samples of impertinent questions which no honest man will ask.



CHAS. S. FEE AND FAMILY

Mr. Fee is the Passenger Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific Company.

Professional Reformers

Relating to the Estimation in Which the People that Go about Picking Motes and Beams Out of Their Neighbors' Eyes are Held by Those Neighbors, and the Low Valuation that is Placed by the General Public on Their Efforts.

By Democritus

There must be a lot of people in California who imagine themselves competent by reason of their utter sinlessness, to cast not only the first stone at the rest of us, but to monopolize all the stone-throwing. The lobby of the State Legislature is full of these holy folk. They are there with all sorts of laws to compel their fellow citizens to be virtuous and unhappy—Sunday laws, anti-race track laws, divorce prohibition laws, anti-saloon laws, local option laws, prohibition liquor laws, and a law to cure the students of the Stanford University of the drink habit by forcing total abstinence on the unoffending citizens of the town of Palo Alto.

The Reverend Mr. Tufts is trying to lobby a "Sunday Rest bill" through the Legislature. This sanctified lobbyist pretends that his bill is not tainted with the fanaticism of sectarian prejudice. He says that it is a measure to compel people to rest one day in the week. Therefore he would close every business house and place of amusement on Sunday, because that is the day usually devoted to rest by the majority of those who work. And right here I lay for the Reverend Tufts to trip him by the heels. If all the places of amusement are closed on Sunday where will the man that has worked hard during the week find recreation on his "rest day?" Answer me that your reverence. To be sure, you say that we may go to the baseball games on Sunday—provided they are not conducted for the profit of the managers. But how are we to have baseball games if somebody doesn't pay for the services of good players? Are we to be amused by the antics of a lot of dubs on the diamond? Go to, thou foolish preacher. Cut out your baseball privilege, we'll none of it! You don't know a base hit from a base runner.

Mr. Tufts ignores the fact that everybody has one day of rest during the week. If he is forced to admit this fact his Sunday rest scheme perishes of inanition and if he still insists upon the passage of his bill he must acknowledge that it is a measure directly in the interest of the churches. As a matter of plain truth, that is precisely what this Tufts bill is. The preachers behind the Reverent Tufts are worried because the people do not fill the churches on Sunday instead of crowding the theaters and other places of amusement. If there were more people in the churches the income of the contribution plate might be larger and the salary of the preacher might be increased. Therein is the true "morality" of the Reverend Tufts' Sunday rest bill.

Why are not the Reverend Tufts and his fellow reformers honest in this Sunday business? Why do they seek to fool the people with worldly sophistry? I know why. If they should say that the real purpose of this bill is to close every avenue of recreation for the purpose of driving the people into the churches, they would invite the retort, "What rest or recreation can we find in the churches unless, perhaps, we go to sleep under the dull exordium of the average preacher?" And the Reverend Tufts or his brethren cannot combat my assertion that nine out of ten of the preaching tribe are commonplace, unimaginative, uninspiring and completely uninteresting. Neither he nor the others can say with truth that their congregations or the bulk of those whom this bill would compel to become part of the congregations would not prefer vaudeville, melodrama, comedy or tragedy to the sermons of the preachers.

Then why should we be forced to endure that which we do not like? And there is the Jew and the Seventh Day Adventist—have these no rights under the constitution of the country that the Sabbatarians are bound to respect? But perhaps the Reverend Tufts may be induced to make an exception in favor of the Jew and the Seventh Day Adventists. If he does I think I have him on the hip again. If he permits the Jew and the Seventh Day Adventist to work on Sunday why shall not I who am none of these, nor yet of the Reverend Tufts holy persuasion, entitled to the same privilege? Go to, again, most reverend sir; you have no right to discriminate between me and my Jewish neighbor nor between me and my Seventh Day Adventist fellow citizen. But most likely I wast my time and the space of this enlightened journal in debating these things with the clerics and preachers. I little think that their bill will pass this Legislature. And if it does pass the Legislature it will not be signed by the Governor. And if it is signed by the Governor it will not be sustained by the Supreme Court. And if the Supreme Court does sustain it nobody will pay any attention to it. The Reverend Tufts is nursing a dead letter law; it is a corpse before it is born.

For the information of the Reverend Tufts and his brethren, I will say that law is punitive rather than reformatory. Men are not made moral or even good by the laws. They are merely restrained from those evil ways that are sure to be found out. Laws are for the punishment of the wicked. Good men could live with their fellow citizens without laws. A good citizen never thinks of the law. A bad citizen is always thinking of the law. It is fear of the law that keeps the bad man straight. Therefore it is logical to assume that the law is only for the wicked. Now it is also logical to assume that the wicked cannot be reformed by laws. And it is a corrollary that the good do not need laws for any purpose. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, nor can you make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. You cannot reform a bad man except by keeping him in the penitentiary for life or choking him at the end of a rope. But I don't suppose the Reverend Tufts intends to make the penalty of his reform measure a capital offense. If he does he is a more expansive idiot than I have surmised.

Reformers are a queer lot, take them by and large. In the first place, they are ridiculous in their assumption that they are better than the rest of us. In the second place, they incite in the minds of their fellow citizens the suspicion that back of their reform is an ulterior purpose—a motive of self interest. It is the common belief in this community, for example, that Reformer Rudolph Spreckels is trying to reform the United Railroads out of the control of Patrick Calhoun into the control of himself and Mr. Phelan; it is believed that Reformer Chester H. Rowell is trying to reform the politics of the Republican party out of the control of the "organization" into the control of Reformer Rowell and the San Francisco Call; it is believed that Reformer Phelan is trying to reform himself into the spot light while reforming the city administration to the purposes of Reformer Phelan's self interest; it is believed that Reformer Boke of Berkelev is trying to reform himself into a more lucrative salary than the one he receives as a law pedagogue from the State; and, finally, it is believed that Reformer Tufts is trying to reform the community into the habit of listening to the awful drivel of his pulpit and the pulpits of his brethren.

But we refuse to be reformed in that fashion. Rudolph Spreckels shall not control the franchises of the United

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Railroads, whatever happens to Patrick Calhoun; Chester H. Rowell shall not control the politics of the Republican party, whatever may happen to the "organization;" James D. Phelan may cavort in the spot light, but he may not control the administration of this city; Reformer Boke may reform himself into a better job, but he cannot make us pay him a larger salary for the work he is doing for the State in the leisure of his reformatory labors; and, finally, Reformer Tufts cannot reform us into his church if we prefer to hear something better than he has to offer, in the theaters and other places of innocent and rational amusement.

It's getting to be a bad day for the professional reformers.

The Flaying of a Poet

And Incidentally the Rebuking of an Editor by a Critic Inspired with Love of Humanity and Prejudice Against Irrational Verse.

By Theodore Bonnet.

"Vex not thou the poet's mind with they shallow wit," said Tennyson; "Vex not thou the poet's mind, for thou canst not fathom it." But Tennyson was a poet, and he claimed for genius the divine right of being a law unto itself. Like all poets, he had contempt for those uninspired mortals, the dogmatic critics, who presume in their incredible conceit to pass judgment on the "language of the gods." With many poets before and since, Tennyson groaned over the world's insensibility to beauty and what George Eliot called "eagerness for materialistic explanation." From his experience with those critics who are without Promethean fire, he knew they could see nothing in poetry but the mechanics of rhetoric and technique of prosody and not always that. So he urged them to "vex not the poet's mind"; but in vain.

After the first poets came the criticasters, and the poets they have been after ever since and ever will be, until the end of time. The relation of poet and criticaster is that of the astronomer in his cloud-piercing observatory on the mountain top and the man in the street who dissents on the strength of the testimony of his naked eye. The poet with his delicate and subtle instrument of emotional expression floats into the empyrean and takes a bird's-eye view of the earth, and what he sees is scoffed at by the opinionated cynic in his gloomy den.

Even in this day and generation there are critics from the land of Philistia who would analyze in terms of physics the strange images that have dawned on the penetrating insight of a poet or "measure the air of Parnassus with cylinders of Torricellian glasses." In proof whereof I submit the following:

> For heaven's sake and our own, Mr. Bonnet, spare us any further Stirling drivel! Let him go and consort with negroes who have the sound of resonant words, but not pollute the surroundings of sane people. I give the verse you this week quote in the paper above and ask, Why is the sun wanton? How is he sure the buds are vestals or the undeveloped bosoms of daughters of Aphrodite? Who ever heard of fire being silken? And how can gold be glassy? Tell Sterling to go and boom-boom long words down by the shore of the booming sea and we may welcome the pleasing sound, but words were meant to convey reason, and judged by his words, Sterling should be in Napa asylum. Far be it from me to be harsh toward one who is a stranger to me, but I consider the degeneracy of his random thoughts a menace to humanity and a thing to be suppressed, not lauded.
>
> Yours, LOUISE C. MAUD.

Apparently Mrs. Maud is as great a stickler for prosaic truth in poetry as was that other cocksure and impatient critic, the immortal Jeffreys, who asserted that Wordsworth in his Lyrical Ballads appeared to be "in a state of low and maudlin imbecility." Jeffreys was as incapable of understanding Wordsworth as Mrs. Maud is of appreciating Sterling, and doubtless equally as indifferent to the shrewd words of Alexander Pope:

> I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
> Those freer beauties, even in them, seem faults,
> Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
> Considered singly or beheld too near,
> Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
> Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

How eager have the poets been to set the critics right! From Horace to Bierce, hardly a poet of any consequence has failed to preach to them. Dryden kindly informs them that as poetry wasn't history nobody was obliged to interpret it literally. At the same time he observed that when we are not affected by the excellencies of poetry it is as unreasonable to conclude that they are bombast, unnatural and mere madness as it would be for a blind man to insist that there is no day. Examples of this unreasonableness in literature are quite common. The greatest poets have suffered from it, and therefore Sterling, who is abused oftener and more virulently than any other poet of the day, is having no unique experience. The fate of Keats holds no warning for his critics. Most of them are as cocksure as Mrs. Maud, who, I surmise, belongs to that class of critics which includes the average man. Now, the average man, though a lover of metrical compositions, has not cultivated the faculty to which poetry addresses itself. He likes some of the poems of some of the great poets and he concludes that he is capable of appreciating poetry. More than likely he has no conception of the rare beauties of poetry, but has taste only for the minor achievements of the immortal bards. Perhaps he is inclined to be critical; if so you will find that it pleases him to sneer at the excellencies of poetry which he does not understand, all unconscious of the fact that the common herd are not privileged to see and hear the things that poets see and hear; disposed, perhaps, after the manner of Mrs. Maud, to analyze in terms of astronomy, or numismatics, or botany, images that have gladdened the sensitive soul of a poet intoxicated with a vision of beauty.

"Why is the sun wanton?" asks Mrs. Maud. Well, let us satisfy this critical lady who would exclude from Poet Sterling's vocabulary one of the favorite epithets of the plectrum wielders. The word "wanton" is a most serviceable word; it is so pleasing of sound and so varied of meaning. Go back to its Gothic root and you will find that it is a fine old word, susceptible of an infinite variety of applications. The prosaic use it almost exclusively to express sportiveness of the carnal kind, but that is the remotest of its meanings, and yet in that signification it may aptly be applied to the eternal sun-god that fecundates mother earth and makes all nature glad. But it also means, according to the Standard dictionary, "to squander," "to frolic at random," "to rule unrestrainedly," and hence the passion which poets have for it. Poet Sterling imagined the vestal-bosomed buds unfolding to the wanton sun's desire. Now, what do they unfold to if not to the sun? and what is old Helios, the prodigal spender of light and heat, if not wanton? Perhaps it may be easier to convince Mrs. Maud that the poet has not been guilty of a tortured trope by reminding her that Washington Irving, in whom, perhaps, she has confidence, wrote of Phoebus sporting on the side of a green hill "like some wanton urchin." And perhaps when reminded that Wordsworth sang of the "enamored sunny light" Mrs. Maud will with-

(Continued on Page 29.)

J. C. WILSON

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Siesta

(Translated from the German of M. Von Borch)

It was a merry dinner-party that lingered over the desert in Senor Jose Francisco de Silvis's elegant bachelor apartments in the Rue Castiglione. Nearly all of them had met that night for the first time. The host himself was but slightly acquainted with his guests. He had met them at public resorts.

Senor de Silvis was a rich Brazilian who had come to Paris to spend some of his money. He was a vulgarian, eager to make acquaintances in the fashionable world. He was the loudest person at the table, and one could see that it was in his knowledge of German that he shouted across the table to a red-bearded physician: "Mein lieber Herr Doktor!—wie gehts' Ihnen?"

The temperature of the entertainment rose with the champagne. Fluent French and murdered French alternated with Spanish Portuguese. The ladies leaned back in their chairs and laughed. The party was soon sufficiently acquainted to cast aside all reserve. Jesting and witty words flew over the table from mouth to mouth. The "lieber Doktor" alone discussed seriously with his neighbor—a French journalist, with a red ribbon in his button-hole.

And there was still another present who did not allow himself to be carried away with the general gayety. He sat at the right of Mademoiselle Adele. On her left sat her new admirer, the corpulent Anatole, who had been eating voraciously of the truffles.

During the meal Mademoiselle Adele had attempted, by many harmless little devices, to enliven her neighbor on the right. But he remained quiet, answered courteously, but shortly and in a low voice.

She thought at first that he was a Pole; one of those most wearisome of creatures, who travel about and play the martyr. But she soon discovered that she had erred. That annoyed Mademoiselle Adele.

It was one of her many accomplishments to be able to distinguish, at the first glance, the many foreigners whom she encountered. And she was wont to declare that she could guess the nationality of a man as soon as he had exchanged ten words with her.

But this taciturn stranger was the source of much perplexity to her. If he had only been blond! Then she would at once have made him an Englishman, for he spoke like one. But he had black hair, a heavy dark mustache, and a fine petit figure. His fingers were remarkably long, and he had a peculiar way of crumbling the bread and playing with the desert-fork.

"He is a musician," whispered Mademoiselle Adele to her corpulent friend.

"Ah," replied Monsieur Anatole, "I fear that I have eaten too many truffles."

Mademoiselle Adele again whispered some good advice into his ear, whereupon he laughed and appeared smitten with love.

Meanwhile, however, she could not neglect the interesting stranger. After she had enticed him to drink several glasses of champagne, he became livelier and more talkative.

"Oh," she suddenly cried out, "I perceive by your speech that you are certainly an Englishman!"

The stranger blushed and hastily replied, "No, madam!"

Mademoiselle Adele laughed.

"Pardon me," she said; "I know, Americans are always vexed when one takes them for English."

"I am not an American either," returned the stranger.

This was too much for Mademoiselle Adele. She bent over her plate and seemed very much embarrassed. Then, indeed, she observed that Mademoiselle Louison, sitting opposite to her, was delighted with her blunder.

The strange gentleman understood this, and added, half aloud: "I am an Irishman, madam."

"Ah," uttered Mademoiselle Adele, with a grateful smile, for she was easily reconciled.

"Anatole—Irishman! What is that?" she whispered.

"They are the poor in England," he whispered in reply.

"So!—hem!" Mademoiselle Adele raised her eyebrows and cast a sly glance at her neighbor on the right. With one stroke he had completely swept away her interest in him.

De Silvis's dinner was excellent. They had been long sitting at the table. When Monsieur Anatole remembered the oysters, which had introduced the menu, they were to him like a pleasant dream. The truffles, on the contrary, continued to be to him a lasting reality.

The dinner proper was ended. Now and then some one lifted his glass again, or culled from the dish one of the choice fruits or little bon-bons.

Tender hearted, blond Mademoiselle Louison was lost in deep reverie over a grape which she had dropped into her champagne glass.

"Look," cried Mademoiselle Louison, turning her great, liquid eyes towards the journalist; "see how the white angels bear a sinner towards heaven!"

"Ah, charming!" cried the enraptured journalist in return.

Mademoiselle Louison's sublime idea made the circuit of the table, and was generally applauded. The frivolous Adele alone whispered to her corpulent admirer: "Really, 'twould take a whole host of angels to carry you to heaven, Anatole!"

The journalist, in the interim, knew how to grasp the opportunity and arrest the general attention of the company. Furthermore, he was happy at the prospect of escaping a wearisome political discussion with the German. And since he wore the red ribbon in his button-hole, and, in addition, had the matchless, important tone of a journalist, the entire party gave him audience.

He had much to relate. Every moment he spoke of the press as "we," while in the heat of his eloquence he talked of "these millions which we have raised with such enormous sacrifices."

But each of the others also had his story to tell. Innumerable traits, small or noble, were revealed on these days of festivities and pleasures. And all of them savored somewhat of self-sacrifice.

Mademoiselle Louison's best friend, an unimportant lady, whose place was almost at the foot of the table, related, despite Louison's protest, how three poor sewing-girls had come to her own lodgings, and how she had made them sew the whole night on her gown for the celebration at the Hippodrome. Moreover, in addition to their wages, she had generously given these poor girls coffee and cake!

Mademoiselle Louison became suddenly an important personage at the table, and the journalist began to show her the most marked attentions.

These many noble incidents of benevolence and Louison's liquid eyes inspired the entire company with a feeling of repose, satisfaction, and sympathy for mankind, which was most eminently fitting to the weariness following the fatigue of the meal.

Indeed, this feeling of comfort mounted even a few de-

(Continued on Page 30.)

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Sinclair's Bad Drama

By Theodore Bonnet

After a conscientious and, let us fervently hope, an intelligent analysis of Upton Sinclair's play "Prince Hagen" I feel bound to say that it is not pregnant with mischief and cannot undermine public confidence in the institutions of our country. Moreover with all due deference to Mr. Sinclair, I feel that I may say without doing him injustice that he is not likely to vindicate his efficiency as a prophet of the socialist propaganda unless he quits the drama and takes to the cart-tail; not at any rate unless he has the industry and perseverance to study and master the technique of the art into which he has boldly blundered. It is evident that Mr. Sinclair has not the genius to contrive an effective technique. He must depend on the ancient principles of the drama, all of which he ignored either wilfully or from ignorance in his "Prince Hagen." He may have the power of invention essential to success in the field of dramaturgy, but of that I am not certain. It is not to be glimpsed in this play in which he tells us a story instead of presenting it through physical action. The play is bare of ingenious situation and stirring episode. It has some pretty fantasy, but that can hardly be said to be the product of Mr. Sinclair's inventive faculty, since it is in the nature of a parody on Wagner and decidedly reminscent of Ibsen. When Mr. Sinclair relies on his own intellectual energy he gives us babble and buncombe, philippic and puerility. He has not even succeeded in weaving his thesis into the web of his play. It is plastered on. It is apparent enough from his long-winded speeches that it is his purpose to flout the plutocracy, but nothing springs spontaneously from the action of the play to compel sympathy. The plot itself does not argue the soundness of the author's position. The rich are inveighed against, invective is hurled at them, the hero thunders platitudes at them, but they do nothing to compel the passionate hostility of the audience; the state of mind essential to concord between play and audience must be cultivated before entering the theatre. This is the wrong way about in drama. The playwright must appeal to the instincts, to the passions, to the prejudices of human nature, and this must be done not with oratory but by a series of logical situations. In other words a dramatist ought to be dramatic rather than declamatory. Hence Sinclair as a playwright is a disappointment. On attending the performance of "Prince Hagen" I supposed that I should make the acquaintance of a man who handled a serious problem artistically, a problem more pregnant and potent than the familiar one of sentiment and emotion? I expected to see a thesis play that taught a lesson, and quickened a thought pertinent to the life and affairs of the moment. Instead I witnessed an attempt to palm of sophistry in place of theatric incident and situation. I am not prejudiced against Mr. Sinclair for consecrating himself to the protest against the current contentment of the vast, and perhaps ignorant, majority. I have great respect for the opinion of the minority because I know that it is generally, almost always, right. With Mr. Sinclair's philosophy I have no quarrel; with his play I have no patience; for him as a pseudo literary artist I have nothing but censure. He has given us what purports to be a drama, and it is nothing but a series of monologues and dialogues in the course of which it becomes clear to the most languid apprehension, that the author, the self-constituted agent of the slaves of the Money Power is doing all the talking. In this drama all the principles of one of the sacred forms of literature are flagrantly violated, and to use an ancient simile it is as full of defects as an egg is of meat. Nor is there compensation for these in the author's fervor which spreads and boils in its climaxward course. His eloquence may hold countless thousands spellbound, but it cannot reconcile them to an incoherent play that promises much and requites attention with disappointment. To make a play the vehicle of an idea is a quite laudable ambition, but it is not to be achieved without a knowledge of how the parts are to be articulated. Mr. Sinclair has neglected to acquire this knowledge. As a consequence he has given us a play that creaks at every joint. Instead of leading us up to a catastrophe woven into the fiber of the drama, he makes one that has scarcely any relevancy to the preliminary episodes, and when it takes place it is of no consequence because it is not motived in anything in which we have any keen interest. The hero, crown prince of the Nibelungs of Das Rheingold, visits the glimpses of the moon, constitutes himself champion of the people and purposes rousing them into revolt against the magnates of Wall street. You expect great things of this prince for the space of two acts, but his master-stroke is merely the wrecking of a few fortunes in which you have not much interest, for all that you know of the iniquity of the ruined men is what you have been told in the very act in which they have been overwhelmed. The playwright does not compel your sympathy for his purpose by any dramatic episodes. He makes the fatal mistake of relying on narrative which is the art of the novelist, not of the dramatist. In drama salient episodes must never be related—they must be acted, and the action ought to be obvious enough to be apprehended by a deaf man with imagination. Mr. Sinclair also makes the mistake of making his hero do something that does not meet with your approval. He makes his hero ruin the father of the only woman in the play for whom you have any kind feeling. She is not much of a heroine, but there is a nice young man in love with her and naturally you hope to see them united. When the hero, to compel the sale to him of the girl, ruins her father you are not much impressed with his heroics. Of course Mr. Sinclair intended that you should concentrate your interest on the good designs of the people's champion, but that you don't is entirely his fault. The simple truth of the matter is that Mr. Sinclair is not at his ease in the drama. I doubt whether he ever made any study of the drama before plunging into the work of writing one. Surely he has made no study of the history or tradition of the drama, for he tells us that he has discovered that the drama is a good medium through which to preach to the people. He tells us this with the air of a man who had but yesterday stumbled on the Decalogue. And yet the stage has always been a pulpit, a forum for the discussion and dissemination of moral, economic and political ideas. Aristophanes in the "Birds" ridiculed the extravagant schemes of universal rule which Alcibiades had formed. In the "Clouds" he protested against the corrupt state of education and the speculations of the sophists. The academic groves that skirted the Grecian capital were fertile of such dramas. Coming down to more recent times we find Moliere writing thesis-plays, and Ibsen, Hauptman and Shaw doing little else. But none of these playwrights was laboring under the delusion that isolated bits of criticism, and stereotyped and electroplated sentiments make a play. Mr. Sinclair, it is but proper to state, told us of his discovery of the availability of the drama after the first act when he responded to a curtain call. I believe this was the first time in the history of the stage that the admires of a playwright deemed it advisable at so early a period to assure him of their approval. But perhaps if Mr. Sinclair had not been called out after the first act he would not have been called out at all. His timeliness as he emerged from the recesses of the stage sent my thoughts back to Goldsmith walking the streets of London in nervous trepidation on the first night of "She Stoops to Conquer."

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The Spectator

The Evans Tragedy

The cruelties which the press inflicts without the thumb-screw, or the iron boot, or the scorching of flesh, have been well illustrated in the case of Naval Constructor Holden A. Evans, who has been overwhelmed and prostrated by the most bitter misfortune that can afflict a strong, sensitive nature. Nothing could be more pathetic than the grief and misery of this man, separated from the wife that he loves, the mother of his children, with, so far as he knows, no prospect of the happiness that an affectionate parent most desires ever again imparting color and buoyancy to his existence. Mr. and Mrs. Evans are the protagonists of the kind of drama that appeals most powerfully to the tenderness of human emotions, but instead of stirring the sympathies of the press it excited only that incredible professional zeal for gratifying the vulgar love of sensation and scandal. And as usual, there has been a good deal of misrepresentation and cold-blooded obtrusion and inquiry. To apprehend what suffering all concerned have endured since the newspapers began their exploitation of the affairs of this unfortunate family, one must get behind the scenes. The Call's first story caused Evans to collapse. He was in a very weak condition at the time and was about to undergo a surgical operation. Mrs. Evans has pleaded to be let alone, but the reporters have pursued her. They wanted to know if she would marry young Osborn; also, whether she intended to return to the stage, and what she thought of her husband's proposition of reconciliation. In Vallejo the newspapers have been magnifying and inventing for the delectation of their union labor readers, for Evans in making a brilliant record as a naval constructor has incurred the fierce enmity of the unions. He has demanded of the mechanics the same standard of efficiency that is required in private yards, and he has installed much labor-saving machinery; all of which is prejudicial to the interests of the inefficient and the lovers of soft snaps. Members of Congress have been supplied with pamphlets abounding in the most malicious falsehoods respecting the character and methods of the faithful and honest naval constructor, and he has been harassed and villified and hounded not only to the destruction of his peace of mind but to the serious impairment of his health.

His Record

Constructor Evans is one of the most zealous and efficient of his country's servants. A man of great ambition, the kind of ambition that may insure the nation's safety in time of war—he has won his way entirely on his merits. He has never sought advancement by intrigue. By his ability alone he has won recognition. His early education was obtained by his own efforts and by his own efforts he gained admission to Annapolis. He first attracted public attention as the builder of the collier Prometheus, an achievement which vindicated the ability of the Navy Department to build vessels as cheaply as at contract prices and of superior quality. And it was right on the heels of this notable triumph that his domestic troubles plunged him into grief and misery. The newspapers have attempted to outline the psychology of this drama, but of course this is a task beyond the capacity of anyone who has not had the opportunity of intimate observation. Selfishness, want of forbearance, a tendency to brood over imaginary wrongs—these defects of temperament doubtless produced the fatal friction, but that the grievance of either is as deep-seated as the reporters would have us believe is, I am assured by an intimate friend of all concerned, far from the truth.

Husband and Wife

The newspapers have said that Mrs. Evans was "a music hall singer," the inference being inevitable that she possessed the kind of talent peculiar to the airy, fairy objects of the admiration of green-room Johnnies. The fact is that she is a woman of considerable ability as a vocal artist; and that during the three years of her stage career she appeared in the leading roles of light operas. She left the stage to marry Evans. She is refined and cultured and of very pleasing address, fond of gayety and inclined to the frivolties of life, but no more so than the average woman of sound mind and body. Until the newspapers took her in hand, nobody had ever questioned her principles of conduct. What her grievance was, what the source of the melancholy that brought tears to her eyes, how serious or how light her troubles, I do not know. Nobody, not even her husband, knows. All that is known is that Evans, bound to the wheel of labor, with no inclination to social diversions, suffering from headaches so acute that his finger nails drew blood in the palms of his clenched hands, was, perhaps, not the most agreeable of companions. Perhaps his wife, whom he indulged in her passion for social pleasures, never realized the extent of his suffering; perhaps—but why string out conjectures? Suffice it that discord entered the home, and that one fatal morning Mrs. Evans foolishly confided in her visitor, young Lieutenant Osborn, and that he kissed her. Evans witnessed the caress, and on the spot resolved to divorce his wife. Later it occurred to him that the wife in whom he had confidence, despite what he had witnessed, had suffered by his unavoidable neglect. At the same time he thought of his children, and he had the magnanimity and the courage to plead for a reconciliation. Indignant that his judgment of her conduct in all the circumstances was, as she conceived, harsh and unjust, Mrs. Evans, with the stubbornness that is woman's, was deaf to her husband's amiable overtures.

The Sympathetic Osborn

Now as to young Osborn, who has been described as a quarter deck dandy and a social butterfly. He in no way fits the description. He is an energetic, popular young officer who graduated fourth in his class at Annapolis and is far advanced in numbers for his age. He was made chief engineer of the Wyoming, or Cheyenne, as her name is now, and put in charge of the first oil-burning boilers in an American ship of war for the purpose of making a careful estimate of the amount of work this fuel is capable of, and the wear and tear on the boilers. He was given the sobriquet of "boy" because of his never-

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failing high spirits. He is the only son of a prosperous banker in one of the thriving towns of Oregon. His friends say that he is filled with grief over the untoward occurrence; that he is sensible of his folly, and that in offering to marry Mrs. Evans, he was actuated by, what he conceived to be the imperative obligation of honor. Another construction of the matter is so much more agreeable to the lovers of romance and scandal, that of course Osborn will ever be regarded as the Don Juan of the navy, and Mrs. Evans must forever suffer the penalty of her imprudence.

Mrs. Blingum: Have you thanked God for all his blessings?
Little Tommy: "Yes, mamma, but I wish you had gotten me in duty free too."

President Jordan and the Demon

It is my opinion that President Jordan is committing a very grave error in attempting to procure a prohibitory liquor law for Palo Alto from the State Legislature. His reason for this law is avowedly to minimize the power of the Demon Rum at Stanford University. But why should the Legislature be called upon to exorcise the fiend? What's the matter with Proctor Clarke or the "moral atmosphere" of Stanford? Is it as bad as that? Is it impossible to keep the students of Stanford sober enough to absorb an education without making their drunkenness a penal offense? And if these young men are beyond the control of the university faculty why should the people of Palo Alto be punished for the bibulous sins of the student body? If the Demon is supreme at Stanford the university may as well be abolished. There is no hope for it. Stanford University is, after all, a private school, sustained financially in a large degree by the sale of brandy from the Stanford Vina ranch. Here are two reasons why the State should not interfere to save Stanford from the Rum Demon. As a private institution it has no right to inconvenience its neighbors for the promotion of its own comfort, dignity and prestige. As a dealer in the worst product of the Demon's still it stands in the presence of the State and its Legislature a brazen hypocrite when it asks protection for its students against its own vice. If President Jordan were honest in his effort to save the students from the demon he would enlarge his bill to a measure prohibiting the manufacture of brandy in California, thereby cutting off a large part of the income of the university. This Legislature is not over willing to assist in the self-interested schemes of reformers, and it will not hesitate to turn them down on the slightest opportunity. A legislature is not organized for the purpose of making men better by removing temptation; it is in session to enact or amend laws that shall punish wrong-doers and those who yield to the temptations that are unlawful. President Jordan is a fairly wise man and it is somewhat strange that he does not, apparently, comprehend these self-evident truths.

Only a Nine-Line Item

I observe that the Chronicle gave nine lines to the Colonial Ball and that the Examiner devoted an entire page to the affair, featuring it in the most elaborate style of the bavarde's art and announcing in conspicuous headlines that it was a "three-hundred" function, thereby implying that it was superlatively exclusive. I wonder why the Chronicle dismissed such an important "event" in a mere announcement that it had been "pulled off?" The rank outsider is inclined to the belief that nine lines of "mention" is about the magnitude of "real society's" opinion of the importance of the dance as a "social function." The Examiner's display is easily explained. The Examiner at this time is making extraordinary effort to beat its contemporaries all along the news firing line. It is "playing up" news in the most unexpected quarters; and this display is always a reflection on the news judgment of the Call's editorial staff. The people notice these things, and however broadly the ecumenical council of its contemporaries may sneer at the triviality of the Examiner's display, the mob invariably accepts the Examiner's dicta as to what is big news and what is not. It will be a long time, if ever, before the Call, for example, will attain such popular prestige. At present the Call is sustained and applauded by the league of justice, the good government league, and the Lincoln-Roosevelt league, because these self-interested citizens do not like the Examiner's policy towards the Graft Prosecution and the "reform movements" now rampant throughout the State. But in the course of time the excitement will simmer down to the mild proportions of Professor Boke and Chester H. Rowell and the Examiner will again have the right of way.

Madame Bavarde's Professional Opinion

I hear through the "social gossip" avenues of the daily newspapers that the "society reporters," all of whom are women, were commanded to perform their reportorial duties in connection with this Colonial affair attired in sober livery. It was given out by Mrs. C. O. Alexander, one of the executive patronesses of the ball, that all reporters should come to the dance dressed in black and that they should wear black hats. The reporters, of course, are unanimous in resentment of Mrs. Alexander's sumptuary regulation. Only Madame Bavarde herself upholds the Alexandrian edict. "If Mrs. Alexander had ordered the reporters to wear the costume of trained nurses she would have been well within her privilege as an executive patroness," says this eminent authority on social gossip and things functional. "Suppose the reporters were permitted to attend the ball in their best clothes, how would it be possible to distinguish the real thing from the merely professional? A reporter at a society affair stands in the same relation to those present as the person who takes care of the wraps and cloaks; a society reporter is tolerated at functions of this character because she is the medium through which the doings of the better classes is transmitted to the world. These reporters are necessary, it is true—I may even say that they are indispensable, but they are no more necessary than the caterer, the private detectives or the fiddlers. When I was younger I used to chafe against the menial necessity of my avocation; but unlike the other society reporters, I could always console myself with the knowl-

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edge that I belonged by right of climbing to the set whose doings I reported for the Bulletin. I was a society woman by adoption, and that is the next thing to being to the manner born. I perfectly agree with Mrs. Alexander, that all reporters should report society affairs in sober garb, so that everybody may know them and treat them accordingly. For myself, of course, it is different, as I have said, I am part of the social swim and when I report these doings I can wear my best clothes. Mrs. Alexander would not think of telling me to wear anything else. Mrs. Alexander and myself are on the most intimate terms."

"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor."
"That will be all right; just put my valuables in the safe."

Chico Hurls a Mighty Sentence

Edward F. Cahill, editorial writer on the Call of this city, has been severely rebuked by Mrs. June C. Miller of Chico. The rebuke was merited by reason of Mr. Cahill's sarcastic remarks critical of the bad English of the Chico Normal School women's club uttered by them in a bunch of resolutions condemnatory of Dr. Frederick Burk's hostile attitude towards grammar in the abstract and Chico Normal School grammar in the concrete. Mrs. Miller swats Editor Cahill with a ragged chunk of Chico English, one section of which contains a sentence of ashlar proportions. This sentence is a wonderful combination of 253 words, two semicolons and nineteen commas. It is really nine sentences packed into one—as a woman packs a trunk for a long voyage. Most of the sentence is parenthetical, and when you have read to the end you have to go back and read the beginning to recall what it is all about. I have read the sentence repeatedly and analyzed it once, and I am forced to the confession that I have not yet caught the faintest glimmer of its import. Its original intention, if it had any, seems to be buried out of sight by the afterthought. Dr. Johnson never wrote a longer sentence, Hooker, Milton, Gibbon, or De Quincey never stretched their ideas to such interminable length. Only in the German may we hope to find anything like it for longsomeness. Only in the works of Immanuel Kant may we hope to find anything as extensive. It has been said of Kant that he viewed the sentence "as a rude mould or elastic form admitting of expansion to any possible extent, it is laid down as a rude outline, and then, by superstruction and epi-superstruction, it is gradually reared to a giddy altitude which no eye can follow." I hope that the members of the senior class of the Chico Normal School will not be required to parse this sentence as a condition precedent to graduation. But I do not pity Editor Cahill. He began it. He alone is responsible for what has happened to him. He would go up embattled against the Chico schoolmarm; and this is what he gets. May it teach him a lesson. And by the way, what has become of Dr. Burk? Where has that rash proponent of the theory that English is a grammarless tongue, betaken himself? Come on out into the open, doctor, and help us to fight some of your battles.

Mr. Phelan Turns a Somersault

Mayor Taylor's recent appointments do not seem to please anybody except Mayor Taylor. Especially obnoxious are his selections to the Bulletin and the Graft Prosecution. This is exceeding strange, after J. D. Phelan's fulsome panegyric of the double-salaried municipal executive in his famous libel on San Francisco published recently in Collier's Weekly. In that article Mr. Phelan said, in effect, that Mayor Taylor is the best Mayor San Francisco has ever had. Now the Bulletin intimates that he is the worst. The Bulletin is popularly supposed to be subsidized by Mr. Phelan. It is generally believed that he controls its editorial opinion. Everybody thinks that he has "renewed his lease." Then why this sudden change of tone by the town scold? What has Mayor Taylor done that he should be thus assaulted by Mr. Phelan's mouthpiece? What has he left undone that he should be thus berated by an organ whose loudest boast is that although it may be boughten, it stays bought? There is but one explanation. Mayor Taylor has not appointed the people that he was commanded to appoint. He has disobeyed orders. Nobody knows positively that his appointments are bad; that is only suspected. But if those appointments had been in accordance with Mr. Phelan's wishes or the wishes of the Graft Prosecution with which Mr. Phelan is connected in an advisory capacity, the Bulletin would not have criticised them. Mayor Taylor is sailing in dangerous waters. He must not lose sight of the fact that he is drawing two salaries and that one of them can be lopped from his income by a single stroke of the sword of justice wielded by Mr. Phelan or the Graft Prosecution. Moreover, it will be impossible for him to succeed himself as Mayor of San Francisco unless he makes his peace with those who are now opposed to him. And Mr. Phelan will not write any more panegyrics about him to Collier's Weekly.

Enraged Club Women

The Mayor's appointment of Mrs. Kincaid to be a school director is also denounced, but by others than the Phelan junta. The California Club is up in all its arms to protest against Mrs. Kincaid. It was the California Club that first suggested to Mayor Taylor the advisability of appointing a woman on the board, and by that suggestion the women of the California Club assumed a sort of proprietary interest in the office. But they reckoned without Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Kincaid is an intimate friend of Mrs. Taylor, and it was decided behind the domestic curtains that Mrs. Kincaid should have the place. Whereat the women of the California Club are not only loud in their wail, but they are madder than so many wet hens. The tempestuousness of their petticoats may be heard from Hunter's Point to Land's End. Yet Mrs. Kincaid may make a very good School Director. And after all that is the only desideratum. The citizens of San Francisco don't care who sits on their Board of Education if he or she is competent to discharge the duties of the office. We may laugh at Mayor Taylor for submitting to

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the tyranny of domestic intrigue; but otherwise we are content to receive what the good Mayor is pleased to send us, provided it is as good as the Mayor. And Mayor Taylor can better afford to laugh at the raging Fabiolas and Hypatias of the California Club than he can at the malevolent machinations of the Phelan clique.

Entering the asylum for inebriates, he asked:
"Do you treat drunkards here?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, I'm one. Where's yer bar?"

A Shrewd Teacher

The principal of a school in one of our fashionable districts has proved herself to be not a captain of industry, but a major general of financial enterprise. She owned a piece of land in a somewhat unproductive section, but, by dint of hard work and intensive cultivation she managed to force it to yield a crop of fairly good prunes. Her genius was displayed when it came to turning the product into coin, for she hit upon a novel plan which left no uncertainties and no profit for railroad nor middleman. She simply telephoned to the parents of her pupils and asked each to purchase a box. There are other occasions than the receipt of a royal invitation, when a mere request politely worded has all the force of an imperative command. The anxious mothers reasoned that their children's welfare might be best secured by falling into line and so they bought and paid liberally, and the business-like pedagogue is chuckling over a nice, fat bank account.

Premature Obituaries

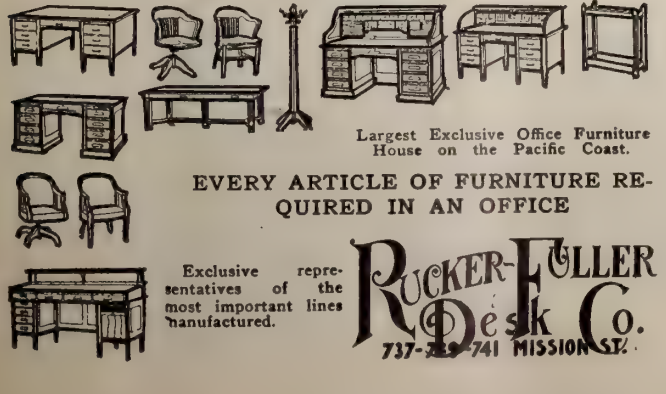
James Oliver Curwood is not the first literary man to die before his time. Some time during the fall he had occasion to go far into the Hudson Bay Company's territory, and on his return he stopped, when nearly back to civilization, to see a trapper friend who produced a paper nearly a fortnight old, in which there was published an obituary notice of the usual laudatory character. Mr. Curwood walked nearly thirty miles to the nearest railroad station and took a train for Winnipeg to prove that he was still in the land of the living and straighten out the personal and business complications which were the result of what Mark Twain, under similar circumstances, pronounced a highly exaggerated report. Joaquin Miller and Charles Warren Stoddard have both read their own obituaries. Some years ago, when Stoddard was so ill that the last sacraments of the chruch were administered, the Overland published a tribute to his memory, which, coming into the hands of the resurrected writer, he pronounced as "worth dying for." Mr. Curwood's annihilation, as far as it could be traced to any source, was the outcome of a garbled account of a small ruction between two of his Indian guides, in which one threw a stone which struck the other.

San Francisco "The City"

At Melrose station on the local Alameda county line of the Southern Pacific Railroad the other morning I asked the gentlemanly ticket seller for a ticket to San Francisco. The gentleman behind the window hesitated: "Where?" he asked. "San Francisco," I repeated. "Oh," said the gentleman; and he tossed me a piece of printed cardboard. It was but a trivial incident, yet it impressed itself upon my observation by reason of the circumstance that a man immediately following me at the window threw down a dime and said, "City," whereupon the gentleman with the tickets without question or hesitation flung out a transportation guarantee conveying the purchaser to San Francisco. Now why did the ticket seller hesitate when I asked him for a ticket to carry me to San Francisco; why did he ask me "Where?" I think I know. On the other side of the bay there is a very general opinion that there is but one city—San Francisco. That is why they call it "the city." Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Chicago and New York are only cities—each of them is "a city." Therefore, when you buy a ticket for "the city" the ticket seller takes it for granted that you wish to go to San Francisco, and that is why he does not ask you "Which city." This explanation, however, does not convey a very high compliment to Oakland and the other cities of Alameda county; and it is not particularly complimentary to San Francisco whose proper and distinctive appellation is thus reduced to a very common noun. Moreover, the custom of calling San Francisco "the city" endangers the perpetuity of the name. There is danger that San Francisco as the name of the metropolis of the Pacific Coast may be ultimately forgotten, or only vaguely remembered in the distorted sobriquet of "'Frisco."

He is a High-Brow

From a New York newspaper I learn that Bishop Dennis J. O'Connell who has been assigned to duty in this city is a man of exceptional culture and occupies a high position in the intellectual coterie of Washington, D. C. Few prelates of the Catholic church, it is said, have been so far-reaching in influence as Bishop O'Connell. With John W. Foster, Harrison's Secretary of State, he aided in the organization of the Archaeological Society and in the Society of American Arts and Sciences and in a half-dozen others of the same calibre. He is a member of the Cosmos Club and may be counted one of the few perfectly sane members. The others are faddists to the



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degree of mental toppling over. Could the Washington friends of Bishop O'Connell have the say he would receive a higher reward than a post on the Pacific Coast in a subordinate position.

Expectant Heir (before the will is read)—Grandfather's death was a sad and untimely one. To think that but a short time ago that noble old man trod the earth in perfect health; today his form is forever hushed in the long of eternity! Ah, me!

Expectant Heir (after the will is read)—That will can be broken on the ground of insanity. The old fossil was crazy for twenty years.

The Prize Platitude

And yet again the walking prize bane that, at an incredible wage, does the incredibly obvious for the blissfully ignorant readers of the Hearst "syndicate," in his Sabbathic desire to point his moral with a picture and adorn his tale with the talent of the dead, delivers himself ex cathedra, and is responsible for the following "evil speak" against the immortal Villon: "He might have done much for his fellows. The most he did was to relieve them of their purses when they were carousing in the inns that he frequented." "Why, that speech," you cry, "is nothing if not good!" Of course not. But who, for pity's sake, is it that in his own yellow way relieves us of our purses to the tune of a President's pay yearly, yet grants us no earthly relief from his platitudes? And was it, forsooth, for such "most" of Villon's that Stevenson made him the subject of an essay and the hero of a short story? that Justin McCarthy wrote a play around him? that Swinburne would have him writ foremost of all the celestial choir? that Lang must needs make him a sonnet? that Rossetti deemed it a labor of love to give us in equivalent English a question asked in quaint old French anent the snows? that—but why fill a needless tome. Write me Villon-wise a ballad of dead donkeys, and relieve me of my purse in your own way, and welcome; not, however, if I know it, of my five cents, for robbing the dead of fair name. Fair? No, fairest! That of the joy-maker. The "most" Villon did for his fellows was to make them things of beauty. That surely sounds moral enough to suit even the Sunday Examiner, does it not? What more can mortal do? To send delight winging down the centuries, in circles ever widening with the years, was that given to the moral giants of those sad-glad days of Villon's? Where now are the walking busi-banes that then were wont to spit out at the mere mention of Francois his name—they and their words? Mais ou sont les neiges d' antan? Which of you now so much holier than was he dares at this late date to grudge my mad-bad brother the two "cold comforts" he sneak-thieved from the silk "purse" of that poor frozen fille-de-joie? Had not Time long since assailed his mire-stained feet, and I'd, myself, do it with my tears, and may be inartistically bid you go do likewise. Thus were tears better shed, believe me, than in bewailing the "much" he might have done for his fellow men, but left undone, to relieve them in their cups of pursefuls of temptation.

The Moralist

[illegible]

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A Pirate of the Literary Main

Robert J. Collier prints in his "national weekly" a full page of panegyric on his father, Peter Collier, who not only founded Collier's Weekly but, as estimated by his pride-bloated son, during the thirty years from 1879 to 1909, manufactured and sold some fifty-two million books deriving from his publications a revenue amounting to $80,000,000. The proud son of Peter Collier names some of the books "manufactured and sold" by his father. These were the works of Dickens, Cooper, Scott, Shakespeare, Thackeray, John Richard Green, Gibbon, John Lothrop Motley, William H. Prescott, Guizot and Menzel. That's enough of Robert on behalf of Peter; now let me say something. Peter Collier was indeed a "manufacturer" of books; and he was also a book pirate. He never paid a dollar of royalty to the owners of the copyright of any of the books he "manufactured." In other words he furnished the reading public of America with the stolen goods of literature. I will deal more fairly with old Collier than his son has dealt with the people of San Francisco in the matter of his reports of conditions prevailing in this city during the ascendancy of the graft prosecution—I will explain on his behalf that some of the stolen goods was foreign and therefore not subject to the copyright laws of this country; and all of the books by American authors had outlived their copyright limitation. No grass grew under Peter Collier's feet in the chase after a dead copyright; and he managed to get the better of his fellow pirates in his competition for the book trade in foreign thefts, by issuing cheap editions. Robert Collier, of course, attempts to convert this phase of his father's piracy into a conspicuous virtue by declaring that "they were books not for the few, but for the many"; as if he said that a pawnbroker is a public benefactor because he sells burglars' swag for less than the price charged by the dealer from whom it was stolen. How strange that a son should be so proud of such a father on such equivocal premises.

A Report Full of Meat

The Thirteenth Biennial Report of Commissioner J. D. McKenzie of the Bureau of Labor Statistics has just been issued, and is replete with information on every subject which has come under the supervision of that body. A summary of the work performed during the period covered by the report includes the gathering of statistical data relative to stores and factories, covering all the more important manufacturing, commercial and industrial activities of the various centers of population in the State; and agriculture in all its branches and divisions, including that of horticulture, viticulture, seed-farming and stock-raising, embracing the large valleys and districts devoted to these lines; transportation on water, and a thorough investigation of the shipping of the port of San Francisco; land systems of transportation, including steam and electric railways; labor organizations, employment agencies, child labor, orientals, including Chinese and Japanese. The investigations show the number employed, sex, wages, hours of labor, sanitary condition of work rooms and other detailed information. The work of the bureau is two fold, including the

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enforcement of laws as well as the inquiry into conditions. Extensive correspondence with city and county officials and with employers, as well as the personal observation of investigating agents, have formed the basis of the report and the numerous tabulated statements, make all this information available at a glance. The report is anything but a compilation of dry statistics and figures. The sections devoted to Child Labor, Social Statistics and Orientals are of special interest to the sociologist. In handling complaints of violation of laws, a policy of warning has governed the Bureau, prosecution being resorted to only in instances where a statutary effect could be produced. The policy of postponement



HOTEL METROPOLE, CATALINA
This hotel opened with the beginning of the winter season on January 9th.

and the slow working of the lower criminal courts making cost of other procedure prohibitory. The Bureau has been badily hampered by lack of funds, and the work accomplished out of the sum available after the necessary office expenses were met is extraordinary. It is interesting to observe that Mr. McKenzie has attended strictly to the enforcement of the child labor law.

If no Hetch-Hetchy, What?

There is a rumor afloat that the men and newspapers behind the Hetch-Hetchy project are only apparently behind it; that in reality they have a card up their sleeve which they intend to play at the psychological moment in favor of an enterprise far more important to themselves than to the public. This rumor must have been started by the Spring Valley Company or the personal enemies of Mr. Phelan who seem to regard him as a wizard of intrigue, a Machiavel of political deception. It seems absurd to attribute to him, as vagrant rumor doth, a simulated zeal for Hetch-Hetchy. Nevertheless it is soberly argued that Mr. Phelan must have known from the beginning that there were insurmountable obstacles in the way of the scheme to bring water to this city from Hetch-Hetchy. Aside from the difficulties to be encountered at Washington there were the interests of farmers to be considered and these are bound to lead to litigation which would indefinitely delay the consummation of the project. But how can it profit Mr. Phelan to boost a futile project? The absurd answer is, To get the people in the proper frame of mind, to start the machinery for the issuance of bonds, etc. In this connection it is suggested as significant that a new water scheme was sprung the other night in Berkeley, the headquarters of the sanhedrim which inspires the conduct of our municipal government. Judge J. A. Waymire bobbed up in Berkeley with a Truckee river water scheme which at present he is eager to sell to Alameda county, but which is available for San Francisco. And Judge Waymire's scheme was exploited in the Bulletin, the most vociferous of all the journalistic advocates of Hetch-Hetchy. There may be a lot of significance in all this but I must continue to pin my faith in the civic patriotism of Mr. Phelan. No foundling rumor can alienate my confidence in that unselfish philanthropist who goes about noiselessly in the shadows doing good.

"Will you be true to me while I am gone?"
"Of course—but don't be long gone, will you dear?"

A Legislative Mother-in-Law

Senator McCartney of Los Angeles has subjected himself to ridicule on behalf of his mother-in-law. There is no self-sacrifice in Senator McCartney's action—perish that thought! Neither was it because Senator McCartney loved his mother-in-law more than men usually love the mothers of their wives that he had her appointed one of the porters of the Senate; perish that thought also; it was because he wanted to save a porter's per diem for a very valuable constituent whose other occupation detained him in Los Angeles—not because he desired to pocket that $3 a day himself, because that would have been raw, petty graft, and Senator McCartney is so far above that sort of thing that it makes him dizzy to look down on the ordinary boodlers of the Legislature. Therefore perish all these unworthy thoughts, these miserable suspicions, these insidious, envious, jealous, scandalous impugnments



EL TOVAR HOTEL
On the rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona reached by the Santa Fe via Williams.

of Senator McCartney's motives! According to his own explanation it was not his intention that his mother-in-law should guard the portals of the Senate or perform the menial duties usually devolving on black citizens and chocolate-hued constituents of grateful legislators. He merely wished to save that portion of his patronage allotment for a voter to whom he was under obligations. Perhaps Senator McCartney's mother-in-law didn't know that she was being utilized in this manner. Still, everybody is laughing at Senator McCartney of Los Angeles. From the whispering sycamores of Siskiyou to the "ribbed sea-sand" of San Diego's sun-kissed shore the people are laughing. Senator McCartney has contributed to the gayety of the commonwealth. Nothing that he shall do for the good of the State henceforth during this session will escape the suspicion that perhaps his mother-in-law is behind it. Of other legislation by other legislators we shall say, "Look for the woman," but whenever Senator McCartney offers a bill for the reform of things that require reform we shall say, "Look for Senator McCartney's mother-in-law."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

The past week has been one of irregularity in Wall Street securities. The investment buying that is generally in evidence in January was conspicuous this year by its absence; whatever buying for investment there was, spent its force in December. The market is showing signs of being top heavy, except in spots. The strong features have been Colorado Southern and Wisconsin Central, the former having passed into the hands of the Burlington Road. All kinds of rumors are afloat regarding Wisconsin Central, the most plausible one being the purchase of this road by the Canadian Pacific. Another rumon was to the effect that the United States Steel Company would in the end become its owner. The Harriman Group were subject to sharp fluctuations on account of the illness of Mr. Harriman, which turned out to be nothing serious. Union Pacific has shown considerable heaviness, and there appears to be plenty stock for sale on all fair advances. The fact that Harriman was not prominently considered at the annual meeting of the New York Central caused considerable selling of the Harriman issues. There was a decided decline in New York Central when it was learned that Harriman's candidate for the Presidency was not considered. The election of Mr. Brown is considered a good one. He was for many years vice-president of the C. B. & Q. Ry. before assuming the position of Senior Vice-President of the New York Central. Under Mr. Brown's management the property will show much improvement and higher prices for these securities are expected. There has been a fair amount of buying of Atchison common lately on the belief that the earnings hereafter will justify a higher rate of dividend. Baltimore and Ohio is tipped for a good advance as soon as market conditions show some improvement. The Industrial list while fairly active show no marked changes one way or the other, United States Steel Common being the exception. It is very sensitive to tariff legislation rumors. It is claimed by those well informed that Morgan and his following have been good buyers of the common stock under 52. It seems somewhat out of line to expect Congress to do anything radical at this time in the way of tariff reduction on steel products. It is a fair guess to say that steel securities are selling about low enough whether the tariff is reduced or not. The one chief feature hanging over the market at this writing is the possibility of Erie being placed in the hands of a receiver. Its finances are in a very bad way, yet something will happen to avoid the necessity of a receiver, there is too much at stake to allow a property like Erie to drop into such a condition.

The general market at this writing offers no special features other than of a scalping character, should a quick decline come it would afford a good opportunity to pick up some bargains.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Pity of It

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, it is reported, has left San Francisco with her feelings deeply lacerated. It is the public at large and the daily papers in particular, which have agitated the lady's emotions. Though it is quite the thing for people in society to bewail the publicity given to their doings and appearances, nobody takes the reiterated protests too seriously. Mrs. Scott's attitude would seem to prove the wisdom of this course, for it is precisely that she has been deprived of her full share of journalistic incense which has caused her dissatisfaction. Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett left for Europe in her party and as her guest, and most of the dinners and other entertainment given were in honor of both ladies, but one of the largest of these affairs was designed solely in order to pay homage to Mrs. Scott. By some cruel perversity of fate, the social chroniclers not only attributed all the magnificence of



Photo, Cramer. MRS. OSCAR MANSFELDT

The talented pianist who contributes to the artistic success of the Lyric "Pop" Concerts.

the occasion to Mrs. Crockett, but even failed to mention Mrs. Scott as amongst those present. "Hence these tears," for of what avail is it to be an exclusive of the exclusives if honors are to be withheld in this style?

So Shocking!

Because of the jolly, unconventionality of the Cap and Bell Club entertainment, there is another uproar in "Bohemia." Some of the participants in the frolic were habited in tights, and some in the vulgar "pants" that men wear, and egg nog much stronger than circus lemonade was the beverage that contributed elasticity and joy to the hilarious occasion. Several of the members who disported themselves in bifurcated garmenture added age to their other iniquity, some of them having passed the meridian of life, a circumstance that rendered their transgression of dignity and decorum positively shocking to the prudes and puritans who fled the scene. And now, if threats are to be relied on, resignations will soon flood the secretary's desk, and the Cap and Bells ladies will soon be able to generate a bohemian atmosphere without fear of protest.

We Are So Squeamish!

A young matron at the Colonial ball last week deemed it expedient during the barn dance to hold up her dress



Photo, Arnold. MRS. J. A. MURRAY

The beautiful wife of the Monterey millionaire whose fortune recently excited the cupidity of a frenzied financier.

as she did not care to have it sweep the floor after the style of the extravagant Mrs. Martin. Inadvertently she disclosed an expanse of dainty pink hosiery, and as a consequence a word of caution was whispered in her ear. How extremely prudish and how exceedingly decorous we are becoming! Barring this absurd display of authority the dance was a most enjoyable affair.

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There was a swing to it that many of our functions lack. The frozen formalities as a rule never thaw out sufficiently early in the evening for a thoroughly enjoyable time from the debutante point of view. But since Friday night the debutantes have declared themselves satisfied. The affair was distinctly for the enjoyment of the younger set, the majority of the married people contenting themselves with a view of the gay scene from the loges. It was a fact commented upon, however, that hardly one of the matrons missed a barn dance. The St. Francis ball room has a floor that unlocks and under sufficient pressure sways like a ship. This lends itself admirably to the barn dance, which while it lacks grace, is certainly always one of the jolliest dances of the evening. It is woefully incompatible, however, with the present style of costume, and hence the necessity of hoisting skirts. Mrs. Alexander, who was the original organizer of these dances, is to be congratulated on the skill with which she has carried out her plans so far. The decorations were entirely her own idea, planned and executed under her supervision. The entire effect was bautiful, that of a miniature forest. The genial Ned was there too in full girth and he beamed approval on his friendly rival notwithstanding the fact that his wine was once more barried in favor of Moet et Chandon, Imperial Crown Brut.

Her Niece Was Santa

Miss Jennie Flood was recently the hostess at an elaborate luncheon at which most of the guests were young married ladies, only two young girls being present. Miss Flood's home on Broadway was a Christmas gift from her brother. She admired the house, and as Mr. Flood was about to remove to San Mateo, on Christmas morning he delegated to his little girl the part of Santa Claus. She was directed to take an envelop to the dining room and place it beside her aunt's plate. When opened it was found to contain a deed to the house.

Fortune Kind to Shingle

When Princess Kowanonakoa passed through here last week on her way from Honolulu to the East she was accompanied by her sister, Beatrice. Announcement is shortly to be made confirmatory of the rumor of the engagement of her other sister, Muriel Campbell, to Robert W. Shingle of Honolulu. Miss Campbell, who is just of age, is a statuesque blonde with no trace of Hawaiian blood about her save the native grace. Mr. Shingle is a young man of exceptional business capacity. Ten years ago he went to the islands a boy of twenty-two on a reporter's salary of twenty dollars a week. His possibilities were discovered by Henry Waterhouse, a millionaire descendant of one of the early missionaries, who took him in hand, and on the death of Waterhouse a few years ago Shingle found himself at the head of the firm, which he reorganized, and now, at thirty-two, he is the president of the largest trust company in the islands. Miss Campbell's millions will thus fall indirectly into the hands of a man well able to administer them to the best advantage.

His Melancholy Lament

A good joke was told on a certain stock broker whose fame does not rest on his reputation for generosity. It seems that in a rare burst of holiday enthusiasm he invited his brother's family to share the Christmas dinner at his country home, and was so unusually pressing that the invitation was accepted by the husband and father and immediately transmitted by telephone to his wife at their own home on the other side of the bay. As there are some six or seven little olive branches on that particular bough of the family tree, their mother, very naturally, entered some objections to the trouble involved in getting them ready for the journey, first to the city and then to the suburbs—nurse and all the impedimenta—for only a few hours. The husband, however, insisted, and was impervious to arguments. "My brother and his wife really wish us all to go down to his place, and will not take 'no' for an answer," said he. In the meantime a certain demure and dignified little lady entered a crowded car in which the aforesaid stockbroker was occupying a seat. Without a glance in her direction, he chivalrously gave up his place and continued his conversation with his friend. "What are you going to do on Christmas?" queried the latter. "Oh, my God! was the frenzied response. "I had to invite my brother and his wife and all those children to dinner, and they are coming." The car stopped at the corner and the stock broker and his friend alighted, leaving the lady, still unnoticed, to proceed to her own home, where she found her sister awaiting her. "For goodness sake!" was her greeting, "here I am, obliged to go down to ——— for Christmas, and of course it means new frocks, new shoes, and all the rest of the bother. It is not worth going to all that expense for." It was an unexpected exhibition of both sides of the shield, and after the demure little shopper had relieved her feelings by a hearty laugh she recounted the street-car episode. Needless to say, during the dinner, when anecdotes and toasts were in order, this was too good a family story not to be told by the clever and quick-witted mother of "all those children."

The Footlight's Lure

Gossip is rife in army circles over the rumor that Mrs. Hughes may again appear on the operatic stage. Since her marriage to Dr. Hughes her home has been at Fort McDowell on Angel Island, but she makes frequent visits to town as the guest of "Little" Helen and Julia Thomas, who are her intimate friends. Mrs. Hughes passed her girlhood in San Francisco, where her grandfather was well known in early days for his musical talent, which she has inherited to a remarkable degree. Mrs. Hughes was Marguerite Schmidt-Fritsch. She left this city some ten years ago to commence a stage career, but scarcely had it begun when it was cut short by her early marriage. Now, in army sets it is whispered that she is again contemplating an appearance behind the footlights, but perhaps it is the cause of charity that is animating her affection for her first love. Mrs. Hughes' friends often lament that her musical gifts should be veiled from the dear public.

The Page-Pressley Wedding

The marriage of Miss Ellen Page to Dr. James Fowler Pressley will take place on Thursday evening, January 28, at half-past eight, at the residence of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, at the corner of Haight and Buchanan streets. Contrary to expectation, the wedding will be a very quiet one, only relatives and the very intimate friends of the bride and groom being

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present. The decorations are to be elaborate, pink being the prevailing color scheme. The bride's robe will be a creation of hand-embroidered chiffon. She will be attended by her cousin, Mrs. Broderick, formerly Miss Florence Boyd, as matron of honor, in a handsome gown of pink chiffon. Philip Paschel will attend the groom. After a short wedding tour the young couple will take up their residence at the Hotel Manx. Miss Page is a lovely and attractive brunette with a genial and sunny disposition. She has a rich soprano voice which has been well trained. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Page. Her mother was Miss Florence Nightingale, and her father belonged to the Page family of Virginia. Mrs. Page died some years ago, and Mr. Page, soon after the fire. Miss Page has always resided with her grandparents, who are old and prominent residents of San Francisco. Dr. Pressley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Pressley of Santa Rosa.

The Omission of a Name

There was quite a buz of excitement at the Twentieth Century Musical Club's tea last Saturday, when it was found that Professor Perlet's name as accompanist did not appear on the program. The club has been under his direction for the last six months, and there was surprised comment at the omission, which became louder and more insistent until just before the last number, when Mrs. Tucker, vice-president of the club, stepped upon the plaform and offered the apologetic explanation that the omission was caused by an oversight. To some the apology was but an aggravation of the offense, and the clatter of the tea cups hardly drowned the clatter of the tongues after the musical program was completed. Professor Perlet was the musical director of the Savage Opera company and came here highly recommended. He has worked hard and faithfully with the club, and much of the success it has enjoyed is owing to his interested service.

A Treat for Music Lovers

An event which is anticipated with as much interest as the Musical Art Society's series of concerts is the interpretative study of the famous Debussy opera of "Pelleas and Melisande," to be given on the evening of February 3rd, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis by Miss Margaret Kemble, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collen Burr Kemble of Berkeley. The opera, which was brought to New York with a French caste, is absolutely new here, and as it will not find its way west for some time, the musical set are eager to take advantage of this opportunity to familiarize themselves with it. Miss Kemble's entertainment will consist of a study of the opera, with an analysis of the motif, theme, and story, while the illustrative music will be rendered by three talented pianists. It will be a brilliant social as well as a musical occasion.

Some Minor Functions

Society has been showering its favors on Miss Florence Hopkins, one of the charming buds of the season. Miss Helene Irwin and Mrs. Dearborn Clark have given luncheons in her honor at the St. Francis during the week, and on Friday evening, January 28th, she will be the guest of honor at an elaborate dinner projected by the Walter Martins. There were a number of dinner parties given at the St. Francis preceding the Colonial Ball. One of the most elaborate was that of Mrs. James Coffin in compliment to her youngest daughter, Sarah, who appeared in society for the first time after a long period of mourning. Mrs. James Flood entertained in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins, and there were others arranged by Mrs. Newhall, Mrs. Robert Woods, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Woods.

Cupid's Pastime

A pleasant surprise of the week was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Eva Castle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Castle, and A. P. S. Macquisten of Glasgow. Miss Castle is the sister of Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson and Mrs. T. L. Cunningham of London, and of Albert Arthur and Walter Castle of this city. The wedding will take place in February. The bride and groom will reside in Salt Lake City.

The Hotel Habit

No one in touch with the doings of society can help being impressed with the increasing prominence which a great hotel, such as the Fairmont, takes in the social life of the city. Nearly every phase of entertainment which was formerly given in private houses now occurs at the hostelry, for hosts and hostesses find it an anormous relief to be able to go to M. Reiter, the Maitre de Hotel, and by simply and succinctly stating their wants, have the whole burden lifted from their shoulders. When the time comes the event takes place and moves with an elegance and smoothness of service which it is impossible to obtain in any private house. The hotel is a great factor in the domestic economy of all who entertain, and with the perfection of the arrangements which are so easily made the Fairmont is not only becoming more important every season, but an encouragement to many who have hitherto felt the burden too great to be undertaken at home.

Two Pretty Weddings

One of the prettiest weddings which has taken place at the Fairmont was that whereby Miss Virginia Ackerman became the wife of Julius Clayburgh. The cere-



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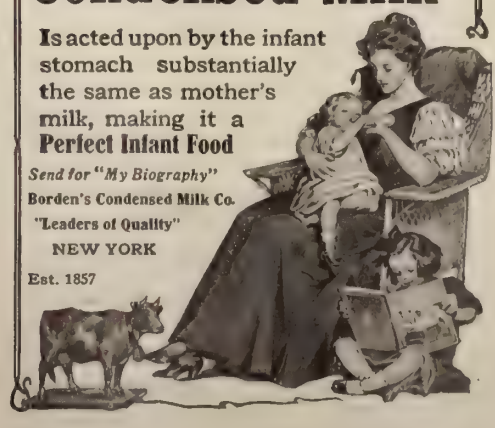
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mony, which took place in the ball room, underneath a gorgeous canopy of American beauty roses, was performed by Rabbi Nieto. An aisle the full length of the room was formed by streamers of satin ribbon of the same shade as the roses. After the ceremony a reception was held, followed by a dance an an elaborate supper. About two hundred guests were present. Another wedding was that of Miss Sophie Weil and Ferdinand Levy, which took place in the ball room before a large gathering of friends who remained for the reception, dance and elaborate wedding supper.

Not a Vacant Seat

The great demand for seats at the Gadski concert given in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis on Thursday evening, revealed the interesting and gratifying fact that there were none available, every membership having been taken some time ago. The instant success of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, in a social as well as an artistic sense, was not foreseen, and, as a result, there is now a great demand for memberships which cannot be obtained, and for boxes and loges which are even more unattainable. No little amusement has resulted from the revelation that some prominent society people who, through their prestige, promoted the sale of these boxes, neglected to provide for themselves, and were much chagrined at their inability to secure loges. It is not surprising, however, that a city which will support grand opera for months, as San Francisco has done, should respond instantly to such concerts as are being presented under the management of the Musical Art Society. Something of the success is due, of course, to the fact that these are full dress affairs, and the brilliantly lighted room is a better place in which to display beautiful gowns and jewels than the unlighted auditorium of a theatre, but aside from this, the tributes which have been paid to Melba, Tetrazzini, Schumann-Heink and Gadski testify to a public sympathy with musical expression which few cities in America can match.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. J. Elkeles announce the engagement of their daughter Blanche M. to Sidney D. Weisbaum of Hanford, Cal.

Mrs. Charles Stewart was the hostess at a delightful tea on Monday, January 4th, at the St. Francis Hotel in honor of her sister, Mrs. E. A. Sturges who left the following day for Honolulu.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has been visiting at Woodside during the past week as the guest of Miss Josselyn. She returned to the city on Monday last.

By the death of Mrs. Walter Rountree, formerly Miss Carrie Connor, the large family is again thrown into mourning. It is only recently that Mrs. Rountree's sister, Mrs. Bennett of Fruitvale, died. The family connection is extensive and includes Mrs. Butters, Mrs. Wetherel, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Martinez and Mrs. Kruse, besides many in the army and navy circles.

The winter meeting of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of California was held at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Phillips, 2410 Steiner street, on January 5th.

The date of the marriage of Miss Mabel Toy and Francis W. Lucas has been set for early in March, to be followed by a lengthy trip to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hammond and Miss Georgie Hammond have arrived in London. They will spend the next six months abroad.

Mrs. Z. P. Clark and Miss Elise Clark have rented their flat on Green street and taken apartments at the Loring on Van Ness avenue for the winter.

The marriage of Miss Mazie Crowley and Howard Taylor Blethen will take place in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna are at the Hershey Arms, Los Angeles. Late news of Mr. Hanna's health is very encouraging. They will spend several months traveling in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Williams of New York are back in San Francisco renewing their acquaintance and meeting old friends. Mr. Williams is one of the "big" men on Hearst's New York Journal. During their stay at the Fairmont Mrs. Williams has been entertained extensively.

Miss Jeanne Callois was hostess of an informal tea on Friday and again on Monday in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

Miss Margaret Newhall has been forced to take the rest curt, and for the next month this charming young girl will be kept in absolute quiet and seclusion under the care of a trained nurse.

A delightful card party was enjoyed by the guests of the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley last Saturday night. Eight tables were place in the billiard room, at five of which bridge was played while at the other three five-hundred was the game. Following the distribution of the prizes an enjoyable supper was served.

On Tuesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Stephen I. Sill entertained eighteen guests at dinner in the private dining room of the Hotel Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse, nee Wells, of Chicago, will arrive in the city early next month on their way to Japan. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wells, the parents of Mrs. Huse, during their stay in town.

Mrs. Charles Clinch and her son left during the week for Southern California, where they will join Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna and make a tour of the south extending over several weeks.

Mrs. Peter Dunn was the hostess of an elaborate luncheon at her home on Clay street on January 14th.

Walter McCreery, who is at the St. Francis, is canvassing for funds for the purpose of establishing winter sports at Burlingame and San Mateo, is succeeding beyond his most sanguine expectations. The hotel management led off with a subscription of one thousand dollars, and others have followed so generously that there is no room for doubt of the popularity of the idea.

Many San Franciscans spent the week following Christmas at Del Monte, and welcomed the New Year under quieter conditions than they could have enjoyed in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Humphreys of Portland, Oregon, have been spending the holidays at the St. Francis.

Mrs. William Hood has taken the Hemphill house on Broadway, which she has opened as an attractive and exclusive private boarding house. Amongst those who have taken rooms there are Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bray, Miss Butters, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Cambron, Mr. and Mrs. Kinnersley, Miss Kate Scott, and a number of well-known bachelors. Since the fire Mrs. Hood has been living in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have given up their house in town and taken a place at Burlingame for the summer.

IDEAL FARMS

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The most perfect product of the modern dairy

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ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

It is one of the finest productions of ED. PINAUD'S famous Paris laboratory. There is no perfume adaptable to so many uses. It is fine for handkerchief, atomizer and bath, and a great favorite with men after shaving.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

is delightfully fragrant, having the exquisite odor of a bouquet of freshly cut flowers.

We should like you to try a miniature bottle. Please write to-day, enclosing 10 cts. (to pay postage and packing) and we will send you a liberal sample at once.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Dept. S.F.

ED. PINAUD Bldg. Fifth Ave., New York

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Danforth and Miss Fannie Danforth have been visiting Santa Barbara for the past two weeks. They stopped at the Hotel Potter during their stay in the south.

Miss Mazie Coyle will leave for Santa Sarbara this week, where she will remain for the next two or three months for the benefit of her health. Later in the year she may decide to go east.

Late letters from Mrs. Russell Wilson report her safe arrival in the south of France, where she has been joined by Mrs. Miller, formerly Gertrude Benchley of this city. They will spend some time touring Europe, after which Mrs. Wilson will return to California in the late spring.

Mrs. Eddy, the mother of Mrs. Bruce Bonney and George Lewis, will return to California in a very short while, after a lengthy tour abroad.

Mrs. H. Clay Miller, Jr., was hostess at a tea recently in her attractive apartment at the Claremont. Most of her guests were from Sausalito and San Rafael, amongst them being Mrs. Frank Miller, Mrs. H. Clay Miller, Sr., Mrs. Frank Findley, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Starr Keeler, Mrs. W. Horne, Mrs. W. W. Watkins, Mrs. Orrin Wolfe, Mrs. Hickman, Mrs. Dallas, Mrs. Bonney and Mrs. Klink.

Mr. Alfred Poett, who died in Santa Barbara recently, is said to have been the Beau Brummell of his generation in his youth. He was an exceedingly handsome man. His intimate associates were Pelham Ames and Willis Kip. Mr. Poett was the father of Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, Mrs. Francis Edwards, Henry W. and Alfred Poett. His wife was the daughter of Mr. H. B. Williams, of the firm of Williams, Diamond & Co.

Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale was the hostess at an elaborate tea last week, at which Mrs. T. T. Williams was the guest of honor. Mrs. Hale introduced an innovation imported from Japan, which has so much to recommend it in the matters of convenience and comfort that it is sure to be generally adopted. Unlike most of the fads and fancies of such occasions, which are apt to prove more trouble than they are worth, this is a matter so simple that the wonder is that no one has thought of it before. The tea was served on individual trays, each in itself a work of art. About forty guests were present, amongst them being Mrs. W. Sesnon, Mrs. Garrett McInerney, Mrs. M. Quick, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Maye Coluburn, Mrs. Peter Dunne, Mrs. Toy and Miss Maybell Toy.

Notable among the smart dinner parties which preceded the Gadski concert at the Hotel St. Francis was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury and Mrs. Pillsbury's father, Charles H. Taylor, editor of the Boston Globe, have added much to the pleasure of local society since their arrival last week at the Hotel St. Francis. Last Friday evening they entertained at a beautifully appointed dinner in the white and gold room, early spring primroses and petunias being the decorative motive. Present were Mr. and Mrs. William Duval, Mr. and Mrs. Joheph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Walter Hobart, Miss Jennie Crocker and Knox Maddox.

Professor and Mrs. George W. Ritchey of Pasadena, Miss M. G. Wing, Mr. Frank Ansel and L. Spencer are to leave for the Continent next Tuesday on the Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm. On January 30th Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent will leave for the Mediterranean on the Koenig Albert.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sill of Berkeley gave an elaborate banquet at the Hotel Carlton last Tuesday evening, where they entertained eighteen of their friends who afterward adjourned to the Sill residence on Shattuck avenue, where they spent several hours at cards. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Schrock, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Laymance, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Curtiss, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Groft, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Leach, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Button, and Dr. and Mrs. Mehrman.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, whose wedding last week was a society affair in Berkeley, have taken rooms at the Carlton for the winter.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her charming daughter, Anna, whose appearance was so flatteringly commented upon by the artist, Charles Dana Gibson, when he was here, returned home last Tuesday after a week at the Fairmont. The Peters will return to their apartment after the lapse of another week and remain until the next Greenway. About the first of February they will go east for an extended trip during which they will attend the inauguration of President Taft at Washington.

This is the time of year when nearly all roads lead to Hotel del Coronado. Arriving at this delightful resort are those fortunate ones from all sections of the world, who can afford to make their escape from winter's icy clasp. Even from San Francisco there are visitors to Coronado. James D. Phelan, Mrs. James D. McKee, S. P. Tobey and Mrs. E. W. Coughlan were there last week.

Amongst the distinguished guests who have registered at Del Monte during the week past are Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Burt, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brogen, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Menker, Mr. M. Strauss, Mrs. Robert A. Thomas of New York; Mr. J. L. Tottenham of England; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Rhodes and Mrs. H. W. Rhodes of Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Dinkelspeil of New Orleans; Miss Hope-Robertson and Miss G. Hope-Robertson, who, with their brothers, Mr. L. Hope-Robertson and Mr. A. Hope-Robertson of Scotland, are making a tour round the world, and have come to California by way of the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands.

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BLACK AND WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKEY
IT IS THE BEST
NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
HEAR OUR ARTISTS AND ORCHESTRA DURING DINNER AND AFTER THEATRE
MISS ANITA GILL, Mezzo Soprano
MISS NADYNE PARKER, Lyric Soprano
THOMPSON'S ANNEX
O'Farrell near Fillmore

THE COSMOS
658 MARKET ST., OPPOSITE PALACE HOTEL
Table d' Hote Lunch, 50c.
Salad
Fresh Crab — Sliced Tomato
Soup
Cream of Onion — Sliced Tomato
Entrees
Tenderloin of Sole, Tartar Sauce — Salmon Trout, Maitre d'Hotel
Pot Roast with Noodles — Sheep's Feet Spanish
Vienna Schnitzel, Tomato Sauce — Leg of Lamb with Spanish
Tagliarini and Cheese — Roast Beef, au Jus
Dessert
Sliced Bananas and Cream — Water Melon — Ice Cream
Apple Pie — Squash Pie
Swiss Cheese — Roquefort Cheese — Brie Cheese

JULES' RESTAURANT 328 BUSH STREET
Below Kearny
Phone Kearny 1812
NOTICE
On New Year's Eve we will keep open until 2 o'clock a. m.
Make your reservations now.
Music

Luscious Old Red Wine
LA QUESTA
AGED IN THE WOOD AND MELLOWED IN THE BOTTLE
Pronounced by experts the best wine made in California
FOR SALE BY
L. D. McLEAN CO. — McCAW BROS.
L. N. WALTER, Cor. Devisadero and California
JULIUS BERENDSEN, 762 Devisadero Street
Served at The St. Francis, The Fairmont, Hotel Rafael, Peninsula Hotel, Jules, Chantilly, Berges & Frank's Old Poodle Dog, Thompson's, New Frank's, Union League Club and Cosmos Club.

Odd Things in the World

In Christiania the unvaccinated cannot vote.

In Southampton it is against the law to whistle in the street on Sunday.

Every judge in Baden is required by law to pass two weeks like a common prisoner in jail, before taking his seat on the bench.

Gheel, in Belgium, is a town of fools. Imbeciles are sent there as to an asylum, but instead of being confined they are allowed their liberty.

No century can begin on either Wednesday, Friday or Saturday. The months of January and October always begin on the same day of the week, as do April and July, September and October. February, March and November begin on the same day. This does not hold good for leap years, but every twenty years the calendar repeats itself.

There is no market for pins in China. A consignment sent there found no purchasers and a member of the legation at Washington explained that "Pins cause untidy habits. The right way to fasten things is with buttons and buttonholes; or with loops and frogs. To fasten things with pins is to make use of an untidy makeshift. To employ pins is to become lazy and slovenly."

Every year, at Knightlow, the quaint ceremony of collecting the Duke of Buccleugh's "Wroth silver" is observed. Before sunrise the steward of the estate reads the ancient charter at the wayside cross, which provides for a fine of twenty shillings or a white bull with red ears and a red nose for every penny unpaid. The "wroth money" is cast into a huge stone trough.

A custom of great antiquity is still maintained in the town of Oakham in Rutlandshire. Every peer of the realm passing near the castle, which was built by Walkelin de Ferrers, is expected to deliver a shoe from the foot of one of his horses, or to pay a fine in default. The fine usually takes the form of an ornamental horse shoe, often surmounted by the coronet of the peer presenting it. There are over three hundred shoes now in the possession of the local authorities, amongst which are those presented by Queen Elizabeth, King George IV, Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandria.

Icelanders have an effective plan of preventing horses from straying from any particular spot. If two equestrians without attendants happen to meet and desire to dismount they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other. In this position it is impossible for them to move on, either backwards or forwards. If disposed to move at all it must be in a circle, and even in this there must be agreement between them to turn their heads in the same direction.

In rural England travelers frequently find that the clocks on the great barns strike thirteen instead of one. The custom is said to have originated through the discovery of one farmer, on taking an after-lunch stroll, that his men were idling and smoking though it was already half-past one. They made the excuse that they were waiting for the clock to strike, and professed surprise that they had not heard it. In order not to be victimized in future the proprietor had his clock so altered that when it was time to resume labor there would be thirteen strokes. "They never miss the twelve strokes that bid them lay off," said he, "and now they'll never miss the thirteen that bid them lay on again." It was such a good idea that the other farmers likewise adopted it.

VAN NESS THEATRE

Cor. Van Ness and Grove
Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs.
Phone Market 500

Monday, January 18th,

MR. E. H. SOTHERN

Monday night and Saturday matinee -HAMLET.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, the romantic drama by Laurence Irving RICHARD LOVELACE.

Friday and Saturday nights—LORD DUNDREARY.

Prices: $2.00 to 50c.
Coming—"The Wolf."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE

Cor. Sutter and Steiner
Class 'A' Building
Phone West 6036

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.

Monday Night, January 18th Starts the Second and Last Week of David Belasco's Comedy of Heart

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

Adapted from Egerton Castle's Famous Story, "The Bath Comedy."

Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

PRINCESS THEATRE

PHONE WEST 665

S. LOVERICH, MANAGER

Ellis Street, near Fillmore
Absolutely Class 'A' Building

Matinee, Saturday and Sunday

This and Next Week Only
KOLB & DILL
In Their Immensely Funny Success

THE POLITICIANS

Monday Evening, January 25th, Kolb and Dill in "Bankers and Brokers."

Prices—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (Except Sundays and Holidays, 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM

Ellis Street, near Fillmore
Absolutely Class 'A' Bldg
Phone West 6000

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.

ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.

JULIE HERNE & CO. in "A Mountain Cinderella"; JEWELL'S MANIKINS; BERT HOWARD AND EFFIE LAWRENCE; THE CHADWICK TRIO; THE JOSSELIN TRIO; EDWIN LATELL, return for this week only; MR. AND MRS. GENE HUGHES, in "A Matrimonial Substitute." NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week—immense sensation, the THREE YOSCARYS, Europe's Foremost Athletic Eccentrics.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE

Valencia Street, between
Thirteenth and Fourteenth
Phone Market 17

The Only Steamed Heated Theatre in the City.

This and Tomorrow Afternoons and Evenings—Last Times of **"Prince Hagen"**

Commencing Monday Evening, January 18,

SHERLOCK HOLMES

William Gillette's Greatest Success.

Presented by the **Valencia Stock Company**, Including **Robert Warwick** and **Blanche Stoddard.**

Regular Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, Prices 25c to 50c.
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.

Monday, January 25: "Pretty Peggy."

AMERICAN THEATRE

Market St., nr. Seventh
Phone Market 381

One Week, Commencing Sunday Matinee, January 17th,
John Cort Presents America's Foremost Artist
FLORENCE ROBERTS
In her latest and greatest success,

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE

By Seymour Obermer

Prices: Evenings, Orchestra, First 10 Rows, $1.50; Balance of Orchestra, 50c, 75, $1.00. Balcony, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees, 25c, 50c and 75c.

Mme. GADSKI'S CONERT

This Sunday Afternoon at 2:30

VAN NESS THEATRE.

Seats $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday at theatre after 10 a. m.

GADSKI IN OAKLAND, Wednesday Afternoon, January 20th
Ye Liberty Playhouse.

KATHARINE GOODSON

One of the World's Great Pianists,

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL.

Next Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, January 19th-31st, Sunday afternono, January 24th.

Seats $1.00 and $1.50 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny, where complete programs may be obtained.

OAKLAND CONCERT NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT
Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Next—Mackenzie Gordan's Concerts. Second Lyric "Pop" Concert.

Stage

Another Belasco Comedy

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" the Belasco adaptation of Eggerton Castle's "Bath Comedy" has been sumptuously presented all week at the Alcazar. Taking into consideration its requirements in scenery, costume, and length of cast, it is an elaborate production for a stock company and must be rated as one of the Alcazar's big successes. Moreover, in pleasing contrast to many shows from across the continent, all was new, clean, spick and span. There was no shop-worn scenery, grimy gowns or frayed finery. As to the play itself, it is as the program hints, a "comedy of hearts," but it is a comedy of manners also. Bath in the time of the third George was a hot bed of intrigue, envy, fashion and extravagance, and its frequenters were typical of the smart society of the day. In Belasco's play they step out of the past again in all their folly and fashion, bravery, and recklessness. The play is full of incident, and bright with witticisms, so that notwithstanding its length it does not drag. There is a critical second act where generous and reckless Kitty accompanied by Lady Standish goes at four o'clock in the morning to Lord Verney's lodgings, their object being to avert the duel between Lord Verney and Lord Jasper Standish. At an inconvenient moment Lady Standish faints, and is disposed of behind the curtains of the big four-poster. When her husband finds and recognizes her little satin shoe it looks as if there would be the devil to pay, but Kitty appears between the bed curtains, greets the company and coolly asks for her shoe. Now of course, no really discreet lady would under any circumstances make a visit to a gentleman's lodging at four a. m., even under the wing of a chaperon, and when the unconventional conduct of Mistress Bellairs becomes public gossip through the treachery of Captain Spicer there is fluttering in feminine dove cotes. From prologue to final tableau the play is alive with incident and mellowed by the sentiment that is dear to the heart of the playgoer. Miss Evelyn Vaughan has scored her greatest success in the role of the whimsical, witty and big hearted Kitty. Her gowns are what women term dreams, particularly the pinkish lavender confection worn in the first act. The different characters of the long cast are in good hands, and all play up in fine style to the charming Kitty. The drunken scene of Walling in Act II was well done and not overdone. Indeed, that this scene in its entirety is not overdone and does not smack of vulgarity is much to the credit of the Alcazar players. The prologue seemed to puzzle the audience a little. We are so unused to this introduction to the drama that people wondered what it meant.

—M. I. Connell.

Gadski Farewell Concert

The last concert by that magnificent artists, Mme. Gadski, will be given this Sunday afternoon, January 17th, at the Van Ness Theatre and seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Kearny and Sutter street store. On Sunday the box office will be at the theatre after 10 a. m. The program has been arranged with special care. Schubert will be the opening composer, the numbers being, "An die Musik," "Lachen und Weinene" and "Litanei." This group will be followed by Schumann's "Soldier's Bride," "Marienwurmchen" and "Fruehlingsnacht." The second part will include Braham's "Sapphic Ode" and "The Message," Grieg's "With a Water Lily" and "Good morning," "The Golden Birch," by G. Norman Smith, "Absent," by J. W. Metcalf and "May is Coming," by Frank La Forge." Part third will be the great "Immolation Scene" from Wagner's "Goetterdamerung." Mr. La Forge's piano numbers will be Schumann's Symphonic Studies and the C minor nocturne of Chopin. Prices are from $2.50 to $1.00. Next Wednesday afternoon Mme. Gadski will sing in Oakland at "Ye Liberty Playhouse," presenting an entirely different program from her San Francisco concerts, and including, by special request, the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde" in which Gadski has no peer. Seats for this event are on sale at the office of the theatre in Oakland.

E. H. Sothern Engagement

The Van Ness Theatre has secured an unusually strong attraction for the two weeks commencing Monday night in the person of Mr. E. H. Sothern. For his first week's engagement Mr. Sothern has selected three of the most important plays of his entire repertoire and their widely diversified dramatic appeal will be sure to popularize his engagement with all theatregoers. The schedule is as follows: Monday night and Saturday matinee "Hamlet," Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursdays, the romantic drama "Richard Lovelace," Friday and Saturday nights "Lord Dundreary." Since Mr. Sothern appeared here he has won honors in England where he played a Shakespeareian engagement with Miss Julia Marlowe. The critics pronounced him one of the elect few of Shakespeareian scholars.

At the Alcazar

A second week of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is announced by the Alcazar management, supplemented with a statement that the advance demand for seats is so heavy as to make a third week of the Belasco success not at all impossible. All the critics have agreed that "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is one of the most pretentious productions ever



JULIE HERNE

To appear at the Orpheum next week.

undertaken by a stock theatre. With more than half a hundred people employed in an acting capacity, with a series of stage pictures that appeal by their elaborateness and beauty and with a musical setting that is at once appropriate and pretty, David Belasco's adaptation of Edgerton Castle's charming story of old Bath is surely well treated at the Sutter street playhouse.

Katharine Goodson Great Pianiste

Manager Will Greenbaum predicts that Katharine Goodson, the English pianiste, will make as big a sensation among the piano students and teachers as Kreisler did among the violinists when he came here quite unknown, or as Tetrazzini did among the lovers of florid singing. Miss Goodson in Europe and the East is ranked with D'Albert, Ysaye, Paderewski and Joachim, but in the West she is little known. She is a pupil of the great Leschetizky and one of whom he is extremely proud. She has appeared with the greatest success in nearly every country in the world and this will be her third tour in the United States. At her first concert (next Tuesday night, January 19th) at Christian Science Hall she will play the following interesting program: Kinderscene, Op. 15, Novelette, E major, Schumann; Sonate, C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven; Adagio Sostenuto, Allegretto—Trio, Presto Agitato; Intermezzo, B minor, Rhapsodie, E flat, Brahms; Three Etudes, A flat, Op. 25, No. 1, A flat, Posth., No. 2, G flat, Op. 25, No. 9, Two Valses, G flat, Op. 70, A flat, Op. 42, Chopin; Prelude, C sharp minor, Rachmaninoff, Traumerie, Op. 9, No. 4, Richard Strauss; Rigaudon, Op. 23, No. 1, Arthur Hinton; Humoresque, Tschaikowsky; Rhapsodie, No. 2, Liszt. The second concert will be Thursday evening when another exceptional program will be given and the farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 24th. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store, Kearny and Sutter streets.

Goodson in Oakland

Katharine Goodson will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Friday at half past three. Her program on this occasion will be made up from the gems of her three San Francisco programs. She will play two complete sonatas, Beethoven's Op. 27, No. 2, and Grieg's beautiful one in E minor. Seats for this concert will be ready Tuesday at the box office of Ye Liberty Playhouse.

"Sherlock Holmes" for the Valencia

"Prince Hagen," Upton Sinclair's fantastic drama which has set the entire community talking, will receive its final presentations at the Valencia Theatre Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night that gripping and fascinating tale of detective life, "Sherlock Holmes," dramatized from A. Conan Doyle's spellbinding adventures of that mysterious man by William Gillette and played by him with such great success, will receive an elaborate production. The story, in brief, concerns Miss Alice Faulkner, who is kept a prisoner by James and Madge Larrabee in order that they may secure a package of letters written by the heir apparent of one of the prinicapilities of the German Empire to Miss Faulkner's sister. The German government has secured the service of Sherlock Holmes to locate and restore these letters, and when the Larrabees find the famous detective on their trail they secure the services of Professor Moriarty and his crew of thieves and cutthroats, that are designated the most infamous gang of lawbreakers in London. Moriarty has had bitter experiences with Holmes and decides to put him out of the way, so he enters the combat with great zest and earnestness. The fight between Holmes and the gang is a desperate one, but he easily outwits the men pitted against him and emerges the personification of coolness from every trap laid by the professional scoundrels. The cast of Sherlock Holmes will include all the favorites of the Valencia stock company, and as Conan Doyle's world-famed detective-hero, Robert Warwick will have one of the opportunities of his career. He is admirably adapted, both temperamentally and physically, to live the part and promises to surprise his most ardent admirers.

MRS. OSCAR MANSFELDT
PIANIST
TELEPHONE WEST 314 1801 BUCHANAN STREET

Florence Roberts at the American

It is declared that Florence Roberts has had no vehicle in her career that has offered her such salient opportunities or which embodied a theme so daring and original as "The House of Bondage," which she will present at the American, beginning Sunday matinee, January 17th. When it is said that the pivotal climax of the piece arises through a vital operation by a great surgeon upon the husband of the woman he (the surgeon) loves, some idea of the tremendous dramatic power of the piece may be imagined. Miss Roberts, in the role of the neglected wife of a brilliant English Parliamentarian, has a part that suits to a "T" her great gifts as an emotional actress. Her support is a very strong one, containing the names of Arthur Forrest, Thurlow Bergen, Hallet Bosworth, Harry Gibbs, Ann Warrington and Mary Bertrand.



KATHARINE GOODSON

The English pianiste who will give a concert next Tuesday evening.

Rudolph Barth, watchmaker and jeweler, now permanently located at 36 Kearny street.

The Dutch Comedians

Kolb and Dill are still appearing in "The Politicians" at the Princess Theatre to crowded and enthusiastic houses. Next week will most positively be the last of this delightful farce. Monday, January 25th, Kolb and Dill will appear in "Bankers and Brokers" which is pleasantly remembered as one of their greatest triumphs.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The Orpheum program for next week will be headed by Miss Julie Herne, a remarkably clever actress and a daughter of that famous playwright and actor, James A. Herne. Miss Herne will present a sketch written by herself and George D. Parker, called "A Mountain Cinderella," which depicts a thrilling incident in the Tennessee Mountains where the moonshiner is ever on the alert for the visit of the sheriff. Jewell's Manikins, the best mechanical exhibition of its kind on the stage will contribute an act called "Toyland Vaudeville," in which the puppets impersonate the Teddy bears, Madame Renz, Vesta Victoria and other famous stage folk. Bert Howard and Effie Lawrence, two of the most popular artists in vaudeville, will be guilty of a farce called "The Stage Manager," which provokes the audience to screams of laughter. The Chadwick Trio, which includes Ida May Chadwick, the champion female buck dancer of America, will appear in a farce entitled, "For Sale, Wiggins' Farm," which is said to be a vehicle which completely exhausts their versatility. The Josselin Trio, the premiere aerialists of the world, will introduce a novel and attractive act, called "Pictures in the Air," which was an immense success at the New York Hippodrome. That delightful monologist, Edwin Latell, will return for next week only, which will be the last of these wonderful acrobats, the Three Yoscarys and those admirable comedians, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes. The latter will be seen in a new farce, called "A Matrimonial Substitute." A new series of Orpheum Motion Pictures will conclude the performance.

In the Limelight

At the Mackenzie Gordon concerts Mr. Eugene Blanchard, the young artist who recently returned from several years' study abroad with the great Sauer, will be heard in some splendid piano works.

Will Greenbaum announces a series of the Burton Holmes Travelogues as his closing attraction this season. They will be here about the last week in April.

"Girls" will be with us in the near future.

Guy Standing and Theodóre Roberts have made a tremendous hit in the drama, "The Right of Way," and are now heralded as real stars.

Sothern is to make his first appearance on any stage as Richelieu during the second week of his engagement at the Van Ness Theatre. His interpretation of the Cardinal should be an artistic triumph.

Andrew Robson, the well known actor, will be seen in the role of Jules Beaubein, the half breed in Eugene Walter's tremendous success, "The Wolf." This is the second notable hit from the pen of the author of "Paid in Full."

Lillian Russell's engagement in "Wildfire" is to be limited to one week at the Van Ness as the actress and her play are to go to London in the spring according to previous arrangements.

One of the most delightful musical offerings of the past several seasons is "A Stubborn Cinderella" in which a strong company will appear here next month. This piece is by the same people who wrote "The Time, The Place and The Girl" and "The Girl Question."

Darrell Standing, who appeared as "Professor Moriarty" in the original London performances of "Sherlock Holmes" with William Gillette, is lending his valuable aid in staging the intricate and powerful play at the Valencia. He has all of the multifarious and complicated details of the drama at his fingers' ends and his assistance is proving of great aid to the mechanical staff of the theatre.

"Pretty Peggy," the beautiful story of Peg Woffington and David Garrick, originally played by Henrietta Crossman, will follow "Sherlock Holmes" at the Valencia Theatre. From the standpoint of costumes and scenery the production will eclipse anything yet done by the enterprising management of this playhouse while every member of the stock company will have a splendid chance in the delightful characters provided by the author.

Many have been the expressions of satisfaction from the patrons of the Valencia Theatre since the installation of the steam heating plant both in front and behind the scenes at that playhouse, which is now as comfortable as it is commodious.



SCENE FROM "SHERLOCK HOLMES"
At the Valencia Theatre Next Week.



The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We will also start a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. Such questions will be answered in the following issue.

Answer to Queries

Dr. J. W. B. In answer to your question whether a light sack suit may be worn to a vaudeville performance in ladies' company, will say "Yes" if you are well acquainted with the lady.

Mr. S. E. S. In answer as to whether white edging can be worn with vests. "Yes" on dark suits as the contrast is pretty.



THE ENGLISH WALKING COAT OR COLONIAL FROCK SUIT

The business cutaway frock or as it is more often termed "The English walking coat or colonial frock suit" has been in the ascendant for the last few years and promises to become a standard style second only to the sack sujt for general wear. It is a suit particularly adapted to be worn by men of higher position, business men, and professional men, for it lends its wearer dignity and therefore is of importance to the lawyer, doctor, banker, insurance man or broker. Owing to its present comparative uncommonness this suit is strongly advised as a change from the monotony of the sack, and from all indications it is almost a certainty that Spring will see this suit a most popular one.

The above model is one accepted by the American gentlemen and tells more than the usual description, its natural grace and dignity being so apparent. The skirts of the coat, however, should be a trifle shorter and more cutaway for a man of less than average height who shows some sign of corpulence. Either the simple sleeve finish or a lapover cuff is correct and it is a matter of individual taste which of the two one prefers. The outer breast pocket lower should be in this garment as well as in the sack. The side pockets should be set straight under the large flaps not diagonally (of course vertical pockets are never used).

The materials to be used for these suits can be of various kinds. For men who wish to use this suit for half day business or informal evening dress, an oxford grey either plain or with basket weave or a medium dark finish or unfinished worsted with hardly visible stripe or overplaid effect for men who wish to use it only as business or day suit. Tweeds or worsted cheviots plain effects or light checks or plaids for the average size men, for short men very thin stripe effects. However, the purchaser usually knows best what use he has for the suit he is purchasing and if he has taste he will naturally select the proper material.

No man can be too careful in the selection of his wearing apparel for it is constantly criticised. It is the expression of his sense of fitness, his position, his ambition, and his personalities just as much as the expression of the face. Let a lawyer address a jury unshaven, with a collar with saw edge, and ill-fitting suit, no matter how good a case he has or how great an orator he is the first thing he would have to do would be to prove to his jury that he is not what he looks. Now how much easier it would be on presenting his case to come into court well dressed.

Coat. Colonial frock or English walking coat.

Waistcoat. To match coat or fancy waistcoat.

Trousers. To match coat. To fall straight from hips to bottom. No cuffs.

Hat. Derby or alpine.

Shirt. Stiff or pleated. White or colored cuffs. Attached collar. Wing preferred.

Cravat. Four in hand, ascot or once over.

Gloves. Tan cape or reindeer.

Boots. Calf or kid, buttoned or laced, high or low.

Jewelry. Gold links or studs.

Two Happy Wives

"I am told that your husband plays billiards every night at the clubs—plays for money, too," said the anxious mother to her newly married daughter. "That's all right, mother," cheerfully responded the young wife. "He gives me all his winnings——"

"What? Do you——"

"And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor."

"What difference can that make?"

"Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."

The Reason Why

"And how are the tomatoes coming on?" asked Mr. Young husband of his little wife.

"Well, dear," began the lady nervously, "I'm rather afraid we shall have to buy them, after all."

Mr. Younghusband frowned. "But, my dear Maria," he expostulated, "I distinctly understood from you a couple of months or so ago that you had planted a whole row!"

"That's quite right, dear," explained Maria, "but I've just remembered that I forgot to open the tins!"

LARGEST COLLECTION ON THE COAST

DIAMONDS AND GEMS

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The Flaying of a Poet

(Continued from Page 9.)

draw her objection to the application made by Sterling of this pretty word that all passionate poets love for its melodiousness and its flexibility. To mention a few: The author of "Night Thoughts" saw the dyes on a dove's neck wanton in the sun's rays; Pope sang of the "wanton ivy" twining, and Shelley, of "a wanton rivulet." Singular, isn't it—the viewpoint of the men whom the moon has touched with her own phantasy?

And now, as for being sure that buds are vestals—well, even a botanist will hardly argue to the contrary. Nor will I, though not a poet, pronounce "silken fires" a tax on credulity. I know that Baudelaire talks of "diamond fires" in "The Living Flame," and anyway, I cannot be induced to quarrel with a poet on account of his epithets. I know that his business is not with fact, but with feeling, and that he vindicates his imagination by epithets drawn from the hearts of the objects that excite his mad raptures. If poets, as I have been told, can see color in sound, I am sure it would be folly for me to dispute with one of them in a contest of vision. Besides, if it seemed to me that a poet in his gradiloquence was floating away into inanity, why should I call a halt when I know that even audacity leads to good poetry? The fact is that almost all great poets have ranted. The greatest ran the risk of uttering nonsense, and by many of them was it uttered. If they had been timid from over-exactness, from too much concern for the power of comprehension, much good poetry would have been lost to the world. What appears to be nonsense, however, is frequently veritable sublimity. When we do not recognize it as such it is because the most exquisite imagery is not obvious to everybody. Poetry bubbles spontaneously out of unfathomable profounds within the poet's soul where reflected are the lights and shadows of eternal things. We cannot penetrate these depths. The fancies that spring therefrom are but the images of realities, to be apprehended not by the physical senses but by our spiritual nature. Is it not presumptuous in those of us whose spiritual nature may be undeveloped to challenge the perceptions of the divinely inspired one? I have read poetry that I do not understand, but I have not the courage to pronounce it rot. It is only what he understands that the critic can conscientiously criticise.

Jeffreys asserted that Wordsworth's poetry abounded in "a hubbub of strained raptures and fanatical sublimities." The same criticism might with as much truth be uttered with respect to the works of any of the great poets. What could be more in the nature of a strained rapture than Keats' fanciful prospect of flitting into a star with his lyre and making "its silvery splendor pant with bliss?" Strained, perhaps, but poetry nevertheless; as much so as Swinburne's star "swooning with desire at the cold lips of the sleepless moon." Somewhat more subdued and vastly more impressive is Francis Thompson's star on a mountain top listening quietly. To all these raptures doubtless Mrs. Maud will take exception, and perhaps she will insist that at any rate so far as Sterling is concerned his "glassy gold" is unpardonable. To which I retort that it compares favorably as a performance of the imagination with Wordsworth's "unrejoicing berries" and Mathew Arnold's "impracticable hours," which did not quickly pass in his "Oberman Once More." It may be hard to understand, but this use made by Arnold of the word "impracticable' has been pronounced the happiest and most vigorous stroke in English poetry.

Following a poet when he is soaring on his viewless wings of fancy in the service of pure emotion is a hard job and one that no Philistine should ever undertake.

Auto Notes

Of all questions, that of strength and durability is probably the most important in the minds of all prospective purchasers of automobiles. In a recent discussion on the importance placed by customers on the possible strength and lasting qualities of respective machines, Calvin C. Eib, Sales Manager of the Pioneer Automobile Company, said: "The strongest chain is only as strong as its weakest link. The same thing applies to an automobile. Customers are always much interested in the general strength of a car they are interested in, and it is the duty of a salesman to explain the quality of the material used in each car. A machine may have a good appearing body and hood, and look in other respects like a fine car, but it is only after several thousand miles of testing that the car proves its grade. The best guarantee a customer can have of the best qualities of a car is the record and past history of the machine. A new car, that is to say, a machine that has not had a season's use by the average automobile owner is more or less an experiment and is at a disadvantage with the older and more representative makes. I always advise a prospective customer of a car to investigate it thoroughly, examine the quality of the bearings throughout the car, and determine the quality of steel used in the crank shaft. For instance, the Chalmers-Detroit (formerly the Thomas-Detroit) has the highest grade of nickel heat treated steel in the crank shaft, which has stood a test of thirteen tons. The annular bearings are the same as are used in the five thousand dollar foreign cars. These points, together with the fact that the body is hung between the axles, similar to the best foreign cars, are the reasons this car is recognized as one of the most durable on the market."

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PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

Siesta

(Continued from Page 10.)

gress higher, when they came to rest themselves in the soft armchairs of the little cool salon.

There was no other light here than the glow from the open fireplace. Its ruddy brightness stole softly across the English carpet and ascended to the golden cornices of the hangings; it played upon the gilded frames of the paintings, touched the piano which stood near the chimney; here and there it fell also upon a face, wonderfully illumining and reclaiming it from the darkness. Otherwise nothing was visible except the red, glowing tips of cigars and cigarettes.

The entertainment began to flag; only a whisper now and then, or the clink of a coffee-cup disturbed the silence.

"Is there no one present who can give us a little music?" inquired Senor de Silvis. "You are always wont to be so obliging, Mademoiselle Adele."

"Oh dear, no—not I!" cried Mademoiselle. "I've been eating too heartily!" at the same time, leaning back upon the sofa, she drew up her little feet, and, with a satisfied air, folded her hands across her breast.

But the stranger, the Irishman, emerged from his corner, and advanced to the piano.

"Oh! you're going to play something for us! Many thanks—Monsieur—hem, Monsieur—" Senor de Silvis had forgotten the name, a thing happening very often, indeed, with his guests.

"You see, he is a musician!" said Mademoiselle Adele to her friend. Anatole answered with a grunt of admiration.

There was something else. The others also perceived it at once, noticing the manner in which he sat down and struck a few chords here and there to awaken the instrument, as it were.

He then began to play—sportively, flightily, frivolously—just as the mood was upon him.

The melodies of the day melted away into gay waltzes and tuneful glees; all those insignificant popular tunes hummed by all Paris for the past week he snatched up and executed with spirit and fluency.

The ladies cried out with astonishment, sang a few bars in accompaniment, beat time softly on the floor. The entire company followed him with intense interest. He had gained their sympathy, and carried them away with him from the very beginning. The "lieber Herr Doktor" alone listened with that Sedan smile. Such things were too simple for him.

But soon there was something for even the German. He nodded now and then somewhat approvingly.

A bit of Chopin burst forth and wonderfully accorded with the general temperament—the pungent fragrancy filling the air, the gay women, the men so frank, so unconcerned, each strange to the other, lost in the obscurity of the dusky salon, each following his own most secret thoughts, borne along by the mysterious, half-distinct, half-confused music, while the light of the open fireplace brightened now, now sank back again, causing everything golden to glimmer with a faint, trembling glow.

And now there was still more for the doctor. From time to time he turned towards de Silvis and motioned to him whenever the harmonious sounds suggested "our Schumann," "our Beethoven," or, indeed, "our famous Richard."

Meanwhile the stranger continued playing, slightly inclined to the left, though without effort, in order to put more force into the bass. It sounded as if he had twenty fingers—all of steel. He knew how to assemble a multitude of tones, so that the instrument itself produced one powerful, united, distinct sound. Not stopping, not marking the transitions, by ever newly recurring surprises, imitations, happy combinations he fixed their attention so firmly that even the most unmusical person was forced to follow him with rapture.

Wholly unnoticed, the music changed its character. The artist played the deep tones uninterruptedly. He then inclined himself more and more upon the left, and there arose a wonderful commotion in the bass. The anabaptists of the Prophet approached with heavy steps; a knight from the Damnation de Faust mounted from the depths below with that desperate, hobbling, diabolical gallop.

More and more it rumbled and thundered in the deeper tones, and Monsieur Anatole began to feel the truffles anew. Mademoiselle Adele leaned half forward from the sofa; the music would not allow her to rest in peace.

Here and there the chimney-fire was reflected in a pair of black eyes staringly fixed upon the player. He had bewitched them; they could now no longer detach themselves from him; he led them ever deeper down, down, down, where the sound was muffled and gloomily muttered with lamentations and threats.

"He manages his left hand marvelously," said the doctor. But de Silvis did not hear him; like the others, he sat in breathless suspense.

A mysterious, oppressive fear stole out from the music and brooded over the whole assembly.

The artist seemed to clinch his left hand into a fist, which could never again relax, while with his right he cast hither and thither descants of sounds leaping aloft like sparkling flames. It sounded as if something dismal, horrible had been committed in the cellar, while those upstairs were dancing, laughing and amusing themselves under the resplendent candelabra.

There was heard a sigh, a low cry from one of the ladies who felt unwell, but no one took notice of it. The performer was now wholly occupied with the bass, on which he was playing with both hands. His tireless fingers rapidly mingled the

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. 10 No. 20497.

ANNA D. ROLLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALVA AARON and M. CLIFFORD AARON, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Alva Aaron and M. Clifford Aaron, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, Market and Sansome Sts. Branches: 624 Van Ness Ave. and 3039 Sixteenth St. For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this Bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. B. G. TOGNAZZI. Manager.

sounds together, so that cold chills ran up and down the backs of his hearers.

There was, however, a gradual ascension from the threatening, tumultuous lower sounds to the higher notes. The tones ran into each other, over each other, past each other, upward, ever upward, but never seeming to advance. There arose a wild tumult, a struggle to reach the top. They swarmed like little black demons, fighting, wrangling, full of raging wrath, feverish hurry, climbing, clinging, clinching with hands and teeth, each kicking, crushing the other with its feet, cursing, shrieking, praying—and, meanwhile, his hands glided along the keys so slowly, oh, so painfully slowly!

"Anatole," whispered Mademoiselle Adele, as pale as a ghost, "he is playing the 'Poverty!'"

"Oh, dear!—those truffles!" moaned Anatole, beginning to writhe with pain.

The salon suddenly became as bright as day. Two servants entered from behind the portiere with lamps and candelabra. At the same moment the strange musician stopped playing, with all the might of his steeled fingers striking a discord so impossible, so startling that the entire party instantly sprang to their feet.

"Away with the lamps!" cried de Silvis.

"No, no!" shrieked Mademoiselle Adele; "come in with the light. I'm afraid in the dark. Oh, the horrible creature!"

"Who was he?—yes,—who was he?" And they involuntarily thronged round their host. Nor did they notice that the stranger had slipped out behind the servants.

de Silvis tried to laugh it off by saying: "I think it was the devil. Come, let us go to the opera!"

"To the opera? Not for the world," cried Louison. "I won't listen to any music for a fortnight. Ugh! think of that crowd on the opera stairway!"

"Oh, my truffles!" howled Anatole.

The company broke up. They all suddenly realized that they were strangers in a strange place. Each one desired to steal away home and be alone by himself.

On accompanying Mademoiselle Louison to her carriage the journalist said: "There, you see, that's the result of allowing one's self to be persuaded to accept the invitations of one of those half-barbarians. One never knows what sort of a crowd one will meet."

"Oh, dear, yes! He has quite put me out of humor," replied Louison, plaintively, all the time lifting her liquid eyes appealingly toward him. "But won't you accompany me to Trinity? I know that a quiet mass will be read there at midnight."

The journalist bowed acquiescence, and took his place beside her in the carriage.

While Mademoiselle Adele and Monsier Anatole, on the other hand, were passing the English apothecary in Rue de la Paix, the latter bade the coachman stop, and said, "No," beseechingly to her, "I think I must be put down here and have them give me something for my truffles. You won't be angry with me? But, you see—the music—"

"Please do not let it trouble you in the least, my friend. To be frank, I think that neither of us is in a specially happy mood to-night. Well, good-night! Auf Wiedershen to-morrow!"

She leaned back in the cushions of the carriage. She felt relieved. She was alone. And the frivolous creature wept, as if she had been whipped! She was then driven home.

Of course Anatole was suffering extremely from the truffles, but it seemed to him that he felt better the moment the carriage rolled away.

Since the time that they had become acquainted they were never so satisfied with one another as at this very moment of parting.

But the one who had best recovered from the affair was the "lieber Herr Doktor," for, being a German, he had become inured as far as the music was concerned.

Notwithstanding this, however, he resolved to stroll off to the brasserie Muller in Rue Richelieu, to drink over it a good square pint of German beer, with a bit of ham, perhaps.

"The sale of self-propelled commercial vehicles depends largely upon the road conditions of the State," says A. C. Downing, electrical sales engineer for the Studebaker Bros. Company of California. "For instance, if the farmer had hard roads over which to transport his produce he could effect a saving of from 45 per cent to 75 per cent of the cost of transportation per ton-mile. Not only would a betterment of the roads effect a saving in the transportation expenses but, with the use of self-propelled commercial vehicles, transportation would become much more practical. It has been the experience of the transfer companies of the different cities that the pulling in railroad yards and on roads leading up to warehouses has been much heavier than other city work. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the effect of such roads on both the horses and the vehicles on some of the cobble stone streets in this city especially in the downtown business district. Of course, there are a number of streets of the square surfaced cobble stones, but there are also many equipped with the round cobble stones. Anyone can appreciate the meaning of the wear and tear of such driveways."

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Letters

Stewart Edward White's Latest

Now that Stewart Edward White has given us "The Riverman," it seems as though we had been waiting for it all these years since "The Blazed Trail," and "Blazed Trail Stories" came into our hands. The exploits and adventures of Jack Orde begin where those of Harry Thorpe and Wallace Carpenter were laid down. Their task was to cut the timber and haul it to the river bank, there to await the spring thaw. Orde's was to break out the rollways, guide the logs on their course and deliver them to his employers at the mills. "The Riverman" is essentially a novel of action. Men engaged in such arduous tasks have no time for mincing words and balancing notions, and their reasons for doing this or that are given in the results achieved, not the preliminary discussion. The scenes of the story are laid in the Michigan woods and in New York, but except for a temporary showing of the hero in another environment, while he energetically pursues the course of true love, the New York portion is negligible. "The Riverman" is at home in the woods and on the river, where he shows to his best advantage. Orde, like every other man who makes a success of big enterprises, was good-humored, and at the same time firm and executive. The necessities of his occupation called for the same qualities demanded from a commanding general, and the men over whom he exercised a tolerant despotism were such as respected the firm hand, the unyielding master, who knew when and how to relax. There is plenty of excitement, from the first page, where Orde, in charge of the drive for our old friends, Morrison & Daly, finds himself opposed by a pious and quixotic old grist mill owner who, keeping strictly within the law, has it in his power to hang up the drive and virtually put to waste all the work of the winter woods, until the last, some eight years later, when the same capable general, having discovered the rascality of his partner in the business they had built up, of contracting for all the driving of the river, cutting and milling their own timber, and a lake carrying trade, parts with that scheming individual after treating him to "the worst licking you ever heard tell of." Even the most cold and sluggish-blooded city dweller must thrill at the feats of hardihood, the superhuman efforts put forth by the drivers, and the rough and ready solutions of problems in engineering for which there is no time to figure and plan and calculate, and the circumventing of enemies both in the shape of human rivals and the forces of nature. While Jack Orde, the practically efficient member of the firm of Newmark and Orde, is moving heaven and earth in the interests of his business, and looking ahead into the future for the benefit of his family, he is fighting a secret enemy in the dark for Newmark, cold, selfish, emotionless, has seen a way in which he can wreck the business and cripple Orde personally without being suspected of his treachery. He makes an unpleasant contrast to the river drivers as well as to his open-hearted partner, and it is almost a pity that the men whose lives he risked in order to line his already heavy pockets were deprived of the opportunity to act as an audience when he finally received his just deserts at the hands of the exasperated Orde. "The Riverman," like its predecessor, "The Blazed Trail," is one of the best portrayals of an industrial enterprise that I know of. Published by McClure.

"The Better Treasure"

This is a short story by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, which appeared in one of the monthly magazines, has been taken in hand by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., and transformed into a very attractive holiday offering. The story takes up the belief of two children in the myth that on the night before Christmas the animals are permitted to indulge in human speech. Before bed time they had been regaled by their mother with a tale of treasure revealed in this way, and knowing that their own means were straightened they determined to interrogate the family horse. Their innocent escapade in stealing from their beds at midnight was the means of preventing a crime and bringing about a family reconciliation, as is foreordained in all good Christmas tales. By means of illustrations and marginal decorations appropriate to the season, a respectable sized volume of seventy-five pages has been made, which is at the same time attrative and ornamental, as well as readable.

"American Highways and Byways"

Though Clifton Johnson's latest addition to his series of "American Highways and Byways"—The Pacific Coast—will not add much in the way of actual information to the coasters, it will probably prove as welcome to the residents of other sections as its predecessors have been to ourselves, and in any event, it furnishes pleasant reading. Mr. Johnson avoids the large cities and the beaten track of tourists and trippers, confining his jaunts and journeys to the more or less obscure settlements and the trails and field paths. He meets and chats with queer characters, old settlers, tramps, school children, traders and hotel clerks, who regale him with bits of local history, reminiscences, stories and shrewd comments, all of which are repeated for us in a leisurely jaunt from Arizona to the Sound, and a side excursion into Nevada. He listens to the discussions of the farmers as to the worth and worthlessness of California, and the good old times long past in Oregon, but leaves us to draw our own inference that to the man who knows what he wants to do and goes about it sensibly and systematically there is a fair assurance of success. It is hardly fair to blame all the real estate booming on the native Californians, for in truth the cleverest of the manipulators learned the business in the older States and brought their methods with them. But when people are afflicted with "land fever," it is precisely like any other form of gambling, they are not to be stopped nor stayed until they are "stone-broke." A Rooseveltian ancedote is worthy of quotation. One of the guides at the Grand Canyon remarked: "The speech that the President made here always struck me as funny. He told us to save the canyon for our children and our children's children. It'll be here. What under heaven does he think we were going to do with a gorge thirteen miles across and a mile deep—fill it up?" In order that those who please to follow in his footsteps may use this volume as a guide book, Mr. Johnson has added to each chapter a note enumerating other attractions near by and easily reached, with just enough brief description to whet appetite. There are over sixty full page illustrations from photographs, some of scenery and natural attractions and others of incidents of the road. Decidedly "The Pacific Coast" is a desirable possession and one which intending settlers would do well to read before falling under the spell of the man with land to dispose of. Macmillan is the publisher.



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Auto Notes

An interesting demonstration of the durability of the modern automobile when properly handled is that of the 1906 Thomas Flyer, owned by Charles C. Moore, the well known motorist and President of the Chamber of Commerce. The car, which was one of the first of this make to arrive in San Francisco, has been driven over 35,000 miles, being in service steadily since the purchase. Tours to all sections of the State, weekly trips to and from Santa Cruz over the famous Redwood road, and daily service in the city streets, is the usage the machine has had, and notwithstanding numerous offers to buy or trade, coaxing and persuasion by salesmen, the well known clubman has refused to part with the old Green Flyer. "I guess the only way you can get Mr. Moore to purchase a new car is for me to run this old Thomas into a train, or off the ferry boat," said the chauffeur. "The longer we use it the better it runs. I have had it overhauled once in the past year, and otherwise our expense bills consist of gasoline and oil. Judging from present indications, the old Flyer will be running the streets when the ambition of the Million Club is realized."

Four Studebaker suburban cars arrived in this city recently from the factory at South Bend, Ind. For the past several weeks the local branch of the Studebaker firm has experienced a big demand for this type of the Studebaker, especially from the interior part of the State. Chester N. Weaver, manager of the local branch of the Studebaker company, accounts for this in that the car can be interchangably used for both pleasure and utility purposes, making it an ideal automobile for those who live in the country.

The Howard Automobile Company received their demonstrator in the new $1900 40 horsepower four-cylinder touring car recently and are now busy demonstrating to the large number of prospective customers who have been rather impatiently awaiting the arrival of this new much talked about Buick.

T. R. Finley, a prominent Santa Maria attorney, has just changed from another make to Diamond Tires and Marsh Rims on his Pope-Hartford car.

E. W. Twiggs, a local automobilist, arrived yesterday from his ranch near Walnut Creek, making the trip in his Oldsmobile touring car. Twiggs reports the roads muddy and rough, and says that few motorists are using their machines in that territory.

Frank Staley, formerly vice-president of the H. T. Hearsey vehicle company of Indianopolis, Ind., arrived in this city a few days ago as a guest of the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California. Staley is one of the most enthusiastic Studebaker automobile drivers in the southern part of the United States.

The Howard Automobile Company received two carloads of the '09 Buick "White Streaks," three of them cars with tourabout seats on the rear; these, being the first cars of this type to reach the coast, they have created considerable excitement along Automobile Row. The cars are being delivered to the customers who have been waiting. The Howard Automobile Company report a number of carloads of "White Streaks" now enroute from the factory, and they are rapidly catching up on their advance orders.

J. H. Covell, a prominent business man of Watsonville, Cal., to whom the local Studebaker concern sold a Studebaker E-M-F "30" roadster a few weeks ago, has been so well please with his car that he has placed orders with manager John H. Fagal of the automobile department of the Studebaker company for two more roadsters and three touring cars.

The San Francisco to Los Angeles trip is one of the most attractive for motorists, according to Mrs. C. A. Waller who, accompanied by her husband and a party of friends, recently returned from an extended tour of the southern part of the State and Mexico in their Thomas Flyer. The tour, which consumed six weeks of motor travel, took the local automobile enthusiasts from this city to Tia Juana, Mexico, includings stops at Santa Barbara, San Diego, Del Monte, Pasadena and Tia Juana.

"We had a great trip," said Mrs. Waller yesterday. "We found the roads in fair condition with the exception of Santa Barbara county, where they are in terrible condition. The touring in the southern part of the State has the same features as in Mexico, with the possible exception of the heat, the roads in the two countries being very much alike. We spent some time in Los Angeles and made short tours to the surrounding country, later going to San Diego. In a great many places we had to travel on the low speed, going through the deep sand and mud on the return journey. Our car ran fine all the way and at the finish was running as smoothly as when we started."

Among the prominent local automobilists who will attend the New York Show is E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, who will leave this week for New York. Besides attending the Annual Motor Exhibition in the metropolis, the local agent of the Thomas, Oldsmobile and Chalmers-Detroit cars will visit the factories of these respective machines. The trip will consume about two weeks.

L. H. George of Oakland is the latest purchaser of a Chalmers-Detroit. Dr. D. D. Crowley, also of the trans-bay city, took delivery this week of a six-cylinder 40 horsepower Thomas Flyer. Dr. Crowley has been a strong devotee of horses for the last twenty years.

M. E. Lombard of Portland, Ore., arrived in this city last Saturday in his Studebaker "40" touring car which he drove down from the Oregon metropolis. During the down trip Lombard encountered some bad roads but his machine gave a splendid exhibition of its abilities and despite the conditions, which he says the roads must be in as a result of the rains of Friday and Saturday, left Monday morning for his home town in his automobile.

Charles R. Parmenter of the Pioneer Automobile Company was discussing the merits of the Chalmers-Detroit "30" horsepower car with a prospective customer on the floors of the company salesroom, when the demonstrator of a competitor passed in a well advertised rival of the Chalmers-Detroit. "That's the new ——— car, is it not?" said the customer to Parmenter, who admitted the identity. "I will tell you what I will do. If you will take this car and beat that one to the top of the Golden Gate hills, I will place my order at once," said the prospect. In describing the events of the next fifteen minutes, Parmenter said: "The other fellow was five blocks ahead of me when I drove out of the salesroom, but I took after him and caught him at Pierce street. Between Pierce and Scott streets I waited for him and he came with full speed. We raced along even for a short distance, when I opened the throttle and pulled away from him, taking the hill to Devisadero street, and even on to Broderick on the high speed. The other auto went all right until he had to change to his low gear, then I walked away from him. The customer who made the run with Parmenter and whose name is L. H. Scott, kept his word and the winning driver brought back the order for a Chalmers-Detroit touring car.

The Studebaker Suburban

The adaptable car. Can be interchangeably used for both pleasure and utility purposes. Designed along lines to meet the demands of those who reside in the suburbs or in the country.

Features These embrace a stylish four-passenger runabout; a smart roadster or a light combination passenger and baggage car. For a score of different uses the car immediately suggests itself. Changes are simple and can be made quickly. The Studebaker Suburban is really an ideal automobile. It will pay you well to inspect our new arrivals. Demonstrations at your convenience.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

OLDSMOBILE

We beg to announce arrival 1909 Oldsmobile, December 15th

The following complete line of 1909 models will be on exhibition on the above date. Every one of these cars is representative of the factory that makes it:

Model X Special Runabout	$2000
Model D Palace Touring Car	2750
Model D Toy Tonneau	2750
Model DR Flying Roadster	2750
Model DR Detachable Tonneau	2750
Model Z Touring Car, 6-Cylinder	4200
Model Z Runabout, 6-Cylinder	4200

Besides Limousine and Landaulet Bodies.

The 1909 Oldsmobile contains all that has made the car famous in the past, together with the improvements in keeping with the largest and most extensive factory in the country. Recognized the world over for durability. Investigate.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 20725.

ADELE RAYNAL, Plaintiff,

vs.

HENRI RAYNAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Henri Raynal, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within ten days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfull desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of January, A. D. 1909

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

P. A. BERGEROT, Esq., 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 4-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4823, N. S. Dept. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased, having presented his Petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of the Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said Petition mentioned and set forth:

And said Petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 11th day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, at San Francisco, this 4th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 5, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk. 1-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street; and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, July 20, 1865, and recorded in Map-Book E and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at _____, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of Janaury, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

Following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, we notice Messrs. Mackie & Coy's "White Horse Cellar" Whisky has just been awarded the Gold Medal for quality at the Franco-British Exhibition.

Louis Crepaux

(Member of Paris Grand Opera)

Has removed to his new studio,

Delbert Block, 943 Van Ness avenue, cor. O'Farrell.

Reception hours: 11:30 to 12, 3:30 to 5. except Wednesdays. Wednesdays in Oakland, 1154 Brush street.

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

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DOWN TOWN NOW

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO. are now in their new store, 181 Post St., near Grant Ave. The Fillmore Street store is closed.



SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California. in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny Street, S. F. 11-21-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff
vs.
ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff,
378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

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PAPER

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT JOHN SCHERZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Albert Scherzer and Ada C. Brown, Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator and Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Neal Power, room 204, No. 250 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

ALBERT SCHERZER,
ADA C. BROWN.

Administrator and Administratrix, respectively, with the will annexed, of the estate of Albert John Scherzer, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, December 16, 1908.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for Administrator,
250 Montgomery St., San Francisco.
SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and
THEO. J. ROCHE, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE SINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators, with Will annexed, of the estate of MINNIE SINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators, with Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Minnie Singer, deceased.

CHARLES HUFSCHMIDT,
HENRY HUFSCHMIDT,
GEORGE F. HUFSCHMIDT,

Administrators with the Will annexed of the estate of Minnie Singer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 16, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., S. F.,
Atty. for Administrators with Will Annexed. 1-16-5

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,479,043.00
Deposits December 31, 1908	$35,079,498.53
Total Assets	$37,661,836.70

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

508 CALIFORNIA STREET Phone Kearny 711

Residence, 852 Grove St. Phone Page 55

MEN

Afflicted with any private ailment consult the United Physicians and Surgeons. Strictly reliable specialists in Genito-Urinary, Blood and Skin diseases, and all reflex ailments of men. Prompt, efficient services; fees moderate; consultation free and confidential. Write or call. Hours 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 2.

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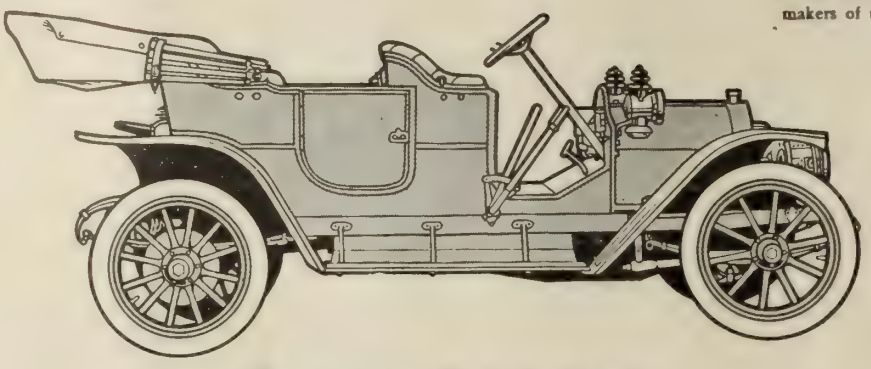
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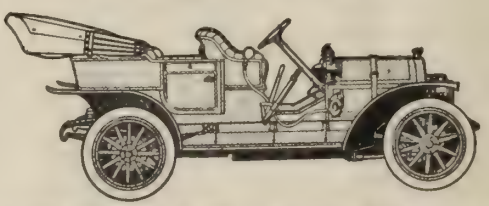
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, January 23, 1909. No. 856.



RICHARD M. HOTALING

Who will play a special season of four weeks in legitimate drama at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, commencing February 1st.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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The Liberty Bell

Several Pacific Coast cities are preparing to hold celebrations during the next few years, and there is a concerted movement to procure the Liberty Bell of 1776 as an attraction. It is suggested that the revered relic will have an appreciable influence on the morals of grafters and higher-ups, while the lesser fry of boodlers and criminals generally may be expected to curl up before it like caterpillars on a hot shovel. A guard of honor is to be provided, and already the municipal authorities of those communities through which it is only to pass en route are preparing for receptions at the railroad stations, with little girls in best white muslins, flags and flowers and military salutes. In the larger communities, where the bell is to sojourn for a time neither expense nor trouble is to be spared to do it honor. The bell is in the custody of the Mayor of Philadelphia, and heaven and earth are being moved to find arguments to persuade him to consent to the pilgrimage. Of course there is no one so narrow-minded and obstinate as to offer the slightest objection to having the inspiring relic brought to the Pacific Coast, but let us not delude ourselves by indulging the fatuous hope that it may send a benign effluence into the lives of our criminals of high and low degree and cause them to see the error of their devious ways. If the Liberty Bell possesses any efficacy as a moral agent Philadelphia has more need of it than any other American city. Within the sound of that bell there has been more graft than anywhere else in the United States.

Solving the Divorce Problem

Bishop Doane thinks he has found a solution to the divorce problem. It is the familiar one of visiting all divorced persons with the penalty of social ostracism, but while there is no denying the efficacy of the remedy, when it comes to the application one is reminded of the famous conference of rats which resolved to bell the cat. Who can be depended upon to do the ostracizing? It is an easy matter to sit down in a study and picture a social world strictly divided, with the goats in one flock and the sheep in the other. It is not quite so simple to bring others to the same way of thinking or to induce them to live up to what they are willing to profess when they see no immediate need to apply the doctrine. Divorce is virtually so universal that there are few families not affected by it, and while many might find it a great convenience to be able to ignore some objectionable in-law or poor cousin, it is quite another matter to be compelled to cold-shoulder a rich aunt from whom one cherishes expectations. Blood is thicker than water, and parents can be neither expected nor compelled to treat their own children with contumely, nor can children be encouraged to set themselves against parents at the behest of outsiders. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is an ancient command, and though it carries promise for the obedient it is not qualified by any restrictive clause. Social ostracism, to be effective, must have the approval of those classes to whom we naturally look for leadership. There must be some considerable body whose opinions carry weight with the majority of mankind, and whose actions bear testimony to their convictions. In this matter of family disruption where are we to look? Teachers and preachers, doctors and lawyers and lawgivers have been equally ready to take advantage of their opportunities to free themselves from irksome bonds. The judge on the bench who is called upon to listen to the testimony on which a household is to be disrupted may have been himself divorced. Society is in such a condition of progressive polygamy that prospective hostesses are often in despair when it comes to arranging their lists of guests lest yesterday's husband may be brought into contact with tomorrow's wife, and it is a dangerous proceeding to inquire for the welfare of a spouse who has been lost sight of for a few weeks, for the chances are that the preliminary steps towards a separation have already been taken, with corresponding progress in the direction of a new mating. It is true enough that people who cannot be reached by any other means will hesitate when their action may result in having gates of a social paradise closed in their face, but in the present condition of society there are enough already on the outside and with enough of the desirable things of this life distributed among them to make a new paradise of their own toward which the elect will cast longing eyes. As long as our laws sanction divorce it is difficult to see how the disapproval of a part, even if a large part, of the public is to affect the matter.

Tinkering With the Penal Code

It has been said that penal legislation is the keystone of a nation's public law. It has also been said that it requires long experience to find the proper means between a due protection of indicted persons and an equally due protection of society; "partly because it is one of the most difficult things in all spheres of action to induce irritated power to limit itself as well as to give an indicted person the full practical benefit of the theoretic sentence, easily pronounced like all theory, that the law holds every one innocent until proved not to be so." Such were the notions of old fogies who imagined that it was of primary importance to safeguard individual liberty and render it impossible to oppress the weak or fasten crime upon the innocent. Among these old fogies was Montesquieu who ascribed the very highest importance to well regulated and carefully elaborated penal trials. He asserted that it was "upon the excellence of the criminal laws that chiefly the liberty of the citizen depends." Among the most notable of the old fogies that preoccupied themselves in this elementary field of speculation were the Fathers of the Republic who consecrated themselves to the task of securing "the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity." They burnt the midnight oil poring over Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights and the rules of the common law, and whatever they found in those historic instruments designed to safeguard individual liberty they carefully inserted in their own system, improved by clearer expression, strengthened by heavier sanctions and broadened into more general application. What a lot of zeal was wasted when our Constitution was in process of construction! Now that we have emerged from the primitive darkness that enveloped the untrained intellect of such men as Hamilton, Jefferson, Jay and Washington, it is really surprising to learn how little those immature statesmen knew of the principles of government and to what little purpose they studied the history of seven centuries of contest with arbitrary power on the other side of the Atlantic. Properly to ap-

prehend the feebleness of the intellectual faculties that experimented in governmental matters in the early days of the Republic one must get in touch with those profound thinkers and erudite philosophers of the San Francisco Bar Association who have recommended to the Legislature the taking of certain steps toward reforming the penal code. It has dawned on these sages that the organic law of the nation is a tissue of false principles, and having faith in the sacramental efficacy of every code and constitutional amendment they have recommended several propositions which, if adopted, will render citizenship in California something quite different from citizenship under the Federal government. It is their beneficent purpose to place us as a community in such a state of security that we shall be able to unbar our doors and give the family plate an airing at night on the front steps. What other effect their amendments would have we are not prepared to say, though we believe we have an inkling thereto. For the present we are disposed only to celebrate the result of the calm deliberations of the fledgling statesmen. Here are some young men who have not yet had time to distinguish themselves in the practice of their profession, and who serve well to illustrate the superior mental capacity of the twentieth century lawyer. Trained for the bar along a royal road which leads through no byways of history and tradition, no circuitous paths marked by the mile posts of philosophic development but straight across from text-book to code, it is natural they should consider themselves qualified for revolutionary achievement. With that celerity of judgment which is a characteristic of quick education these young lawyers have pronounced the doom of several principles with which the fathers of the Republic and the old fogie law writers of England were ardently and blindly infatuated. It has been thought that there were no points so important in the penal trial of a free country as the principle that no one shall be held to incriminate himself and that the indictment as well as the verdict must be definite and clear; "certainly," says Francis Lieber, "none are more essential." "Certainly," says the young lawyers of the Bar Association, "none are more prejudicial to the interests of the people." And doubtless the young lawyers are right. While it is quite true that many volumes have been written in elucidation of the importance of these principles this only goes to show what a prodigious amount of bosh can be produced in support of error. The fact is, as we learn from our brilliant young luminaries of the Bar Association, the administration of justice is to be greatly improved not merely by extinguishing the principle of immunity from self-accusation and abolishing specific indictment, but by going further and empowering the majority of a jury to render a verdict and authorizing the court to instruct on the facts as well as on the law and prohibiting reversals except when it clearly appears that there has been a miscarriage of justice. After reflecting on these reformatory propositions urged by the learned, if briefless, representatives of the Bar Association, we find ourselves somewhat at a loss to account for their moderation. It is obvious enough that they would do away with the substance of trial by jury, but there are other loop-holes of escape for the citizen which they have entirely neglected. What about the principle which protects a man from being twice put in jeopardy of life or limb for the same cause? Is that pernicious principle to be countenanced? And then there is the principle of habeas corpus, and the Constitutional inhibition against cruel or unusual punishment. These things ought to be attended to before the State goes to the demnition bow-wows. Meanwhile it must be admitted that our brilliant young lawyers have attended to matters of vital interest. Succinctly stated their proposition is to abandon the accusatorial trial and adopt the inquisitorial trial as it was conducted under the most despotic of governments.

Public Taste

It is said that the question whether the public has a taste for plays dealing with salacious themes is one of vital interest to theatre managers. As it is at present evident that the public has a taste for good plays that do not deal with such themes we cannot see why the managers should feel that the question is one with which they should be seriously concerned. As a matter of fact public taste is comparatively passive and the pabulum offered in the theatre is swallowed without being judged or sifted. The public has a greedy but not a discriminating appetite; it does not differentiate the true from the false in the delineations of life; and the culture of the general is not yet sufficient to distinguish the pure from the meretricious. The public will accept with enthusiasm any play that tells an interesting story in an interesting fashion without much questioning whether the emotion is genuine and virtuous, or whether the interest is not aroused by unsafe and unwarrantable means. The dear old public when left to its own instincts is but little removed from primeval savagery in judgment, in taste, in inclination and desire. The majority would be glad to witness exhibitions of open wantonness were they sufficiently courageous to defy that embodiment of hypocrisy known as public opinion. It should be the object of theatre managers not to ascertain the predilection of public taste but to refine and educate it; but at present this matter is being attended to by the playwrights who are beginning to take a serious interest in their art, and who are finding it just as profitable to give us representations of men and women exalted by noble sentiments as to portray the shifts and devices of perverted offenders against the moral law. Less than a decade ago Thalia, lured from the path of dramatic purity, was consorting with riggish letters in the gutter. The inordinate favor of defiant viciousness was one of the most amazing phenomena of the day. Raciness that had been veiled in equivocality in "Pink Dominoes" and kindred comedies cast aside all pretense to delicacy, and in "The Truth," "Mlle. Fifi," "The Gay Lord Quex" and "Zaza," lust was exalted into love, adultery and seduction were represented as subjects of drawing room con-

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versation, and the manners of the bagnio were paraded under pretense of mirroring life in the fens and slumps of society. Did public taste revolt against scenic bawdry on the stage? Not at all. The public clamored for the worst. What brought about the improvement in public taste? Education achieved through the medium of a playwright by the name of Ibsen. It was not the Ibsen drama that redeemed the public; Ibsen is still believed to be exclusively for highbrow consumption. It was the influence of Ibsen on the playwrights of all civilized countries, an influence which has had as great effect on the drama as Wagner had on music. Ibsen may not have contributed directly many salutary elements to the morality of our time, but he has impressed us with the availability of human consciousness as a field for dramatic exploitation. The public has not been educated up to the Ibsen drama, but it has been educated up to the drama of his imitators, which speaks in one breath to the cultured and the uncultured masses in more or less edifying strains and with some moral earnestness. The dear old public appreciates what it gets, but doesn't know why. The obtuseness of the public in such matters is well illustrated by its attitude toward the press. Years ago there were in this country several weekly journals devoted to the pictorial exploitation of crime and all sorts of sensational and indecent happenings. Everyone knew what they were, and they were never introduced into respectable families. The field occupied by these purveyors of filth and indecency was invaded some years ago by the daily press, which has become even more vulgar than the unspeakable Police Gazette, the brazenest of the hebdomadal trulls, and far more demoralizing because of its success in pretending to be unobjectionable and fit for universal perusal. As a consequence have the affections of the dear old stupid public been alienated from the yellow journals? Occasionally the daily press is reprobated for its vulgar and disgusting sensationalism, but it is obvious that the "palladium of our liberties" is giving the pee-pul precisely what they want. It is obvious because the most sensational newspapers are the most successful, and because some of the old-fashioned journals which survive in a few cities, though they are ably edited, are gradually dying of inanition. Are the publishers of our yellow journals concerned with the question whether the public has a taste for salacious themes? Indeed they are, and, the more salacious the better, is the motto of these molders of public opinion, many of whom are vociferous civic patriots and reformers, consumed with a passion for the welfare of the peepul and eager to safeguard the institutions of their country against all corroding influence. The acuteness of their moral sense is revealed by their plea in palliation of their conduct: The people want vulgarity and scandal and we give it to them; we are catering to the public taste. This is the plea of men who believe they are conscious of the sacred responsibilities of newspaper publishers under a democratic form of government and under a Constitution which guarantees the freedom of the press upon the theory that the primary object of a free press is to enlighten and instruct the sovereign people. It is the plea of men who lament the audacities of corrupt politicians and the immoralities of financiers, and preach the importance of awakening a public conscience to which they are constantly and insidiously administering copious lethal draughts.

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Henpecking in Literature

The henpecked husband has always been a favorite subject for playwright and fictionist, and the woes and worries of the poor, down-trodden one, have excited mirth or wrath, according as the question has been treated. From Euripides and Socrates down to the hero of the latest best-seller, the roll has been called through fact and fiction, and we are expected to believe that but for the wives which fate decreed to the good and the great still greater and better things would have been accomplished by them. It is a question, however, whether in many, if not all instances, it was not the spurring of these restless mates which really drove the men to action. Charles Dickens lamented that no one knew the misery of being bound to a woman incapable of sharing or even comprehending his pursuits. Socrates has been compassionated for centuries because his philosophical ponderings were interrupted by a virago of a wife who insisted on propounding queries as to the forthcoming of the ingredients for the next meal and the wherewithal for cooking it. Much is made of the unfortunate circumstances of Thomas Carlyle, who, in truth, was all his life more or less of a big baby eager to be petted. He nagged his wife quite as effectively as she ever dominated him. The truth is that a very large majority of the unfortunate "Henry Pecks" were writing men with "temperament," which is to say, uncertain tempers; and with pen in hand they never hesitated to magnify and make copy of their passing emotions. Nor would a man like Dickens, who was typical, who could walk the streets and cry over a scene conjured out of his own imagination be very likely to miss any of the points of a real situation. It is an easy matter for the fictionist to represent the husband as a simple, honest, hard-working soul possessed of all the virtues, but in real life there is generally some opportunity to look at the other side of the shield. We may revel in Thoreau's "Walden" and "Week on the Concord and Merrimac" with a clear conscience, for we know that wife and children were not going hungry and shoeless while he loafed and invited his soul, but there are few who have read what little there was left of the journal and letters of Louise Alcott without seeing between the lines and reconstructing "Little Women" with "less of the gold and more of the gray." Perhaps a little pecking there might have been to the purpose, for Rebecca Harding Davis, in her reminiscences, has the courage to say that A. Bronson Alcott could have employed his time to better purpose by putting his small skill at carpentry to use in earning a support for his family than in wandering about giving rhapsodic, platitudinous "talks" which no one cared to listen to and which did not bring in a dollar. Occasionally the henpecked husband may be a capable man who lets a virago of a wife impose upon him, but the probabilities are in favor of his being some incapable, soft, useless creature, void of individuality, and without resistance enough to assert himself. Without the stimulus of the necessary peck in time, he would probably vegetate, and instead of accomplishing wonderful things as a result of the tranquility of his hand he would be more likely to degenerate into the condition of a town pauper, lacking the initiative even to become a tramp.

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Flit along,
To muteness hushing
Dulcet song.

Peace wingeth near?
Ah, watch!
Soon will she light her here.

—Jennett Humphreys.

Perspective Impressions

It is unfortunate that the Japanese are so sensitive. Their honor appears to be less than skin deep.

Nothing is more inspiring than the spectacle of reconciliation. And yet there are men who are proud of their vindictiveness.

Much will be forgiven if he doesn't disappoint us by failing to go to Africa.

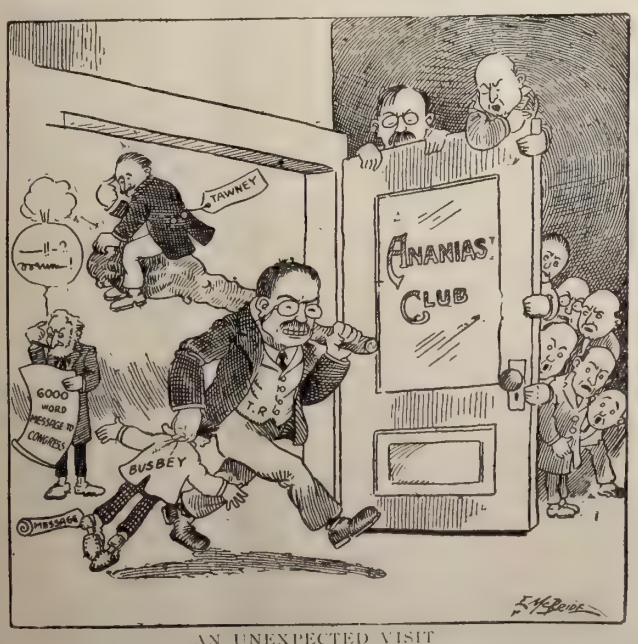
In all probability we shall learn that extracting water from a stone is not any more difficult than getting permission to pipe it from Hetch-Hetchy.

The reformers are making great headway at Sacramento. They have succeeded in exciting the resentment of some of our illustrious statesmen who seem to be disinclined to be intimidated.

The Examiner has taken the Hon. Franklin K. Lane to task for his "airy way of disposing" of the ship subsidy question. Tut! tut! the airy way is the easy way. Mr. Lane practiced law in an airy way and that is why he found it more advantageous to practice politics for a living.

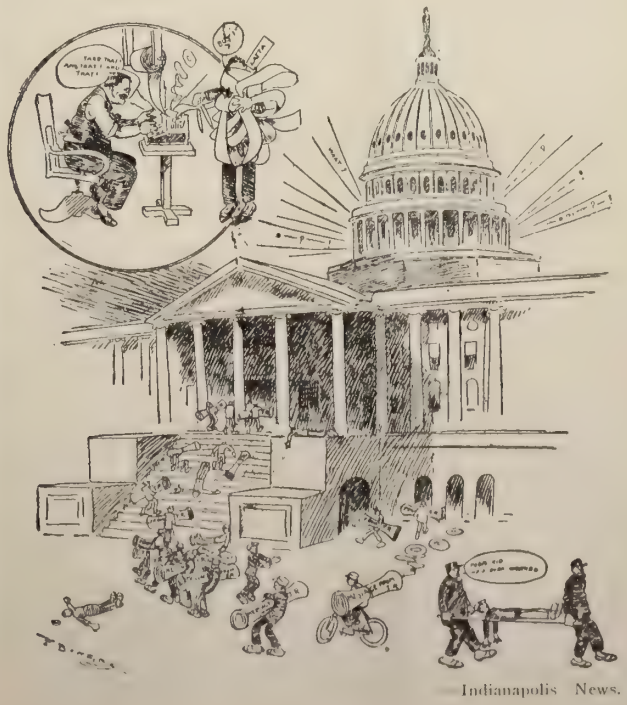
Even the pessimist must confess that human nature cannot be so bad as he imagines when he reflects that man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he exhibits in the protection of another's. Men who were not considered brave died fighting for their children; also for their country.

According to the Hon. Francis J. Heney, "If a man charged with crime was presumed to be innocent the law would not arrest a man, nor would it require an innocent man to furnish bail." Is it possible that when the learned Mr. Heney was studying law he did not learn that the principle of bail springs from the principle of the presumption of innocence?



AN UNEXPECTED VISIT

St. Louis Republic.



Indianapolis News.

In His Footsteps

Why It is Impossible to be a Good Christian Even for a Week Unless We Have Been Good Citizens for Many Years; and Why the Professing Christian Seldom Attains to Eminence in His Profession.

By Democritus

I have not heard that any San Francisco Christians are thinking of emulating the example of their brethren in the Eastern States in the effort to "live like Christ for a week." Some of our local Christians might attempt to live like Christ for a day but in the existing condition of popular sentiment upon matters of public import I doubt if any professing Christian however sincere, could weather the gales of opinion that blow from every point of the social compass. I am certain that before he had walked far in the footsteps of Him who said unto Peter, "Come!" he would find himself in the plight of that doubting apostle after he had descended from the ship in the sea of Gallilee—who, "when he saw the wind boisterous, was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried saying, 'Lord, save me!'" incurring as did Peter the merited rebuke: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst doubt?"

Here in San Francisco our professing Christians are trying to "live like Christ" only as it suits their convenience. If it is easy to love their neighbors none can be more Christlike; if the doing unto others as they would have others do unto them does not involve an acquittal by a jury of somebody whom the professing Christian has already pronounced guilty upon accusation, the Golden Rule will be observed with strict fidelity. But let the professing Christian's neighbors utter an opinion concerning the graft prosecution, for eminent example, contrary to the opinion of the professing Christian and see how long the professing Christian will "follow in His footsteps"; let the initiative of forgiving the sins of another rest with the professing Christian who has suffered by the sinning and see how reluctant he will be to reverse the conditions by forgiving the trespasses of the other as he would have Our Father which art in heaven forgive his.

I suppose there are persons in this community who think they are pretty good Christians; but I know that if any such there are they deceive themselves. The best men in this community are those who without making a parade of their religion, without trying to reform their ungodly neighbors, without passing snap judgments on the guilt or innocence of those accused of crimes and misdemeanors, attend strictly to the business of their own lives, sweeping and garnishing their own houses before they suggest that their neighbor abate the nuisance in his backyard, consulting a competent oculist as to the possibility of removing the mote from their own eye before they try to pluck the beam out of the eye of the man next door. The best men in this city do not go to church. They do not stand in the temple and the market place thanking their god that they are not like other men. They fear to judge their fellow men lest they be themselves judged. They live as virtuously as they can and when they have sinned they are sincerely repentant. They are law abiding citizens not because they fear the law or because they prefer to keep out of the penitentiary, but because they feel that they are themselves part of the law and are in that degree responsible for the common morality. These men are good citizens not because they are Christians but because they are human beings. It is not necessary to teach these citizens the precepts of any special creed. They know the right from the wrong and they are righteous because it is more satisfying to their consciences to do right than to do wrong. These men are a punishment unto themselves when they do wrong. Many professing Christians are able to satisfy their consciences with the knowledge that nobody yet knows how bad they are. It is not the wrongdoing that disturbs these men, but it is the possibility that they may be found out that keeps them awake o' nights.

Now let us see how impossible it is to be "like Christ" even for a week. I paraphrase from the instructions of Christ to his apostles: To be like Christ is to be as sheep in the midst of wolves and it is therefore necessary to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. Beware of men, for they will deliver you up to grand juries and if you refuse to accept immunity from them on condition that you testify against the higher ups, they will scourge you in their synagogues. When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another. Remember that a good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things whether he be a professing Christian or a candle-eating Tartar whose highest conception of a deity is a red camel with three humps. Forget not that every idle word that you shall speak you shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. Therefore read not the idle words in the newspapers nor heed the idle words of the attorneys for the prosecution. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

Be poor in spirit and inherit the kingdom of heaven. Mourn that ye may be comforted. Be meek and inherit the earth. Hunger and thirst after righteousness that ye may be filled. Be merciful that ye may obtain mercy. Be pure in heart that ye may see God. Be peacemakers that ye may be called the children of God. Permit yourselves to be persecuted for righteousness's sake so that yours may be the kingdom of heaven. For it has been said unto you that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the reformers and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. And above all don't forget that it has been written that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, (which is one of the short and ugly words of the Roosevelt vocabulary), shall be in danger of classification as an undesirable citizen; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire, or, more likely, of being smitten on the cheek by the fool, whereupon it is thy duty as a good Christian to turn to him the other also. And if any man shall sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also, for otherwise the lawyers will get both coat and cloak. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

It is not easy to be a complete Christian. It is much easier to be merely a professing Christian. The outward forms of Christianity as they are prescribed by the two-and-seventy jarring sects, are not difficult to observe. The church-going habit is usually acquired in early youth against the inclination of the youth, and even good habits are hard to break when once formed. Hypocrisy is another habit, but in most instances it is so natural to the wearer that he would feel insulted if told that he is a hypocrite. Bigotry has been so long the habit of the professing Christian that it is now regarded as a professional Christian virtue. If it were not for the laws that forbid cruel and unusual punishments all men would be compelled to be professing Christians, and gradually the profession would narrow to the sect operating the most excrutiating machinery of faith or the sect able to

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expound its doctrines in arguments that convince by their physical as by their spiritual force.

From which I conclude that it is impossible to be like Christ for a week, a day, or even for half an hour. To be like Christ is to so order your life that no man may say you are a hypocrite, a bigot or a persecutor of heretics. To be like Christ is to think kindly of your neighbor even though he is unworthy of your kindness. To be like Christ is to do good even to those who are undeserving, and to do good without hope of reward. In this matter each man is a law unto himself. But no man may be a law unto another man. If every man were a good law unto himself there would be no need of other laws. It is because so many men are trying to impose their own laws upon their fellow men that communities of men are constantly in turmoil and mutual hatred. There are, therefore, no Christian communities, strictly speaking; and in those communities there are very few Christ-like citizens. Moreover, perhaps it is not necessary that we should be absolutely Christ-like. If we are good citizens within the common, human meaning of the term we shall be good enough for all ordinary citizenship in this world and measurably safe for salvation in the next.

Tapon

(From the Spanish of J. Lopez Valdemoro)

The fruit of a loveless marriage, Tapon was turned over to the care of a coarse and cruel woman living near the City of Andalusia where he was born. After the death of his parents he received pretty rough treatment, which, even as a baby he resented in no mild way as he possessed wonderful strength. One day when the nurse shook him in her rage he scratched her face and she dropped him. And thus was our hero converted into a hunchback.

It was his size that caused him to be dubbed Tapon (cork) which name stuck to him all his life.

At the age of twenty he grew to the size of a dog sitting on its haunches. It was then that the village priest took pity on him and rescued him from his cruel nurse. Thereafter he was employed in pumping the church organ, assisting the priest, and looking forward to the day when he might succeed to the position of the old sacristan. In the evening he took lessons from the village schoolmaster, who was astonished at the celerity of his mind.

Though inclined to mock him the boys of the village soon learned to respect his prodigious strength as well as the nimbleness of his wit. His sarcasms were fatal; his epigrams, shafts that always struck home. In other circumstances he might have won distinction in literature or in the field of politics, but as it was he concerned himself with little else than the affairs of the priest for whom he had a profound affection.

One desire constantly pricked him, but the consciousness of his physical deficiencies and of the material means at his disposal kept him from expressing it even before Father Antonio, the only person with whom he condescended to have dealings. He felt a continual longing to see the world, to extend his field of knowledge, to meet men of ability and to see wider horizons than the one he viewed from the tower of the church.

In the church he passed his hours of leisure, dreaming of the sea, the volcanoes, the great desert, the arid and solemn silences of the Pole. I said he had no passions, but this is not perfectly true; the truth is that his passions were directed toward no definite person or object. He loved science, he loved beauty and art, the infinite variety in art's expression; but his associates seemed to him uncouth, the images in the church were crude, the organist's repertoire was meager and the priest's library so small that he knew it all by heart.

One morning there appeared on the facade of the townhouse two hideous posters announcing the coming of the great equestrian-gymnastic-acrobatic company of Mister Cunigam, which was on its way to a neighboring city and would stop and give a single performance on Sunday.

That was a memorable event in Jauja. The country people flocked into the city, and from the time when they came out from high mass, natives and visitors—the village is a watering-place and it was the middle of August—besieged the door of the inn where the performance was to be given, demanding tickets.

Tapon, who had saved penny by penny from the gifts of the faithful and the drippings of the candles the respectable sum of thirty reales, decided to allow himself the pleasure of attending this notable and novel amusement.

The maneuvers of the trapeze-performers, which brought great applause, seemed to him dangerous without a net to break a fall; with the net, rather bold, and nothing more. The clowns, who almost caused the judge's wife to burst herself with laughter, were in his opinion devoid of genuine humor, foolish and tiresome. Neither did any of the other artists satisfy him completely. A Hercules appeared, tossed great balls of iron, and seemed able to crush the earth with a blow of his fist; and it was here that our hero lost control of himself and leaped into the arena, begging permission to try the same feats.

The judge, the absolute authority, notwithstanding the hisses of the public and the compassionate smiles of the ringmaster, ordered and commanded that Tapon enter the contest. Two youths of the company, buried in great coats of green percaline, dragged to our dwarf's feet with great difficulty the balls and heavy bar that served the athlete for his performance. Tapon easily and unassumingly did all that the "Second Samson" had done, and a little more of his own invention. The court shook with applause, while the Hercules withdrew abashed, reading in the eyes of the director of the company his immediate dismissal.

They drew out from the shed the climax of the performance, a great car on wheels; they removed the boards of the siding and revealed a small tiger, half asleep in a corner. Then, leaping like a dancer, appeared in the arena a girl of perhaps eighteen years, fair, slender and already mature in form. She wore a light skirt of blue satin bordered with gold and a tight-fitting bodice of the same material.

The girl, after bowing in three or four directions, with her feet gracefully crossed and raising the handle of her whip to her lips with studied coquetry, looked insistently at Tapon with an air of defiance and resolutely entered the cage.

The tiger jumped like a dog over the whip of his trainer and through little paper hoops; he climbed like a monkey up the bars of his prison; he stretched himself out, docile and submissive, at the feet of "Mliss," and finally, he ate from her hand.

As the timely rain awakens in the earth all the sleeping germs and bursts the seed to convert it into a flower that flatters the senses of sight and smell, and later into fruit that flatters the palate, the appearance of Mliss was for the poor hunchback a mysterious revelation of a new existence.

He moved uneasily in his seat, he devoured the girl

(Continued on Page 30.)

REMOVAL NOTICE

OUR OFFICE after December 21, 1908, will be at 311 to 317 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets.

OUR WAREHOUSE will remain at the Southwest corner of Eddy and Hyde Streets, until April 18, 1909, on that date we shall remove to our old location, 147-151 Minna Street and 144-148 Natoma Street.

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What the Press Thinks of Roosevelt

As Indicated By Some Peppery Excerpts From the Leading Journals of the United States.

These are strenuous days in Washington, D. C. A scandalous war of epithets precipitated by the Chief Magistrate of the nation is on and the whole country is watching it with mixed emotions. The sentiments of the people with respect to the disturbance are not very accurately reflected in the daily prints of San Francisco. The reports from Washington are not impartial. Throughout the country public feeling has revolted against the idol of the masses, and in the circumstances it is instructive to consult the press of other sections. Newspapers that once discussed President Roosevelt only in terms of laudation now confess that he has "gone too far," and has misused his great power. Even so conservative a journal as the Springfield Republican, which has hitherto upheld the course of our ruthless President, has come to the conclusion that he has come out of the Tillman controversy by no means improved in reputation, and that Senator Foraker's arraignment of him in relation to the Brownsville affair "constitutes altogether the hardest single blow that has so far been struck at Mr. Roosevelt's title to consideration, as an orderly and law-abiding and justice-loving chief executive." Foraker's charge of lawlessness against the President, in the opinion of the Republican has been fully substantiated. Furthermore it appears that he has misused public funds. "The President," says the Republican, "made the country ring with his denunciations and prosecutions and efforts at detection of offenders against the law in as well as out of Congress. And now he himself appears as quite indifferent to law when it stands in the way of the pursuit of his own purposes and his vindications. Is it not about time that Mr. Roosevelt began to give some attention to his own course of conduct?"

The Richmond News-Leader says that the President is "unable to absorb any idea of good taste or of his personal responsibility to the public." The Providence



HA! A CLUE!

New York World.

News Democrat has censured him for using the coarse words of the bully and costermonger. The Pittsburg Post thinks he has "prostituted not only his personal dignity—if he ever possessed such a thing—but that of the high office he has been permitted to hold. Another conservative journal, the New York Times, acquits Senator Tillman of wrongdoing and implies that the evidence against him was distorted. Another conservative journal, the Indianapolis News, deploring the row between Congress and the President, says that a temperamental characteristic of the latter is to repudiate his own utterances. The News adds that his passion having led him into undignified situations, "for the next eight weeks the American people will have, presumably, to sit in humiliated silence while the national dignity is trailed in the mud."

One of the few New York journals that have always dealt temperately with President Roosevelt is the Evening Post which explains that he is hated by Congress because Congress does not believe in his moral sincerity. "It thinks him hypocritical," says the Post and that veracious journal adds:

"He has lectured it and the country on truthfulness, yet nine out of ten Congressmen believe Mr. Roosevelt himself to be habitually untruthful. He has posed as a champion of fair play, yet Congressmen believe him to fight foul. They picture him as living in and delighting in an atmosphere of suspicion, intrigue and calumny. His talk of the square deal they scoff at as sheer pretense. They say that he protects favorites, such as Paul Morton and the Steel Corporation, while furiously prosecuting his enemies or those whom he thinks he can make political capital by attacking. In short, Congress is thoroughly convinced that all the superior moral exhortation which it has had from President Roosevelt has come from a man who allows in himself the thing he condemns in others. Mind, we do not say that Congress is right about it. We only state what it believes to be true. Congressmen may be deceived, but there can be no question that this is what they honestly think about the President."

The New York Sun which has never been friendly to the President has lately whacked him harder than ever before. It lately reviewed his career in a simple series



"FOR BRUTAL AND CRUEL CONDUCT TOWARD A HELPLESS WOMAN."

New York World.

of quotations from letters so arranged as to make his mendacity clear. This subtle biographic sketch is brought down to the "Final Branding" by Congress and closes with this quotation:

"Close to the rider's side,
Though to the farthest earth he ride,
Disgrace once mounted rides beside."

The Tillman incident is discussed by the Sun as follows:

"If the evidence collected by the spies who hounded the man whom Mr. Roosevelt hated was sufficient to warrant his prosecution under the laws of the United States, then Mr. Roosevelt not only failed in his sworn duty but he also gave the lie to his own professions as contained in a message addressed to Congress five days ago, when he said:

'If I had proof of such corruption affecting any member of the House in any matter as to which the Federal Government has jurisdiction action would at once have been brought, as was done in the cases of Senators Mitchell and Burton and Representatives Williamson, Herrmann and Driggs, at different times since I have been President. This would simply be doing my duty in the execution and enforcement of the laws without respect to persons.'

"If, on the other hand, the investigations of the spies of personal hatred afforded no ground for official proceedings against Mr. Tillman, but merely revealed circumstances discreditable to him short of criminality, then the publication of the results of the spying by Mr. Roosevelt for the gratification of private spite is an offence difficult to characterize adequately. It is an abuse of official power fairly deserving impeachment; it is a personal abuse of official opportunity combining the elements

of cowardice and audacity, and without precedent, we believe, in the career of any gentleman who has ever inhabited the White House."

The Sun also discussed the Roosevelt charge that Tillman franked a typewriter through the mails:

"Theodore Roosevelt is in any event in no position to attack Senator Tillman for the use of public property for private purposes. No President since the foundation of the Government ever used public property for his private benefit in a more open and audacious manner than the present President. Mr. Roosevelt has made the United States Navy the plaything of his children. With him a public trust has always been a family picnic. Nearly every college boat race at New London has witnessed the use of a Government ship by the President for the use of his family and friends at the expense of the Treasury of the United States. A considerable portion of the American navy has by Presidential order paraded at the expense of the taxpayer in front of the President's summer cottage in order that he and his friends can vary the monotony of midsummer by a parade of warships and the welcome sound of the Presidential salute. Until Congress provided for his unofficial travels Mr. Roosevelt, in the same spirit of economy, compelled railroads to furnish him and his friends with free transportation, notwithstanding the rigid prohibition by the interstate commerce laws of any preference to any citizen. The unprecedented use of the American embassies in Europe to glorify the Roosevelt family, while exciting the hilarity of the European royal families, shocked those Americans at home and abroad who, knowing the facts, beheld the dignity of American character lowered by the insufferable snobbery of aping the etiquette of royal courts. When Mr. Roosevelt went to Panama one vessel would not suffice for his glorification, but it must needs be escorted by a convoy of two other warships, that his appearance in Panama might be regal in character. The very medals which have been struck off by the Panama Commission as a reward for faithful service bear Mr. Roosevelt's face in relief."

According to the Sun's Washington correspondent the Senate Committee on Appropriations has discovered that Roosevelt has spent the enormous sum of $20,000,000 in secret investigations. Where all the money went is a source of wonder at the capitol, but it is known that much was spent in investigation of the "domestic affairs of citizens." Says the correspondent:

"A very repulsive aspect of the special agents scandal relates to the mails and the post offices. The thought of opening and otherwise tampering by special agents with letters in post offices makes men and women shiver. European experts in such work have taught how easily letters can be opened and closed again while in the post offices and leave no trace of the felony. Those here with knowledge of such doings explain how not so very long ago special agents of the Treasury worked with special agents of the Post Office to extract from letters to importers, while in Government custody, evidence of false invoices used in customs entries. * * * Americans have not yet been called on to express their opinions of a Postmaster-General who with premeditation permitted a special agent, or any other agent, to open letters in his custody and inspect their contents. English historians have told us of what came to Sir James Graham, a Home Secretary, sixty or seventy years ago, who made use of a power for the opening of private letters claimed to have been vested in the Administration. The friends of Mazzini, then an exile in London, believed that the contents of his letters had by the British Government been thus revealed to Austria and Sardinia, with the result that persons implicated had been put to death. The Home Minister did not deny that he had issued a warrant to inspect Mazzini's letters, and contended that his right so to do had been specially reserved to the Administration on its responsibility. The reports of Parliamentary committees upheld his contention, but every one seems to have been ashamed of the act, and British criticism of it has been severe ever since."

One of the severest of Mr. Roosevelt's critics is the New York World which has not been intimidated by the President's employment of the power of the Government for the punishment of Mr. Pulitzer. Apropos of the charge against Tillman that he franked a typewriter the World says that the President was not at all excited over the franking of Republican campaign literature. Of the accusations against Tillman in connection with the Oregon land deal the World says: "There is no other instance in American history in which a President ever so contemptibly abused his official power or sought to injure a political enemy by an act so wanton and despicable. No other President, from Washington to McKinley, would have been morally capable of it—not even Andrew Johnson."

The Spectator

A Thunderbolt for Willets

Has anything happened to William Willetts Jr. of Far Rockaway? I write while the words are still hot on his lips, with the "smoking pistol" still in his hand, as we say in the passionate tragedies of the newspapers. I cannot, therefore, be sure that I am not writing the obituary of William Willetts Jr. of Far Rockaway, Long Island. William Willetts Jr. represents a constituency in the national Congress. He is a Democrat. He has spoken to his fellow countrymen on "The Passing of Roosevelt." He has bitten the biter; he has flayed the flayer with the knife of the slayer; he has turned the vocabulary of the short and ugly word against the invector; he has hoist the engineer with his own petard; he has turned the tables on the god of the machine. It was awful. It was unpardonable. I fear that Willetts has paid the penalty of his temerity, and I shudder to imagine what sort of horrible fate overtook him. What Willetts said about Roosevelt is almost too sacrilegious for repetition. I venture, however, to give this mild sample of his quality: "He is a mammoth of jocularity," said Willetts of Far Rockaway; "and he has got a laugh with every appearance, a gargoyle that has been funny from the hour it left its native quarry." Think of that; a Gargoyle; our Exalted One a Gargoyle! This is not lese majeste; it is profanation. A Gargoyle! Does Willetts of Far Rockaway realize what he said when he called the hero of San Juan a Gargoyle? I wot not. Editor Laffan and Editor Pulitzer and Editor Delevan Smith have said things about Him that were bad enough in all conscience; but these editors exercised a wiser discretion than is seemingly within the scope of Representative Willetts' abnormal activities. They have thus far escaped the wrath of our national Jehovah; how long they will be permitted to go at large, no mere man can tell; but just now they are loose on the range, branded cattle of the Bar X Roosevelt ranch, but otherwise unharmed and foot free. But Willetts! Poor Willetts must by this time have been roped, tied, slaughtered, skinned and sold to the hide man.

Our Discreet Teachers

Though the various women's clubs have all given out views for publication on the subject of Mrs. Mary Kincaid's appointment to a seat on the board of education and a nice, fat salary of four thousand a year, it is a significant fact that the teachers, whose fortunes will be directly affected have not a word to say. No process of hypnotic suggestion will induce them to commit themselves, or to take any chances on having unguarded remarks carried abroad. They are a cautious and wary lot, taught to be so by experience. Teachers are protected in their positions by a law of tenure of office

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which prevents summary removals at the arbitrary will of the powers above them, but there are always means at hand to subdue the recalcitrant and none is willing to be the one to place her head in the mouth of the lion to prove that the animal will not bite. Nevertheless, there is an undercurrent of dissatisfaction and uneasiness and a disposition to hark back to those other days under the Phelan administration, when the department was kept in a ferment by the petty nagging and small interferences of the public servants who were then in control of the department. While everyone hopes that the lightning will forbear to strike, or that if it does, the bolt will descend far away from her own vicinity, it is admitted that there is no counting on immunity, and that for safety's sake it will be wisest to do nothing which may attract it. Generally speaking, the women who are employed as teachers in San Francisco do not seem to be overwhelmingly in favor of having one of their own sex over them. Any expectations which they cherished from such an innovation were effectively destroyed by their experience under Mrs. Kincaid's former regime. Instead of finding that a woman on the board of education would stand between them and the inevitable frictions, they discovered that the one woman could think up more pin pricks and narrow-gauge interferences as a means of making her power felt than they had ever experienced under any of the "tough old boards" composed of a dozen men. It was the most powerful argument against the granting of women's suffrage that ever was presented to an considerable body of intelligent citizens.

"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, "I am so glad that you have given up drinking. It is a terribly degrading habit, and I am delighted that my denunciations of it have had their effect."

"Yes," said hubby, puffing away at his Regina, I bet Fawkins five baskets of wine on it, that I could leave off till New Year's day, and I'm going in to win."

A Spreckels Eulogist

The interesting story of the career of the late Claus Spreckels, written by the San Francisco correspondent of the New York Sun, has been published by that journal. It is in the nature of an appreciation of the Sugar King. The author evidently is an ardent admirer of all successful captains of industry, and from his viewpoint Claus Spreckels was an ideal citizen, a man eminently worthy of imitation. At any rate he was "the most interesting of the self-made men who have built up San Francisco and made it a city unlike any other in the country." It is most instructive to read this biographic sketch revealing as it does sentiments that are typical of the age and shedding a light as it does on the spirit that moves communities, the spirit for which great moralists and reformers have much enthusiasm. Claus Spreckels himself, it must be remembered, in his latter days was a reformer. The Sun's correspondent tells us that such was his genius as a captain of industry that early in his career he cornered "for a year the entire supply of sugar cane from the Hawaiian Islands"; also that he "entered into close relations with the railroad company from which he got rebates." As a result "no competitor could bring sugar from the East either by rail or water, as the freight rates charged cut all the profits," and "then Spreckels calmly divided up the country with the Havemeyers." Furthermore "for years to prevent any competition Spreckels sold sugar in St. Louis three cents a pound cheaper than in San Francisco where it was refined."

His Fighting Qualities

The Sun's correspondent, who, by the way, writes like Lincoln Steffens and appears to be a moralist of the Steffens brand supplies us also with this information: "The amount of money that Claus Spreckels squeezed from California in the fifteen years of his monoply runs into millions. * * * Independent wholesale grocers tried to free themselves from the Spreckels yoke but they were soon whipped into line or driven into bankruptcy. Spreckels had spies out in every direction and it was impossible for any dealer to elude their vigilance. Some grocers conceived the idea of bringing sugar out here in sailing vessels around the Horn. It required three months, and if a vessel encountered severe storms the voyage often consumed four or five months. Thus these dealers ran out of sugar before their supplies arrived. When they went to Spreckels to get supplies to tide them over he refused to sell them a barrel of sugar unless they would sign a contract not to bring any more around the Horn." All this, it should be remembered, is in laudation of the man who hated the grafters of San Francisco, who stood behind his son Rudolph and told him that the necessary funds would be forthcoming, and who, in the interest of morality, compelled his son John D. Spreckels to yield the columns of the Call to the service of the brother whom John D. hated and despised.

His Methods in Hawaii

Unquestionably Claus Spreckels was a great man. "He did more than any other San Francisco man," says the Sun's correspondent, "to build up this city where he made his great wealth." Incidentally "he gave a fine music stand to Golden Gate Park." And incidentally the founder of the Spreckels fortune "for years was the power behind the throne in Hawaii." "In those days," says this eulogist, "King Kalakaua was easy going and never cared how he secured money to carry on his government and cater to his own pleasures. Spreckels advanced him large sums and took Government land in payment. He also secured concessions from the Government for the labor contracts which filled the sugar plantations with all kinds of servile labor. When the European labor markets were exhausted the system of 'Blackbirding' in the South Sea Islands was begun. Natives of the Fiji, Gilbert, Marquesas and other islands were brought to Hawaii on long term contracts and very few returned to their island homes. Unscrupulous traders frequently kidnapped scores of these poor creatures and sold them into virtual slavery. The missionaries started an investigation of this sugar plantation slavery, but the inquiry never resulted in any reform, as it could not be proved that the plantation managers knew anything about the slave hunting that they actually encouraged." Here it is evident that the panegyrist nods. The planta-

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tion managers did not actually encourage slave hunting. They knew nothing about it. They would not tolerate such an infamy.

His Philanthropic Railroad Enterprise

The Sun's correspondent gives us among other things an interesting version of the San Joaquin Valley railroad enterprise which must be inaccurate since it is at variance with the account given by that veracious chronicler and indefatigable reformer, the Hon. Julius Jacobs. Says the Sun man: "Spreckels gained the reputation here of the fighter among the big California millionaires, all of whom were noted for pugnacity and staying power. Two incidents illustrate his fighting quality. The Southern Pacific Company refused to give Spreckels certain freight rates into the San Joaquin Valley. The old man believed he had a right to the rates because of the large amount of his shipments, so when the railroad officials refused to consider his application he lost his temper. Hammering the desk of the general freight manager he said: 'I will build a railroad into that valley and in two years I will make you wish you had given me those rates.' The managed laughed at him because he knew the difficulties that his own road had in securing rights of way. But Spreckels went at things in his own original way. He organized the San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company and he appealed to the farmers to give him right of way, as he declared he was building this new railroad to fight their ancient enemy, the Southern Pacific. Any one who has read Frank Norris's 'The Octopus' knows the feeling of the San Joaquin ranchers against the railroad. They gave Spreckels his roadway for practically nothing and they helped him build the road. It proved a great success, but when the Southern Pacific admitted that it was beaten and gave Spreckels the rates he had demanded he promptly turned over his railroad to the Santa Fe which made it the terminal of its line."

Such a Temper!

We are also told by this amiable biographer that "great wealth did not change old Claus Spreckels one jot. He was always approachable in his office, just as he was twenty years before; but woe to the man who stirred his anger. The old man's face would flush a fiery red, his small blue eyes would flash and he would pour out a flood of maledictions that generally swept its object through the office door into the hall." Now it is in this paragraph that the Sun's correspondent shows that he doesn't know beans from sweet peas. It is the most obvious thing in the world that great wealth did change old Claus Spreckels; for we learn from this biographic sketch that when he came to San Francisco he worked as a clerk in a grocery store. Now who ever heard of a grocery clerk flushing a fiery red with anger or pouring out a flood of maledictions strong enough to sweep anybody through a door? Mr. Spreckels must have been as mild a mannered grocery clerk as ever weighed a pound of sugar. Otherwise he couldn't have held his job. Great wealth inclines the best of men to a fiery redness on slight provocation. You can sometimes estimate the size of a man's pile by the depth of the redness which suffuses him on certain occasions. The grocery clerk always has his temper well in hand.

When Johnson Bolted

Reformer Callan's self-elimination from the Republican caucus at which the re-election of Senator Perkins was agreed upon reminded me that six years ago there was a walk-out when Perkins's re-election was decided upon, and that on that occasion the Hon. Grove L. Johnson was among the outwalkers. But like the cat Mr. Johnson came back. Indeed Mr. Johnson returned immediately. As soon as the door closed upon him and his associates he rapped for admittance, entered and voted for Perkins.

"I thought you were a bolter," said one of the Assemblymen to the Sacramento attorney.

"I was," said Johnson. "Didn't you see me bolt? I agreed with those fellows to walk out, but I didn't promise to stay out."

"Why does a woman always get off a car backward?"

"Because she's never quite sure she may not change her mind and want to get on again."

A Club Faction Rebuked

The members of the Bohemian Club have resolved that their home must cease to be the battle-ground of the warring graft prosecution partisans, which it has been ever since Jimmy Phelan used the big stick to club recalitrant directors into submission for the greater glory of that sterling young patriot, the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels. Last Tuesday there was a spirited contest in the club over the election of a nominating committee. There were two tickets in the field. One ticket on which were the names of Frank P. Deering, George H. Mastic, Thomas M. Pennell, John C. Dornin and Raphael Weil represented the element that is in favor of purifying the club atmosphere and stimulating a more healthy club spirit. The other ticket was chosen by the Phelan faction, and with characteristic political ingenuity the name of Mr. Raphael Weil was printed thereon. Indeed it was made to appear that Mr. Weil headed the ticket, though he had affirmed his allegiance to his colleagues on the other ticket saying that he believed they represented an element that could be depended upon by reason of its exemption from partisan feeling to promote the interests of the club. The other men on the faction ticket were Paul Cowles of the Associated Press, Willard T. Barton, Thomas A. Rickard and W. H. Smith Jr. According to club gossip this ticket was to be relied upon to make Jimmy Phelan president of the club and put Fred Sanborn into the Board of Directors. It was badly beaten. Some of the members who voted against the Phelan ticket explained that there was a time when they favored encouraging Mr. Phelan's active participation in the affairs of the club, believing that he could be depended upon to show his appreciation of the honors bestowed, but as it has appeared that he hasn't sufficient faith in the club to finance its building operations they can conceive of no reason why his ambition should receive consideration.

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He Writes With His Tongue

My favorite editor, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, receives a really "princely salary." Heretofore the term "princely salary" applied to the meager income of a newspaperman has been a cruel irony intended as a merry jest. Now it is proper to speak of "a princely salary" in the newspaper business. Editor Brisbane receives from Mr. Hearst every day in the year the sum of $200. At the end of each week he has received from Mr. Hearst $1400, and at the end of every year he may reckon that he has received $73,000. This upon the authority of an able panegyrist of the name of William Inglis in a recent biographical sketch published in Harper's Weekly. Biographer Inglis says that while he was interviewing the newspaperman that receives a bigger salary than the President of the United States Editor Brisbane dashed off three able editorials on the long distance phonograph and sent the cylinders to the office. He also read Voltaire until four o'clock in the morning and did not come down to breakfast until noon. He slept, as is his daily custom, in a shed on the roof where the air is fresh and invigorating and non-tuberculositic. But Biographer Inglis hastens to inform us that this is not what Mr. Hearst pays $200 a day for. Neither is it entirely for Editor Brisbane's superlative genius, although if Editor Brisbane were not equipped with genius Mr. Hearst would have less use for him. Editor Brisbane, it appears, not only writes editorials for the Hearst newspapers, but he manages the entire "string." That is certainly worth $200 a day. Some experts declare that anyone who can manage a string of Hearst newspapers one day and not lose his mental grip ought to get much more than $200 for his day's work. But there is Editor Brisbane who pulls the string every day in the year and generously consents to cost Mr. Hearst only $200 a day, notwithstanding that in his own right he possesses wealth sufficient to pay himself a salary far exceeding the stipend he receives from Mr. Hearst. With Editor Brisbane's executive worth to Mr. Hearst I have no concern. I am wholly absorbed in the Brisbane cylindrical editorial output. I am pained to learn that these wonderful editorials are spoken and not written. I had pictured my favorite editor with tongue a-check and legs tied in a knot industriously plowing a sheet of paper with a gray goose quill preparatory to planting the seeds of his verbiage in the fallow understanding of his readers. To know that Editor Brisbane declaims this living thought into an insensate, irresponsive, mechanical phonograph and ejects the cylinders as he would eject the spent cartridges of his duck gun, is a sad disillusion for me. I am almost tempted to express my disappointment in good round Latin; but on afterthought I feel that a dead language cannot do justice to the subject. Therefore in plain, idiomatic English I am constrained to remark, "So passes the glory of the world; so sinks the god of day in the darkness of eternal night!" A talking editor is no more to me than a scribbling orator, and henceforth I class Editor Brisbane with those mute inglorious Ciceros whose speeches are not uttered until they are printed in the Congressional Record.

"What," asked the young physician, "is the secret of your success?"

"I make it a rule to find out what a patient wants to do," answered the wise old doctor, "then I order him to do it."

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The Extreme of Coincidence

Les extremes se touchent: The French have reason. On the 19th of January, 1809, there met in time, if not in space, extremes which up to our age had seemed to set the saying at naught, namely, the extreme of science and the extreme of poetry. On that date, in brief, were born, in Old England, the epoch-making Charles Darwin, and in New England, the epoch-making Edgar Allan Poe; one, the personification of pure science; the other, of pure poetry. Extremes from face to finger-tips, they, none the less, served the same mistress, Truth, and, strangely enough, the poet with the greater devotion. Darwin loved Science, not wisely, but too well; that is to say, to the exclusion of poetry; until finally Shakespeare was a mere name, a tinkling symbol, and things of beauty no joy at all. Poe loved Art no less well, but more wisely; nor was the "beauty" of a mathematical problem solved lost upon him. Science had passed into his soul; fact had undergone alchemic change, and came out poetry. No man yet can adequately sing the "Poetry of a Machine Age." No infant prodigy that un-Spartan parents ever up to date left unexposed, can possibly "cram" science and disgorge poetry—artistic fiction, for that matter. Yet is there untold poetry in science. There is poetry, no end of it, in the passing strange coincidence of the birthday of Darwin and of Poe a wonderful century since; so much indeed as to forestall the spring. Such meetings of the widely parted, extremes so touching, move even me, that ought to know better—nay, that do—to timely—untimely song; as follows:

DARWIN-POE

(Born January 19, 1809)

Truth Darwin dreamed of, worked for, fought
For, won; and, winning, set men, slaves of folly, free:
Like Marcus, emperor of Truth was he;
Nor all the years shall bring his reign to naught.
Poe, Beauty's self: Truth glorified he sought;
And, finding, left to man for legacy:
A Darwin of diviner empery,
Time spares the pure perfection that he wrought.

The blood of martyred Science, shed to-day,
To-morrow blooms, a deathless flow'r of art:
Truth lodges in the head, but must away
At daybreak, hastening to its home, the heart,
Science and Song in passionate interplay,
United, not antipodal apart.

The Square Deal in Lawlor's Court

"Business men generally and as a class are barred, apparently, from the Calhoun jury," says the Evening Globe, which adds, "One hundred of the first venire were discharged outright by Judge Lawlor without chance for the examination by the attorneys." From the same authority I learn that "an examination of the wholesale dismissal by Judge Lawlor of the first venire reveals some interesting facts," since it shows that "business men were dismissed outright by the judge almost to a man." Judge Lawlor explains "his unique personal preliminary inquiry," says the Globe, "by saying that it is 'in the interest of time.'" Which doubtless it is. Judge Lawlor is temperamentally a time-saver. He hates to see time wasted. His wholesale dismissal of business men may seem unique to the Globe, but it is the privilege of

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the court to excuse jurors. To be sure the probability is that what is in the interest of time is not in the interest of Calhoun, but that is merely a coincidence. Judge Lawlor having disregarded the suggestion that personal bias influences him in this case he will see that Calhoun gets a square deal. The supposition is that if business men were not excused but compelled to undergo examination in the jury box the prosecuting attorney would have to use up his peremptory challenges much sooner than otherwise and that Calhoun would have a much better chance of securing what he conceives to be a jury of his peers, but as men may honestly differ with respect to the principles of the square deal Judge Lawlor's attitude should not be questioned; not at least unless it should appear that the Judge has been refusing to excuse members of Cornelius's carmen's union by wholesale.

Calhoun the Conspirator

From the impeccable Bulletin I learn that Calhoun's attorneys will probably try to prove that the street-car strike was the result of a conspiracy on the part of the leading patriots of the Graft Prosecution. This is not the first time I have heard there was such a conspiracy, but never having investigated the matter I was far from a conviction on the subject until the Bulletin emitted a shriek of indignation by way of expressing the feelings that were stirred by so foul an aspersion of the character of its owners and lessors. In anticipation of the proof to be offered by Calhoun the Bulletin with characteristic earnestness assured its wonderfully enlightened readers that Cornelius, the pet of the Administration, the protege of the Graft Prosecution, did all in his power to avert the strike, and that Calhoun himself conspired to have his own property ruined in the hope of stirring up sympathy for himself. This is indeed startling news the accuracy of which cannot be questioned considering the source. Besides the Bulletin ought to know because one of its editors, the Hon. E. J. Livernash, was associated with Cornelius during the strike, and Mr. Livernash, as mild a mannered man as was ever shaved by a non-union barber, is always against strikes and industrial rows, though as an attorney for labor unions such things must be profitable to him. It is extremely gratifying to learn that Livernash and Cornelius were opposed to the strike, and that Calhoun was responsible for it. But in the circumstances I am inclined to question the sincerity of our civic patriots in their efforts to send Calhoun to jail, since it must be obvious to them that he belongs in an insane asylum.

First Duke: Well, do you think Miss Van Gullion intends to buy you?

Second Duke: My dear boy, I don't know. Some days I think she does; at other time I fear she is merely shopping.

Why They "Flunked"

My vindication has come at last. It was a long time on the way, but it is none the less welcome on that account. Besides, it comes in such unquestionable shape that I am glad to speak of it: call it just, wise, royal authority. For many moons I have been insisting that the sororites and feminine Greeks of the State University were frittering their precious youth in the acquirement of things unessential to their intellectual endowment and equipment. I have inveighed with much emphasis and no little rancor against the use of the university as a social ladder for the climbing of social scientists. I have frequently said that many of these young women were only pretenders; that their presence in the university was a hollow mockery, a delusion and a snare for the entrapment of "social prestige." Now comes President Wheeler of the State University to corroborate my statements. He has discovered that the wholesale failure of the women students to pass the midyear examinations is due to their addiction to "social functions" and their neglect of "social science." He says they have been content to drift through the term. They have allied themselves with other interests, most frequently those of society. They have made themselves unfit for the examinations. When the crisis arrives, they dig and cram in vain. Some of them "shy the examinations" hoping to escape the ignominy of the inevitable "flunk." I repeat, I am glad that I am backed in my animadversions by such eminent and unimpeachable authority as the supreme pundit of the university. I feel that I am not alone in my opinion that these young women are not only superfluous but that they are a positive detriment to the educational purposes of the university. I am glad to know that President Wheeler agrees with me that the university is not a "finishing school" for young ladies, a training school for buds and debutantes, a house of mirth for vivacious co-eds, a vestibule to the salons of Siskiyou, San Diego and San Francisco, or a retail market for the sale of Greek letter pins, the meaning of which is wholly Greek to the wearers. However, since the young women have achieved their purpose of attending the university, I don't suppose they care particularly what either President Wheeler or myself may think of them. In the time to be it will be sufficient for them that they may say, "Oh, yes, I was at the university—class of 1911. I knew Miss Gotrocks quite well; we belonged to the same sorority; she was one of the sweetest girls in our class and you'd never know she was loaded with money. Yes, indeed, I've been quite intimate with her since we left the university; she's one of my dearest friends." What more is required? She



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moves in the same "circle" with Miss Gotrocks. Neither of them can point with pride to a degree, but both of them can wear a "college pin" and that is a better guarantee of a university career than a degree.

Broker: "Look here, boy, what makes you so excited this morning. Been reading dime novels again?"
Office Boy: "Naw. Been reading one of de President's messages."

A Community Libeler Rebuked

The Reverend George E. Burlingame has been writing about San Francisco in the Baptist Standard of Chicago. The Reverend George E. Burlingame is one of our preachers, as I gather from the report of what he has said about us; but I must confess my ignorance of his presence "in our midst" until informed by the Baptist Standard. That he is uncomplimentary to the city in which he gains a livelihood goes almost without saying it, for it is a peculiar circumstance that most of our preachers always denounce us as a community every time they speak of us. If we are to believe our preachers San Francisco is only a shade less infamous than Sodom and superlatively more wicked than Gomorrah. Preacher Burlingame says that "from its origin in 1846 to this hour, San Francisco has maintained a unique position among American cities as being entitled to the preeminence in godlessness and immorality." He is kind enough, however, to ascribe most of our disposition to iniquity to our glorious climate. "The charming climate," he says, "assuring 275 rainless days in the year, with a mean average temperature of 55 degrees and a minimum of 36 degrees, fixed the character of popular Sunday observance as a day of feasting and carnivals and reveling and sport." I will not, at this time, quote further from the diatribe of this libeler. Most of what he writes is review and commentary upon the history of the city in its earlier day, upon which he bases the assertion that in our later history the powers of darkness are more appalling in their syndicated strength, and the muddied current is a broader and a deeper stream than that which swirled around Portsmouth square in the 50's when the town was infested by "excitement-craving, money-seeking, luxurious-living, reckless, heaven-earth-and-hell-daring citizens." I will therefore hasten to my confession that in all probability nothing that I could offer in refutation of Preacher Burlingame's anathema would serve its purpose. My denial of his wanton slander though corroborated with confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ, would not convince him of his error, and for all others with knowledge of the true conditions they are unnecessary. I wish, however, that he had been more specific in his statements. His generalizations and his inferences are too broad. It is quite easy to libel a community in its mass; but it is perilous to substantiate the libel in detail. I will admit also that San Francisco is no better than she ought to be; that she is no better than other cities of equal cosmopolitan population, with the saving reservation that San Francisco is no worse than those other cities. I halt there. San Francisco is in my opinion, no better and certainly no worse than other cities, but in her annals is one hideous crime that stands out with appalling vividness against the background of all the other iniquities of her history—one premier atrocity that lifts her supreme among all the cities of the world as a place where it was possible to nurture and bring to maturity a fiend incarnate as malignantly ferocious and as steeped in depravity as Theodore Durrant. When Preacher Burlingame writes again of San Francisco's godlessness, immorality and utter degradation let him be specific in his proofs of what he utters; let him tell the readers of the Baptist Standard that of all the wickedness perpetrated in San Francisco that which was accomplished by Theodore Durrant was the crime consummate. I will not ask him to tell the readers of the Baptist Standard that Theodore Durrant was a teacher in a Baptist Sunday school, a member of the Immanuel Baptist Church, and that he killed two young girls in a Baptist church in circumstances of such unmitigated horror that even the court of justice wherein he was condemned could not listen to the monstrous tale. I will only ask that Preacher Burlingame explain in his next discourse that one reason why San Francisco bears a name so unenviable among men is because it once registered among its citizens a monster whom we called Theodore Durrant—a creature so black and deformed by iniquity that the gates of hell itself are barred against his soul howling its eternal agony in a place of torment specially provided to meet the exigencies of his case.

McCreery the Missionary

Walter McCreery is meeting with much encouragement in carrying out his plans to make California a rendezvous for winter sports. He is now in Europe, getting in touch with the prominent players of polo, golf and tennis, and already he has been assured of the participation of some of the "big guns" amongst the athletic heroes of the British Isles. Burlingame is to be made the center of the carnival of contests, and handsome prizes will be offered, such as will appeal to the foreign champions, and act as a drawing card. With the cooperation of the commercial organizations of the city, Mr. McCreery advanced his plans very substantially in the brief time which he has spent in working up the project. The suggestion was readily taken hold of, and

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its popularity has proved that all the necessary local support will be forthcoming. California at large will profit by the scheme. Every winter there will be attracted to the State moneyed men who cannot but be struck with the other opportunities which California offers besides the winning of loving cups and trophies. With their families they will visit the well known points of interest, and with the lure of California's climate, California's natural wonders, and California's opportunities for good investments, many of the visitors and tourists may be converted into permanent residents. The California Promotion Committee is co-operating in the movement, and Rufus Jennings has placed its machinery at Mr. McCreery's command. Encouraging messages are expected as soon as he will have had time and opportunity to get his campaign well under way in England.

"Do you love your wife as much as you think you do?"
"I love her almost as much as she thinks I do."

Hotaling in Repertoire

Richard M. Hotaling is again to make his appearance in the unfortified City of Oakland. The young millionaire has signed with Manager Bishop for another engagement at Ye Liberty Theatre, and he will appear there in repertoire during the month of February. He will present Richelieu, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Julius Caesar and the First Violin. From this announcement it is evident that Mr. Hotaling has been engrossed in study since his last professional engagement, when he demonstrated that he was temperamentally and technically qualified for successful achievement in the poetic drama.

School Children Coming to California

If the plans of "Tom" Richardson, manager of the Portland Commercial Club, are carried out, one hundred and fifty pupils from the eighth and ninth grades of the Chicago public schools will visit the far west during next summer. While on a recent trip to Chicago, Mr. Richardson appeared at a meeting of two hundred members of the Ways and Means Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, the big commercial organization of the middle west, and proposed that the organization defray the expenses of such a trip of two months' duration. The plan is to select one pupil from each of the Chicago schools who, on the return, will give at least two talks before the school, descriptive of the trip. It is proposed that representatives of the Chicago dailies shall accompany the party. In a letter to the California Promotion Committee, Mr. Richardson, who is also secretary of the Oregon Development League, explains that the purpose of the trip is to show the boys and girls of the lake city how things are grown on the Pacific Coast, both naturally and by means of irrigation. "We want them to realize," he writes, "that Chicago's future greatness is based on the west. Ninety-five per cent of the travel of Chicago's two million people is eastward, aside from commercial travelers. We want our share." The California Promotion Committee is taking up the suggestion with the more than two hundred commercial organizations affiliated with it in all parts of the State. It has urged them to put themselves in communication with Mr. H. A. Wheeler, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, 77 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, outlining the interesting and instructive sights to be seen in each locality, and the arrangements which will be made to entertain the visitors, for, naturally, California's cities, towns and rural districts will be an important part of the itinerary. According to Mr. Richardson's plan, the expenses of the party are to be defrayed by Chicago. Business houses with Chicago connections are also requested to place themselves in communication with the Chicago firms and urge them to co-operate with Chairman Wheeler of the Chicago Committee in carrying the plan through. Discussing the idea at headquarters in the California Building, a representative of the California Promotion Committee said: "Great good will result from such a trip, for, not only will the boys and girls who come to the west become better citizens thereby, with a fuller realization of the resources of this wonderful country of ours, but it will mean splendid advertising for California through a medium that reaches thousands and thousands of homes of people who may be attracted to California as a result, either as tourists or settlers. The California Promotion Committee will do everything in its power to further the efforts put forth and bring the campaign to a successful culmination."

New Cabinet Officer Proposed

The suggestion of C. F. Grunsky that a new department be added to the Federal Government, with a Secretary of Public Works as its head, is of special interest to the Pacific Coast, where so much of the reclamation and improvement of natural resources is yet to be achieved. Mr. Grunsky has been long concerned with California rivers in his professional capacity as a civil engineer, and it was in a report made by him to President Rufus P. Jennings of the River Improvement and Drainage Association of California that his suggestion was made. After reviewing the cumbersome methods now pursued, he says: "The work done by the Geological survey, the work of the Reclamation Service, the work of the army engineers, at least in so far as it relates to improvements not connected with military operations, and some work of other departments, should all be under the direction of one head, a cabinet officer. There is a great and immediate need for a Secretary of Public Works. Under a Department of Public Works all of the public improvements should be co-ordinated, and the larger problems of the country should receive proper attention.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Since giving my advice the first of this month, to liquidate holdings and await the future, the market has had not a few recessions, though without spectacular features. The decline has been orderly, indicating that influential bankers are in full control and willing to see the speculative situation in Wall Street readjusted, it cannot be said that big interests are entirely dormant, as a quiet accumulation of certain stocks is in progress for some coming great deal in the railway world, such as we believe, will be found in connection with New York Central and the Harriman System later on. Probably the chief factor relative to industry and the security market is the tariff subject, the whole commerce of the country is being held up awaiting this readjustment of the tariff. The great steel and copper business is running from hand to mouth only, and the same may be said of minorities of trade. Wall Street looks upon this element of the financial outlook as a forerunner of lower securities. We doubt this position and do not consider it logical in view of the nearness of the tariff adjustment. The incoming administration will use every effort to place before Congress a tariff bill at the June session, and one that will meet the requirements of all interests combined in this country, a bill that will pass both branches of Congress. Mr. Taft has no desire to delay business operations longer than necessary and we believe this vital matter will be carried through in due course, meantime, we must expect continued temporary stagnation in metal lines and industry generally speaking. However, at the first sign of harmony among the lawmakers in Washington in the coming tariff solution such will be quickly reflected in Wall Street circles. A very bullish factor, and as a strong basis of speculative values in good stocks is the increasing drug in the money market with abnormally low rates prevailing, this commodity must be employed and will seek stocks on any sign, even nominal recessions from the present basis of values. With bankers in a waiting attitude as to the immediate future, we may expect a market devoid of any particular feature, except for some specialties, while somewhat lower prices is not impossible, yet I am not anticipating a material decline.

The questions now before the public with the probable merger of the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and New York Central, in view is, What will the Pennsylvania do to meet these conditions? Will it not force the Pennsylvania to reach the Pacific Coast? If so, is Harriman strong enough to keep the Atchison road out of the Pennsylvania control? It is unreasonable to suppose a property like the Pennsylvania would live under such a handicap. The ear-marks of a great change in the railway systems of this country are too much in evidence to be mistaken. The centralization of control, in so far as railway operation is concerned is rapidly nearing a point of action when one board of governors will dictate the policy of the greater portion of the railroads of the United States. The New York Central and Pennsylvania properties will be foremost in these changed conditions. There are many good reasons why such changes should come about. I hear from very reliable sources that Hawley has been a heavy buyer of Rock Island Stock recently. He, no doubt, has some plan in view that may be a surprise to Wall Street. When he turned over the control of Colorado Southern to the Burlington it was a big surprise even to the Harriman interests, who lost a valuable feeder. The Atchison and Rock Island properties will figure largely in any changes that may come. The Gould lines will continue as they always have, absolutely independent. It is a sure thing the Pacific Coast will be benefited, no matter what changes are made. The Pacific Coast Railways are now placed in a position where they must develop their local territory. It will result in increasing the Coast population to very large figures within the next five years. The country west of the Rocky Mountains is attracting very general attention at the hands of the monyed interests of the East. Millions will come from the East for the development of power plants; these interests will cause the building of a great number of branch transportation lines to be operated by electricity. An immense new area will be added to production through these advantages.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Tragic Episode

The principle which is responsible for the spoiling of the soup when there are too many cooks employed in its concoction is already asserting itself in the matter of the Colonial dances which are under the circumspection of quite a host of hostesses. The last dance came within an ace of being a dead cold frost, a fact that may be attributed to the precautions that have been taken to insure the acme of exclusiveness. When the society was organized for the purpose of giving Colonial dances it was deemed advisable to bar therefrom everybody who had not been properly branded, and with that end in view it was decided that nobody should be invited against whom objection should be urged by any of the patronesses. Now there is nothing so easy as to frame an objection



MRS. HUGO MANSFELDT

Who is to leave in a few days on a trip to Europe.

especially when responsibility is divided as in the Colonial society. The objection on which a girl may be barred from a dance may be inspired entirely with personal prejudice, and sometimes a mother's personal prejudice is the result of nothing more than the consciousness of her own daughter's inferior charms. Some mothers are so selfish that they would safeguard their daughters against all rivalry, and in doing so would have not the slightest consideration for the feelings of others. Whether this selfishness has operated in the Colonial society I do not know, but I am told that the line has been drawn for unaccountable reasons, and that the drawing thereof has provoked quite a disturbance. Owing to the humiliation of one very charming girl who lives in the interior of the State a great storm was raised. A gentleman had purchased for her an invitation, she had a gown made for the occasion, and at the eleventh hour, when she was arrayed in all her finery and keyed up with joyous anticipation, her escort arrived with the tragic news that the money for her invitation had been refunded. Here is an episode for a stirring drama. Think of the poignant cruelty of it! Presented on the stage it would move the coldest audience to long for the punishment of the perpetrators of so wanton a deed. But in society the story of it serves only as a bit of interesting gossip. However the management of the Colonial dances may be expected



Photo, Bushnell. MRS. "LARRY" ADAMS

Who has returned from her trip abroad.

to mend its ways. Before the last dance an indignation meeting was held in the University Club and those present resolved that they would not attend, but all did not keep their word.

The Purple is There

Mrs. Parker Whitney has set a new style in mourning wear. After her father's death she affected the deepest black, but now she has reached that period of affliction when second mourning is permissible. Second mourning is usually assumed to mean some mitigation of the gloom in garmenture, black and white, soft shades of lavender or purple and such combinations, but Mrs. Whitney, while keeping the letter of the law, has ingeniously managed to evade its spirit. One of her dress hats is

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nominally black and purple. The black hat is trimmed with purple pansies, but the purple is restricted to the borders of the petals, and is so slight in comparison with the enormous yellow centers of the blossoms that at a very short distance it is not noticeable. Some stickler for "the proprieties" remarked that that was not a mourning hat. "Oh, yes," replied a friend, "those are really purple pansies; the yellow is only put in to brighten them." Others who find mourning garb irksome are thinking of adopting the style, and ere long yellow blossoms in mourning hats will be as much a matter of course as the black band on a colored sleeve, which, by the way, is only the badge of mourning which foreign families expect their liveried servants to wear when there is bereavement in the household of their masters.

Of the Innumerable Parrott Clan

An important addition to the bachelor colony has been made in the person of Marc de la Lande. He is another of the Parrott connection, a son of Madame de la Lande, who was May Parrott, the second daughter of Mrs. Abby M. Parrott. The de la Landes have made their home in France ever since their marriage, and in consequence the children are but slightly known to their mother's old friends on this coast. Marc de la Lande came out with the Vicomte de Dampierre to be present at his cousin's wedding, and they say he is so pleased with his glimpse of California that he has decided to make quite a long visit with his grandmother, Mrs. Parrott. Shortly after his arrival an intimate friend of the family, giving a debutante dinner, included Marc in her list of guests though she had not yet met him. Mrs. Parrott, in speaking of her grandson to this lady, referred to him as "a mere boy," and when the invitation was accepted, she, having lost track of the flight of time, had some inward misgivings, expecting to have on her hands a callow youth in his first teens, who would be unadapted to the rest of the company, but she was agreeably surprised when he presented himself, for the "mere boy" can boast some six feet two of height, and other physical qualities in proportion, with the polish and bearing of a man of the world. Added to that, he is bright, clever, and full of fun, and will some day inherit the title of Vicomte now borne by his father. So many California girls marry foreign titles that perhaps this is another opportunity. Marc de la Lande is half American—half Californian at that, and may be he could be persuaded to settle eventually in his mother's old home in San Mateo.

No Ostentation There

The key note of the de Guigne-de Dampierre wedding was simplicity, the more marked because of the tendency of late on the part of our social leaders to attempt to dazzle by the brilliancy of their functions. Not only was the bride unattended, but there were neither groomsmen nor ushers, the old family butlers showing the guests to their seats in the church. Captain A. H. Payson, who acted as best man, and Christian de Guigne, who gave his daughter into the hands of the groom, formed the whole extent of the bridal party. Only about ninety of the intimate friends of the family were present. The first plans were for a large and elaborate wedding, but the business affairs of Vicomte de Dampierre will require his presence in France and in consequence, the original date for the wedding was set forward a month. There was an informality about the reception at the de Guigne homestead, Minnehaha, which made the affair unusually lively even for a wedding. The honeymoon trip projects a visit to Santa Barbara, Coronado and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, with a return to California for a week, after which the de Dampierres will leave at once for France, where they will make their home for the first six months. In November they are to return to San Mateo where six months will be spent at the bride's home. Marie de Guigne has always been one of the best loved and admired girls in her set, and already before her departure plans are being discussed for her welcome and entertainment when she comes home again.

A Conspicuous Absentee

By the way Mrs. Payson was conspicious by her absence from the de Guigne-de Dampierre wedding reception. She witnessed the marriage ceremony from a rear pew in the church and made her exit at the close of the nuptial mass. After the wedding breakfast she appeared on her own front porch from whence she signalled across the intervening lawn to the guests, some of whom responding to her invitation held an informal chat with her. Which reminds me that after the big earthquake, when St. Matthew's Church in San Mateo was virtually demolished and mass was celebrated for months in the de Guigne stable Mrs. Payson never entered the building to attend services. Nevertheless she complied with her religious obligations at a point about thirty feet from the entrance to the improvised chapel. There on a camp stool, in solitary state, she followed the services.

An Episode in Society

One of our popular society belles has gained a reputation for originality and piquant unconventionality which is said to have made her deliciously attractive to the men, though the chaperons sit up and gasp for breath at some of her doings. What the same line of conduct would be called in any one but a wealthy society favorite is quite another matter and beside the point. It was at supper at a recent dance that the latest display of refinement was given. An eligible partner who had been unable to approach the popular young lady earlier in the evening, seized his belated opportunity to claim a dance. Leaning across the table he proffered his request for the favor. With thumb to nose and twiddling her fingers after the manner of a street urchin, "Sixth for you," she shouted down the whole length of the table, and unconcernedly went on with her supper.

Such Shocking Manners

The ill behavior of the young bachelors of society has been a theme of discussion amongst hostesses for several years, but if the experiences of the present season are any indication all the strictures passed have not served to awaken conscience or bring about any improvement. Several of the otherwise most attractive young men are decidedly inconsiderate, and one in particular is on the black books of two of the matrons because of his unpardonable breach of etiquette. It has become quite a common occurrence for young men to accept dinner invitations and then to leave their hostesses as chaperons, with young girls stranded on their hands, while the partners provided for them proceed to have a good time in their own way, completely ignoring the social amenities. In the particular instance referred to the same young man was a guest at dinner before the Colonial ball and the last Friday Night, and in each case he considered his

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duty discharged when he escorted the debutante who fell to his lot as far as the ball room door, where he deserted her to her own devices, not even claiming the supper dance, which was his by right. It is scarcely a plausible excuse, that he has but lately returned from the wilds, where his polish has been rubbed off, and it is not unlikely that the matrons who go to so much trouble to make things agreeable may discover some practical retaliatory measure which will result in a return to the courtesy that marked the social intercourse of bygone generations when a gentleman was expected, as a matter of course, to put himself last and sacrifice even his comfort to the pleasure of a lady.

Is Cupid Concerned?

Society is regretting that Helen Bowie has reconsidered her decision to spend the winter in San Francisco with her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick. Everyone is wondering at the sudden abandonment of the first plan and there have been some whispers of a very ardent attachment upon which Mrs. Bowie-Detrick has not beamed entire approval, and some hints that it is on account of this difference of opinion that Miss Helen has concluded to return to the shelter of the maternal roof at Palo Alto. There is no necessity, however, thus to give wing to conjecture, for, with the younger sister married and the boys away at school, Mrs. Bowie would have been very much alone, and filial affection may have outweighed the delights of a gay winter.

A Wealthy Widow's Marriage

The marriage of Mrs. Mary Woods Allen Naher, one of Stockton's wealthiest widows, to McDonald Douglas, the popular clerk of the Hotel Savoy, caused a gasp of astonishment from the society dames and a sigh of regret from the bachelors of the Slough City, eligible in years but not in income. Mrs. Douglas comes from one of the most exclusive and plutocratic families in the San Joaquin Valley. When her father, John Woods, died, he divided his millions and his Roberts Island rancho between his two daughters, Mary and Jessie, who is now Mrs. George Wilhoit. Mary's first marriage, with the popular clubman, George Allen, proved a failure. Then followed the first divorce in the conservative ranks of Stockton's smart set. Later on, the fair divorcee married Fred Naher, a wholesale liquor merchant and widower.

The Preston Dinner

One of the most elaborate of the many beautiful dinners given at the Fairmont recently was that by Mrs. Edgar Preston. The guests were seated at a circular table in the Laurel Court which was lavishly decorated with brilliant poinsettia blossoms. The same color scheme was carried out in the shaded lights, and the place cards were amongst the most novel seen this season. Each card was beautifully decorated and held by a small bird in all the bright plumage of nature. Mrs. Preston brought them over from Paris with her. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Spencer, Miss Maud O'Connor, Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. George Spence, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering. Other dinners given during the week were those of Mr. and Mrs. Percy T. Morgan, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Andrew Welch and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon.

The Carolans Are Back

Guests at the Fairmont who happened to be in the lobby when the Francis Carolans arrived from a belated journey on the obstructed Overland are still gasping over the tremendous amount of hand luggage that the party brought with them. At first sight one would have imagined that they had contracted the European habit of carrying everything with them, but a glimpse of a couple of immense vans which followed them to the hotel disposed of that idea. The Carolans have been abroad for several months. They are accompanied by Miss Page Brown, and will remain at the Fairmont for a few days before proceeding to Burlingame. Now that the Carolans are back I am confident that I shall soon hear all the latest gossip of the London theatre, for of course Mrs. Carolan was Mrs. "Pat" Campbell's constant companion in London.

Southern Families to be United

An engagement recently announced is that of Miss Nina Crittenden and Austin Carrington Scott. The prospective bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Crittenden of Oakland. Mr. Scott is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Scott, and a nephew of the late Mrs. Monroe Salisbury. His brother married an adopted daughter of Admiral Sampson. Both families are prominent in the exclusive southern set, where their connections are large, including the Robinsons, Van Wycks and Thorntons. The young people were jealously guarding their secret, for it will probably be all of two years before the marriage takes place, so they felt seriously annoyed when their engagement became known to the public.

A Russian Princess in Berkeley

Professor Jerome B. Landfield, formerly of the University of California, has returned to Berkeley, accompanied by his bride, the Princess Lobanoff-Rostovsky, daughter of the Grand Chancellor of all the Russias, and for the present they are registered at the Hotel Carlton, where they are receiving the congratulations of friends, after a honeymoon of a year and a half spent in travel on four continents. Professor Landfield was for three years

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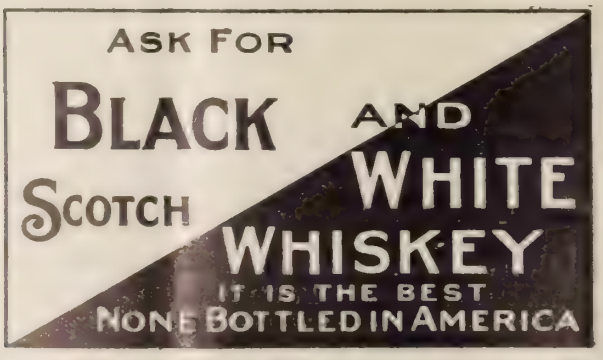
associate professor of history under Henry Morse Stephens, head of that department at the State University. He was much sought after by the social elect of the bay communities, and was the object of so many elaborate functions that his friends say he was driven to flight in order to escape the persistent lionizing. The marriage of the Princess Lobanoff-Rostovsky and Professor Landfield took place in St. Petersburg about eighteen months ago, since which time they have been traveling through India, Japan and Egypt, and spending the last three months of their European tour in England. Professor Landfield laughs at the absurd story circulated some time ago, that Ambassador Whitelaw Reid had refused to introduce them at the Court of St. James. "Because of my wife's position and rank she needs introduction to no court in the world. She has the inherent right to appear at any court function whatsoever, and as far as the question of our requesting an introduction of Ambassador Reid is concerned, it is made of whole cloth. We saw the Reids but seldom during our stay in London, and at no time did I ask the favor of an introduction. We had our circle of friends and seldom went outside it." They have no definite plans for the future, but will probably remain in Berkeley for some time, exchanging their quarters at the Hotel Carlton for a private residence.

Greenway's Activities

Debutantes and matrons are alike anticipating the coming Greenway Assembly which will be held in the white and gold ball room of the Fairmont on Friday evening, January 29th. It is rumored that, not content with the triumph of his first Assembly on December 18th, Mr. Greenway is planning to introduce new features which will serve as a fillip to the jaded appetities of society folk, who demand new attractions continually. The last affair presented a rare display of costuming and jewels but it is rumored that the return from Europe of several of Mr. Greenway's staunchest friends will help to make the second Assembly a greater success than the first. Many of the debutantes who went to the first dance of the club in fear and trembling lest they should be unable to fill their cards are now considering whom they will favor on the coming night, for dancing men there are in abundance, so many, in fact as to insure for everyone a good time. Society is already looking past the coming Friday night to the Mardi Gras Ball with which the Assembly will close its season on February 18th. As there has been nothing of this nature in San Francisco since the last affair at the Hopkins' Art Institute, it will have all the charms of novelty to the younger set, and it is generally believed that even the famous Mardi Gras Balls of New Orleans will be eclipsed. The fact that the Kermess, which is to be held at the Central Theatre for charity immediately preceding the Assembly will be a fancy dress affair will probably stimulate many to evolve costumes which can be made to serve for both occasions.

Pelleas and Melissande

Miss Margaret Kemble, a young artist who has been devoting her talents to musical interpretation, and in particular to the study of the modern musical drama, is to be the first to introduce the famous Debussey opera of "Pelleas and Melissande" to the music lovers of San Francisco. While the affair is under the patronage of a number of prominent society women, it will be notable in the musical history of the city and will be attended by students who are interested in the development of music in the west. The opera itself will not find its way to us for a long time, but Miss Kemble announces an interpretative study of the lyric drama, with piano numbers and violoncello solos by Arthur Weiss. Mr. Weiss, who earned local fame through his music for the Bohemian Club jinks last year, has found time for more serious study, and will give two of the exquisite solos in the famous French composition. The Debussey opera, like many of the fragments from the modern composers, is original in quality, full of subtle harmonies and curiously original rhythms. Many of the lesser Debussey songs are popular in Paris, but the latest opera created a furore in New York last season under the direction of Oscar Hammerstein. The music is described as "tenuous, vaporous, intangible," since Debussey has achieved his fame solely as a musical poet of half-lights and shadows. If Miss Kemble succeeds in presenting the elusive charm of the music she will but sustain the reputation she has already earned in her previous renderings of Beethoven and more modern compositions. Amongst the society sponsors for the Debussey interpretation, which is to take place at the St. Francis on the evening of February 3rd, are Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. George A. Newhall, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. George H. Mendell Jr., Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Walter McGavin and Mrs. M. C. Sloss. The patronesses from Oakland and Berkeley who are interested in the affair are Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long, Mrs. Charles Egbert and Mrs. Frank Havens. The patrons are Charles Templeton Crocker, R. M. Tobin, Dr. Harry Tevis, Henry T. Scott and J. Downey Harvey.



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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. M. E. Kirkwood is visiting her friends, Miss George and Mrs. Fenn, who are Del Monte for the winter.

The Hanging Committee of the Del Monte Art Gallery held their regular meeting on the 16th, and rehung the gallery. A few good canvasses were added to the collection by William Keith, Hanson Puthuff, Calthea Vivian and Alice Best. Dr. Genthe replaced his group of photographs by a very interesting collection of studies made during his recent trip to Japan. The artists who came down were Gottardo F. Piazzoni, Will Sparks, Florence Lundborg and J. K. Steele.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. E. J. Smith, Mrs. M. F. Bagley, W. D. Conover, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Murphy, San Francisco; R. E. Haas, Moscow, Russia; H. Haas, Basle, Switzerland.

Arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco and vicinity for the week ending January 17th, were Mrs. F. Y. Bennett, Mrs. H. S. Meyers, Mrs. P. K. Gordon, Mr. Gus Seyfried, Mr. Fred W. Gregory, Mr. W. W. Erskine, Mr. A. H. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. M. Abraham, San Francisco; Miss N. Hyland, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mitchler, Oakland.

The Wellington Greggs, who have been occupying apartments at the Fairmont since their return from Europe are planning to reopen their house at San Mateo in the near future. Miss Enid and Miss Ethel Gregg have been much sought after socially this winter.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was hostess at a delightful luncheon in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont, complimentary to Mrs. Fletcher Ryer. After the manner so much in vogue there, the guests were seated at a large round table which was decorated with beautiful flowers. Amongst those present were Mr. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. R. P. Schwerein, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Clem Tobin, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Vail, Mrs. Mortimer Smith, Miss Mary Joliffe, Miss O'Connor, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Spauling, and Miss Margaret Stowe of Santa Barbara.

Among the prominent guests registered at the Fairmont this week are Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson and A. W. Tovey.

The cordial greeting which society accorded to Signor de Grassi on his appearance in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis was not only a tribute to his genius but in part a felicitation upon his approaching marriage to Miss Winifred June Morgan, which is to take place in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland. While in Southern California the de Grassis will be entertained by Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, formerly Miss Clara Huntington, who is a life long friend of the bride.

As usual, the arrival of the Manchuria brought a full complement of guests to the Fairmont. The average business man hardly realizes what it means to San Francisco to have these great steamship coming in twice a month with their hundreds of passengers. Amongst those who arrived on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. H. Holmes of Honolulu; J. K. Roosevelt, New York; Dr. Nord, Tien Tsin, China; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. James, Frank James, Miss Mollie James, Urbana, Kentucky; Miss Adair and maid; Miss Nellie Port and maid, London.

Guests at the Fairmont from Southern California are Ed. A. Dickson, George B. Anderson, M. J. Connell, Colonel J. B. Lankershim of the Lankershim Hotel, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Fleischman, all of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Dan H. Steele of San Diego are stopping for a few days en route for the East on a business trip.

Mr. J. F. Stimson of New York is visiting his friend, Mr. W. H. Smith, who is spending the winter at Del Monte. Mr. Stimson is an enthusiastic golf player and expects to remain for a month or more.

Frank Miller of Riverside, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Allis, is at the Fairmont. Mr. Miller is one of the best known hotel men of the country, "The Mission Inn," being celebrated everywhere as a monument to his ability.

Mrs. Thomas Gardiner has sent out cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Florence Alethia, to Mr. Alfred G. Mitchler, which took place in Oakland on the fifth of January. The bride is a sister of George Gardiner, who married pretty Edith Findley. Mr. Mitchler is a brother of Mrs. Horace Sperry of this city.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty, wife of Chief Justice Beatty, returned last week from an extended visit to the south, where she went for the benefit of her health. Most of the time was spent between South Carolina and Kentucky.

Mrs. J. B. Schroeder has taken a house at 1960 Baker street for the winter. Her daughter, Mrs. Crabtree, is visiting her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Hellmann will leave early next month for Valparaiso, Chili, on a lengthy visit to Mrs. Hellmann's sister, who has resided there for many years.

Mr. H. E. Law, who has been one of the most important factors in the rebuilding of San Francisco, has taken permanent apartments at the St. Francis.

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PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, DEPT. S. F.

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Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Shoobert, at Red Gables, Sausalito, will soon leave for Boston, where she is to reside next year.

Mrs. William Gardiner of New York, formerly Roberta Clay, arrived during the week on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Clay of Berkeley. She will remain in California several months.

Mr. Frank Finley will arrive from Boston at the end of this month, having been absent for six months on a business trip. Mrs. Finley and her young son returned to their home in Sausalito several weeks ago.

Mrs. Frank Miller, who is now occupying "The Hutch" in Sausalito, recently gave a luncheon at her quaint little home. Amongst those entertained were Mrs. Lewis Beedy, Mrs. Wm. Klink, Mrs. Frank Findley, Mrs. H. Clay Miller Jr., Mrs. Orrin Wolfe and Mrs. Watkins.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hickman have issued invitations for a dancing party which will take place at their home in Sausalito on the second of February in celebration of the forty-ninth anniversary of their wedding. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hickman are fond of young company, and are constantly entertaining the young set, who are eagerly anticipating this event.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten has issued invitations for two large and elaborate bridge parties to take place on January 27th and 28th at her home on Washington street. Mrs. Masten is one of the most popular young matrons, a gracious hostess noted for her originality. The prizes, as usual, will be unique and artistic.

Registered at the Hotel Green, Pasadena, are Mr. Barclay McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hannan, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mrs. J. B. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mozart, Mrs. Augusta Smith, and J. R. Molard, all from San Francisco.

The Gadski concert in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis last week was a brilliant social event. The membership list alone, and the success of the first, the Nordica concert, insuring a full attendance of society. The display of handsome gowns was even more notable than on the former occasion. Most of the tables in the white and gold room were reserved for dinner parties, and the boxes and loges were occupied by the representative families of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall entertained several guests, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Charles Templeton Crocker, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant. Amongst other groups of smart people were those who enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Frye, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller. Artistically, the Gadski concert attained a very high plane of excellence. In staging its series of concerts the St. Francis Musical Art Society has proved that San Francisco's appreciation of the muses has only awaited a proper temple in which to express itself.

Mrs. Charles J. Foster and Mrs. Edward Van Bergen have issued invitations for a dancing party which will take place at their residence, 2512 Pacific avenue, on Saturday evening, February 6th. On this occasion the charming young hostesses will be Miss Marie Louise Foster and Miss Mina Van Bergen. Invitations will be only for those in their early teens, the prominent small buds from San Rafael, Ross Valley, and this city.

The Claremont Improvement Club celebrated its first anniversary by a banquet at the Hotel Carlton on Thursday evening last, when officers for the ensuing year were elected. The club was organized on January 7th, 1908, with a membership of sixteen. Sixty-eight participated in the festivities which marked its firs birthday.

A pleasant dinner at the St. Francis, preceding the Gadski concert, was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, who had among their guests Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. Raoul Duval, Miss Pomeroy, Edwin Tobin, Count Charles du Parc, Mr. Harvey and Colonel Pickering.

Mrs. Clarence Nicholson, formerly Maud Miller, will soon leave for Manila, on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Breechman, U. S. A. Mrs. Breechman will be remembered as the interesting Ruth Miller.

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Stage

Sothern's Hamlet

When I first made the acquaintance of Sothern's Hamlet at the Columbia Theatre some years ago I believed it hardly possible for an actor to achieve a more perfect realization of the Prince of Denmark, but I find that I was mistaken. Mr. Sothern himself has proved that I was in error. In Mr. Sothern we have the most conscientious, painstaking and ambitious artist that the American stage has known since the days of Edwin Booth, and it is to these qualities we owe that improvement in his craftsmanship which I have remarked and which doubtless has been discerned by others. Not many years ago Mr. Sothern was a matinee idol, thrilling girlish hearts in romantic dramas and fattening his bank account wherever he went, but to him pecuniary success was not wholly satisfying. He longed for opportunities in the so-called legitimate drama, and finally ventured to test his qualifications for serious, intellectual work in that complex and most difficult role which he selected for the opening of his engagement at the Van Ness Theatre. From the first it was evident that he had not invited criticism without deliberation and study. At the very outset he seized the character and interpreted it with infinite subtlety and detail. And now we see that his art has broadened and deepened, that his conception has mellowed and that his interpretation has become firmer and stronger. He gives us the morbid, vacillating instrument of revenge in all his complexity and changefulness—just as Shakespeare drew him. I have never seen an artist more faithfully interpretative of a masterpiece. With the exception of Booth no stage Hamlet ever moved me as Sothern's does. Booth lingers vividly in memory as the ideal Hamlet, but between the dead and the living tragedians comparison is impelled by reason of similarity of conception and treatment, the only difference being a tendency to realism rather than to poetry in Sothern's delineation. This is the only flaw in Sothern's craftsmanship. It is a concession to the modern notion that poetry is nothing more than an ornament of the drama whereas it serves the purpose of heightening emotion as music and every element of beauty always does. However, the dominant note of Sothern's performance is sincerity, and he does not sacrifice to realism so much of the beauty of the role as to weaken perceptibly the appeal to emotion. His realism stirs our intellect and touches our heart. There is no effort in his performance to convince his audience that he solved the psychology of the role. He is content to realize for us a perturbed and febrile spirit, a man laboring under hysterical excitement, one who assumes and lays aside the antic disposition as the mood seizes him or as seems most suitable to his dark design. He moves in an atmosphere of tragedy, affecting us with the deeping gloom of his tortured soul until he plunges us into the final catastrophe.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Sothern's Repertoire

In wonderful contrast to Sothern's Hamlet are the two other roles in which he appears—Richard Lovelace and Lord Dundreary. In each of these Mr. Sothern scored a distinct triumph this week. For his next and final week's engagement, commencing Monday night, Mr. Sothern has selected the following repertoire: Monday and Tuesday nights, Lord Dundreary; Wednesday night, Hamlet; Thursday night, Richard Lovelace, and Friday night and Saturday matinee and night, (for the first time by him on any stage), Richelieu.

Sunday's Goodson Concert

The last concert of that magnificent artist, Katharine Goodson, will take place on Sunday afternoon, January 24th, at Christian Science Hall, and the program offered is one of the most attractive ever placed before music lovers in San Francisco. The Grieg Sonata in E minor, Op. 7, will open the program, and will be followed by a group of very old numbers by Scarlatti, Rameau, Corelli and Exaudet. Raff's charming "Rigaudon," and Schumann's "Faschinschwark" in its entirety will complete the first part. The second portion of the offering will include a Mendelssohn "Lied," in F minor, Op. 22; "Arabesque" by Lezchetizky, "Espenlaub" by Emil Sauer and Liszt's "Rhapsodie," No. 12. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Sutter and Kearny street store until 5:30 on Saturday and on Sunday at the hall after 10 a. m., where 'phone orders will be carefully attended to.

Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"

Florence Roberts and her strong supporting company will give their last performances of "The House of Bondage" at the American Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening and at the Sunday matinee Thomas Jefferson, a worthy son of a worthy sire, will begin an engagement limited to one week in the great American classic, "Rip Van Winkle." There is nothing, even in Shakespearian realms, that has appealed so steadily and so strongly to the treatre-going public as has this story of the drunken vagabond of the Catskills. In tragedy, genteel comedy, farce, burlesque or comic opera, there has been no production that could ever hold a candle to the wonderful career which "Rip Van Winkle" has enjoyed. Its perennial popularity is due entirely to the exquisite art, delicate feeling and irresistable humor with which the Jeffersons have delineated the jovial old vagabond hero. There is heart in every line the artist speaks and there is tenderness and love and all the sweetest and gentlest qualities of humanity in the delightful old toper's make-up. It is a role to which no actor, unless



HARRISON HUNTER

Who will appear in the tragic comedy "The Van Dyck" next week at the Orpheum.

he be a Jefferson, can apparently give full justice, for this family has lived and breathed the very atmosphere of the character all their lives. Thomas Jefferson pours his own heart and soul and all the genial attributes of his own nature into the part and so mixes and moulds them with his glorious gilding art that the result calls for all the admiration and affection that an audience is capable of giving. It is a marvelous resurrection from Washington Irving's story of the hero of the village of Falling Water, a masterpiece of acting as spendid and perfect in its way as the best that any of the old masters ever put on canvas. It is as popular with the public today as it was four decades ago and those playgoers count themselves lucky who are able to renew their acquaintance with it every few seasons.. Corinne, in "Lola from Berlin," the latest musical comedy, will follow Mr. Jefferson's engagement at the American.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

Although William Gillette's thrilling dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes" has made such a hit at the Valencia Theatre that it could easily run for another week, the final performances will be given Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night Paul Kester's famous historical romantic play, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," dramatized from the novel of the same name by Charles Norris, will be given a sumptuous production. The story centers around the love of Mary Tudor, Princess of England and sister of King Henry VIII, for Charles Brandon, a captain of the guards. Through the machinations of the King and Cardinal Wolsey she is betrothed to Louis of France, an old and repulsive monarch, but she consults a soothsayer and refuses to marry until she can choose a husband for herself. She elopes with Brandon, but the pair are overtaken by the King, who sentences the captain of the guard to the block. Mary promises to marry Louis, however, and Brandon is released. The Princess goes to Paris and keeps her word, marrying Louis, who shortly afterwards most obligingly dies. Francis D'Angouleme, the Dauphin of France, makes violent love to Mary and wants her for his own, but Brandon arrives at the critical moment and weds the woman of his heart. On their return to England King Henry is furious, but Mary succeeds in overcoming his prejudices and the monarch appoints the chivalrous young husband Duke of Suffolk. The four acts of the play are crowded with stirring events and the interest is never allowed to flag for a moment. Robert Warwick as heroic Charles Brandon will have a dominating role which he should fill admirably, and Blanche Stoddard, as sweet and plucky Mary Tudor, will have a part that will fit her like a glove. Thomas MacLarnie will have a splendid opportunity of showing his versatility as King Henry VIII, and Darrell Standing will have another strong character bit in Cardinal Wolsey.

The Constabular Band is Coming

When President-elect Taft was at the head of affairs in the Philippines, he took considerable interest in the famous "Constabular Band," which seems to be a permanent institution in every Spanish city. Many favored discontinuing the organization after the American control was established, but Taft stood by the splendid body of musicians, and the band became better than ever. As a compliment, officials and merchants in Manila have arranged to send the great musical organization to assist in the inauguration ceremonies on March 4th at Washington, and the band will arrive here on the transport Buford and proceed to the capital. Manager Will Greenbaum, with his usual energy, has prevailed on the "powers that be" to permit him to present the band for a few concerts here before it leaves, so we shall hear this world-famous organization before any other city in the United States. Watch for the date, which will be some time about the middle of February.

Dr. Louis D. Mead has opened offices at 626-627 Butler Building, Union Square.

A Frank Playwright

Eugene Walter, the young playwright who suddenly leaped into fame last year through the instantaneous success of two of his plays produced in quick succession, won the New York critics and public by his audacity as well as his genius as a playwright. Audacity is the right word, for Mr. Walter had the courage to come right out and call his second great play, "The Wolf," a melodrama. That is just what it is, and so are many of the greatest dramatic successes of recent years, though they are not generally so called by their sponsors, for while the more intellectual of theatregoers really like melodrama, they want it disguised under another name. Walter made New Yorkers admit that they like melodrama under any name, and that "The Wolf" is one of the most worthy of melodramas. It will come to the Van Ness Theatre Monday, February 1st.

Princess Theatre

Kolb and Dill will conclude their fourth and last week of "The Politicians" Sunday night at the Princess Theatre and next Monday night they will appear in another comic story with music, called "Bankers and Brokers." The book is by Aaron Hoffman and the music by J. A. Raynes. Briefly summarized the story of "Bankers and Brokers" is as follows: Pluckus and Pickus (Klob and Dill) two German merchants, visit a fake brokerage office which is absolutely bankrupt and



THOMAS JEFFERSON

As he will appear in "Rip Van Winkle" the role immortalized by his father.

under the persuasion of the managing partner, B. Dunne Goode, purchase an interest in the enterprise. The amusing complications that arise from their management of the business and the continual influx of old unpaid bills and creditors result in much amusement for the audiences. In their endeavors to make a success of their business they are particularly unfortunate but at length a client of the firm sells them some apparently worthless oil stock which turns out to be valuable, but not until after they have parted with it. It passes from one character to the other and Pluckus and Pickus frantically pursue each purchaser only to be informed when they have overtaken him that he has just sold it. Finally they arrive in Florida in search of Orpheus Dippe, an anarchist, who is also pursued by the other personages in the play through whose hands the stock has passed and who are as anxious as Pluckus and Pickus to regain it. Senor Santos Coloza, a foreign stock broker, finally gets possession of the certificates and throws the red envelope which is supposed to contain them down a well. Pickus has the secret of their whereabouts revealed to him by a Sea Nymph who appears at the top of the well. He dons a diving suit and descends it and is immediately followed by a large alligator. He is rescued just in the nick of time by Pluckus. Santos sells the stock to B. Dunne Goode for a nominal sum. The alligator emerges from the well with the red envelope in his mouth which Pluckus and Pickus secure and sell. The piece contains a number of new and catchy lyrics.

Second "Pop" Concert

The second of the "Pop" concerts at Lyric Hall will be given Sunday afternoon, January 31st, when the Lyric String Quartette, assisted by Gyula Ormay, pianist, and Laurence H. Strauss, tenor, will give an entire "Afternoon with Dvorak." This Bohemian composer is one of the most important figures in the history of modern music and has been equally successful as a composer of opera, oratorio, symphony, chamber music and songs. The program for the "Pop" will include a string quartette, the quintette for strings and piano, and a group of his charming and little known songs. Seats are 50 cents and $1.00, and may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Thursday.

Kitty Holds the Board

That gem of clever acting and artistic staging, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," will be started on its third consecutive week at the Alcazar next Monday evening. The unabated public eagerness to witness it makes the management decline to predict just when its run will end. No play in Alcazar history, with the exception of "The First Born" when first presented, created more of a furore than this Belasco triumph. That it would exceed the customary stay of seven days was assured after its initial performance, for everyone who then saw it went forth to sound its praises, and so it was with each succeeding audience. In play presentation, as in everything else, nothing succeeds like success. While the work of Evelyn Vaughan in the title part is more largely responsible than anything else for the play's retention on the stage a third week, the work of the other acting principals, the luxurious costumery and the scenic effects and the clever situations and bright lines of the play itself must be taken into consideration as important factors. "The Crisis," one of James K. Hackett's most notable successes, is announced to follow "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Sutter street playhouse.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Harrison Hunter, who is described as "an artist to the tips of his fingers," will make his first vaudeville appearance in this city this Sunday afternoon at the Orpheum. He will appear in a tragic comedy, entitled "The Van Dyck," which is an adaptation by Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French original of Eugene Fournier Perinque and has proved a great success in London and in this country. The Harvey Family, long recognized as the greatest wire artists in the world, will be another novel feature of the program. The troupe consists of three ladies and two gentlemen. Their performance is said to be most wonderful. The Sisters Murray, Marion and Victoria, will also appear in this show. They were formerly conspicuous in the support of Fritzi Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste" and were very popular. Next week will be the last of the Chadwick Trio of which Ida May Chadwick's portrayal of Tillie Wiggins and her marvelously clever buck and wing dancing are the chief features. With this program Howard and Lawrence, Jewell's Manikins, The Josselin Trio and Julie Herne and her company in the interesting and very successful one act play, "A Mountain Cinderella," will close their engagements.

Mr. Eugene Walter, the author of "The Wolf" and "Paid in Full" was practically unknown to the play-going public a few months ago, but his two plays, both splendid Broadway attractions, served to introduce him not alone to the public but also to success.



BLANCHE STODDARD

The cheerful leading lady of the Valencia Stock Company.

In the Limelight

The matinee this week at the Van Ness Theatre will be devoted to Sothern's production of "Hamlet." It will be repeated for the last time next Wednesday night.

The long and successful engagement of Robert Warwick as leading man at the Valencia Theatre is drawing to a close. His final appearances in San Francisco will be made in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "A Contented Woman." His successor will make his debut in this city in "The Prince Chap," that delightful play made famous by Cyril Scott. His identity will be made known next week.

Now that the suffragettes are stirring up things so in Sacramento, the forthcoming production of "A Contented Woman," Charles Hoyt's always amusing and interesting satire of woman's suffrage, will be greeted with particular interest at the Valencia Theatre, week after next. Blanche Stoddard as the young wife who is elected Mayor will take a long jump from the character of Mary Tudor, in next week's "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

One of the early attractions for the Van Ness Theatre will be the noted musical success "A Stubborn Cinderella." It was pronounced the "classiest" and most delightful hit of the season and had a run of nearly six months at the Princess Theatre, Chicago. A strong company of musical comedy stars will be seen here in the production which follows "The Wolf" at the Van Ness.

"The County Chairman," another of George Ade's typical comedies, will receive an early production at the Valencia Theatre. The success of "The College Widow" was so great that the Chairman will undoubtedly be another winner.

E. H. Sothern has had constructed in New York a complete and magnificent series of scenic pictures for the production of "Richelieu." The first appearance of this star as the Cardinal will take place next Friday night. It will be an important event in theatrical history.

Auto Demonstrations Not So Numerous

The question of demonstration, which has always been a serious one to the automobile agents, is gradually being solved and as the general public becomes more acquainted with the automobile, the demonstration habit becomes less annoying. This is especially true of the agents for old reliable cars. "We do not have to give one-half as many demonstrations to sell a car as we did last year and preceding seasons," said Calvin C. Eib, sales manager of the Pioneer Automobile Company. "It is nothing unusual for a customer to come into the salesroom and place an order for a Thomas or Chalmers-Detroit, seldom asking for more than a ride around the block. The confidence of the people in the high class cars, with old reputations, has made it much easier to sell cars than in the past. During the early years of the automobile industry on this coast, and even up to the last season, the demonstration cranks, or the people who wanted long rides of from 50 to 100 miles to try a car, were the bane of the automobile agent's business. It was not confined to the people who really wanted to buy and who insisted on long tours to test the machine, but there was a class of free riders who came in pretending to be in the market for a car, got the dealer to take his car for a run to Del Monte, Santa Cruz and numerous other points. These people always finished their 'test' of the car with the remark that they 'would decide later on.' Not infrequently one of these persons would get a demonstration from every agent in the city and without a penny's cost to himself. This has practically been done away with. The makers of the high class cars are so well known that a reliable agent's word to the effect that his car is what it is represented to be, is sufficient for the prospective purchaser of a car. We receive a number of orders for cars through the mail, which is the strongest proof of the confidence of the motor buying public in the makers of cars and the responsibility of our firm."

R. T. Prosser, formerly with the Harrison Automobile Company in Los Angeles, has joined the selling forces of the Pioneer Automobile Company, local agents for the Thomas, Oldsmobile and Chalmers-Detroit cars. Prosser reports that the prospects for a good automobile trade in the southern part of the State are bright, most of the agents having enlarged their allotment for the coming season.

Mr. W. F. Hunt of San Jose was in the city Monday and took home an '09 Buick White Streak. He drove down on this side of the bay and reports the roads to be in very bad condition. He says it will take the roads at least a week to dry up after the rainy weather lets up.

Mr. Cuyler Lee is in New York City attending the Automobile Show.

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Mason and Hamlin Piano Used

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LYRIC HALL, Sunday Afternoon, January 31st.

Dvorak Program by Lyric Quartette, Gyula Ormay and Lawrence H. Strauss. Seats, 50c and $1.00.

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Assisted by EUGENE BLANCHARD, Pianist, and FREDERICK MAURER, Accompanist.

Tuesday Evening and Sunday Afternoon, February 9th and 14th.

Oakland Friday Afternoon, February 12th.

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Friday Night and Saturday Matinee and Night. First Time on Any Stage, Mr. Sothern as "RICHELIEU."
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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Sunday Afternoon and Evening Last Times of "Sherlock Holmes."

Commencing Monday Evening, January 25th, Magnificent Production of

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RIP VAN WINKLE

That delightful character which Irving created and the Jeffersons have made famous.

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Monday Night and All Next Week,

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A Comedy by George H. Broadhurst.

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Next: RICHARD M. HOTALING in a four weeks' season of legitimate drama.



The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We will also start a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. Such questions will be answered in the following issue.



THE TUXEDO OR DINNER SUIT AND ITS DUTIES

Probably the most popular subject on which more printer's ink has been spilled than any other is the "Tuxedo." Strange to say, as yet no positive answer can be given to the question, when and where is this suit to be worn. There was a time when a gentleman wearing a "Tuxedo," who found himself unexpectedly thrown in the presence of ladies, was compelled to either withdraw or present his excuses to his hostess for his mode of dress—not so now, for it is quite a common thing for anyone to find the dinner jacket or "Tuxedo" at evening functions. Now what brought about this change? The answer is "Vox populi." Being a more comfortable garment than the dress coat some people had courage to go contrary to convential dress opinion created by Chesterfieldcans and prominent sartorial art critics and wore the "Tuxedo" suit in the presence of ladies at formal or informal affairs. The number of these brave people have been constantly increasing and its popularity is assured. Now after reading the different opinions and comments this conclusion has been reached: That it depends a great deal upon the set one travels in as to what one should wear, for the old adage, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," holds good in this. If the set is ultra fashionable the dress suit will be worn out much quicker than the dinner suit. The dinner suit by men of this set should only be worn at stag dinners or family dinners, where everybody knows one another well or perhaps at an informal vaudeville house party. But generally speaking the "Tuxedo" may be worn when in the company of intimate friends whether at the theatre and supper afterwards, or at the home dinner or when spending an informal eve with one's friends, just as long as the affair is of an informal nature, and while it is a fact that the full dress suit is always correct in the presence of ladies after 6 p. m., it is not always essential.

Materials and Details. Dinner suits are made of either black or oxford grey worsteds. Coat to have peaked lapel faced with "Barathea" silk, self collar, no pockets at side, and one buttonhole at botom.

Waistcoat. To have either "V" or half "U" shaped opening, material either the same as coat or fancy. If so a grey or black and white and tie to match. Trousers to have braid at side.

Coat. Dinner jacket.

Waistcoat. To match material of coat or fancy half "U" or "V" shape.

Trousers. To have braid at side to match material or coat.

Shirt. White, plain or pleated.

Collar. Wing or fold.

Cravat. Black or to match fancy waistcoat.

Gloves. Gray suede, or mocra grey reindeer. Chamois and tan permissible.

Jewelry. Studs and links of gold, pearl or moonstone, fob.

Hat. Black derby or alpine.

Boots. Pumps, ties or patent calf to button.

Hose. Black lisle or silk.

Answer to Queries

E. D. I. As to what is correct to wear with "Tuxedo," one or three studs for the shirt front? Also why does one constantly see men of standing and position wear the "Tuxedo" in the presence of ladies, when most authorities claim that it is a dinner coat to be used at banquets, men being present only? The above article will answer.

An important feature, and one formerly used only on the highest priced foreign cars, is the short coupled body, which makes it possible for the entire body to hang between the front and rear axles, results in exceptionally easy riding qualities. In fact, the advantage of the riding and the appearance, are the main reasons for the adoption by the foreign and a few of the American designers of the short coupled body. The fact that the Chalmers-Detroit is the only one of the medium priced cars to adopt this style of body has been the cause of numerous mistakes as to the identity of the car. Many people seeing the Chalmers for the first time have asked what French or German car it was. The short coupled body will undoubtedly prove an important factor in the manufacturing of automobiles next season.

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Tapon

(Continued from page 9.)

with his restless, dilated pupils, as if he were surrounded by darkness and sought to catch a ray of light.

When Mliss had bowed to the public for the hundredth time, the crowd left the circus, the candles fastened to the post were extinguished and the court gradually recovered its habitual calm; but Tapon still sat chained to his seat, looking toward the door where had disappeared the object of his first dreams.

"What are you doing here? You're stuck as tight as your name," said a belated spectator.

"Ah, that's so!"

That night Tapon did not close his eyes.

At dawn he entered the church and, under the dim light of the lamp before the altar of the Patroness of the village, he knelt and bent his broad forehead till it touched the cold stones. When he had finished his prayer he raised himself as high as he could on the tips of his toes, looked at the image with eyes bathed in tears and said to it in the most affectionate and familiar tone:

"Farewell, Mother! Remember Tapon, who brushed the dust from thee so often. I promise to return before I die—if it is thy will."

Six days from that time Tapon was part of the company of Mister Cunigam, in the capacity of a clown. All the warnings, entreaties and promises of the priest were useless; the matter was settled. Tapon, having attained his majority, was absolutely free; so that, according to the infallible opinion of the municipal judge, there was no legal way of forcing the orphan to abandon his purpose.

The arrangement offered no difficulties; he stipulated at the start only that Mister Cunigam pay his expenses, offering in return to make the public laugh heartily; moreover, he offered to act as stable-boy; and, given his strength and agility, which he had proved in the contest with the "New Sampson," it seemed likely that he would be very useful.

It took only a few months to convince the director of the company that he had made the best bargain of his life in employing the dwarf. Announcing Tapon on the bills was an infallible method of securing a full house. He trained peacocks, making them dance jigs and sing in chorus while he directed them with a rod from whose extremity hung bells and colored ribbons. He brought on a little donkey which would respond to his voice and gesture like the most intelligent horse. A white pig followed him through the whole performance like a pet dog, attacking everything that approached the clown. There could be no pantomime without him, and he was at the same time author, stage manager and principal actor in them all. Finally, he had no rival in jugglers' tricks.

At different times he was offered, in Spain and other countries, six times the salary he received from Mister Cunigam, but he persistently refused to leave the company, calmly eluding all the intrigues and machinations that rival managers employed to capture him.

In the meantime the tiger trainer grew into a magnificent woman. Who were her parents? How had she happened to enter the company? What were her thoughts and plans for the future? No one knew but Cunigam, who was impenetrable. The girl had gradually enslaved the director with her physical charms and come to rule this family of mountebanks like an absolute monarch. Her whims were laws which must not even be questioned, and when Cunigam tried to evade them or offered a feeble resistance, Mliss always answered:

"So this is what I get for sacrificing my life to you, for refusing all the good offers I've had!"

And it must be admitted that she told the truth, for she mocked with savage virtue at the insistent gallantries of numberless adorers whom her charms had fascinated.

Tapon was always the messenger who carried the bouquets, jewelry and articles of dress that her admirers sent the Amazon; he covered his feelings with an iron mask, and when he saw her indifferently tear the perfumed billets, it seemed to him that heaven was standing wide open.

As everything on this world's old crust feels the passage of years, the tiger grew and, becoming a vicious beast who threatened to recover his natural instincts, made the performances of his trainer difficult and dangerous.

Goaded by impotence, jealousy, by constant association with the object of his passion, by professional rivalries, the first impulse which had compelled the dwarf to leave his village and his adopted family became a desperate, hungry love which struggled in the depths of his being, mad and furious as some wretch buried alive in a sepulcher, who makes Titanic efforts to lift the frozen stone that weighs on his breast.

As for Mliss, who felt a genuine affection for him, although she was a woman she did not suspect the real reason for the sacrifices of all kinds which the wretch Tapon made for her.

The company, after having traveled over half the world, came a second time to Andalusia, and by a caprice of fate gave some performances in the Province of Cordova. They had to pass through Jauja on their way to another city of more importance, and the director determined that they should take advantage of the presence of the bathers and give an exhibition there.

Tapon opposed an arrangement which would force him to appear in the village dressed as a clown, but Mliss laughed at his scruples.

"Man, do you think that those boors are so thick-skulled



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No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13833.

MARY HORGAN, a Widow, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Liens Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the Court of the above entitled City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fulton street, distant thereon one hundred and forty-six (146) feet ten and one-half inches (10½) inches westerly from the intersection of the westerly line of Baker street with the northerly line of Fulton street, and then running thence westerly along the said line of Fulton street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the northerly line of Fulton street and point of commencement. Being Block No. 592, a portion of the Western Addition.

You are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said real property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is on the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister streets, San Francisco, California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13834.

DENNIS J. HORGAN, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dennis J. Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Scott street, distant thereon northerly from the northerly line of Haight street one hundred and thirteen (113) feet and six (6) inches; thence running northerly along said easterly line of Scott street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the easterly line of Scott street and the point of commencement. Being a part of the Western Addition Block number four hundred and thirty-nine (439), and also right of way over passage extending the length of the above described property and a width of those three (3) feet six (6) inches on the South of the same.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: The German Savings and Loan Society, whose address is No. 526 California street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

that they can't appreciate the difference between a church sexton and a finished artist? What prouder experience could you wish than to have your townsmen admire the skill of the best clown in Europe?"

Tapon thought differently, but Mliss wished it and there was nothing to do but obey.

"I will do it," he said. "It is the last sacrifice that remained for me to make you."

These words, which escaped him against his will, were spoken with passionate intensity and revealed to the trainer the secret which had been kept so long. Mliss, incapable of appreciating this sublime passion at its full value, far from being grateful, was at first offended and then, shortly after, laughed loudly in the director's room at the dwarf's expense.

They reached Jauja two hours before the time for the performance to begin. It seemed as if the village youths would beat down the door of the room into which Tapon had locked himself, determined not to appear till the time came for his part of the performance.

Even the priest went to the improvised circus, in secular clothes, anxious to see his ancient protege, whose doings reached him frequently through the newspapers that were read in the apothecary's shop. He wished also to reprove him affectionately for his indifference and his persistent silence; for Tapon, fearing perhaps that the pen would betray what the lips were able to keep silent, never wrote to his protector in good or evil fortune.

The first numbers on the program were rendered and finally Tapon's turn arrived. He appeared in a loosely-fitting dress of black silk, which concealed his hump admirably. When he held his legs together he looked like a very portly bottle; across his front appeared in great white letters the label: "Pepe's Sherry." His cap was an enormous cork like that of a champagne bottle. From time to time he inflated his cheeks and produced with his mouth a characteristic noise; then, leaping into the air, he would lift his cap with notable grace.

He was received with a torrent of applause, and every now and then some one of the spectators called out to him from the seats an affectionate salute, a jest, a compliment or an allusion that recalled his boyhood. He always answered imperturbably, as he had done years before, returning the shaft with enviable ingenuity, or answering the compliment with the most exquisite courtesy.

First, with the help of a Japanese fan, he sent into the air a swarm of little papers cut in the form of butterflies of various colors. Then he played with a great rubber ball which he made bounce from his neck, back and elbows, and sent once or twice into the most compact group of the audience, with consequent great confusion. Then he presented Sancho, the educated donkey, who was just too fine for anything, according to Jesualda, who in spite of her years attended the performance, enjoying the credit which was due her for the hump and the stunted stature of Tapon. Finally, with a flute in the form of a radish, he executed some ditties which were at that time in great vogue in Andalusia.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm he produced, nor was it easy to count the number of times he found it necessary to appear in the center of the circus, cork-cap in hand, to salute his old acquaintances.

Meanwhile the tiger had shaken off his drowsiness and was in such a mood that it was safer to give him a wide berth. Mliss, smiling and affecting serenity, more beautiful than ever because of her secret uneasiness, which accentuated the brightness of her eyes, the carmine of her cheeks and the rise and fall of her bosom, came with her usual leaps into the arena. She wore a dress similar in form to the one Tapon had admired the first time he saw her; but the skirt and bodice were this time of black satin bordered with silver, and the collar was of Brazilian diamonds.

My friend the acrobat did not tell me this; I saw it, as I saw all that followed.

All the employees of the circus surrounded the cage, except the dwarf, who stood in the ring, his arms crossed on the breast of his ample green frock, and looked steadily at Mliss.

The tiger, roaring uneasily, obeyed his trainer with a bad grace, and she never turned her back to him.

The trick of the paper hoops came, and he broke two; he jumped short at the third, tearing the hoop from the hands of Mliss. She dealt him a blow, followed by a vigorous interjection. The beast crawled into the corner of the cage, roaring fearfully. Then, extending his fore paws, his head sunk between them, he showed his frightful jaws, his eyes were like two brilliants struck by the sun of the desert, and his tail shook the solid bars of the cage.

The public, in anxious suspense, followed the movements of the tiger, who feinted like a playful cat about to leap upon a bird.

All over the circus cries were heard: "No, no! Come out! Leave the cage!"

Mliss, near the cage door, seemed undecided. She gave a side glance at the director, and he made signs to her to withdraw. But now, determined to please the public, with an impulse of foolish vanity, her hand grasping the door, she advanced a step and stamped on the floor with a gesture of defiance.

A shriek went up from the audience. The girl lay under the claws of the tiger like a ball of twine in the clutch of a cat.

But a savage shout was heard above the shrieking and added itself to the general confusion. Tapon, quick as lightning and as destructive, rushed to the cage, knocking over two or three artists who were frozen with terror, tore loose an iron bar with one jerk, opened the door and struck the beast a tremendous blow on the head.

The director dragged his dear one out of the cage and closed the door instantly to prevent the tiger's escaping. The beast had lost one victim, but they had given him another to glut his rage. The unhappy dwarf had no way of escape.

While his blood, poured forth in streams, spread over the cage, the animal tore at his flesh; the more courageous spectators invaded the arena, while a large number of them abandoned the court and fled. Tapon, shouting above the confusion, called with a superhuman effort:

"Are you hurt, dearest Mliss?"

All this lasted but a few minutes; a gendarme thrust his musket between the bars and tried to touch the tiger's head with the muzzle. The wretched Tapon, grasping the bars with both hands, turned his head toward that side and saw Mliss trying to prevent the guard from firing.

Then that hero, in a very weak voice, into which he tried to compress the little life that remained to him, cried, as he looked fixedly at the gendarme:

"Don't kill him, fool! He is her fortune! And what—good would it do?"

A dull report accompanied the dwarf's last breath, and his body rolled over on the bloody floor with the body of the beast.

The morning of the next day, filtering a pale light through the thick curtain that covers the skylight of the church, dwelt lovingly on the coffin of the Brotherhood of Charity, in which lay poor Tapon, completely enveloped in a white shroud.

Under it could be imagined, rather than seen, a human form, whose head, inclined to one side, looked toward the altar of the Patroness.

The exhausted lamp, sputtering vigorously, was on the point of going out; the little parish bell mingled its voice with the bells of the herds on their way to the fields, and the candles, caressed by the morning breeze, were shedding thick tears—the only tears at this funeral.

Tapon had kept his promise; he had come again to the Patroness of Jauja.

Another shipment of Thomas Flyers arrived this week. The new lot consists of two 60 horsepower touring cars and one runabout.



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Letters

A Volume of Essays

The author of those capital contributions to the Ladies Home Journal given as "The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman," turns out to be Mrs. Juliet Strauss of Rockville, Indiana. The essays have been recently put forth in book form, and deserve a wide circulation because of their sterling plain sense. Of all the discussions of the girl question, the woman question and the child question from every possible point of view, Mrs. Strauss is the only one who has kept her feet to the earth and her head out of the clouds, and recognized the world not as a broad field for experiments in reform but a place to be lived in and made the best of as we find it. She hardly holds a place as an "advanced thinker" just now, but ere long some of the vanguard of the wild-eyed revolutionists will find themselves marching behind her, for reforms and fashions move in comparatively small circles. After traveling what appears to be a very long journey, a pause to take note of progress is apt to reveal familiar landmarks. Like a traveler lost on a plain, the persistent advocate of novelty in dress or in manners, is apt to discover the halting place very near the start.

"The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch"

This is another of the Bobbs-Merrill Co.'s attractive "little books." It is a short story by Henry Wallace Phillips, best remembered as the author of "Red Saunders." Jim Felton was working a claim by himself at Sweet Briar Gulch. By all the laws of theory and calculation it should have proved rich, but Jim was working doggedly without luck. Back east there was a girl whose cool head ruled her warm heart, and until Jim had something substantial to show she would not agree to marriage. When courage had about reached its lowest ebb there was thrown almost into the lone miner's arms a wretched little waif whom he adopted, and Ches, despite his slum raising, proved himself both man and mascot. Incidental to the main events there is a rural mail carrier who happens along on his route and relieves the monotony, and the lively description he gives of the adventures of the postal inspector detailed to accompany him and investigate the complaints that the mails are delayed is well worth the price of the book. Illustrations, real ones, not mere pictures, are by F. Graham Cootes.

Adventures in San Francisco

In "The Adventures of Louis Blake," Louis Becke has returned to a familiar and perhaps a favorite theme, the adventures of three Australian born boys who, in early youth assume the making of their own career. The three lads were all well employed in San Francisco, but by a singular turn of the wheel of fortune, all lost their employment on the same eventful day. The two elder ones found occupation among the mining camps of Nevada, but it was the youngest, Louis, for whom romance and adventure was reserved. The period is about the same that occupied the author's attention in "Breachly, Black Sheep." To the present generation neither "Breachley" nor "Louis Blake" is apt to be more than a story, but to those of approximately middle age, who are blessed with recollections, either volume is as interesting as a meeting with a long-lost schoolmate, who opens the floodgates of reminiscence. Few now recall the tide of feeling that swept against England and all things British in the days when the Alabama claims were yet unsettled, or the partisanship during the French and German war. It is like turning over the pages of an old photograph album to be reminded of the various military companies with their foreign flags and fantastic uniforms, which used to parade our streets and give Sunday picnics. Bancroft's Building, where Louis Blake was employed, burned down years before the great fire, was such a conspicuous landmark in its day that merchants used to give their addresses as so many doors north or south, or opposite to it, specifying the "building with all the little horned heads." The "Magdalena Bay Concession," with which Louis Blake cast in his fortunes, was one of the first colossal swindles of its kind, and perhaps nothing saved it from being the worst but the revocation of the privilege. Even the names of the old ships, the "Moses Taylor," the "Magellan Cloud," the "Pocahontas," the "Montana," come back like echoes. There is a resume of the celebrated Fair-Crittenden tragedy, of which these Blake boys were eye-witnesses, and if there is an occasional slight inaccuracy, in history or geography, it is just as apt to be due to art as to ignorance, for the boy, Blake, who relates the story, was but seventeen at the time, and would be unlikely to remember, after thirty or forty years, of active and adventurous life the minute particulars of affairs not his own. After leaving San Francisco, bound to Magdalena Bay as assistant purser on one of the company's "fleet," being set adrift on the coast of lower California in an open boat by the mutinous crew, and eventually working his way near to his destination only to discover that the whole scheme, in the words of Captain Guest, was "bust up," young Blake continued with that whaling captain, putting to use his already acquired knowledge of sailorism and navigation, and eventually carried out an old plan of engaging in trade amongst the south sea islands, the most profitable branch of which was in the recruiting of laborers, in plain English, "blackbirding." Here again we come on familiar names and incidents, for "Bully Hayes" is no myth, and the war between the rival chiefs of Samoa was, so to speak, at our door. There is a side glimpse at one of the Cocos Island treasure hunts, and a bird's eye view of the foreign situation, a fairly comprehensive picture of the South Pacific of that day. This is a tale without a love motive. The girl-element, white and "native" alike, is ignored. Indeed, in such an active life it is hard to see where room could have been spared for philandering; so, for those who find interest only in the sentimental situation, "Louis Blake" will have no attraction. It will appeal more to men than to women, both for that reason and for the life which it portrays. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

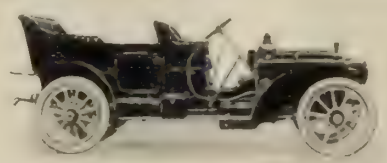
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453 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE **SAN FRANCISCO**

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. 10. No. 20497.

ANNA D. ROLLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALVA AARON and M. CLIFFORD AARON, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Alva Aaron and M. Clifford Aaron, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

Auto Notes

Automobile roads in nearly all of the north of the bay counties are said to be in a dangerous condition by F. H. Martin, one of the traveling salesmen for the Studebaker Bros.' Company who has been driving a Studebaker suburban in that part of the State for the past several weeks. "The roads are in worse shape than they ever were before," said Martin when he returned to San Francisco last Saturday. "In some places the roads are buried under three feet of water and it is impossible to get from St. Helena to Crystal Springs with a machine at the present time. I met a number of autoists while on that road and in nearly every instance they were stalled hopelessly."

A trip through snow and ice from Willits to Eureka has just been completed by A. B. King, an automobilist of Eureka, in his Chalmers-Detroit 40 horsepower runabout. The 152 miles of rough mountain road was covered with mud, snow and ice, the tires of the car being cut practically to pieces by the ice. King found the roads in such condition that the stages could scarcely make the trip, but he had no trouble in putting his car over the curve. With the use of chains and its own power, the Chalmers-Detroit arrived in Eureka in perfect condition.

The exhibit of the Cadillac Motor Car Co. of Detroit at the Madison Square Garden Automobile Show will consist of three types of their new $1400 Cadillac "Thirty," a five passenger touring car, a four passenger demi-tonneau and a three passenger roadster. These models are equipped with four cylinder motors of 30 horsepower, selective type sliding gear transmission, three forward speeds and reverse, direct shaft drive. Two sets of double acting and compensating brakes. Lubrication of motor is by automatic splash system with single sight feed on dash. Cooling is by water with forced circulation by gear driven gear pump through vertical tube radiator and copper jacketed cylinders. The wheel base is 106 inches and is regularly equipped with 32x3½ inch tires. The Cadillac Company will also show a runabout of its well known ten horsepower one-cylinder type at $850 with removable double rumble seat.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, has just left to take in the New York Automobile Show; also to visit the factory at Akron, Ohio.

A new style in motor car painting is set by the very swagger Packard "Thirty" touring car finished in genuine Scotch plaid. The predominating colors are red, yellow and green, embellished with black and gold. Among the other notable Packard cars is a runabout in light green and orange; a limousine in brilliant green and black, upholstered in gray and green "wolfing" cloth; and a landaulet in French grey and black.

The Studebaker Bros.' Company of California has undertaken the construction of another automobile to be built along lines similar to the handsome car which was sold to Allen Herbert, the Honolulu and San Francisco capitalist. The body of the car will be of solid mohogany, the mouldings to be carved out of the solid panel. This is done in order to insure against warping. The theory of automobile buildings is that this feature also adds strength. The upholstering will be of the longgrain green leather. Other trimmings of the car will also be in green. When completed the machine will present a decided striking appearance. The engine of the car will develop 30 horsepower.

Another doctor joins the ranks of Buick owners. Dr. A. K. Crawford of Oakland took delivery of an '09 Buick White Streak from the Howard Automobile Company on Tuesday and he will use the new car in his practice, both across the bay and on this side.

E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company left yesterday for New York to attend the Annual Automobile Show. After a visit to the factories of the Thomas, Oldsmobile and Chalmers-Detroit cars, the local motor agent will return.

One of the first gasoline automobile ambulances to be seen on this coast will be put out by the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California. The local organization of the Studebaker company has a force of men at work at the present time on a vehicle of this description and when it is completed and put on the streets in this city will prove an innovation. Several features of the automobile ambulance which the Studebaker company is building will make it of special interest. Its design will be thoroughly American in every detail, perfect sanitation and ventilation being aimed at in every respect. The wheel base measures 136 inches and the motor will be of the Model "D" forty horse-power type. The ignition will be simplified and the magneto will be of the most improved pattern on the market today. The car will be thoroughly equipped in a strictly up-to-date manner. There will be two doors in the rear and a third door on the side immediately back of the chauffeur's seat. The cots, of which there will be two, will be so arranged that the physician will be able to reach both quickly and easily through the side door. Interior finishings will be in mahogany and the exterior part of the body will be painted in maroon and dark green, one of the most pleasing combinations that is known to the trade. The chassis will be painted a dark maroon. According to Chester N. Weaver the Studebaker concern will undoubtedly find an immediate market for the gasoline ambulance. Several of the leading hospitals of the State have already entered bids for the completed vehicle and expressed considerable interest in the ambulance.

Mr. Mal G. Johnson who went to Los Angeles on the 2nd inst. to manage the Howard Automobile Company's branch in that city reports the outlook in the southern part of the State to be exceedingly bright for this year. He is getting Buick White Streaks at the rate of two carloads per week and is at least three weeks behind on orders. The Los Angeles automobile dealers are all busy preparing for the big Automobile Show that is to be held in that city the last week in this month. They all expect to do a big business at this show.

Among the latest sales reported by the Pioneer Automobile Company are J. E. Neumann, 6-cylinder Thomas Flyer, S. M. Phillips, Sacramento, Chalmers-Detroit 40 horsepower touring car and an Oldsmobile Runabout to L. J. Francis, Oakland, and Samuel Jackson a Thomas Flyer.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Murine Doesn't Smart—It Soothes Eye Pain.
Try Murine For Your Eyes.



Running A Car By Ear

The trained ear of the experienced automobilist instantly detects the superiority of ZEROLENE Auto Lubricating Oil in the even, contented "pur-r" of the engine that tells the story of perfect lubrication. No matter what the type of gasoline engine or season of the year, ZEROLENE invariably gives perfect lubrication under all conditions.

ZEROLENE

Auto Lubricating Oil

is produced in only one place in the world. It is non-carbonizing, and keeps cylinders and spark plugs in perfect condition. It is practically friction, carbon and *trouble* proof.

Absolutely free from all trace of acid.

ZEROLENE is put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also put up in barrels for the garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

OLDSMOBILE

We beg to announce arrival
1909 Oldsmobile, December 15th

The following complete line of 1909 models will be on exhibition on the above date. Every one of these cars is representative of the factory that makes it:

Model X Special Runabout	$2000
Model D Palace Touring Car	2750
Model D Toy Tonneau	2750
Model DR Flying Roadster	2750
Model DR Detachable Tonneau	2750
Model Z Touring Car, 6-Cylinder	4200
Model Z Runabout, 6-Cylinder	4200

Besides Limousine and Landaulet Bodies.

The 1909 Oldsmobile contains all that has made the car famous in the past, together with the improvements in keeping with the largest and most extensive factory in the country. Recognized the world over for durability. Investigate.

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524 Twentieth St., Oakland 901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 20725.

ADELE RAYNAL, Plaintiff,

vs.

HENRI RAYNAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Henri Raynal, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfull desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

P. A. BERGEROT, Esq., 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4823, N. S. Dept. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased, having presented his Petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of the Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said Petition mentioned and set forth:

And said Petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 11th day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, at San Francisco, this 4th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 5, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk. 1-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street, and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, July 20, 1865, and recorded in Map-Book E and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at ————————, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

Following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, we notice Messrs. Mackie & Coy's "White Horse Cellar" Whisky has just been awarded the Gold Medal for quality at the Franco-British Exhibition.

Louis Crepaux

(Member of Paris Grand Opera)

Has removed to his new studio,

Delbert Block, 943 Van Ness avenue, cor. O'Farrell.

Reception hours: 11:30 to 12, 3:30 to 5. except Wednesdays. Wednesdays in Oakland, 1154 Brush street.

Emil Steinegger

PIANOFORTE PLAYING

924 Grove St (above Fillmore), San Francisco.

For appointments phone Merritt 2845

Thursdays, 2701 Regent St., Berkeley

Mackenzie Gordon

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TEACHER OF SINGING { in all its branches, from the rudiments of tone formation to the highest finish and Completion of Public Singing.

Oratorio, Opera and Concert

By appointment only Phone Franklin 3594

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PIANO, ORGAN, SINGING

1678 Broadway Phone Franklin 2244

Donald Maclean

SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske

Henri Etlin

PIANO—First Prize Paris Conservatoire

STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Has removed his Law Offices to the

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

Knight & Heggerty

ATTORNEYS AT LAW and

PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY

MERCHANTS EXCHANGE BLDG., S. F.

Rooms 626 and 630



DOWN TOWN NOW

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO. are now in their new store, 181 Post St., near Grant Ave. The Fillmore Street store is closed.

PATRICK & CO

RUBBER STAMPS

STENCILS, SEALS, SIGNS & ETC.

126 BUSH ST. SAN FRANCISCO

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 19737. Dept. 10.

ELIZABETH J. ROBINSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

FREDERICK L. ROBINSON, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Frederick L. Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff on account of defendant's idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny Street, S. F. 11-21-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff,
378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

The paper used in printing this magazine is our Albion Book

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 7022, Dept. 10.

Estate of ADOLPHE ROOS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Adolphe Roos, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at Heller, Powers & Ehrman, 713 Union Trust Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adolphe Roos, deceased.

GEORGE H. ROOS,
LEON L. ROOS,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Adolphe Roos, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., January 23, 1909.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 1-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE SINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators, with Will annexed, of the estate of MINNIE SINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators, with Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Minnie Singer, deceased.

CHARLES HUFSCHMIDT,
HENRY HUFSCHMIDT,
GEORGE F. HUFSCHMIDT,

Administrators with the Will annexed of the estate of Minnie Singer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 16, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., S. F.,
Atty. for Administrators with Will Annexed. 1-16-5

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco. Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,479,043.00
Deposits December 31, 1908	$35,079,498.53
Total Assets	$37,661,836.70

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

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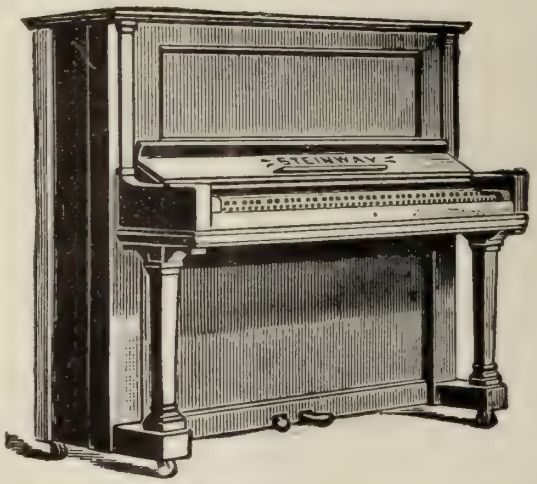
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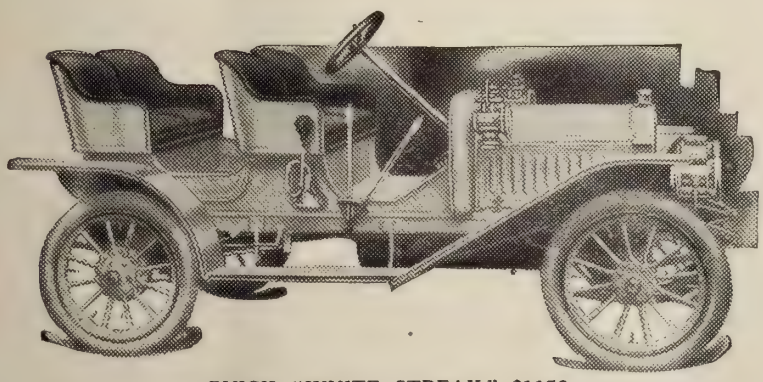
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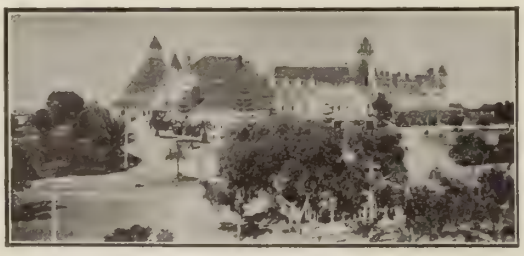
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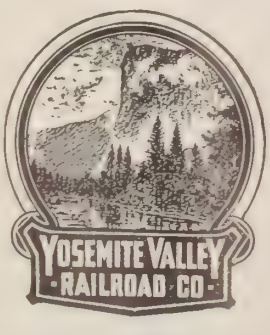
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, January 30, 1909. No. 857



THE YOSEMITE

In this winter's mantle of snow the famous valley is said to be more beautiful than it has been in years. In consequence the tourist travel over the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe via Merced is very heavy.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Theodore I. Bonnet. . . . . Editor
Ralph A. Grower . . . . . Manager

88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30. Single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First Street, San Francisco.

Los Angeles office, 731 Central Building.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Naval Program

Once more we are threatened with the kind of controversy which can be settled only by infallible artillery in the mad, exciting game of legitimate and splendid murder. How far we are removed therefrom it is hard to say, but it is well to remember that it is the lighted match dropped by the tramp which fires the straw. Where there is inflammable material there is always danger of a conflagration. But whether or not war with Japan is imminent it is certain that rumors of war are a most efficacious stimulant to naval growth. Consequently mere rumors of war are not to be deplored here in San Francisco where we are soon to have transport docks and a Government warehouse, and where in the near future will be established the naval base for Pacific waters. With all these material and inspiring facts in mind we are pleased to learn from the Congressional Record that the naval appropriation bill reported to the House last week authorizes expenditures aggregating $135,662,888. Of this amount the sum of $38,000,000 is made available for new construction of battleships, torpedo boats, submarines and other vessels, and for the purchase of armor and armament. Two battleships, each with a displacement of 26,000 tons are authorized, as well as five torpedo boat destroyers, four submarine boats, four colliers and one subsurface boat. An appropriation of $3,000,000 for ammunition is authorized. Five hundred thousand dollars is provided to keep the Government powder factory going, and $26,000 for modernizing turrets, which will enable the Secretary of the Navy to modernize all the battleships with large turrets, including the ones that are now under construction. From the naval program outlined at Washington it is evident that our statesmen are waking up and that they are determined to keep abreast of the World Powers.

Ships Under Construction

In view of the rumors of war it is interesting to learn that many of the war vessels under construction are rapidly approaching completion. Last week the Bureau of Construction and Repair reported the percentage of completion for vessels under construction on January 1st. From this we learn that of the battleships the Michigan is within less than fifteen per cent of completion; that more than seventy-five per cent of the work on the South Carolina has been done; that the North Dakota is within thirty per cent of completion, and that the Delaware is much more than half finished. There are four torpedo boat destroyers nearing completion and three more than half finished. There are also six submarine torpedo boats that will soon strengthen the navy. In addition to these reports from Washington there comes the additional news that our navy is not to be weakened by the withdrawal of the marines as ordered by that ardent lover of innovations and distinguished epoch-maker, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. At a recent meeting of the House Naval Committee Rear-Admirals Schley, Brownson, Bradford, Goodrich, Potts, Badger and Gove, gave testimony to the effect that the illustrious land warrior, President Roosevelt, to the contrary notwithstanding, the marines were indispensable to the naval establishment because of their mobility, their habits of life at sea with the sailors and their knowledge of naval customs. For landing at short notice, it was also said they were indispensable, and for naval purposes certainly superior to the infantry of the army. By unanimous vote the committee rescinded the revolutionary action of his High Mightiness of the White House.

A Defect and a Remedy

Assemblyman Grove L. Johnson's bill to permit a litigant to challenge a judge peremptorily is not approved by the Examiner. It is designed, we are told, "not only to put the judge on trial but to convict him." Hence the absurdity of it. This is the Examiner's logic. Furthermore: "A judge is on the bench to lay down the law and that law is the same whatever his personal opinion of the litigants may be," and "If he makes an error that does a material injury he will be promptly reversed on appeal." Assemblyman Johnson's bill, as viewed by our feeble light, is designed to insure a man a square deal, which he is not likely to get if the judge who is trying his case is determined from prejudice and personal bias that he shall be given less than justice. Now as a matter of fact it is within the power of a judge to do material injury without fear of being reversed. Everything that a judge does is not disclosed by the record on appeal. It is within the power of a judge to indicate to the jury by his tone and manner his opinion with respect to the guilt or innocence of a defendant. It is within the power of a judge to prejudice a jury against counsel for the prisoner at the bar. It is within the power of a judge to excuse "for cause" men who have been summoned for examination as to their qualifications for jury duty, and in the exercise of this discretion it is possible for him to aid the prosecuting attorney in packing the jury-box with the "right kind" of men. A shrewd trial judge may deftly skirt the limits of discretion in so many matters as to make the acquittal of an innocent man an impossibility. The truth of these assertions any candid trial judge, any reputable attorney of experience, will affirm. In the circumstances why should there be any objection to Assemblyman Johnson's bill? It will not be denied that it should be beyond the power of a judge to tip the scales of justice with the weight of his bias; and since it is obvious that at present a judge cannot be restrained from so doing and that it is possible for a judge to preside over the trial of a man for whom he has the most intense hatred, is it not apparent that there exists in our system of justice a very grave defect that should be remedied? And is it not also apparent that the remedy is contained in Assemblyman Johnson's bill? It is proposed by Assemblyman Johnson to give a man accused of crime the right to challenge peremptorily one judge. He now has the right to challenge peremptorily ten jurors and yet if he had the right to challenge fifty jurors he still might suffer irremediable injustice at the hands of his enemy on the bench.

Ignoring the Constitution

The Chronicle soberly argues that as we have departed from the letter and spirit of the Constitution in our mode of choosing a President there should be no objection to our doing likewise in choosing Senators. If this be sound logic then it is rational to argue that by the coition of two wrongs right is generated. It is true that we have abandoned the constitutional method of choosing a President, but upon reflection it will not be

found that the result argues the advisability of going further and ignoring the Constitution in all matters. It is the strongest proof of the symmetry and far reaching wisdom of the Constitution that its intent has never been disregarded without evil result. One of the results of the change in our electoral system is that we elevate incompetent men to the office of Vice-President; another result is that we make it possible for a President to name his successor. Neither of these results is of a trivial character. The electoral scheme has failed more signally to accomplish the ends for which it was designed than any other feature of the Constitution. It is the feature over which democracy has ridden rough shod and the result has been disastrous to democratic principles, for the right of the citizen in a presidential election is practically limited to a choice between two persons previously selected by party conventions. In other words democracy has been cheated of its purpose as always has been the case. The electors are now mere registering machines to cast the party votes for the choice of the conventions. Our quadrennial presidential elections are just what the men of 1787 supposed they had made impossible. It was intended by them that the President and the Vice-President should be chosen by the electoral college acting independently and in the exercise of the judgment of the members. It was intended that the electoral college should consist of men wholly uncommitted to particular persons and free to vote for the fittest man. The purpose of the framers was to provide for the selection of a body of well-informed patriots whose choice was not to be constrained by pledges nor limited by nominating conventions. With this plan democracy was dissatisfied, and democracy having had its way the Constitution is ignored and we are now glimpsing the road to imperialism. We have an autocrat as President, one who nominated his successor, and as a result of the growth of democracy at the expense of the principles of a representative system we have seen verified the words of Von Holst: "Under no form of government is it so dangerous to erect a political idol as in a democratic republic; for once erected it is the political sin against the Holy Spirit to lay hands upon it." Perhaps the next step will be taken when the office of President is occupied by another man of Caesarian impulses immune from restraint and the Senate is composed of demagogues elected by direct vote of the people who will be inclined to titillate the emotions of their constituents.

The Framers and the People

The Chronicle while professing to be a Republican paper affirms that Senators ought to be chosen by direct vote of the people. "That," says the Chronicle, "is the desire of the majority of the people and it will ultimately prevail by constitutional amendment." If the Chronicle has correctly taken the pulse of the people then there should be no delay in calling a Constitutional convention and having the desired amendment submitted to the people. If we are disposed to speed on our democratic way to the disaster against which the Fathers, in their ignorance perhaps, endeavored to safeguard us, let us do so with our eyes open. A proposed Constitutional amendment will at least have the effect of stimulating inquiry with respect to the principle involved, and the people will be able to decide intelligently whether it is to their interest to wander still farther beyond the limitations placed upon them by the Constitution. At present the election of Senators by direct vote of the people is favored mostly by persons who are ignorant of the most elementary principles of government, and who perceive only the possible beneficient effect on the sinister methods of our practical politicians. What effect it will have on the nation itself is a consideration too remote for their perceptive faculties. They have not had the advantage of experience which was enjoyed by the people who voted for the Constitution. Those people had experience of the more democratic form of government in their respective States, by the Constitutions of which, it was at first believed, great improvements had been made on popular models both ancient and modern. Against these Constitutions complaints were made. There was too much democracy in them and as a consequence government was unstable and measures were too often decided not according to the rules of justice and the rights of the minority but by the superior force of an interested and overbearing majority. To guard against this state of affairs in the federal Government was the primary object of the framers of the Constitution, and it was their absorbing design to safeguard the people against themselves. It was their maxim, one of them tells us in the Federalist, that though the people can never wilfully betray their own interests, they may possibly be betrayed by their representatives, and consequently they deemed it of the highest importance that with the exception of the House of Representatives the officers of no department of the government should be chosen directly by the people. They had very little confidence in the judgment of the people. They knew that when men seek office at the hands of the people they cajole and deceive the people, and that servants chosen by the people are inclined to respond to the will of the people even when the people are laboring under delusions. They believed that stability of the government was insured by the dissimilar modes of constituting the several component parts of the government, and what they conceived to be their most important achievement is thus described in the fifty-ninth paper of the Federalist: "The House of Representatives being to be elected immediately by the people, the Senate by the State Legislatures, the President by electors chosen for that purpose, there will be little probability of a common interest to cement these different branches in a predilection for any particular class of electors." This achievement we have rendered negligible by disregarding the Constitution in our mode of choosing a President, and in this connection it is instructive to hark back to the Constitutional convention and ponder the

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fact that while the plan of presidential election was under consideration the proposition to elect by direct vote of the people found little favor. There were men wedded to the principles of democracy in that convention, but the undoubted purpose of all was to remove the election of President as far from the people as possible. The convention voted three times to elect the President by both Houses of Congress and each time they reconsidered. Once they voted to elect by the State Legislatures, and finally by independent electors. All the while they were wary of the gullible mob, but by the mob they have been circumvented and now the manipulators of the mob, the demagogues of journalism, and the demagogues of politics, are striving to disintegrate still further the foundation upon which this nation was reared by changing the character of the Senate, a body constituted as it is, the Federalist tells us, expressly for the purpose of defending "the people against their temporary errors and delusions," to interfere in critical moments "when the people stimulated by some irregular passion or some illicit advantage, or misled by the artful misrepresentations of interested men may call for measures which they themselves will afterwards be the most ready to lament and condemn; to suspend the blow meditated by the people against themselves until reason, justice and truth can regain their authority over the public mind." Nay! nay! says the demagogue; in some States men buy their way into the Senate, therefore let us reduce the Senate to the level of the House of Representatives; let us make the Senate more immediately amenable to the will of the mob.

The Yankee and His Forbears

Day Allan Willey, in Putnam's for January, descants mournfully on the passing of the Yankee and the filling of his place by foreigners and urges that strenuous efforts should be put forth to reconstruct the New Englander. We have been of the opinion that the complete assimilation of the Yankee was one of the glorious consummations devoutly to be wished. The principal characteristic of the Yankee is puritanism, which is a synonym of bigotry and intolerance and the sooner we get it out of our system the better. A great deal of misapprehension has been propagated with reference to the Yankee through the medium of school books that emanated from New England. He has been glorified as the descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers and the inheritor of all the virtues that came over on the Mayflower. He has been credited with superior qualities upon the same principle that imputes to the sons of the California forty-niners an addiction to evil habits and an indifference to the amenities of social intercourse. But as a matter of fact if we are to judge Californians and New Englanders by the character of their respective forbears we shall be forced to the conclusion that if there is any particular type of American that should be specially fostered it is the one to be found in this State. The worst that can be said of our Argonauts was that, being more inclined to the doctrine of Mohammed that "Cleanliness is next to godliness" than to Sabbatarian strictness, they turned the holy day into universal wash day, and, their tubs of suds disposed of, they proceeded to make the welkin ring. Instead of inculcating religious principles they established a code of honor. Instead of burning witches they hanged men for indulging a passion for the property of others. There was no principle more respected in California in early days than the principle of personal liberty; there was none in New England that was more shamefully violated. The Yankee we are told derived his ideas of freedom from his great exemplars, the Plymouth immigrants, which is singular considering that those pious gentlemen set up the doctrine "that the negro had no rights of manhood; that the white man might buy, own and sell him and his offspring forever." They applied a similar doctrine to the Indians, and when without cause or provocation they fell upon the Pequods, those that they did not massacre they made slaves of without distinction of age or sex. Of the California pioneers it must be said that it was not characteristic of them to pick a quarrel on moral grounds. They were never disingenuous. In this respect they differed from the New Englanders who went to war with the Narragansetts because they had a pious dread that they might be held responsible for the false religion of the Indians, though they discussed beforehand the probability of the Lord delivering into their hands "men, women, and children enough to exchange for negroes." New England conscience, like New England thrift and piety, is lauded vociferously whenever the licentiousness of Californians is under discussion, and yet there is more political corruption in that little section of the country than anywhere else. It is notorious that the purchasable vote of Rhode Island is larger than that of any other of the forty-six States. New England conscience never yet prevented anyone from doing what he wanted. It only prevents the evil-doer from getting any pleasure out of his evil deeds.

Perverting Juvenile Taste

Though the protest against the "crude, vulgar clownish, idiotic" colored supplements has echoed from all sides, as yet nothing has been said concerning the Katzenjammer, Foxy Grandpa, Happy Hooligan, and Gus and Mike dolls, which are widely advertised as the funniest things yet. Seemingly the juvenile taste has been so corrupted by long association with the pictures that the "little mothers" of the twentieth century are willing to accept the hideous dolls as charming novelties. In this connection it is worth chronicling by way of comparison that a doll factory established in Tennessee for the sole purpose of manufacturing black piccaninnies, in the belief that negro parents would hail them with joy, has met with failure notwithstanding that it had the endorsement of such eminent folk as Dr. Booker Washington, Charles W. Chestnut, and the host of white people who stand back of them. The avowed object of the establishment was to make colored effigies which would reproduce the forms and features of the negroes as they are, not in cheap caricature. It was the negro women themselves who sounded the death knell of what would have seemed a sound commercial undertaking. They did not hold meetings by way of protest nor fly to the newspapers for support. Neither did they rely on law or religion, but simply refused to consider the black dolls when they set out to purchase toys for their infants. They had esthetic discrimination enough to demand pretty puppets and to refuse anything else. If the negro dolls which were manufactured under a fond delusion ever find a market it will be amongst the white children, whose less discriminating guardians see no objection to stimulating the perverted taste which enjoyed the vulgar pictures. It passes all understanding why any mother should place in the hands of her offspring such hideous caricatures as Mamma Katzenjammer and the "kids," when the chances are she is attending courses of "New Thought" lectures and trying hypnotic suggestion and inhibition as a corrective of ill behavior. All the nonsense that has been preached on the subject of heredity, prenatal influence and artistic environment does not appear to have made much practical advance on the rule-of-thumb common sense of past generations.

Rudolph Barth, watchmaker and jeweler, now permanently located at 36 Kearny street.

Reversibility

(Translated from the French of Baudelaire by F. P. Sturm)

Angel of gaiety, have you tasted grief?
  Shame and remorse and sobs and weary spite,
  And the vague terrors of the fearful night
That crush the heart up like a crumpled leaf?
Angel of gaiety, have you tasted grief?

Angel of kindness, have you tasted hate?
  With hands clenched in the shade and tears of gall,
  When Vengeance beats her hellish battle-call,
And makes herself the captain of our fate,
Angel of kindness, have you tasted hate?

Angel of health, did ever you know pain,
  Which like an exile trails his tired footfalls
  The cold length of the white infirmary walls,
With lips compressed, seeking the sun in vain?
Angel of health, did ever you know pain?

Angel of beauty, do you wrinkles know?
  Know you the fear of age, the torment vile
  Of reading secret horror in the smile
Of eyes your eyes have loved since long ago?
Angel of beauty, do you wrinkles know?

Angel of happiness, and joy, and light,
  Old David would have asked for youth afresh
  From the pure touch of your enchanted flesh;
I but implore your prayers to aid my plight,
Angel of happiness, and joy, and light.

Perspective Impressions

Men do not grow better merely by development of the understanding; but some grow worse.

George Bernard Shaw says that Poe did not live in this country; he merely died here. Well, how about Keats and Byron? They didn't even die in England.

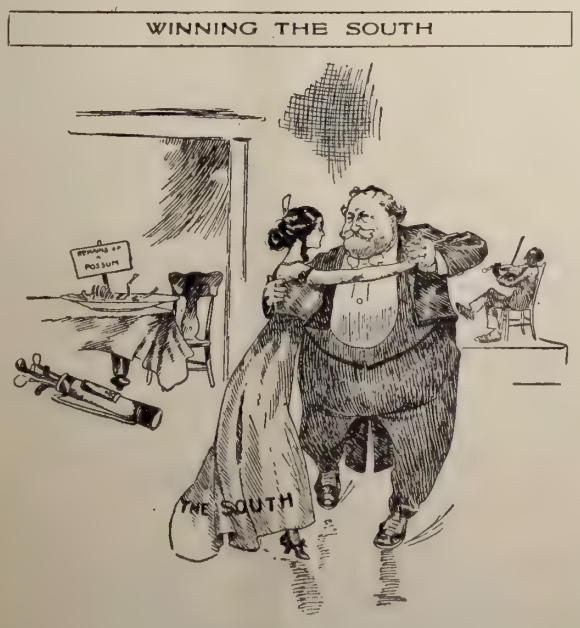
Another college professor has reversed our Supreme Court to the elation of Mr. Spreckels's journalistic Hessians, who as yet have neglected to take notice of the fact that in the Lawyers' Report Annotated, the only work that counts, the court has been affirmed.

Perhaps there is nothing of significance in the circumstance that James B. Connolly of Collier's, who proved himself a contemptible coward in the wreck of the Republic, is one of the many curious individuals who, by some occult process, were drawn hither to celebrate the deeds of Rudolph Spreckels and his understrappers.

Little minds are so well satisfied with themselves that they soon fossilize.

From Secretary Garfield we learn that millions of acres of Government land have been stolen during President Roosevelt's administration. Doubtless for the reason that the Secret Service men were engaged in getting in touch with the love affairs of our Congressmen.

Alfred Henry Lewis regards as a stupendous piece of absurdity Congressman Rainey's charge against Senator Lodge with reference to the purchase of two steamboats for work in connection with the Panama Canal. We have yet to learn Mr. Lewis's opinion of the charge made by Mr. Roosevelt that Senator Tillman franked a typewriter. If there is any more absurd spectacle than that which Mr. Lewis is presenting in the role of apologist for this preposterous Administration it has not yet been called to our attention.



WINNING THE SOUTH

—Indianapolis News.



WIPING OUT THE SECTIONAL LINE

Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

The Limelight

Containing Such Random Thoughts as Might be Suggested by Casual Contemplation of the Inordinate Vanity and Supernal Egotism of Certain Little Men Whose Actions Incite Inquiry as to the Quality of Meat They Feed Upon That They Have Grown So Great.

By Democritus

Let this be an essay apropos of nothing in particular; a random shot, so to speak, at folly as it flies.

Let me speak of the obvious; of those things that are in the minds of all men; of the themes that are on the lips of the multitude; of that which cavorts and capers and flings its heels aloft in the limelight.

What is the limelight? It is the fierce light that beats upon an egotist. It is the spot light of notoriety revealing the players that strut their brief hour on the world's stage to provoke the laughter of clapperclawing groundlings, to rouse the scorn of wise men and to make the judicious grieve.

Who are in the limelight? Phelan for one; Lawlor for another; Spreckels, too; Roosevelt all the time. A motley bunch.

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. Listen to Phelan at this moment proclaiming himself from Washington as adviser-in-ordinary to his imperial highness Theodore Roosevelt, great tycoon of the American nation and ahkoond of all the Americas. What is Phelan saying? He is telling his fellow egotist that his policy of suppression as applied to the citizens of California is a wise policy; that we of California don't know what is good for us; that our legislature will dutifully heed the commands of Roosevelt because they realize how much wiser is this man Roosevelt than all the wisdom that may abide in the population of California—while Mr. Phelan is in Washington.

And Lawlor—still another Daniel come to judgment; how the limelight beats upon the bench where Lawlor sits! Surely the vanity of Lawlor, inordinate though it be, must suffer surfeit of a glutted appetite at the banquet spread for him by the press and the graft prosecution. His picture is in every newspaper every day featuring his countenance in every expression of his varying mood, from grave to graver, but never gay; from solemn to severe, but never lively. Never in all his checkered career has Lawlor been so conspicuous in the limelight; never has his amour propre been so tickled with the adulation of great writers who "sign their stuff" to give it the weight of personal and indisputable authority. Never again will he achieve such greatness, nor have such greatness thrust upon him. But trust Lawlor to make good while the limelight shines upon him. To be sure, it is but the reflected light of Patrick Calhoun, but Lawlor doesn't realize that. He thinks it is himself that is shining.

Spreckels is in the limelight, but it is a dimmer, more religious light. Spreckels doesn't caper and cavort like Phelan and Roosevelt; neither does he blink solemnly in the fierce glare, like Lawlor. Spreckels carries his own torch to light his way through devious subterranean paths that lead to a sordid end. Spreckels is in the limelight, but he would prefer to be in the dark.

All these are limelighted by the man in the gallery. They are, in truth, interlopers. They have come on from the wings unannounced, unbidden, without waiting for their cues. Wherever the limelight flared there was Phelan; wherever Lawlor could get into the limelight there Lawlor hurried despite the recall of the prompter; wherever the limelight searched in dark corners of the stage there it revealed Spreckels serving his own interests. Phelan and Lawlor seek the limelight; the limelight seeks Spreckels.

But Roosevelt is in the limelight of his own calcium; he is the limelight. Roosevelt said, "Let there be limelight"; and there was limelight. He turned on the limelight at San Juan and it has glared upon him ever since; he turned on the limelight when he dug the Panama canal; he turned on the limelight when he ordered Japan to stop pummeling Russia; he turned on the limelight when he undertook to dictate to Congress. As Buddha is the light of Asia so is Roosevelt the light of America. When Roosevelt is no more it will be quite dark in this nation.

Men are not necessarily heroes because they are in the limelight. No man is really a hero except to the reporters, and only a hero in the newspapers because the reporters pretend to believe that the people delight to honor a hero. Even the reporters are not hero worshippers; but they strive to fill a long felt want. Finding nothing better or more genuine than Roosevelt, Phelan, Lawlor and Spreckels, they do their best to reflect the limelight that should beat upon a hero. They are the mirrors that are held up to nature.

There will be no limelight in history for Phelan, Spreckels and Lawlor. When the fierce light that is now beating upon these men is quenched it will be as if there had never been a Phelan, a Spreckels or a Lawlor. This generation may remember that they once existed; but the next generation will inquire, "Who in thunder were Phelan, Spreckels and Lawlor?" And the third generation will not know that there was ever a Phelan, a Spreckels, or a Lawlor. The only book that will contain their names will be the city directory; and even in the city directory Phelans and the Lawlors will not be posterity of ancestral Phelans and Lawlors that were once in the limelight. Spreckels may be such an ancestor; but he will be a dim one lurking in the shadows of congenial obscurity.

Roosevelt will live in history, but in a subdued light growing less by degress until it flickers in the socket and goes out. When the memory of Roosevelt is as old as that of Washington, historians will be compelled to append footnotes to their histories to explain the reason for the presence of Roosevelt in the history. In three generations the necessity of Roosevelt will be by no means obvious. The actor that passes out of the limelight, or from whom the limelight is turned is forgotten as soon as the audience leaves the theatre.

What is limelight? It is the glory of self esteem. It is the light of today that can never be the light of other days. It is the light of the dead mackerel of notoriety temporarily snatched from the sea of oblivion to illuminate the cellar of the temple of fame. It is an artificial light for an artificial purpose. It shines only for the person that stands in it. It beats upon the clown as upon the hero and its chief merit is its impartial reveal-ment of the fact that one is a clown and the other a hero.

Limelight is useful in the human economy. It enables us read the character of some men more clearly. It shows distinctly the deformities and excrescences of the actors—wrinklings of their fleshings and the grease paint on their faces. It sometimes penetrates to the dark corners of their souls to show us the queer things that live there; the springs of action and the motives that inspire the actors. Limelight is useful in this function, but it is not necessary. We could dispense with it without losing anything in value. We have not demanded the limelight. Usually it is flashed against our protest. The things that it reveals are not always so attractive or beautiful that we care to prolong the illumination. Too much limelight is bad for the eyes.

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The Lady With the Fan

(From the French of Anatole France)

In the country of Soung lived Tchouang-Tsen, a wise Chinaman who did not believe in the eternity of things. For him the only road to content led away from those sins which men are bound to commit when in hot pursuit of superfluous wealth and vain honors. Now it must have been that this philosopher derived great satisfaction from fidelity to his principles, for when he died the people honored him as one of the elect deemed worthy of esteem and emulation. The fact is that during his time on earth he took much pleasure out of the beauties of nature and in the indulgence of his passion he wandered about dreaming of countries wherein he lived in fancy.

Now it so happened that one bright morning he was sauntering along the flowery slopes of the mountain called Nan-Hoa, and he came to a cemetery, where, according to the usage of the country, the dead sleep under little mounds of earth. When he saw these tombs which extended as far as the eye could reach, the philosopher began to meditate upon the ultimate destiny of man.

"Alas!" he said, "here is the point where all paths terminate. When one has once taken his place among the dead he never returns."

It must be admitted that this idea was not original, but after all it sums up the philosophy of Tchouang-Tsen, and that of the Chinese in general. These people know but one life, and that is the one in which you can look upon the sun shining upon the peonies. The equality of all mortals after death consoles them or drives them to desperation according to whether they are by temperament disposed to be serene or inclined to melancholia. Besides, in this life, they have a lot of little red and green gods to amuse them, who sometimes resurrect the dead and play other amusing tricks. But Tchouang-Tsen, who belonged to the proud class of philosophers, never bent the knee to these porcelain dragons.

As he wandered about among the tombs, lost in thought, he met a young woman who was clothed in mourning; that is to say, she had on a long, white, seamless dress of coarse cotton. Seated by a grave, she moved her fan to and fro over the upturned earth.

Curious to know what was her motive in thus fanning a newly made grave, Tchouang-Tsen bowed low and courteously to the young lady and said: "Might I ask, madame, who the person is who lies within this tomb, and why you take so much trouble to fan the earth which has been heaped upon him? I am a philosopher. I am always looking for cause and effect, and I cannot understand the reason for your strange actions."

The young lady continued to move her fan to and fro. She blushed, bowed her head and murmured some words which the sage could not hear. He asked the question several times but could get no answer. The young woman seemed to pay no attention to him, and it was as if all the strength of her soul were concentrated in the hand which was moving the fan slowly but incessantly to and fro.

Tchouang-Tsen withdrew regretfully. While he knew that all is vanity in this world, his philosophic mind inclined him to seek out the reasons for human actions and especially reasons for those of women; for this class of humanity inspired him with a deep, malevolent curiosity. He walked slowly away, turning back now and then in spite of himself to watch that fan which never stopped, and looked like the wing of a huge butterfly.

Suddenly there appeared before him an old woman whose presence he had not hitherto remarked, and she made sign to him to follow her. He did so and when they came within the shade of a tomb that was higher than the others, she said to him:

"I heard you ask my mistress a question which she did not answer. But I will satisfy your curiosity, because I am naturally obliging and also in the hope that you will give me enough money to buy from the priest a magic paper which will prolong my life."

Tchouang-Tsen took from his purse a coin and handed it to the old woman, and thereupon she spoke as follows:

"This lady whom you saw by the tomb is Lady Lu, widow of a writer who was called Tao, and who died some fifteen days ago after a long illness and was buried there. They loved each other very tenderly. Although knowing that death was upon him, Tao could not be content to leave her. And the thought that he must forsake her in the very flower of her youth and beauty was insupportable to him. He resigned himself, however, to the inevitable, for he was a man of very loving character, and well he knew that he must bow to the decree of fate. Weeping at the bedside of Tao, whom she had not left a moment during his illness, Lady Lu called the gods to witness that she would not survive him, that she would share his coffin as she had shared his bed.

"But Tao said to her: 'My lady, do not swear that.'

"'At least,' she sobbed, 'if I must survive you, if I am condemned by the evil spirits to continue to see the light of day after your eyes have closed to it, know that I will never consent to become the wife of another, and that I will have but one husband as I have but one soul.'

"But Tao said to her: 'My lady, do not swear that.'

"'Oh! my lord Tao, my lord Tao! Permit me at least to swear that I will live at least five years before I marry another.'

"But Tao said to her: 'My lady, do not swear that. Swear that you will be faithful to my memory as long as the earth upon my tomb has not dried.'

"Thereupon Lady Lu swore a solemn oath, and the good Tao closed his eyes forever.

"The sorrow of the widow was beyond words to describe. Her eyes were reddened by tears. She scratched her pink and white cheeks with her sharp little nails. But everything passes away. Her torrent of tears grew smaller and smaller. Three days after the death of lord Tao she began to take notice. She heard that a young disciple of her husband desired to tell her how much he sympathized with her. In common decency she could not refuse to receive him.

"She sighed deeply as he came in. This young man was very fashionably dressed and was likewise very good looking. He spoke very little about the late lord Tao and very much about the lady herself; he confessed that he loved her, and she did not seem to object very much. In the meantime, she passes whole days seated by the tomb of her husband, trying to dry up the earth with her fan."

When the old woman had finished her story the wise Tchouang-Tsen meditated profoundly: "Youth is short; the prick of desire gives wings to young men and young women. After all, it must be acknowledged that Lady Lu is an honest woman who will not break her word."

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The San Francisco Fiesta

Being a Brief Recital of Historical Episodes that May be Pictured in the Pageants to be Planned for the Portala Celebration.

The Downtown Association and the Rotary Club have hit upon a fine pretext for an annual carnival and fiesta in San Francisco—that of the commemoration of the discovery of San Francisco peninsula by Captain Gaspar de Portala. This scheme will have the effect of stimulating interest in the history of California. There is probably no history with which Californians are more unfamiliar than that of their own State. And by the way there is a good deal of this history upon which historians do not agree. With reference to this very Gaspar de Portala who discovered the peninsula there is dispute over the record of his achievements as an explorer. While it is admitted that he discovered the peninsula there are some authorities that credit him with having discovered the bay, and there are others that hold that it was a Captain Farges who made that important discovery. How Portala could have discovered the peninsula without discovering the bay it is not easy to perceive.

Captain Portala was Governor of Lower California in 1767 when King Charles of Spain expelled the Jesuits from the Missions on this coast and turned their property over to the Franciscans of Mexico who were then under the directorship of Father Junipero Serra. In 1769 it was decided by the Franciscans to extend their missions northward and for that purpose two expeditions were organized, one under command of Portala and the other commanded by Don Fernando Riveray Moncada. The first expedition under Portala reached San Diego in May. Two months later the march was resumed and the cross was planted at Monterey. Here Father Serra remained while Portala pushed northward until he reached the sand dunes on this peninsula and according to R. Guy McClellan who wrote a history of the State in 1872 the bay was then discovered. McClellan says this fact is well established by the writings of Father Palou who kept the records of the missions at that period.

According to another version Portala's expedition reached no farther than what is now the site of Palo Alto or possibly Menlo Park. Here he camped and Ortega, a lieutenant of the expedition, penetrated somewhat farther north and west, but made no report of water extending inland from the ocean. This expedition, being short of provisions turned back to Monterey and another under Captain Farges explored the region to the eastward through what is now Alameda County finally arriving in full view of the Golden Gate from the hills of Berkeley. To Captain Farges, therefore, is accorded by one authority the historical honor of discovering the bay of San Francisco. But that circumstance though it be established need not detract from the glory that is due from this generation to sturdy Captain Gaspar de Portala who pioneered the priests of Monterey to the site of the mission of St. Francis on the Laguna de las Dolores.

There is one thing quite certain with reference to the bay of San Francisco, and that is that it was not discovered, as was once asserted, by that bold pirate Francis Drake who sailed along this coast in his sturdy ship the Golden Hind in 1579. He sailed as far north as the Oregon line, and buffeted by northern gales was driven south and sought refuge in what is now known as Drake's Bay. He took possession of the country in the name of the Queen of England and called it New Albion, at the same time erecting a monument commemorative of the event. He was not aware that the Spaniards had already taken possession in the name of their sovereign. The first authentic account that we have of California is derived from the records and writings of the early Spanish navigators who, after having explored and settled the greater part of South and Central America turned their attention to the exploration of the coast of Lower and Upper California. As early as 1521 Cortez fitted out an expedition for the purpose of discovering the fabled treasures of California which were not only of silver and gold but also of precious stones. His expedition came as far as Lower California. Then came Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542. He sailed as far north as Cape Mendocino. In 1602 General Sebastian Viscayno sailed past the Golden Gate but without breaking the seal. The harbor that Francis Drake entered was for many years supposed to be our bay, but the strongest evidence inclines against that view. It is now believed that the first vessel to ripple the waters of the bay was the San Carlos which entered the Golden Gate in 1775.

There is no reason why every episode in the history of San Francisco should not be pictured in the pageants to be planned for this Portala celebration. That was the manner in which Canada celebrated her tercentennial last year in Quebec and Montreal; and the result was of such artistic and historical merit that it won commendation all over the world; the pageants were pictured in all the illustrated newspapers, and the best writers were employed in describing the festival. The history of San Francisco will lend itself to picturesque display quite as readily as the history of Montreal or Quebec, and if portions of the history of California are included in the San Francisco fiesta it will surpass anything that has ever been devised by any other city that has undertaken to embody its history in living pageantry. We certainly have ample material. All that is needed is the artistic ability to use it effectively, and if what we are constantly saying about ourselves is only half true we have far more than a sufficiency of talent and not a little genius for this sort of thing. San Francisco is well adapted for a fiesta of this kind. It possesses the historical background; it is unique in itself; it has the civic and the popular spirit necessary to inspire a celebration of this character; and our October climate is one of the halcyon periods that we have boasted with such fervor as to compel the attention of the world. All that will be needed to make our Portala festival a complete success will be the elimination of our parochial jealousies and our petty personal spites and envy. It is hoped that by the time we are ready to take hold of this matter in earnest these bickerings and sputterings will be themselves part of the history of the city—another of the bad dreams that have occasionally afflicted us—and that those who have bickered and sputtered will be so little regarded that they will be denied place even in the humblest capacity on the most insignificant of committees.

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In the Flood Zone

Though the heavy floods which are devastating the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys are commanding more general attention because of their extent, they are not a new or unusual condition at this time of the year. The peculiar conformation of California is such that the principal rivers of the great central valley must carry off all the storm waters from both mountain ranges as well as the additional volume from the melting snows. This condition is not to be remedied except by concerted action and extensive public operations. The silt from mining operations, as well as the soil from the agricultural regions, washed into the rivers, has the natural tendency to cause shallowness in the river beds, as well as to form sand bars and shoals at individual points, and whenever conditions are such that the volume of water is unusually great, it must rise above the banks and artificial barriers erected, to the great loss of those whose holdings lie within the flood area. The losses since 1904 from this cause are estimated at twenty million dollars, an average of four million dollars a year, a catastrophe which, if reported as the result of one single visitation of any kind, would be sufficient to call for special relief measures.

Since the heavy flood of 1904 the people have awakened, and much has been done towards the solution of the problem, of control. One of the main difficulties heretofore has been the lack of unanimity on the part of the various reclamation districts. Properly, the whole work should have been undertaken by the national government, instead of which the lands have been deeded to the State upon consideration that it should undertake the task, and the State committed the further error of selling the tracts to individual owners for a money consideration, leaving each holder of a one hundred and sixty acre tract to act upon his own responsibility. The result has been chaos. Each owner has attempted to reclaim and protect his own tract, regardless of the effect which his work might have upon the river itself, above or below the particular holding. Though levees and jetties have been constructed and attempts made to keep a narrow channel clear, all efforts have been of such a local character as virtually to nullify each other and to all intents and purposes nothing has been accomplished.

The people are now practically united in approving of the plan of the Dabney Commission submitted in 1904, which provides for a completed levee system of the whole river, and the creation of one district to be known as the Sacramento Drainage District, instead of the numerous smaller reclamation districts acting often in opposition to each other. This will place the control of the entire valley in the hands of one body of men elected by the land holders.



ALL GONE TO SMASH

Another provision is for the introduction of a bill in the House of Representatives calling for an appropriation of $400,000 for carrying out the recommendation of the California Debris Commission in the matter of the improvement of navigation and the assistance of flood control by dredging, and also the introduction of a bill in the present State Legislature calling for an appropriation of $400,000 to be used in connection with the national appropriation.



UP TO THE EAVES IN DRIFTWOOD

The River Improvement and Drainage Association of California, which has taken the matter up, is of the opinion that the object lesson the State is receiving will influence the people to support the legislative measures now pending. It is a matter of absolute necessity that adequate measures shall be taken to improve the river and provide for the flood control, that such disasters may be averted in the future.

According to dispatches from Washington there is to be no river and harbor bill, despite the custom, at the present session of Congress, and Congressman McKinlay has advised the River Improvement and Drainage Association of California, the organization which secured the introduction of the bill in Congress and in the Legislature with the co-operation of the officials, that to make possible a successful culmination of his efforts to have a special appropriation bill passed it will be necessary to have the State appropriation made at the present session of the Legislature. The appropriation contemplates the improvement of the navigation of the Sacramento, San Joaquin and Feather rivers as recommended in the



SACRAMENTO RIVER IN FULL FLOOD

special report of the California Debris Commission of June 30, 1907, composed of Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Major C. H. McKinstry and Captain Thomas H. Jackson of the corps of engineers of the U. S. army. It is pointed out by the River Improvement and Drainage Association that the accomplishment of the improvements covered by the proposed appropriations is but a step toward gaining the end toward which it has been working since its organization at the time of the floods of 1904. The ultimate aim is the carrying out, with some necessary modification of the "Dabney" plan which outlines a comprehensive solution of the problem and which has been generally accepted as embodying the best methods. The cost of carrying out the plan has been estimated at $23,776,022. From even a narrow commercial standpoint the expenditure would seem to be a matter of sound economy.

The importance of the proposed undertaking is evident from the fact that there are some 1200 square miles of very fertile land subject to overflow from every considerable flood in the Sacramento Valley and contiguous parts of the San Joaquin, and about 1700 from extraordinary floods. A large part of this valuable territory cannot now be utilized except in a precarious way by costly methods and with uncertain results, while much of it cannot be used at all under existing conditions. The problem presented for solution is to devise means for preventing the inundation of these lands by conveying the flood waters that must pass through this territory harmlessly into Suisun Bay; and to correct the existing faults of the river channels with a view to avoiding the floods and promoting the interests of navigation. It is proposed to confine the flood waters by means of levees; to correct the alignment of the river by cut-offs where necessary; to increase the channel capacity by mechanical means; to collect the hill drainage in intercepting canals and convey it into the river at selected points; to provide escapeways over the levees for surplus flood waters. Many other schemes of solution have been suggested. All were examined and discussed and rejected by the Dabney Commission. In this connection it is interesting to reflect on the development made in the Yazoo Basin of the Missippi since the waters of that river have been rendered harmless.



NOT AT HOME



AN ISLAND FARM OF TEN ACRES (SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY)

The Spectator

Flood Recollections

Though there have been innumerable heavy winters, broken levees and flood disasters in California since its settlement, to the old inhabitants "the year of the flood" invariably means the year 1862, which stands out from all the rest like "the big wind" of Ireland, as a date from which to reckon time. Stories of "the flood" are almost folklore in pioneer families, and many a child delights to listen to grandma's tale of being taken out of the upstairs window into a boat and rowed up-town to safety, while the barn, with the chickens atop, and perhaps even the family cow, set sail for "the bay." Middle-aged men and women have distinct recollections of the impassible streets of San Francisco in those days of primitive and impressionistic pavements and sewers, and of the committees that visited the houses soliciting cooked food and dry clothing of any kind for the immediate relief of flood victims. In its way the Sacramento disaster of that year was quite as complete as the fire of 1906.

A Kind Judge

The rainfall for the years preceding 1862 had been scant, and in the late fall the cattle were suffering for feed. A wealthy jurist owned a large tract of tule land in the vicinity of Rio Vista, and though tule would furnish but poor subsistence for flocks and herds, it was possible for them to sustain life for the limited period which, it was hoped, would intervene before the first grass. In this emergency, the judge was sought out and importuned to permit some of the farmers to turn their stock in on his river land. He readily consented and was profusely thanked by the distracted rachmen who assumed that they were profiting by an act of neighborly kindness. When the heavy rains came and the river rose they proceeded to drive their stock to higher levels but to their surprise and indignation they were met with demands for pasture rental, and as their purses were depleted by their heavy losses on the dry year crops, few of them were able to comply. In consequence they had no recourse but to watch their cattle drown in the tule swamp.

Salome on the Barbary Coast

Though the Salome dance has not yet been announced at any of our first class theatres San Francisco is not so far behindhand as some of us have imagined. I am told that there are as many as three Salome dancers in San Francisco, and that they have been "scoring triumphs" (to borrow a press agent expression), for many weeks. Furthermore, I am told that for realism they far surpass any of the Salome dancers of the East. Indeed their realism has reached a point that should be considered beyond police forbearance, and yet they are tolerated under this immaculate Administration which is doing so much toward improving our morals and our sentiments. Though these dancers are of the Barbary Coast where the night life is more exciting than it was even in the old days, yet the applause which they receive is not entirely from the denizens of the slums. Their ill fame has penetrated even to the homes of our provincial aristocracy, and fashionable lovers of the sub rose in their eagerness to gratify a prurient curiosity condescend to rub shoulders with the vulgar throng that contributes to the stifling atmosphere of the city's slumps.

Superintendent—"Children, this is the Rev. Dr. MacSnorter, from Gowanus, who will address you with a few brief remarks. Children, he has come all the way to try and save your souls from Hell. You are not paying attention. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me where this gentleman is from.

Chorus of Children—"From Hell."

The Firing of Anderson

George Baker Anderson has been incontinently thrust out of the lobby of the Legislature. Lobbyist Anderson was lobbying "for the people." He sloshed around on the floor of the house like a tumble-bug on a hot skillet. He announced himself a "reformer" of large proportions and threatened the members of the Assembly with every ill that can befall an Assemblyman who betrays the trust reposed in him, unless these representatives obeyed the commands, the behests and the edicts of "the people's lobbyist." The Assemblymen naturally imagined that they had to deal with a crazy man, so they threw him off the floor bodily and ejected him from the lobby boots and breeches.

Financing a Lobby

I learn from the Evening Globe of this city that George Baker Anderson is "one of the leeches that fed on the blood" of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. He edited a weekly paper in Los Angeles "for circulation among the members of the League," and, as I am informed by the Globe, "in this paper E. T. Earl caused to be published certain articles that he would not risk in his own paper, the Los Angeles Express, for fear of libel." Edwin T. Earl, it appears, is the Rudolph Spreckels of Los Angeles—a reformer of magnitude and puritan of the puritans; a pharisee and a holy man whose phylacteries adorn wrist and forehead even as those of Caiphas and Annas, his son-in-law. Another holy man of politics in Los Angeles is Dr. John R. Haynes, a millionaire in his own right upon whose leg all the impecunious reformers pull whenever they need money. These are the "people" for whom George Baker Anderson was lobbying. Chester H. Rowell, of course, had a share in the lobby and Rudolph Spreckels was probably a silent partner. But they selected a very poor agent when they sent George Baker Anderson to do their lobbying at Sacramento. An intelligent Chinese raisin picker of Fresno would have performed better service, for the reason that the Chinese would have acted with more discretion. It is possible that this Legislature will make many mistakes; it is human to err; but in kicking "the people's lobbyist" out of the people's lobby, they made no mistake—unless it would have been more to the ultimate good of the commonwealth to have taken him into the highest place of the capitol and cast him headlong to the floor of the people's lobby.

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Mentor to Telemachus

I observe that Mr. James D. Phelan has been attempting to direct the deliberations of the California State Legislature. It is reported in the daily press that Mr. Phelan sent a dispatch from Washington, D. C., "advising new bill forbidding land ownership to all foreigners." In the next sentence of his advisory telegram he gives a reason for his advice. "No objection here," he says; meaning that the Exalted One has graciously permitted us to amend our bill denying the right of land ownership to Japanese and other Asiatics. It will be inferred therefore, that our Most Prominent Citizen is not only on hand-kissing intimacy with the Exalted One, but that he is close in the confidence of Him Who Must Be Obeyed. The telegram also "suggests" "commission to correct statistics of Japanese invasion." If the Exalted One hears of this Our Most Prominent Citizen will be yanked up for lese majeste and promptly degraded from his prominence to the lowest level of undesirable citizenship. In the first place the Exalted One would resent the insinuation that the "statistics" upon which he has formulated his own decree that absolutely nothing shall be done by the California Legislature, are incorrect or that they require revision by a commission or anybody else. Then to call it a "Japanese invasion" is lese majeste in the double degree—lese majeste not only to our own Exalted One, but also lese majeste to the Exalted One's royal cousin, the Mikado of Japan. An invasion! By all the Shinto gods! by Hachiman, god of war, and by Jingo, mother of Hachiman! this would be too, too much if Mr. Phelan had called it an invasion without first obtaining permission from our own Mikado. Mr. Phelan had to save his face with his own people, already suspicious of his loyalty to their interests. Unless he said something in his telegram of advice that could be construed as a personal insult to the Japanese and the Mikado, it might be still further suspected that Mr. Phelan was a traitor to California. It may be that the Exalted One himself suggested the word "invasion." But what nerve must operate to impel Mr. Phelan, a so-called Democrat, to advise a Republican Legislature! O vanity, thy other name is assuredly Phelan!

Emulating the Foolish Ostrich

I wonder if Mr. Phelan and the Exalted One think they are fooling anybody with their advice "forbidding land ownership to all foreigners?" Everybody knows that all foreigners except Chinese and Japanese can become citizens of the United States and thereby escape the penalty of the law. Wherein, then, does a law "forbidding land ownership to all foreigners" mend matters? Are the Japanese such crass idiots that they will not perceive the subterfuge? And does Mr. Phelan think he is fooling anybody in California with his permitted "advice?" Is Mr. Phelan a human ostrich with his head in the sand of Roosevelt's Japanese "policy" while the better part of him is conspicuously aloft to advertise his absurd presence to all the world holding both its sides with laughter? Such would seem to be the attitude of Mr. Phelan.

Policeman (to unskillful rider)—Go back! No thoroughfare here. Can't you read that sign?
Rider—I can, but my horse can't

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Frank and James Are Out

Apparently the conservative hand of Frank J. Sullivan is no longer at the helm of the Mutual Savings Bank. At the last meeting of the stockholders of that institution he was not re-elected to the board of directors, and he is no longer the attorney for the bank. Has Mr. Sullivan abandoned the bank to its fate? or has friction between himself and his brother-in-law, the Hon. James D. Phelan, caused an explosion? Curiosity has been filliped. Speculation is brisk. Conjecture has on its seven league boots. Wiseacres who affect an intimacy with the hidden springs of current history assert that the expected has happened, that the ties that bind have been severed, that the breach between the brothers-in-law has widened and that there is no hope of a reconciliation. According to rumor, the indulgent and amiable Sullivan, distinguished for his guilelessness as well as for his loyalty has had his eyes opened. It is to be hoped for Mr. Phelan's sake that the breach is not irreparable. He never had a better friend than Frank J. Sullivan. In all the crises of his political career Sullivan stood by him and piloted him to safe harbors. It was Sullivan who extricated him from the most embarrassing situation of his life, and yet it has always been remarked as singular that the sycophants at Mr. Phelan's heels seemed to take great pleasure in mocking his brother-in-law. One of the stories explanatory of the breach is that Phelan objected to Sullivan's loyalty to the Rev. Father Yorke at whose meetings he occasionally presides. Some of Mr. Phelan's friends find it hard to account for his attitude in this matter since it is notorious that Sullivan has long been the only connecting link between the young millionaire and the Catholic Church.

The Sorrows of a Civic Patriot

The Hon. James D. Phelan on the firing line at Washing, getting closer and closer to the great heart of the people by his tireless devotion to their interests, is an inspiring spectacle. There is not a more gallant civic patriot in all the country than Mr. Phelan, and yet how poorly is he requited for his loyalty to the people! From all sides rebuffs and hard knocks are crowding upon Mr. Phelan, and his legitimate and laudable ambition wherever it shows signs of sprouting is attacked by the voracious worms of envy and malevolence. As in the case of Job Mr. Phelan's misfortunes are coming with crushing force and with almost supernatural exuberance. Disappointed at Sacramento by faithless Democrats who denied him the tribute of a complimentary vote for Senator, the pole to which his final aspirations point, he was thrown into a state of dejection which was deepened by the action of his favorite club in freezing him off the building committee to make room for an enemy. Then came what he conceived to be an opportunity of having himself elected President of the Park Commission. Commissioner Metson, one of the numerous citizens who hold Mr. Phelan in contempt

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had sent in his resignation, believing that by his presence he embarrassed an unfriendly Administration. As not long ago Mr. Metson had offered to donate $5,000 to the Bohemian Club on condition that Mr. Phelan be removed from the building committee, the latter with alacrity moved that the resignation be accepted. Commissioner Kirkpatrick remarked that he hoped to see Mr. Lloyd elected to the Presidency which Metson had already resigned. Mr. Phelan said that he was in favor of not filling the vacancy until the new commissioner, Mr. Brandenstein had qualified. "I will second your motion to accept Mr. Metson's resignation," said Mr. Kirkpatrick, "if you will second my nomination of Lloyd for the Presidency." This Mr. Phelan agreed to do. Thereupon Mr. Metson's resignation was accepted and the deadlock was broken. And then Mr. Phelan changed, or rather modified his mind, an organ that exhibits many of the most engaging qualities of the chameleon. He refused to second the nomination of Lloyd, and the matter went over.

His Plan Miscarried

But even in this matter the gallant young patriot suffered disappointment. The Hetch-Hetchy water fight was on in Washington, and Mr. Phelan sounded a clarion call for himself to take command of the city forces at the nation's capital. On through snow and ice he rushed until caught in the storm king's grip in the Sierras and while there Lloyd was elected to the office which the absent millionaire so passionately craved. Some days later, on his arrival in Washington, he received news by wire of the defeat of his nominating committee in the Bohemian Club. Made vertiginous but not overwhelmed, more concerned for the people's interests than for his own, Mr. Phelan braced himself for the ordeal before the Committee on Public Lands. Bravely he fronted the committee, and argued the people's cause. It was probably the last place in the world where Mr. Phelan would look for a smash from Fate's unerring fist, and yet from the despatches in the Chronicle of January 21st we learn that the young patriot was swatted hard.

"We felt secure," said Mr. Phelan in his address to the committee, "in being represented here by City Engineer Manson and Dr. Gianinni."

"Here," according to the Chronicle, "the chair introduced with emphasis, 'and by your very efficient and faithful and energetic members of Congress.'"

And Mr. Phelan, still according to the Chronicle, "looked confused, but bowed and assented to the correction." It is news of this kind that harrows up the feelings of Mr. Phelan's friends, for they know that he is a sensitive soul, and they do not at all agree with Mr. T. T. Williams's famous dictum uttered many years ago to the effect that he is a "nickel-plated Mick."

Another Ananias Club Proposed

"Tom" Williams, by the way, has a faculty of keen observation and a talent for forceful expression, both of which gifts he vindicated in the Examiner last Monday when he blazed into indignation against our college professors. Mr. Williams is now a resident of New York, being the business manager of the most successful of all Mr. Hearst's publications, the Evening Journal. He is now on a visit to San Francisco, having been summoned hither by Mr. Hearst along with several other of the stars of newspaperdom, and as a result the Examiner is setting so fast a pace for its contemporaries these days that the inferiority of the weakest of them, the poor, senile Call has become more lamentably apparent than ever. Though a resident of New York Mr. Williams keeps in touch with affairs in his old home for which he has a very deep affection, and it has occurred to him that something should be done to discourage the pernicious activities of our insulated college professors, who, in their cloistered nooks over the bay and down the peninsula, attract attention to themselves by pouring calumny on this community. "The fact that a man is a university professor," says Mr. Williams, "gives him a sort of reputation for accuracy on exactly the same basis that the wearing of a plug hat and frock coat will impress bystanders with the idea that the owner is a gentleman until they find out to the contrary." Mr. Williams thinks that we ought to organize an Ananias

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"I had a horrible dream last night," said Huddleston when he came down to breakfast the other morning.

"What was it?" asked his wife.

"I dreamed that I was in Purgatory, and was made to do all the things I had told my friends I would do if I were in their places."

The Man of Reason Appears

For the first time since I began the discussion of matters pertaining to the graft prosecution I have met with an adversary who has the courage of his logic. That he has not the courage of his convictions and is therefore constrained to fill the noxious and humiliating role of a cowardly anonymous letter writer is a matter of less consequence to me than to himself. Even in the ugly shape in which he approaches me I welcome him as a defender of the graft prosecution who is inclined, however feebly, to make a concession to reason and dissent from my views on something more than a preconceived notion of the uprightness of the men who have shamefully prostituted justice in this city. Here indeed is a man who does something more than make faces at me. He reasons; not shrewdly but after a fashion. True he belongs in that category of persons to whom the only appropriate style of reasoning is a substantial kicking, a posteriori arguments alone being intelligible to their perverted senses, but as he only signs himself "Observer" I am unable to address him except in the more polite style of controversy.

The Burning Insult

"The trouble with your paper," he writes at the close of his argument, "is that you are a special pleader for the higher-ups. You can't write an unbiased editorial on the graft prosecution. I suppose your bread is buttered on the other side." This is the kind of withering annihilation that one might expect from Berkeley. Here is a man who suggests an interesting problem in psychology. He takes the trouble of writing a letter for the purpose of conveying what he believes to be a smashing insult, and yet shrouds himself in anonymity. He probably believes that I advocate what I do not approve, and for that reason feels that I am an odious character. Yet he does not realize that were I exactly what he conceives, and no worse, I should still be infinitely superior to the poor creature by whom this cowardly letter was penned. Compassionating him as I do I will take notice of what he believes to be a refutation of the statement made by me last week that the principle of bail springs from the principle of the presumption of innocence. "When a man is arrested for a crime," he says, "the law does not presume him innocent. Otherwise why is he arrested? Is a man arrested without there being prima facie evidence against him? All this talk about the law presuming a man innocent until proven guilty is rot. The law presumes a man guilty but has to prove it to the satisfaction of the jury. How do you figure out that the principle of bail springs from the principle of the presumption of innocence. Don't men get out on bail after conviction by a jury even?" All of which is a pretty faithful reproduction of the logic of the Hon. Francis J. Heney.

Professional Authority Invoked

As I doubt whether any argument I may employ in support of my position would persuade "Observer" of the error of his views, and as from his dogmatic style I suspect that he is a college professor, I will rely wholly on the views and rhetoric of Professor Francis Lieber of Columbia College, New York, who has been dead so many years that he cannot be suspected of being subsidized by the higher-ups. As a rule I have not much respect for the dicta or logic of university law professors who are generally incompetent lawyers engaged in teaching as a result of intellectual infirmities, but of the value of Lieber as an authority there can be no question. This is what he says in his chapter entitled "Bail. Penal Trial," in his work on Civil Liberty and Self Government: "The law of all nations not wholly depraved in a

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political point of view, adopts the principle that a man shall be held innocent until proved by process of law to be otherwise. Indeed the very idea of a trial implies as much. Theoretically, at least, this is acknowledged by all civilized nations, although often the way in which judicial affairs are conducted, and in many countries the very mode of trying itself, are practically denials of the principle. But even in the freest country there is this painful yet unavoidable contradiction, that while we hold every person innocent until by lawful trial proved to be guilty, we must arrest a person in order to bring him to a penal trial; and, although by the law he is still considered innocent, he must be deprived of personal liberty until his trial can take place, which cannot always follow instantly upon arrest. To mitigate this harshness as much as possible, free nation's guarantee the principle of bailing in all cases in which the loss of the bailed sum may be considered as a more serious evil than the possible punishment. The amount of bail must depend upon the seriousness of the charge, and also upon the means of the charged person. If judges were allowed to demand exorbitant bail, they might defeat the action of this principle in every practical case. It was therefore enacted in the first year of William and Mary, and has been adopted in all our constitutions, that no 'excessive bail' shall be required."

"Oh, mamma," she cried, rushing into her mother's room, and flinging her arms around the parental neck, "he loves me! He loves me!"

"My dear child, I'm so glad! Has he told you? Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"No, but he's down in the library learning to play chess with papa."

Sentiment Against Immunity

Apparently from what has occurred so far in Judge Lawlor's court in relation to the impanelment of a jury for the trial of Patrick Calhoun, Mr. Heney and his associates have not succeeded in persuading many persons that they acted wisely or in accordance with just principles when they bargained for the testimony of boodlers and brigands with the lure of immunity. It is most surprising that a propaganda so vociferous, so liberally financed, so generously endorsed by pious pulpiteers and incorruptible college professors—poor in purse but rich in learning—should have made so few converts in this great and impressionable city. Have the people no faith in the newspaper organs of this propaganda? Have they no confidence in the prophets who have been telling them that boodling, blackmailing public servants are minor criminals? The testimony given in Judge Lawlor's court seems to warrant the conclusion that the people are most exasperatingly stubborn. They seem to sympathize with the victims of official greed and iniquity. And this is one of the reasons why it is so difficult to get a jury to try Patrick Calhoun.

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Moore Protects Lawlor

From the reports in the daily prints it is evident that Judge Lawlor is conscious of the fact that he occupies a very embarrassing position as presiding officer of the Calhoun trial. At the outset it was intimated to him that he was not regarded by the defendant as entirely impartial, but this intimation had no effect on the stern and entirely self-satisfied jurist. He had undertaken the trial of Mr. Calhoun, and his alert scruples were not to respond to the misgivings of the defendant. Since the work of impaneling the jury began it has seemed to some observers that Judge Lawlor's attitude was not entirely consistent with impartiality, but the judge has stuck manfully to his task realizing the while that this trial will prove in the nature of a test of the quality of his conscience which all who run may read. The newspapers are publishing pretty full reports of the proceedings, and readers are given abundant opportunity of judging of the fairness and therefore of the moral stamina of the man on the bench. And occasionally they are enlightened by that brilliant veteran of the bar, Mr. A. A. Moore, who, apparently, has resolved to safeguard Judge Lawlor against such inadvertencies as might start unfounded suspicion. As for example when Judge Lawlor last Tuesday objected to Attorney Byington's style of examination saying, "It is seductive and it is well calculated to cause the juror to adopt the point of view entertained by counsel." Thereupon the sagacious Mr. Moore: "I could not have expressed it so well your honor, but those were the ideas that were oppressing me during every cross-examination that Mr. Heney has made today." Mr. Moore's naivete is delicious and doubtless it is appreciated by the absolutely fair man on the bench.

The Retort Pertinent

It would not be a bad idea if some of our gilded youths could learn to distinguish between real wit and the impudent smartness which passes in their own circle for the genuine article. When they attempt to cross swords with their mental superiors they are more than apt to find themselves outpointed and left unarmed. An instance of this was exemplified the other day when a

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young attorney by the name of Doyley from one of the interior towns happened to be seated in the lobby of a large hotel in conversation with a friend. A young millionaire, more noted for the size of his hands than for the volume of his brains, sauntered up and was introduced. That he had but just emerged from the bar room may furnish explanation, though hardly an excuse, for, as soon as he caught the name of Doyley he acknowledged the introduction by a very supercilious nod and then drawled: "Doyley? Yes, yes, one of the things we wipe our hands on." Doyley flashed one look at him and taking in his most prominent personal peculiarity, he answered without a moment's hesitation: "Hands, yes, but not hams."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Nothing of striking importance has been seen in Wall Street securities during the week passed. The Harriman and Hill issues have been very quiet; the greatest activity was shown in such stocks as Chesapeake and Ohio, Wabash, Norfolk and Western, Rock Island and Southern Railway, and stocks of this character. Steel Common advanced $4 per share on buying by inside interests, a very large short interest had accumulated also which had something to do with the advance. It is said Lawson was caught heavily short and was run in. The fact that the Steel Company announced its willingness to sell to its employees Common Stock at 50, guaranteeing them from loss at that price proved a bull card. It is generally believed that no measure of tariff reduction will be allowed to be passed by Congress that will lessen the Companies earnings to any great extent. Many reliable market authorities who were talking lower prices for steel securities a month ago have completely changed their position and are now predicting 100 for Steel Common. The last quarterly earnings were $26,-252,000.

The most depressing thing that Wall Street has had to contend with lately is the severe weakness of Consolidated Gas which shows a net decline of $50 per share since the first of the year. Its influence seems to be waning as the Street is not disposed to look upon it as bearing any relative influence over the rest of the market. The strength shown in the Rock Island issues of late is causing more than passing interest. For more than two years the surplus earnings of the Company have been used in betterments, resulting in placing the fiscal condition of the property in first class condition. Everything seems to indicate an early announcement of the Rock Island's intentions of building their own line to the Coast. They would have no trouble in buying one or two small roads now in operation in California, which would aid them in reaching San Francisco very materially. It is absolutely necessary for the Rock Island to reach the Coast over its own line to maintain its present system. It is a noteworthy fact that all roads and ideas point to the Pacific Coast which has the call over all other sections of the country.

The crop prospects throughout California never have been so prosperous as at present. While some material damage has resulted from the recent rains the amount of good that will result to other sections of the State will be so much greater than the damage done that transportation companies will not be able to move the increased production this year. It is no idle talk to say that California is God's country, and for this reason every section of these United States has its eyes upon her resources and future prospects. Locally there have been some rumors of a possibility of the United Railways securing control of the Ocean Shore Road. In the event of this happening electricity would be substituted for steam, a change of this kind would prove very beneficial to the territory along the Ocean Shore line. Electric transportation would afford much better service than a steam road and would result in great benefit in many ways.

A general canvass made recently throughout the jobbing interests of San Francisco, with branches at Sacramento, Stockton and Los Angeles report December and January showing large gains as compared with the same months of the previous year, this in the face of weather conditions which kept country people at home.

Savings Banks are seeking good loans. The time is practically at hand when owners of our large buildings recently erected will receive an income from them; this will brighten up matters materially, and cause a broadening of building activity resulting in the general employment of labor, this will result in greater circulation of money, helping every branch of trade. The future could not look brighter.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Vanderbilt Divorce

From a personal letter from New York I learn that there is not much likelihood of the junior Willie K. Vanderbilts patching up their differences. Which reminds me that divorce runs in the family on both sides of the house. At the same time I am reminded of a good story that was told when the domestic scandal of the elder William Kissam Vanderbilts was being exploited by the newspapers. Two Irishmen employed in digging a trench were overheard one day at the noon hour as they were discussing the Vanderbilt divorce along with their lunch. "I'm not rich," said one of them, "but I thank God that there's never been any divorce scandal in my family."

When the Elder Vanderbilts Separated

The separation of the senior William K. Vanderbilts occurred in 1893. They had sailed for the Mediterranean on their yacht Valiant with "Ollie" Belmont as a guest. The pleasure trip was brought to a sudden close and two years later Mrs. Vanderbilt brought suit for divorce



Photo, Habernicht MISS EVA CASTLE

Whose engagement to A. P. S. Macquisten, was recently announced.

accusing her husband of infidelity and naming as co-respondent a woman identified with the gay life of Paris. It was understood at the time that Vanderbilt himself supplied the co-respondent in accordance with an agreement with his wife. Mrs. Vanderbilt then married "Ollie" Belmont and six years ago her ex-husband married Mrs. Louise Rutherford. At the time of his marriage the New York Sun said of him: "During the time of his domestic troubles and the pendency of proceedings for divorce he bore himself with most admirable self control though the circumstances must have been mortifying to him, and, according to report, peculiarly exasperating. His treatment of his divorced wife, so far as concerns financial provision was princely, magnanimous, to a degree that even makes it remarkable in history."

A Shock to Her Friends

The parents of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr., the James G. Fairs, were also divorced with the aid of a "dummy" affinity, but neither ever remarried. Though Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister, Mrs. Oelrichs, was never divorced, she was not on friendly terms with her husband at the time of his death. Indeed they had been separated several years. Birdie Fair was believed to be most happily married, and her friends have been deeply affected



Photo, Maurer MISS HARRIET MEEK

Whose engagement to Mr. Stuart Hawley has been announced.

by the news that her husband's affections have been alienated by a beautiful actress. The latter, by the way, in her youth was a street singer in Italy.

He's a Gay Rogue

The only surprise in connection with the Ashton Potter divorce is that Mrs. Potter procrastinated in the matter for such a great length of time. It has been rumored in society for many months that a final separation had taken place and that the fickle army officer had de-

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termined on marrying another as soon as he regained his liberty. It was in Switzerland that he lost his heart to an affinity. The Potter heart is a very flabby organ, and Dame Society first formed the acquaintance of the scion of a distinguished family when he came hither en route to the Philippines. He was well equipped with letters to the notables of the fashionable herd, but he was not very cordially received, and instead of footing it along the flowery path of wedlock he steered a zigzag course along the cocktail route. However he met and captivated Mamie McNutt and they spent a very hilarious and happy honeymoon in Manila. Shortly before his marriage a young woman in this city made a bungling attempt to end her life and it was rumored that her heart had been broken by the gallant lieutenant.

More Divorce Rumors

Rumors of an irreconcilable conflict in a Burlingame household have been winging their flight up from that fashionable colony for several months, and when madame recently journeyed Eastward it was said that patience, the most enduring of her virtues, had finally been exhausted. The sensation of the Burlingame New Year's ball, I hear, was the husband's manifestation of a sentimental interest in a young matron whose husband had to come to her rescue.

The Retort Invincible

Stories of the lack of culture amongst our nouveau riche are often so ludicrous that it is a strain on credulity to believe them. Here is one of the latest—and best. Not long ago a scion of one of these gilded households determined to rent the family mansion on Broadway for a boarding house, and in his capacity of cicerone to the lessee he was most pompous and assertive in expatiating on the treasures to be consigned to her care. Now, it happens that the prospective landlady is a woman of real culture and refinement driven by adverse circumstances to the necessity of earning her own living, and the bizarre and tawdry ornaments and furnishings were a nightmare to her artistic soul. One of the chief gems of the collection was an absurd statue of "Mary had a little lamb" done in Carrara marble. That its arms had been broken off in the earthquake detracted nothing from its perfections in the eyes of the owner, for thinking that she discerned in this defect a plausible excuse for its removal, the lady remarked: "But its arms are broken." Drawing himself up, with dignified condescension, the patron of art made answer, "So were the arms of Venus de Milo!"

Anticipating an Announcement

Society has been taking note of the marked attentions paid by Walter Dillingham of Honolulu to Miss Helene Irwin at the Colonial ball and several recent large dinner parties, and wondering if Cupid is concerned. Walter Dillingham is a brother-in-law of Margaret Hyde-Smith-Dillingham, who is Miss Irwin's most intimate friend. It was while visiting at the Irwin home that Margaret Hyde-Smith met Harold Dillingham, and at about the same time the penchant of Walter Dillingham for the pretty daughter of the house began to be noticed. But Mrs. Irwin's friends claimed that she had other designs for Helene, and at any rate, she departed with her for Europe, where they remained for over a year. Walter Dillingham arrived in San Francisco some weeks ago, just a day or two previous to the return of the Irwins, and the coincidence has been sufficient to whet curiosity as to the probability of an engagement.

Miss Blair's Impression

The balls which have been given this season have caused so much hard feeling that society is almost hoping next year will see a return to teas. Hardly had the gossip over the intentional slighting of one girl at the Hopkins ball and the elimination of a prominent society family from the Henry Scott and Colonial affairs died down when Miss Jennie Blair gave grievous offense to Mrs. Alexander. At the close of the last Colonial Mrs. Alexander inquired sweetly of the auburn-haired heiress: "Well, Jennie, what did you think of it." "A very nice dance for very young people," was the too candid response of the veteran.

Heard on the Side

The young men are doing their best in their own way to make the modish, directoire gown unpopular. As one sweet young debutante entered the ball room at the Colonial, one beau was heard to remark to another, "Ah, I see Miss ——— is wearing a maternity gown tonight." At the Scott ball, as the guests picked their way down and up the poorly lighted stairs which led from the ball room to the supper room, one voice was heard in the remark: "Isn't this like the bottomless pit?" Whereupon, the second, something of a wag, observing a sheath gown that passed in the night, made answer, "Oh, not so bottomless."

Why the Boys Applauded

Masculine comments on feminine drapery are often illuminating. Some years ago, when the "Mother Hubbard" was the newest thing, and not yet relegated to its proper place as a house gown, one of the high school misses had her graduating frock cut in the latest mode. As she was not known to be especially popular or widely acquainted, the volume of applause that greeted her on every occasion when she took part in the exercises rather

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mystified her classmates, who lost no time in interrogating their brothers, cousins, and boy friends generally. Then the murder was out. The ushers had been picked from amongst the high school lads who, not knowing the girl at all, were struck by the peculiarity of the costume, and the word was passed round amongst them to "clap for the girl in the nightgown." The audience, of course, took their cue from the ushers, no doubt, imagining that they were helping along in some excellent if obscure cause.

To Interpret Debussey

Though it may be many moons before we shall hear the opera of "Pelleas and Melissande" in which Mary Garden won new laurels in New York, it will serve as the motive of a rare musical treat at the St. Francis on



Photo, Genthe MISS MARGARET KEMBLE

Who will give an interpretative study of "Pelleas and Melissande" under the patronage of society at the St. Francis.

the evening of February 3rd when Miss Margaret Kemble will give an interpretative study of the Debussey masterpiece with piano accompaniment and 'cello solos by Arthur Weiss. Miss Kemble is a talented artist who has devoted much study to the modern music drama. She will appear under the patronage of the leaders of society.

A Kissing Scene

Cupid is having a busy winter, if we are to believe all that we hear, but rumor is persistently active in one case at least, in which there is a more than blind conjecture for a guide. It was a little episode that occurred during the last Colonial, when the pleasures of the dance were at their highest. The interested parties were so absorbed in each other that they evidently forgot that the stairway was a public promenade between the ball room and the loges. More than one couple halted on the downward way to the dancing floor to witness a kissing scene in the midst of a "too real even to seem strange" Gibson setting. They affirm that it was by no means a one-sided affair either, and now they are eagerly watching for the announcement of an engagement which has been more or less anticipated ever since one family moved to town and a young man has been seen haunting their apartments on Washington street. However, before Lent it is promised that we shall know not only all about this particular affair but four others. Two of them concern debutantes of the present season, one of whom is known for her vivacity and the other for her cleverness and tact. The latter is the niece of a well-known artist.

Perpetual Mourning

It used to be held almost as a superstition, in another generation, when mourning garb was insisted upon as a social convention and the gradations of first and second mourning, to say nothing of the degrees of crape, and blackness without crape were fixed by rule, that once in mourning there was little hope of emerging. The Hyde-Smith girls could not be blamed if they were to assert that this is their fate, for they seem to have spent their lifetime in going in and out of black. Mrs. Baldwin Wood is again appearing in the somber garmenture which she laid away at the time of her marriage, and her greeting to each of her friends as she meets them is, "Well, I'm in mourning again." This time it is for her aunt, Miss Mary Smith, that Gertrude has laid aside her trousseau frocks. It is the same aunt, by the way, who, some years ago, promised to divide her large fortune amongst the three Hyde-Smith children, Gertrude, Margaret and Bayard, on condition that they would drop the hyphenated first syllable and call themselves plain Smith. The girls did make the effort, but without avail, for their friends had become so accustomed to the old way that it held in spite of them. However it has made no material difference, for the late Miss Smith remembered them all substantially in her will. Gertrude is rapidly regaining her health and is looking very radiant and happy. She had just begun to attend the big functions when the news of her aunt's death arrived, but it is hoped that the period of outward mourning will be short, as she is one of the most popular of the young matrons.

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A Premature License

The date for the wedding of Ethel Hartson and Captain Thomas Caldwell Turner, U. S. Marine Corps, has been definitely set for February 10th. It is to be a pretty home wedding at the residence of Miss Hartson's aunt, Mrs. E. B. Cope, and in connection with it there is an amusing story told at the expense of the young couple, who have had to endure a lot of good natured bantering from their intimates because of the precipitate haste with which they procured the license. On the eighth of January, at a small dinner given in their honor, the date for the ceremony was made known, but, as there had been unavoidable postponements in their plans once or twice before, some one laughingly remarked that there were grave doubts whether the marriage ever would take place. The next morning, in order to circumvent unkind fate as far as possible, the interested parties hied themselves to the City Hall and applied for the essential document, exactly one month in advance of their need. The busy reporters of the daily press, of course, copied the record, with the result that everyone who reads the newspapers made the discovery immediately, and they have had to bear with equinamity the teazing of their friends. Miss Marguerite Butters and Miss Julia Dixon are to be bridesmaids at the wedding, and Captain Matthews and Lieutenant Glassford of the navy will be the ushers. After the honeymoon the young couple will make their home at Mare Island, where Captain Turner is stationed for the present.

The Greenway Assembly

The interest aroused in the Greenway for the 29th was unusual. Everyone who attended the last Assembly has been loud in its praises, and there was in consequence, much pleasurable anticipation of the one this week. The debutantes, fearful lest they should have their dances untaken, were so delightfully surprised that nothing could persuade them to forego this one. The record made by the last Assembly has set a mark for beautiful entertainments which it will be hard to pass for some time to come, unless indeed, Mr. Greenway establishes another. Those who assume to speak say that he was on his mettle, and that such a thing was as likely as not to be brought about. A great many handsome dinners were planned for January 29th at the Fairmont, preceding the ball. These occasions always bring out beautiful costumes and jewels and are a matter of interest to the onlookers as well as to the participants. Amongst those scheduled to entertain were Mrs. Andrew Welch; Mrs. Weller, who decided to give a dinner in honor of her daughter, Miss Anna, one of the season's most popular debutantes; Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, who will entertain twenty or her friends; Mrs. Fred Sharon, who will give a dinner in honor of Miss Florence Breckenridge. Thornwell Mullally and Mr. Greenway will also gave small dinners.

A Coronado Polo Tournament

The annual championship polo tournament and race meet of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association will be held towards the end of March on the field and track of the Coronado Country Club at Coronado Beach. The following officials will have charge of the race meet, which will be for ponies and galloways only: T. H. Williams, president of the California Jockey Club, Presiding Judge; Walter H. Dupee and T. A. Driscoll, Associate Judges; Alvin B. Daniels, Perceval Thompson and W. E. Pedley, Time Keepers; Major Colin G. Ross, Frank T. Hudson, H. Gordon Pattee, Alexander Hamilton, Francis J. Carolan, Walter Scott Hobart, Charles W. Clark and Rufus Spaulding, Stewards; Frank Belcher, B. N. Smith Jr., and William Shackford, Clerks of the Course; Joshua Hammond, Clerk of the Scales; and D. J. Emmons, Starter. The most important trophy to be contended for in the pony races in which only amateur riders will take part is the remarkably handsome Spreckels Racing Cup. This was won in 1906 and 1908 by Dr. E. J. Boeseke of Santa Barbara with his fast gray pony, Blue Knot, and in 1907 by Charles W. Clark of San Mateo with Joe Ross. The race this year will be specially interesting, entries having been promised by the following well known owners of racing ponies; R. N. Carman, Charles Gates, Thomas H. Williams, Charles W. Clark, Dr. E. J. Boeseke and Alexander Hamilton. If Dr. Boeseke should score a third victory the splendid trophy will become his property. The winner of each annual race receives a miniature solid silver replica of the big trophy.

Husband and Wife in Pest House

The friends of the Rev. William Remson and his bride were startled and shocked by the news which reached them from Stockton during the week. Mr. Remson, who is the rector of the Episcopal Church of Stockton, was taken ill about the first of January and the physicians called in attendance pronounced his malady smallpox. Mrs. Remson, who was Miss May Foulkes, insisted on accompanying her husband to the pest house, where she has been for a fortnight. Mr. Remson's attack is said to be very light, and he is rapidly recovering. As yet Mrs. Remson has shown no symptoms of infection. All the friends of both families, and the clerical brethen of Mr. Remson have been contributing comforts and cheer in their endeavor to lighten the deplorable situation.

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Some Teas

Among the many pretty afternoon teas given in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont during the week were Mrs. John McMullin's "Army Tea" in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Doughtery and the Misses Morrison of San Jose; Miss Bessie Zane's informal tea in honor of a dozen or more of her girl friends; Mrs. James Otis's tea for twenty-five friends; Mrs. Andrew Welch's affair for her young friends, and Mrs. Davis's elaborate tea in honor of Miss Marjorie Shepard, to which about twenty of the younger army set were invited. Mrs. W. E. Dean was hostess at a large tea on January 27th, at which seventy-five guests enjoyed her hospitality.

Navy Ladies Aggrieved

There is decided dissatisfaction amongst both maids and matrons at Mare Island over the lack of discretion shown occasionally by marine officers in their choice of the women whom they invite as guests. Against one young married officer in particular they are very much aggrieved. Time was when it was considered as much of a distinction to be invited to the navy dances as it was to be included in the Greenway list, and the ladies of the service naturally feel aggrieved that the affairs are losing caste on account of the indiscrimination of those who should know better. While disclaiming any inclination to be listed in the "Book of Snobs," they maintain that the least that can be expected of an officer—and a gentleman—is that he should refrain from bringing within the official precincts those whose pasts are conspicuously shady, and one result of much council held over the tea cups is the report that there is to be a general revision of the visiting list at the navy yard.

In the Social Spotlight

One of the most beautiful banquets given in San Francisco was that tendered to Bishop Nichols on Monday night by his friends and members of the church. More than a hundred and twenty-five guests sat down in the red room, including prominent churchmen from all parts of the State. After the banquet Dr. Elwood Worcester of Boston, the father of the Emanuel movement by which many almost miraculous cures have been effected, told of his work and his efforts to help humanity. Dr. Worcester has been a guest of the Fairmont during his stay in San Francisco.

One of the largest and brilliant affairs of the near future will be the reception and ball to be given by Islam Temple of the Mystic Shrine in honor of Edwin J. Alderman, the Imperial Potentate of the order in the United States. More than two thousand invitations have been issued.

Under the simple signature of L. Takahura, Tokyo, Japan, is concealed the identity of one of the foremost financiers and captains of industry in the Mikado's realm. Mr. Takahura is one of the high officials in the great Japanese steamship line, Toyo Kisen Kaisha. He is en route to South America, where the company contemplates establishing another direct steamship line. Mr. Shirashi, president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, is also a guest at the Fairmont, having been there for a considerable time.

The "Service Set" at the Fairmont was augmented during the week by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hatton, Walter McLean, Constructor; Mrs. C. W. Fisher; Constructor and Mrs. Coburn, Paymaster and Mrs. Hatch, Ensign and Mrs. A. C. Stott, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ray, Captain and Mrs. E. B. Underwood, all of the U. S. N.

An interesting party from the East is now sojourning at the Fairmont. It includes Colonel Henry O. Clark, Mrs. Clark, Miss Lois Clark, and the Misses Clara and Elsie Clark of East Orange, New Jersey; General and Mrs. C. L. Marsh of Edenburg Falls, Vermont, and General H. W. Allen of Burlington, Vermont. The three gentlemen served together in the Fifth Vermont Regiment during the Civil War, and while scattered and living in different towns, they still keep up the pleasant custom of taking an annual trip together.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who have just returned from Europe, have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter and will reopen their beautiful Burlingame home, "Crossways," in the spring. They have with them as their guest Miss Page Brown of New York, who is already making a host of friends for herself.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayre have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the remainder of the winter.

Edgar R. Bowring of St. Johns, New Foundland, is at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, who is on her way to Europe, was the guest at a number of teas during the few days before her departure. The one given by Miss Aloise Gebhardt was a very lively affair at which there were fully as many men present as women. It was quite a gathering of the clans, and a list of those present would read like a page from the Blue Book. Miss Gebhardt had the honor of giving the farewell entertainment on Saturday afternoon. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Mansfeldt was the motif of a tea given in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont by Mrs. Jafet Linderberg. Fourteen guests were entertained at a round table at which the season was anticipated, for primroses, the flower of February, were the decorations used on the occasion.

Among the guests from at home and abroad registered at Del Monte during the past week are the following: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bloomingdale, Mr. Lester Osterman, Mr. J. Herman, Mr. Frank de Grassi, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Downes, New York; Signor and Madame de Grassi, Captain H. Engalls, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. George W. McGill, Canada; Mrs. Albert Keep and her niece, Miss Ethel Merrick, Chicago; Miss G. Waring and Miss C. Gassiot, London; Mr. W. Oenmichen, Dresden; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hagar, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Darling, Duluth, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Prescott, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Fred Wolean, Boston.

The almost unprecedented length and severity of the rain storm along the coast has kept many travelers stormbound at Del Monte, but the indoor attractions seem to have counterbalanced the outside gloom. The annual excursion from Walla Walla, Washington, stopped at Del Monte on Wednesday and were fortunate in having a fine morning for the Seventeen-



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mile Drive. These parties are made up of the enterprising and wealthy citizens of the Northwest, who combine business with pleasure in studying the resources of California while advertising their own fruitful country. On this occasion about eighty guests enjoyed the hospitality of Del Monte, one of the prettiest features of their entertainment being the profusion of violets with which their table was decorated and the great bunches given to the guests.

Miss Genevieve Harvey returned to Del Monte on the first of the week after a visit to the city, where she was entertaind by Mrs. Elinor Martin, and to Burlingame, where her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, has taken a house for the summer.

Mr. A. F. Davidson, Mr. Henry Schoenberg, Mr. C. L. Robinson and Miss Frances Scannell, all of San Francisco, registered at Del Monte last week.

When Mrs. C. J. Foster and Mrs. Van Bergen sent out cards for their dance, which is to take place on Saturday evening, February 6th, they intended to invite only those in their early teens, but they have been prevailed upon to extend their list and in consequence, the guests, which will number about one hundred and fifty, now include the debutantes of the season, the popular belles, and many desirable young men from the cities across the bay. Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Van Bergen will entertain their guests at the California.

Mrs. William Plummer was hostess at one of the most delightful teas of the season, given last week at her residence in Sausalito, in honor of Mrs. Orrin Wolfe, formerly Mabel Watkins, who is here from Alaska on a visit to her parents, Captain and Mrs. Watkins of Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Marcus will sail on February 8th from Hamburg.

Mrs. Frank Kerrigan will be hostess at a bridge party on February 12th.

Mrs. Fred Knight will give a card party on February 4th.

Mrs. George Cadwalader and Miss Linda Cadwalader gave an informal tea during the week, at their home on Devisadero street.

Mr. Knox Maddox gave a small luncheon recently at the St. Francis to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Linda Cadwalader.

Mrs. Charles Meinik and Miss Meinik have returned from a long residence abroad and are stopping at the Hotel York on California street.

Mrs. Walter Hobart, with her three interesting children, have gone East, where they will remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Van Dyck Johns have returned from a four months' trip to Baltimore, and are now residing in their flat on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Horace Hellman gave a prettily appointed tea at her home on Gough street last Thursday in honor of Mrs. Meinik and her daughter, who were warmly welcomed by their old friends, all prominent in the Pioneer set.

Mrs. Wm. Horne was hostess at a bridge party in San Rafael last week, given in honor of Mrs. Starr Keeler. Mrs. Keeler was formerly Grace Taft, a relative of President-elect, and a brilliant and interesting woman. The Keelers were formerly residents of Sausalito, but have now located permanently in San Rafael.

Mrs. George Hill Stoddard made Miss Mazie Crowley the motif of a pleasant tea at the Fairmont on Monday afternoon. Miss Crowley's marriage to Howard T. Blethen will take place early in February.

Mrs. Norris Davis is at the Adler Sanitarium where she is slowly recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

The Francesca Club will take rooms in the Shreve Building and move down town as soon as the premises are in order.

Mrs. Noble Eaton gave a bridge party on Wednesday evening, January 27th, at her home on Vallejo street.

Mrs. Howard Bickell was hostess at a bridge party given at her home on Jackson street during the week.

Miss Marian Miller was the youthful hostess at an informal but none the less enjoyable dance given at the home of her parents, the C. O. G. Millers, on Pacific avenue last Friday evening. The barn dance does not seem to languish in its popularity amongst the youngest set.

Owing to the Italian disaster Mrs. Walter E. Hedges postponed her departure on the appointed date, but she will leave on the Corona which sails from New York on February 18th. At Nice Mrs. Hedges will join Miss Helene Robson, going thence to Paris, where Mrs. Marguerite Hanford will join the party, and all three will spend some time in travel. It will probably be a year before Mrs. Hedges and Mrs. Hanford return to California.

Miss Emily Carolan has returned from New York where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Timlow.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett are visiting Mrs. Poett's mother, Mrs. Carolon, on Buchanan street.

John A. Britton, president of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, has brought his family over from Oakland to take permanent quarters at the St. Francis.

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Stage

Ellen Terry Discusses Irving

Speaking of Ellen Terry's autobiography, Mr. A. B. Walkley in the London Times says that to no one of her stage comrades does she give such long and sympathetic analysis as to Henry Irving. "Just as she reveals herself, so Miss Terry reveals her great chief, in his strength of character, of brain, and, above all, of will; in his childlike simplicity and his equally childlike subtlety; his remoteness and reserve, and the life-long loneliness that these brought him; his hesitations and his greatness; his fine courtesy and his domineering self-assertion. * * * For those in the future who want to know Henry Irving the man, her book will be a necessary document." One should add the actor also, for Miss Terry definitely pictures each character impersonated by him during her quarter of a century at the Lyceum Theatre. Henry Irving, indeed, was no happier in his great "leading lady" than in his present interpreter. The dominant personality of Irving "looms across" those years at the Lyceum, writes Miss Terry, "reducing all events, all feelings, all that happened and all that was suggetsed, to pigmy size." Before that time she had seen very little of him, and he less of her. "I never thought that he would become a great actor," she tells us. "He had no high opinion of my acting." They had played together during one short engagement, in Garrick's "boiled-down version" of "The Taming of the Shrew," not successfully. Irving, as Petruchio, was in fact a melancholy failure. She continues: "Even up to the last five years of his life, Henry Irving was striving, striving. He never rested on old triumphs, never found a part in which there was no more to do. Once when I was touring with him in America, at the time when he was at the highest point of his fame, I watched him one day in the train—always a delightful occupation, for his face provided many pictures a minute—and being struck by a curious expression, half-triumphant, half-despairing, asked him what he was think about. 'I was thinking,' he answered slowly, 'how strange it is that I should have made the reputation I have as an actor, with nothing to help me, with no equipment. My legs, my voice—everything has been against me. For an actor who can't walk, can't talk, and has no face to speak of, I've done pretty well.'"

"The Wolf"

With the coming of "The Wolf" to the Van Ness next week a distinct dramatic novelty is promised. It is by Eugene Walter who is also the author of "Paid in Full" both plays running simultaneously at Broadway theatres last season. The locale of "The Wolf" is laid in the Hudson Bay vicinity, and portrays a group of rugged characters typical of Canada's frontier—as picturesque as they are human. The principal characters are Mac Tavish, a hard headed Scotchman, whose wife has long since left him on account of his nagging, leaving him a beautiful daughter, Hilda, the counterpart of her mother and the central figure in the drama; Jules Beaubien, a young French-Canadian, a wholesome character, brave, sturdy, true, and frankly in love with Hilda; William McDonald, an American civil engineer, forwarding the construction of a new railroad, who is the rival of Beaubien for the conquest of Hilda, though unworthy, for he has a wife and children in the States and regards Hilda as a prey for his caprice; George Huntley, a light hearted but sturdy youth, who delights in tantalizing his colleagues; and B'Atiste Le Grand, a quiet but revengeful French romad, brooding over his lost love, the sister of Beaubien, who has been betrayed and driven to suicide by her disgrace before the opening of the play. The story depicts the manœuvres between Beaubien and McDonald to win Hilda—the former for his wife and the latter for his mistress. B'Atiste discovers that the villainous McDonald was the very man responsible for the misery and death of his beloved Annette, and wishes to kill him at once, but Beaubien, as brother of the dead girl, reserves that revenge for himself. While the play as a whole is one of sylvan simplicity, it presents many phases from Ibsenesque problem to farcical scenes, but with melodramatics predominating throughout, especially in the last act, which the New York critics declared to be one of the most thrilling ever written, and yet perfectly natural, plausible and true to life.

Greenbaum Concerts

The second of the most successful season of the chamber music concerts ever given in this city will take place on Sunday afternoon, January 31st, at Lyric Hall, when Will Greenbaum's splendid Lyric Quartette will give "An Afternoon with Dvorak," assisted by the gifted young tenor, Laurence H. Strauss, and Gyula Oranya, a pianist of extraordinary talent. The program includes the "American Quartette," op. 96, three beautiful songs, "Like a Linden Tree am I," "The Lark," and "I know that Hope Doth Smile," and a quintette for strings and piano, which is one of the most beautiful works in the literature of chamber music. Seats are 50 cents and $1.00, and may be secured at the hall any time after 10 a. m. on Sunday, and until then at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s. The third concert will be given on Sunday, February 28th, when a very novel program will be given, including the only string quartette ever composed and published by a woman.

"The Crisis" at the Alcazar

"The Crisis," which is announced as the Alcazar's attraction for the coming week, is a dramatization of Winston Churchill's famous story, which has long been rated



MACE GREENLEAF

The new leading man at the Valencia who will be seen in "The Prince Chap."

among the "best sellers," and for two seasons was used as a starring vehicle by James K. Hackett. It deals with that intense period of American history at the time of Lincoln's first election to the presidency, when the civil war began, and the scenes are laid in the city of St. Louis, then in a state of ferment. The hero is Stephen Brice, a Northerner, born in Boston and educated at Harvard. At his father's financial ruin and death he takes his mother and goes to St. Louis to study law in the office of Judge Whipple, an old family friend. The judge is an ardent Yankee and hates slavery, and Stephen creates a sensation immediately upon his arrival, while waiting to see him, by buying a slave girl at an auction, bidding from the window of the judge's office against Virginia Carvel and thereby incurring her scorn and strong resentment, for she is intense in her hatred for all Yankees, anyway. The purchase costs Brice every dollar he has, and his sole object is one of impulse, merely buying the slave girl for the purpose of setting her free. Virginia's cousin, Clarence Colfax, who loves her, is a hot-headed young Southerner, and as chance brings her and Stephen Brice together as the play goes on, seeks to affront and insult him at every opportunity. Stephen Brice's manliness and nobility of nature, however, eventually gain Miss Carvel's admiration, and during the dark days of struggles that follow chance brings it into his power to save her cousin's life and her father from being captured in the enemy's lines, as well as rendering other valuable services to her and those who are dear to her. He is her hero, he has always been—in spite of her loyal Southern convictions—and the beautiful play ends with peace and happiness for them. In the costumes of a half-a-century ago, and with sterling dramatic material to interpret, the Alcazar players can be depended upon to make "The Crisis" an extremely interesting offering.

Hotaling Back to His Old Love

"Dick" Hotaling will return to the stage next week. He will open at Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland Monday night in Richelieu, supported by Bishop's players. As an actor Mr. Hotaling is obliged to overcome an handicap—that of being a millionaire. In consequence of this troublesome circumstance which is accepted as implying that he is a dilettante, Mr. Hotaling is regarded by some as an amateur of art, a mere dabbler in histrionics to be admired for his predilection but not to be taken seriously. Now as a matter of fact Mr. Hotaling has considerable histrionic ability. As a matter of fact he is equipped with more of the qualities requisite for the realization of stage characters than are to be found in many actors who rely on their histrionic talent for a living; he has brains and temperament and affection for his art; he is a student of the drama of the traditions of the stage, and were he not a millionaire the probability is that he might achieve high rank among the interpreters of the classic drama.

At the Valencia

"When Knighthood Was in Flower," staged and costumed in sumptuous fashion and splendidly acted, will be presented for the last times at the Valencia Theatre this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night the versatile members of this hard-working stock company will take a long jump from the sock and buskin period of King Henry VIII and come to the extremely up-to-date time of "A Contented Woman," Charles H. Hoyt's great satire on Woman's Suffrage, and by far the best play ever written by that delightful author. The action takes place in Denver, where members of the fair sex are allowed the ballot, and the story centers around the candidacy of Benton Holme and his wife, Grace, who are running against each other for mayor. Mrs. Holme is urged to run against her husband by Aunt Jim, who literally wears the trousers of her family, holding her weaker half, Uncle Toby, under absolute subjection. Both of the candidates use all of the methods of the thoroughly up-to-date politician in making their canvas and the typical ward heeler and all of his associates are greatly in evidence throughout the play. Mrs. Holme tries on over a dozen styles of hat, wondering which will best serve to catch the woman vote, and her husband is put to his wits' end to devise ways and means of capturing the coveted office. After a strenuous campaign Mrs. Holme carries the day and finds that she does not want the mayoralty after all. Of course things are finally straightened out in the customary good-humored Hoyt fashion and everything ends satisfactorily to all parties concerned. "The Prince Chap," which will serve to introduce Mace Greenleaf, the new leading man of the Valencia stock company to a San Francisco audience, will follow "A Contented Woman."

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The Gordon Concerts

On Friday morning the sale of seats for the two Mackenzie Gordon concerts will open. The dates for the concerts are Tuesday night, February 9th, and Sunday afternoon, February 14th. Complete programs will be ready at the box office. On Friday afternoon, February 12th, Gordon will give his first recital in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. Eugene Blanchard will be the piano soloist and Fred Maurer the accompanist at all the Gordon concerts. Singers with voices like this artist are



ANDREW ROBSON
Who plays the leading role in "The Wolf" next week at the Van Ness Theatre.



LAURENCE H. STRAUSS

Tenor at the Second "Pop" Concert next Sunday afternoon at Lyric Hall.

rarely found and he is unquestionably one of the greatest interpreters of song now living. Mr. Greenbaum is being congratulated for taking him under his artistic direction.

Corinne at the American

Thomas Jefferson will be seen in his inimitable characterization of "Rip Van Winkle" for the last times at the American Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee Corinne, the singing comedienne who has a remarkable record of brilliant achievements in farce, musical comedy, comedy drama and comic opera and who is a great favorite in San Francisco, will begin a week's engagement in a character said to be absolutely different from any she has ever portrayed. The vehicle is a musical play, "Lola from Berlin," by John J. McNally, the well-known author, who has made a distinct departure from the line of work with which his name has been so long associated. The purpose of the managers, star and author has been to create something unique and the many interesting characters tell an agreeable story of modern life, rich in quaint humor, punctuated with wit and illustrated with songs and ensembles that consistently belong to the situation in which they are placed. The lyrics and music are of the liveliest and catchiest style imaginable. The company engaged to support Corinne includes such well-known musical comedy artists as Mark Sullivan, Hazel Carlton, Franklin Vail, Henry Carl Lewis, Lillie May White, Osborn Clemson, Anna Mortland, Stephen Stott, Adele Irish and Pearl Revare, together with a comely chorus of singing and dancing girls. The locale of the play affords ample opportunity for a lavish and brilliant production and the one originally provided by Klaw and Erlanger and used in the run of the piece at the Liberty Theatre, New York City, will be shown here intact. Corinne will be followed at the American by a lavish production of Martin V. Merle's powerful love story of early Rome, "The Light Eternal."

Mrs. Warfield

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Another Greenbaum Surprise

Manager Greenbaum anticipates scoring another big hit when he introduces Mme. Frieda Langendorff, the contralto, on Thursday night, February 18th, and Sunday afternoon, the 21st. Greenbaum has certainly furnished some surprises, like Blanche Arral and Katharine Goodson, and he expects to give us his third "find" this season. Langendorff has a big reputation abroad, but as she has been on the stage only seven years, it is natural that her fame should not have reached here. After her appearance at the St. Francis Musical Art Society's affair on the 17th, Manager Greenbaum predicts that things will be different. Recitals by mezzos and contraltos are somewhat rare, like those by tenors, but we are promised some works from Tchaikowsky never before heard in this city. Miss Flora Karp-Heilbron, a pianist from Vienna, will also make her debut here on these occasions. Fred Maurer has been secured as Langendorff's accompanist.

Great Bill at the Orpheum

The program at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee, it is said, will reach the highest possible standard of vaudeville. Six out of the eight acts to be presented will be entirely new and every one of them will be worthy of headline honors. Johnnie McVeigh and his College Girls will present an act called An In-



LOUISE LANGDON

Who will appear with Frank Byron in "The Dude Detective" next week at the Orpheum.

VAN NESS THEATRE

THE WOLF

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE

THE CRISIS

PRINCESS THEATRE

S. LOVERICH, MANAGER

BANKERS AND BROKERS

ORPHEUM

VALENCIA THEATRE

A CONTENTED WOMAN

AMERICAN THEATRE

LOLA FROM BERLIN

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

RICHELIEU

The Dutch Comedians

Kolb and Dill continue to pack the Princess Theatre at every performance. In their latest production, "Bankers and Brokers," they maintain their hold on popular favor. They are admirably supported by Gilda Leller and an excellent company. Next week will positively be the last of "Bankers and Brokers." It will be presented Monday evening, February 9th, by "Lonesome Town," which will be given with the complete production used by the favorite comedians in New York.

In the Limelight



MACKENZIE GORDON



The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

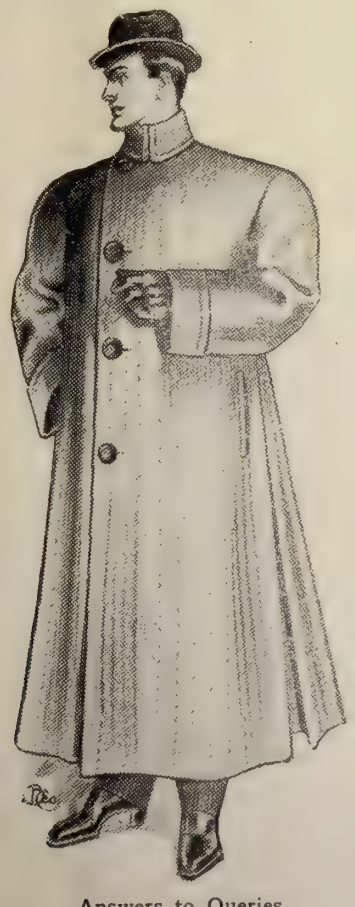
For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We will also start a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. Such questions will be answered in the following issue.

"CHIN OR PROTECTOR COAT"

This overgarment of which you will find an illustration below is without doubt the newest and handsomest garment in the overcoat line designed in years. It combines the double breasted oversack, the ulster or storm coat, the rain or traveling coat all "in one." It can be worn as a Dress overcoat or auto coat. If worn as dress overcoat it does away with the reefer and protects your linen from becoming damp or soiled.

The innovation of having either an inverted pleat or strap at side gives one ease and comfort on either alighting or leaving a car as well as in walking. The collar on this coat produces a military effect. The fabrics used in this garment should all be rainproofed and are, in good garments of Scotch or English textures.



Answers to Queries

A. S. In answer to what is the correct cut for full dress vest—the "V" or "U" shape. The "V" and half "U" shape divide the honors, about even, but owing to the difficulty of making a "V' shape fit perfectly, the half "V" shape is preferable.

Mr. I. L. J. In answer to your question, "Does a Tuxedo tie have to match the fancy waist coat exactly?" While it is good style to have tie match the waist coat, if the waist coat be light grey, a tie about 10 shades darker would present a prettier contrast.

Dr. Louis D. Mead has opened offices at 626-627 Butler Building, Union Square.

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Odd Things in the World

In Norway there is a law which forbids any one from cutting down a tree unless he plants three saplings in its place.

In the village of Waddeston, Buckinghamshire, England, on any morning or evening of the year a person may claim a drink of new milk from a cow especially kept for the refreshment of wayfarers. The animal is known as the "alms cow," and if she dies, another must be supplied by the parish.

Amongst Laplanders a priest always performs the marriage ceremony if such an official is available, but if circumstances prevent the orthodox ritual the father of the bride strikes a spark with flint and steel and pronounces the young couple duly wedded. Upon the death of either, the flint and steel are buried with the body, that the departed may have the means to make a fire and keep warm while on the long journey.

A striking feature of the Spanish royal wedding processions is the empty black coach of Juana-la Loca, the historic queen who refusing to believe that her husband was dead, watched for weary weeks beside his coffin awaiting his awakening. The gloomy state coach is of course never occupied but is a symbolic reminder to the new queen of the reverential fidelity which tradition demands of her.

The ancient civic ceremony of throwing the dart is carried out every third year in Cork Harbor, the only place where the ceremonial survives. Proceeding to the mouth of the harbor the Lord Mayor casts a silver dart into the sea, and as he does so proclaims his jurisdiction as admiral of the port over the harbor and all its inlets and creeks. The naval authorities look on with unconcern for the custom long ago lost any significance. Throwing the dart is now only an occasion for a civic outing.

According to a curious old custom still prevalent in Brittany, immediately after the priest has pronounced the binding words the groom strikes his wife in the face, saying: "This is how you will fare if you make me angry," and then kissing her he says: "This is how you will fare if you treat me well."

In Holland births, marriages and deaths are made known by a "windmill language." When a Dutch miller marries he stops his mill with the arms in a slanting position and the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do likewise in token that they are assisting with their presence on the occasion. A birth is announced by stopping the mill with the arms at a more acute angle than for a wedding and with only the two upper sails unfurled. When a miller dies the wheel is turned until the arms form an upright cross. All the sails are furled and they are left in this position until after the funeral.

In the old Devonshire town of Honiton the citizens are immune from arrest until sundown of one day, for, while the horse fair is in progress the arm of the law is powerless. It is a continuation of a quaint and picturesque ceremonial which has been handed down since the time of Henry III. When the horse fair begins, the town crier, in the gorgeous dress of an eighteenth century beadle, appears carrying a pole, at the end of which is a large gilt glove decked with flowers. Having rung his handbell three times, the crier, in his three-cornered hat, announces: "Oyez, oyez, oyez! the fair has begun; the glove is up; no man can be arrested till the glove is down. God save the king." Each sentence is chorused by the children and at the conclusion of the proclamation they scramble for nuts. At sunset the glove is taken down and the laws restored.



MRS. C. C. CLAY'S THOMAS LIMOUSINE ON THE DRIVEWAY OF HER FRUITVALE HOME, "LEVEL LEA."
Miss Alice Albright at the wheel with Miss Madeline Clay and Mr. Fred Farnham in the rear seat.

Auto Notes

Following the absorption of the Garford motor company of New York by the Studebaker automobile company has come the absorption of the Metropolitan motor car company of Cleveland, Ohio. The Studebaker company will use the entire garage of the company which it has absorbed and besides carrying a complete line of the Studebaker gasoline cars will have the Studebaker electrics and a line of Studebaker E-M-F "30" cars.

Mr. Carl Christensen, the Buick agent in Oakland, is busy demonstrating to prospective buyers the new '09 Buick White Streak with double tourabout seats on the back. He took delivery of this car from the Howard Automobile Company on Monday last.

Mrs. Don Rey of Galt arrived in this city Monday from Paso Robles, somewhat the worse for mud and rain, but triumphant, for she had been warned not to attempt the trip in her automobile. With the lady, were her husband, two sisters and W. W. Bottimore. Still disregarding warnings, the party left Tuesday for Galt in the Chalmers-Detroit which has already given them such good service, and for which they proudly boast a 3,700 mileage on a little over 200 gallons of gasoline, with Diamond Tires. Mrs. Don Rey has owned the car about five months and drives it most of the time herself. On this trip, however, Mr. Bottimore was at the wheel, having driven from Galt to Paso Robles. He reports having lent assistance to two fellow motorists by pulling their cars out of difficulty notwithstanding that two other cars were obliged to have the assistance of horses.

One of the most striking exhibits at the big automobile show in New York City is a green Studebaker tourabout of the 1909 model, according to an account of the automobile show which is nearing its close in the eastern metropolis. The tourabout is shown in connection with several other Studebaker cars at the Madison Square Garden exhibition. The Studebaker usual attention to detail is manifested in the extreme care shown in the painting and upholstering of the cars on display. According to a letter received yesterday by manager John H. Eagal of the automobile department of the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California, the most casual glance at the models of Studebaker cars exhibited, demonstrates that the automobiles of this make continue to be worth the attention of the discriminating buyer.

An unexpected demand for motor boats is the result of the present floods in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. S. M. Phillips is among the interior automobile agents who have sent anxious inquiries to the Pioneer Automobile Company for information regarding the best line of motor boats to sell.

According to the Sacramento agent of the Oldsmobile and Chalmers-Detroit cars, the factory that would turn out an automobile with a motor boat attachment would be a big success in Sacramento Valley. "I do not have any trouble demonstrating with my Oldsmobile, when the water is only up to the top of the hood, but when the tonneau resembles a bath tub it is about time to have a motor boat attachment," says the hustling capital city agent.

The chief of police of St. Louis, the captain of detectives and members of both the police and detective forces of the Missouri metropolis have expressed themselves as highly pleased with a Studebaker automobile patrol which they have been using for the past several weeks. The Studebaker car was bought with a special appropriation and when put to service in St. Louis was not only an innovation, according to newspaper reports but demonstrated that its use is highly preferable to the horse drawn vehicle. The Studebaker patrol automobile is built on standard chassis with standard battery equipment. Heavy wire netting encloses the entire section in which the prisoner is carried with the exception of the back. Storm curtains are provided to entirely enclose the passenger section during inclement weather. Two seats run lengthwise in the back section of the patrol, one on each side and a padded back rest also runs the full length of the seats.

Mr. Ed. Christensen of the firm of Sudden & Christensen took delivery of another Buick yesterday. This is his third car of this make. His latest purchase is an '09 Buick White Streak fitted with double tourabout seats on the rear. He intends using this car as a business runabout and will continue to use his Buick 40 as a pleasure car.

The Annual Automobile Show in New York is a greater success this year than ever, according to E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, one of the local representatives who is at present in the eastern metropolis. The show is creating more interest and is drawing larger crowds than in past seasons. In his communication to Calvin C. Eib, the representative of the Thomas, Oldsmobile and Chalmers-Detroit cars says: "Madison Square Garden is crowded. There are more different makes and models of machines in the show than ever before. While there are a great many of the high priced cars shown, probably the sensations of the exhibition are the new moderate priced motor cars, such as the Chalmers-Detroit and Oldsmobile. The 30 horsepower Chalmers-Detroit which is being shown in several different models is attracting a great deal of interest. The main reason for this is the short coupled body, short hood and general foreign appearance of the Detroit cars. In fact, this type of machine seems to predominate in the interest of the public. All of the exhibitors are selling their cars and a number are placing agencies all over the country. Judging from the interest in the show this certainly looks to be a banner year for the automobile business." The local dealer will visit the Thomas, Oldsmobile and Chalmers-Detroit factories before returning

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Letters

A Popular Author

A new book by Joseph Conrad is always the best of good news to the appreciative. Mr. Conrad, whose full name is Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, dropped the surame out of regard for the tongues of his English shipmates. He is a native of Poland and though the incidents of his life have never been shrouded in mystery he is, none the less, the subject of a variety of mythical biographies. Amongst other legends there is one that he was a street waif of Paris and another that he was a newsboy, while a third describes him as a runaway who heard the call of the sea and left home and family secretly. In fact Mr. Conrad had a good education, his father having been the editor of a newspaper in Warsaw. After the death of his parents he was taken in charge by an uncle, and with the full knowledge and consent of his relatives he entered the French navy at the age of sixteen. A change in the law which made only natives of the country eligible to naval service was the cause of his joining the English merchant marine, in which service he learned the perfect command of the language which has earned for him the title of "wizard with words."

Romance of a Christian and a Jew

"The Tether," a powerful romance by Ezra S. Brundo, has for its plot a situation closely approximating that chosen by Mrs. Lowenberg in her "Irresistible Current," but with a culmination the direct opposite. There is far more tragedy in "The Tether" than in Miss Emma Wolf's "Heirs of Yesterday," but the two authors are apparently of the same mind, that a Jew is a Jew not because he professes a certain belief or rejects another, not because he worships according to a certain ritual or observes certain dietary laws or keeps certain anniversaries, but because he has inherited a history of the ages which he can no more abandon than he can change the shape of the earth. David Sphardi, the hero of Mr. Brudno's novel, was a poor Jewish youth engaged in peddling small articles from door to door, when he came under the influence of Helen Truesdale, an artist a few years older than himself. This Miss Truesdale became interested in the boy and began to teach him English, afterwards encouraging him to attend the Boston Latin school unknown to his father, who was violently opposed to the acquirement of learning because a brother of his own, lured by books, had forsaken the ancient faith. But the elder Sphardi was won over out of love for his only son, and later the youth attended Harvard likewise. All this time he was slowly but surely drifting away from Judaism, though concealing the fact from the old man. In course of time he won a place for himself in literature and likewise, the heart of a Christian girl; that is to say, Mildred Dalton was Christian to the extent of making no claim to be anything else, and David had long since ceased to be a Jew. As far as the young people themselves were concerned true love had a smooth course, but the opposition of the Daltons to a Jew as a husband for Mildred was no greater than that of the elder Sphardi to the idea of his son marrying a Christian. The objection on both sides was purely on the ground of religion. In this juncture Mildred and David determined to elope, confident that forgiveness afterward would be easier to obtain than countenance in advance. A few trivial wayside incidents reflecting on Jews in general were sufficient to change the current of the girl's ideas, and at the eleventh hour she discovered that after all she cared more for her social position and what "they" would say than she did for her lover, so she returned to her father's house and to new conquests. David likewise returned, to find his father death-stricken, and to plunge himself into the heart of work for and with his own people in an agony of remorse and atonement, to become an advocate of the Zionistic movement, and to die a tragic failure, "Strangled in his own tether." Mr. Brudno decides nothing and solves no problem. He has not attempted to do so. He has told a story from which we may each make our own inferences. While David was attending school and college he was accepted by the Truesdales and their associates, people of social position and wealth, on his own merits. No question of religion or race was ever raised. At Harvard he was admitted to a society which systematically excluded other Jews and after leaving college he was still a member of the Truesdale circle. It was not until he became a suitor for Miss Dalton's hand that they showed him any coldness, and we are left to infer that had he read Miss Truesdale rightly, and ignored her slight advantage in years, he would have found a forgotten faith no barrier. Possibly, and perhaps. The bird in the hand never possesses all the charms of the one yet on the wing. It was only when Mildred Dalton was sure of David that she considered the other aspect of the situation, and though her sudden change of heart culminated the tragedy of the story, a looker on at life would have grave doubts that one who could so speedily fall in love would be apt to remain there long. Mr. Brudno has put his finger on the pulse of the Jewish problem, in so far as

THE NATURAL FLAVOR

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SEE AGENTS

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

we admit it to be a problem, when he makes Sphardi regret that he has an Oriental mind and an Occidental brain, for it is just therein that the kernel of the nut is hidden. One of the most interesting and enlightening chapters of "The Tether" is that devoted to an elucidation of the attitude of the Jews towards each other, the servile adoration of mere wealth and the snobbishness of its worshippers, the cliques and clans who, while denouncing the Christian caste lines yet draw amongst themselves others even more rigid. "The Tether" is not a sweetly pretty romance on which to idle away a spare hour, but it is one to be reckoned with, decidedly one of the most important of the year's issue. Those who are familiar with "The Fugitive," "The White Terror and the Red," and "The Little Conscript" will know better than to look for trivialities from this author. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

A Book For Children

For the little girls under ten, "Barbara and the Five Little Purrs," will prove a welcome gift. The Purrs were five Persian kittens who, with their mother, were the pets of a little girl who romped and played with them and taught them tricks. Elizabeth Lincoln Gould has been wise enough to keep within the limits of credulity, and therefore, when Madame Purr and her babies hold mewing conversations, she leaves them intelligible to each other, but Barbara has to guess at their meanings, as other little girls would. The pussies are so different in character that their antics furnish variety, and the fifty illustrations by Josephine Bruce, together with good print and paper make this a most desirable book, not too elegant to be put into a child's hand nor too ornamental to make comfortable reading. Neither is it "written down" below the point of intelligence. Children's books have been, for years, such abominable twaddle that it is a pleasure to encounter even an occasional one which does not assume that all children are natural imbeciles. This is one of the H. M. Caldwell Co.'s special offerings and the price is likewise a consideration, 75 cents—just about one-half what is asked for an attractive looking book for a young child.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE LEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4714, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of GEORGE W. LEE, the Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, deceased, praying that he, as such Administrator, be authorized, empowered and directed to lease a portion of that certain building belonging to said estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, deceased, which said premises thereby proposed to be leased are described as follows, to-wit: All of that certain Store, designated and known as No. 753 Polk Street, on the Southwest corner in that certain four story brick building erected and being on the following described proneрty of said estate, which real property is situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Polk Street with the Southerly line of Ellis Street; thence running Westerly along the last named line Seventy-seven and Six-twelfths (77 6-12) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Polk Street One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at rights angles Easterly and parallel with Ellis Street Seventy-seven and Six-twelfths (77 6-12) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above Court on Monday, the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of said Court, situate in the Grant Building, S. E. corner of 7th and Market Streets, in said City and County, to show cause, if any they can or have, why said premises particularly above described, should not be leased for the purpose of securing for the same the total sum of Fifteen Hundred and Sixty ($1560.00) Dollars divided into monthly payments, for the term of two years.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for at least once a week for two successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, this 21st day of January, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 22, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administrator, 557 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 1-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7042, New Series. Dept. Nine. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE BASTIAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William Bastian, Executor of the last will and testament of the above named George Bastian, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 30th day of January, 1909), to the said William Bastian, executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, deceased, at the office of his attorney, John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 875 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said George Bastian, deceased.

WILLIAM BASTIAN,
Exesutor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 30th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said Executor,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-30-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13833.

MARY HORGAN, a Widow, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Liens Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the Court of the above entitled City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fulton street, distant thereon one hundred and forty-six (146) feet ten and one-half inches (10½) inches westerly from the intersection of the westerly line of Baker street with the northerly line of Fulton street, and then running thence westerly along the said line of Fulton street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the northerly line of Fulton street and point of commencement. Being Block No. 592, a portion of the Western Addition.

You are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said real property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is on the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister streets, San Francisco, California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13834.

DENNIS J. HORGAN, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dennis J. Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Scott street, distant thereon northerly from the northerly line of Haight street one hundred and thirteen (113) feet and six (6) inches; thence running northerly along said easterly line of Scott street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the easterly line of Scott street and the point of commencement. Being a part of the Western Addition Block number four hundred and thirty-nine (439), and also right of way over passage extending the length of the above described property and a width of those three (3) feet six (6) inches on the South of the same.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

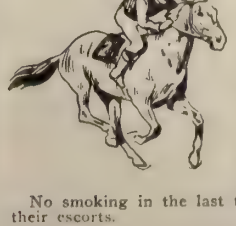
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: The German Savings and Loan Society, whose address is No. 526 California street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10



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PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 20725.

ADELE RAYNAL, Plaintiff,
vs.
HENRI RAYNAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Henri Raynal, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfull desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

P. A. BERGEROT, Esq., 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4823, N. S. Dept. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased, having presented his Petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of the Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said Petition mentioned and set forth:

And said Petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 11th day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, at San Francisco, this 4th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 5, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk. 1-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street; and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, Jan. [illegible], and recorded in Map Book F and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at ————————, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal 1-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd)• Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

Following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, we notice Messrs. Mackie & Coy's "White Horse Cellar" Whisky has just been awarded the Gold Medal for quality at the Franco-British Exhibition.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. 10—No. 20497.

ANNA D. ROLLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALVA AARON and M. CLIFFORD AARON, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Alva Aaron and M. Clifford Aaron, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff,
378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

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PAPER

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 7022, Dept. 10.

Estate of ADOLPHE ROOS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Adolphe Roos, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at Heller, Powers & Ehrman, 713 Union Trust Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adolphe Roos, deceased.

GEORGE H. ROOS,
LEON L. ROOS,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Adolphe Roos, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., January 23, 1909.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 1-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE SINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators, with Will annexed, of the estate of MINNIE SINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators, with Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Minnie Singer, deceased.

CHARLES HUFSCHMIDT,
HENRY HUFSCHMIDT,
GEORGE F. HUFSCHMIDT,

Administrators with the Will annexed of the estate of Minnie Singer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 16, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., S. F.,
Atty. for Administrators with Will Annexed. 1-16-5

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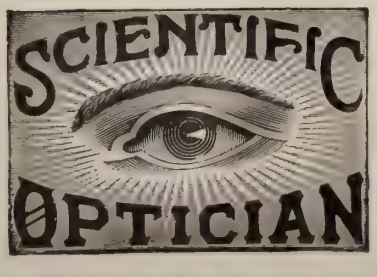
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TOWN TALK

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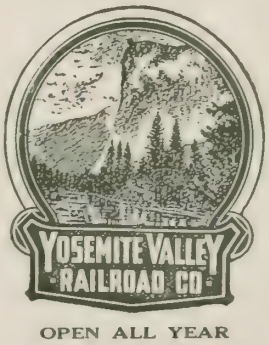
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, F bruary 6, 1909. No. 858



MISS HELEN GRANTLEY

Who will appear in Israel Zangwill's dramatic episode "The Never Never Land" next week at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, in advance, $4.00, six months, $2.25, three months, $1.50, single copies 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $8.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

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Frightened by a Specter

California's attitude in this matter of legislation to regulate Japanese encroachment upon social and industrial conditions within the jurisdiction of the law-making power, is humiliating in the extreme. While it is admitted that the legislature is competent to pass laws restricting the privileges of residents of the State, citizens and all others, it is threatened that if our legislature enacts certain laws restrictive of privileges now enjoyed by the Japanese dire consequences will be visited upon us. From Washington comes the demand that we shall enact no laws which discriminate against Japanese residents, coupled with gracious permission to enact laws restrictive of the privileges of all aliens within our borders. Our sovereignty as a State and our legal rights to exercise that sovereignty under the provisions of the Constitution is not denied; but we are told that if we persist in the effort to manage our own affairs in our own way our action will disturb an international status which was established without our consent and without thought of its ultimate effect upon our interests. We are commanded to enact no legislation that will interfere specifically with Japanese aliens, but we are permitted to enact laws that will drive millions of alien capital out of the State. In theory this method of sitting on both horns of the dilemma is idiotic; in practice it would be ruinous. And in the meantime, the disposition of our legislature to yield its prerogatives while sacrificing the sovereign powers of the State, is cowardly; for those who pursue this timorous policy know that the threats are mere bluffs and that if the statesmen in Washington who are writhing in the throes of a conniption fit induced by contemplation of our proposed "drastic" legislation, are really as frightened as they say they are, it is a fright engendered by shadows conjured from their own consciousness.

The Encroachments of the Japanese

The Japanese question is becoming a very serious one to the people of this State, far more serious than the one which grew out of Chinese immigration. At first it was thought that the question concerned only the labor interests, and that for protection it was merely necessary to restrict the immigration of Japanese wage earners, but the fact is that we have more reason to dread an influx of capital than of labor. The influence of Japanese capital is already being felt in mercantile and agricultural circles. The Japanese farmer is beginning to crowd out the white farmer. Some of the finest of the small farms in the Sacramento Valley are now owned by Japanese, and small Japanese merchants are cutting down the profits of white merchants. It is gradually dawning upon us that even capital may be rendered obnoxious by reason of its complexion. While there is yet much to be done toward the development of the resources of this State it is surely not desirable that a very large proportion of those resources should fall into the hands of the Japanese. Kipling has described the Russian as a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. So is the Japanese a delightful person as long as he wears a kimono. As an Oriental he is charming, like the Russian of Kipling. But when he insists upon being treated as the most westerly of Eastern people instead of the most easterly of all the people of the Far East he not only "becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle," but he becomes intolerable.

What Would Happen to Japan

It is almost certain that we shall come to blows with Japan over some of the questions constantly arising between the two countries, but there is no immediate danger. Japan is at the present time virtually bankrupt, and it is not likely that the money lenders of London or Berlin would finance Japan for a war with this country. Even if these financiers were inclined to loan the money Japan could offer no substantial security for its repayment. She is already mortgaged to the neck, and of all her national assets only the camphor forests of Formosa remain. A war tax upon the Japanese people would probably be paid with such alacrity as the productive resources of the country would permit, but it would reduce the people to starvation long before the war had assumed proportions of magnitude. Some money might be raised on the Philippines from the bucket shop speculators of the European bourses; for it is the intention of Japan in the event of an outbreak of hostilities with this country to seize the Philippines, thus compelling us to fight her on her own dung hill. This money, however, would not help Japan to any great extent. And in this connection it may be said that the fear of a Japanese invasion of the American mainland is absolutely groundless. To occupy any of the States of the Pacific Coast would require an army of half a million men, and Japan could never transport that number across six thousand miles of ocean; and if she should attempt the foolhardy enterprise she would find a million soldiers in opposition as soon as she landed. Japan is not a fool nation if she is a braggart and a bully. She is well aware that a bankrupt nation with a population of not more than 50,000,000 cannot wage a war with a rich nation whose population is nearly 90,000,000. Japan is also aware that on the instant of a declaration of war on America Russia would throw an army into Manchuria. Russia is only waiting for just such an opportunity. And Japan knows that Russia would wage a war of extermination. There would be no cessation until the Czar's terms of peace were dictated in Tokio. A war with this country would mean the annihilation of Japan. There are wise statesmen in Japan who realize this contingency; and while it may be their policy to bluster and bully and frighten our timid statesmen in Washington, they will pull in their belligerent horns at the first intimation of the American people that they have stood all they intend to stand of these tomfooleries of diplomacy and these noisy Chinese tactics of the Japanese Pistols and Bobadils. All of which is cumulative proof of the humiliating conditions under which California is laboring at this time. We are kowtowing to a phantom—as the Japanese themselves kowtow to the invisible presence of harmless gods in their Shinto temples.

A Tyrant Glimpsed

There is a good deal of talk these days about various matters connected with the criminal law. In the opinion of certain gentlemen of superior intelligence who have banded themselves together for the patriotic purpose of improving our system of government the criminal law abounds in imperfections which may be rem-

edied by extinguishing some of the ancient safeguards of individual liberty and augmenting the prerogatives of our trial judges. In other words these enlightened citizens are of the opinion that we should ignore the teachings of centuries of experience, and retrace our steps to those periods in which life and liberty were rendered precarious by reason of the tyrannical powers vested in the courts. Doubtless they are convinced that human nature has changed; that cruel men who feast on human misery and derive delight from the infliction of punishment are never more to be found on the Bench. Their confidence in human nature is admirable, but it is not the kind of confidence that should be recklessly indulged when the criminal code is being reformed. There may be many imperfections in the criminal code, but progress toward perfection is not to be made by substituting judicial discretion for ancient landmarks. It is discretion that breeds despots. Judges of the type of the hideous Jeffreys, the brutal Saunders and the villainous Scroggs passed away with the despotisms that created them. It is a well known fact that the appetite which is gratified in the criminal courts by infliction of punishment on delinquents is one that grows by what it feeds upon. And perhaps nothing is more strongly conclusive of the tendency toward the development of a cruel nature in a criminal judge than that he should seek a wider discretion than the law allows with a view to increasing his fame by the wholesale eradication of the vices and crimes of society. This suggestion we offer to the zealous reformers of our civic organizations in the earnest hope that it may be seriously pondered, for it is not improbable that their reform measures were recommended to them by an illustrious jurist whose zeal for the purging and purifying of a decadent society being beyond restraint overthrows his judgment, breaks the barriers of his shrinking modesty, blazes in every sentence he utters. It renders him absolutely unconscious of any infirmity for which the ordinary individual might feel the need of forbearance and forgiveness. No judge of sensitive, sympathetic, gentle nature, would wish to have any greater responsibility put upon him in the trial of men accused of crime than he is obliged to assume under our present system. There have been men on the bench who far from relished the measure of responsibility imposed. Even the infamous Jeffreys favored the mitigation of the rights of the British penal code, for it is of record that he, as far back as the seventeenth century, declared it a cruel anomaly that a prisoner was allowed counsel in a case involving a few shillings but not in a case involving life and death. And here we are in the twentieth century being urged to adopt laws which will render counsel for a prisoner negligible. Indeed one of the amendments proposed would bar counsel from examining jurors as to their qualifications. Is it not obvious to the dullest perceptive faculties that if there is a judge craving greater responsibility in criminal cases, wishing to have autocratic power in the selection of jurors; absolute discretion in determining the rules of evidence, and almost complete immunity from review, he may be of the very kind of material out of which the most cruel and bloodiest despots of the bench have been fashioned?

Our Degenerate Jury System

It has been said that trial by jury cannot be corrupted unless the whole body of the people be corrupt. This dictum is grounded in the assumption that jury duty is imposed on all qualified units of the community. Such is the principle of trial by jury, but it is flagrantly violated by the law of this State, and consequently corruption of trial by jury in California is not necessarily conclusive of the corruption of the body of the people. As a matter of fact—in this city at least—trial by jury has become a delusion and a sham. It has been converted into an instrument of injustice and oppression, and so widespread is the knowledge of this fact that we regard it as most singular that the good and zealous citizens who are now recommending measures of reform to the Legislature have given no thought to the lamentable degeneracy of the most sacred of all our institutions; the one that, with all the imperfections that are inseparable from things human, has borne the test of a longer experience and borne it better than any other juridical institution that ever existed among men. If our reformers had given thought to this subject they might have reflected that the failure of trial by jury in California has been due mainly to the circumstance that it has depended rather upon the discretion of juridical officers than upon the automatic operation of a system regulated upon fundamental principles. Under our system the judges of the Superior Court annually put the names of twenty-four hundred men into the jury box, and from that box all juries are drawn until the list, from various causes is exhausted, and then special venires are summoned by the Sheriff. It does not require superior acumen to perceive that this system is not in consonance with the fundamental principle of trial by jury. It vests the Sheriff and judges with powers which they should not have and which they have often abused. The fruit of this system is the professional juror whose name appears in the box every year, who votes to please the judge or some officer of the court knowing that should he fail to do so he would lose his job. In consequence of this system there are many thousands of citizens who are never called upon to do jury duty. Now here is something that clamors for reform, but no judge has been found recommending a salutary amendment. Let us have this matter attended to at once. Let us have a jury list made up every year as in New York from the assessment roll and the great register; a list on which shall appear the name of every elector who pays taxes. Let us provide that those who are exempt under the law from jury duty must claim exemption immediately after the list is made up, and that upon the proper showing their names shall be stricken off by some officer empowered to attend to the purging of the list. Let us provide that no man shall serve on more than

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one jury until the entire list shall have been exhausted. Surely if we have learned anything from recent experience it is the possibility of monstrous injustice being done by corrupt judges who will not hesitate to pack juries in the interest of powerful friends who wish to punish their enemies.

The Passion for Atmosphere

It is reported that a celebrated Russian artist is going to paint a portrait of Minnie Maddern Fiske as Rebecca West, and that in order to be properly imbued with the Ibsen atmosphere he is memorizing the entire play of "Rosmersholme," before taking up his brush and pallette. Of course this is merely one of the "yarns" of the advance agent, and yet it is exactly in line with the stories of painstaking authors who sometimes spend as much as a whole hour of their busy lives in looking up and verifying important points which they have introduced, or in interviewing people who can provide them with exact information, not to mention their extensive travels into the suburbs to supply themselves with correct local color. It is to be noted, however, that the writers whose work has a lasting quality seldom, if ever, deliberately set out in search of color or atmosphere. In artistic novel writing the story comes first and the setting is a matter of taste, fancy and imagination. Many of our contemporary novelists are merely journalists or pamphleteers engaged in preaching against social anomalies. They are masquerading as story-tellers, and they seek to mend rather than mirror life. They can do almost everything except tell a story. They conceive it to be of the highest importance that it should be generally known that they are sticklers for facts, and as they thus reveal their conception of what constitutes a good novel it is easy to understand why they write bad ones. It is the historian's business, not the novelist's, to gather facts; and though the writing of some of the best romances in literature entailed much study, and abound in proofs of the authors' familiarity with scenes, manners and customs therein depicted, the charm and merit of the works are due to the creative faculty rather than to the power of concentration in laborious research. Scott's novels are full of local color, and they are noted for their accuracy of detail, but as literature they are remarkable for the number, the spirit and the individuality of the characters presented, for vivid situations of human interest and the many incidents which were conceived in the highest spirit of romance and tragedy. The works of Dickens abound in local color and atmosphere, but Dickens manufactured more than he found ready to hand. One of his strongest pieces of descriptive work is that of the Paris mob in "A Tale of Two Cities" and that was something which he never saw. But Dickens saw many things which were not seen by others. It was his power of observation in detail which enabled him to contrive color and atmosphere. The writer who has not this power might search for color all his life without finding any, and if he should find it he might not be able to give a representation of it because, not being of sufficiently keen sensibility, he had failed to have it borne in on his mind. It was said of Dickens that he could walk aimlessly down a crowded street and tell you all that was in it; what each shop was, the names on the signs, and how many scraps of orange peel there were on the pavement. It is supposed of him that when he met a person talking in a peculiar way he petrified him in the act and went on fancying hundreds of reduplications of the act. It was no great feat for a man with this combination of imagination and sagacity to give us impressive caricatures of strange types. This is of course a rare combination, and it is not essential to successful novel writing. Of primary importance is a firm grasp of the common facts of life. Without that it is of no avail to steep oneself in atmosphere or to accumulate a large fund of data. A knowledge of the manners and customs of a people is of less advantage to a novelist than the ability to throw himself into a fictitious world and to soar there without effort and with unceasing enjoyment.

A Consequence of the System

Though the apprehension of that organized band of Berkeley High School thieves has been scare-headed like an earthquake calamity the plain and ugly truth is that to any one who has been at all conversant with schools and their management for the last decade or so there is nothing more in the revelation than was naturally to be expected. Having made a fetich of schooling and exalted mere school attendance into the chief of the virtues, every effort has been put forth to cajole and flatter boys and girls into enrolling themselves at high schools and colleges whether they had any natural inclination to study or not. Scholastic requirements have been reduced to within measurable distance of the zero point, while athletic clubs, fraternities and sororities and "student" activities have been encouraged until the public schools more resemble amusement clubs than anything else. All this while expenses have piled up. Some of the Greek letter societies, whose exclusive membership is recruited from children of fourteen years and thereabouts, entirely dependent upon the parental purse for their maintenance, have an initiation fee of five dollars, with monthly dues of from fifty cents to a dollar, a larger sum than is asked by some of the fraternal orders which pay sick and death benefits. The standard of dress has advanced likewise, and both boys and girls today expect, as a matter of course, to be decked out in finery for everyday wear which their parents, even their elder brothers and sisters, did not dream of possessing until they could earn it, and there is scarcely a week that passes without some "meet" or other divertisement which they feel that they must attend. Discipline has been so relaxed that like scholarship it is virtually eliminated. Some years ago the State Board of Education handed down a decision that teachers might request, but most not command, and that pupils were within their right if they refused compliance, provided that the manner of refusal did not in itself constitute a fault. Parents are always overready to uphold their own, and as a result we have seen impudent youngsters hiring public halls in which to hold indignation meetings every time that any objection has been made to the least of their doings. Corporal punishment went by the board years ago, and suspension and expulsion have been deemed encroachments on the "rights" of free-born Americans. It is no infrequent occurrence for teachers to call the attention of parents to the conduct of their children in the matter of truancy or absenting themselves from classes, only to have it intimated to them in language plain and more or less forcible that the matter does not concern the pedagogue. Every teacher knows well that excuses are forged and report blanks signed by unauthorized proxies, and knows equally well that in nine cases out of ten rather than admit that the child was in the wrong

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the forged document would be acknowledged. From teachers we learn that thefts in both public and private schools are the rule rather than the exception and that as the tender-hearted governing boards are opposed to lacerating the feelings of culprits, in every instance where teachers and principals have made an effort to stamp out the crime they have found themselves in danger of seeing their own heads fall into the basket, while the "innocent" pupils have been upheld and to that extent encouraged. One of the most powerful influences in keeping persons to the narrow and straight path, one especially potent with children whose habits are yet in their formative state, is the opinion of the community of which they form a part. The chances are that had these three youths of good family felt reasonably certain that their "pranks" would have subjected them to the contempt of their classmates when they were suspected and exposed at school they would not have progressed to the stage when it became necessary to turn them over to the tender mercies of the criminal authorities. The whole tendency of our modern school system is to prolong the period of irresponsibility and create a favored class who need not feel themselves bound by the rules which regulate the conduct of the rest of the world. Boys of seventeen and eighteen years, who are spending laborious days in apprenticeships to mechanical trades, or ambitiously studying the details of business, have none of these scholastic delusions in the matter of property rights. Neither do they look for abundant mercy in the place of strict justice when they overstep the rigid line.

The Willow

Tsourai-Touki

'Tis ever fates decree
That what we love the most falls to another,
Like yon willow tree,
Whose roots are in my fields,
Yet o'er my neighbor's wall its verdure yields.

Perspective Impressions

Apparently Hobson has an incurable case of Japhobia.

The habit of seeing things as they are is what gives a man a reputation for cynicism.

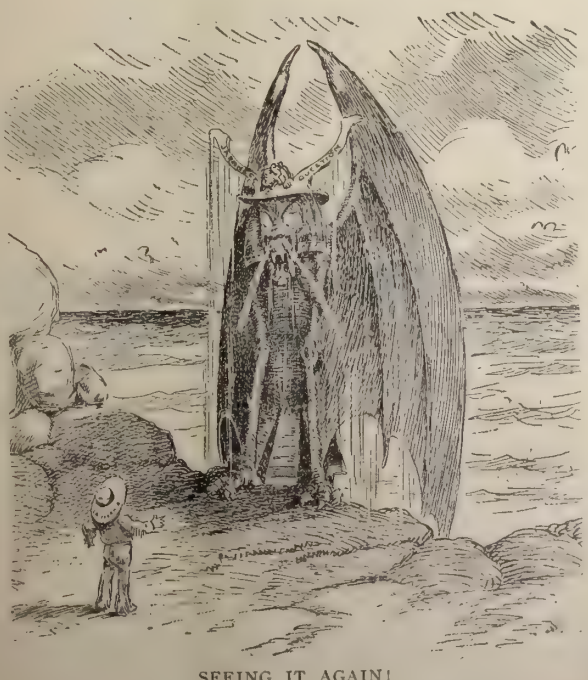
Many of the so-called learned men of the world are the laughing-stock of the wise.

If the stockholders of Spring Valley really want to perpetuate their holdings they should boost for Hetch-Hetchy which presents more obstacles to municipal ownership than any other project that has yet been suggested.

A good deed is worthy of our admiration when it is the spontaneous offspring of an unselfish, chivalrous heart.

By this time President Roosevelt has probably concluded that he was somewhat impetuous in undertaking to crush a newspaper with the machinery of "My Government."

Sinclair says he didn't say it. Nevertheless he admits that he wrote that unpardonable play, Prince Somethingorother which is even worse than what Annie Laurie says he said.



SEEING IT AGAIN!

—New York World.



TIME PAYS THE DEBT

—New York World.

Nemesis Will Pursue Them

Predicting a Probability Upon the Possibility that Pitiless Prosecutors May Ply Their Profession Twenty Years Hence in Exposure of Crimes Forgotten of Men, for the Profitable Enhancement of the Prosecutors' Beneficent Purposes.

By Democritus

Three boy students of the Berkeley High School have been expelled for thievery. Two of these boys confessed upon accusation; the other tried to brazen out an indignant denial until he could no longer withstand the plain and incontrovertible proofs of his guilt.

Much sympathy has been expressed in the public prints on behalf of these boys, and especially on behalf of the boy that refused to acknowledge his crimes. We are told by those who regard the thievery of these boys as "only boyish pranks" that they ought to be forgiven and reinstated; and one of the advocates of this proposition, a woman of course, has even gone so far as to advise that they be set up in the school as "models" for the pupils who do not steal and whose home training has taught them the enormity of stealing. It is urged that these boys may serve as "examples" for the rest of the school. It is inferred that the other boys and girls of the school will "look up" to these unfortunate lads and in this contemplation firmly resolve that they will never become thieves.

The morality of this teaching is very dubious. Honest men do not take dishonest men for "examples" even when it is assured that the dishonest men have reformed. But aside from that aspect of the case no obstacle should be thrown in the way of this reformation. It is in the interest of society that every facility should be afforded for the reformation of those who have gone wrong and been caught in their wrong doing. Whether they should be forgiven and reinstated is a question for debate; but there is no question as to their inutility as exemplary factors, unless we regard them as "horrible examples."

But there should be no effort to perpetuate the shame of these boys or to prolong their punishment through a lifetime. They should be permitted to live down their disgrace and to prove that their repentance is sincere. They have suffered the penalty and they should be allowed to go their way in the hope that they may justify the good opinion of those who have expressed confidence in their ability to resist evil.

It is not likely, however, that these boys will ever escape the shadow of their crime. Twenty years from now, when everybody has forgotten their youthful indiscretion, they may be called to serve on a jury to weigh the evidence in a case involving the life or the liberty of a fellow citizen. In that day it may occur to the special prosecutor to "dig up" the record of these talesmen. He may send his gumshoe men into the byways of society with instructions to find something that will disqualify these men from sitting on that jury, having ascertained, perhaps, that their verdict would not be favorable to the prosecution unless the evidence of that branch of the case should show the guilt of the accused beyond a reasonable doubt. Then it might happen that these gumshoe men might stumble upon the records of the Berkeley High School in which was written the statement that in January, 1909, twenty years previously, these men, then boy students at the school, were expelled for thievery.

The gumshoe men would, of course, bring the records to the special prosecutor and he would read them, and he might say in a loud and exultant voice: "Ah ha! I have the proofs and I will spring it on them in open court, so that these talesmen cannot escape. I will resurrect this corpse of their crime and I will expose it to the full view of all the world. I will do this, not so much in malevolence or with the intention of heaping disgrace on these men, as for the purpose of making the world believe that the defense in this case deliberately plotted to secure these talesmen for jurymen. This record shows that thy were expelled from the Berkeley High School for thievery; therefore it must be plain to everybody that they desire to sit on this jury for the purpose of acquitting the defendant or for the purpose of accepting a bribe from the defendant to acquit him. It doesn't matter that during twenty years these men have lived upright lives; it doesn't matter that they are respected in the community; it doesn't matter that everybody has forgotten the only crime each of them ever committed—it shall be sufficient for my purpose to shame them in the eyes of their fellow citizens to the end that I may win renown as a special prosecutor and render a service to the State."

Then, in open court, in the hearing of all men, in the presence of reporters of the myriad-tongued press, under the eyes of a just judge this special prosecutor might offer this record of the Berkeley High School for the inspection of these talesmen and ask them if it was true.

I am reciting no allegory. I am predicting no impossible situation. I am, in the hope of deterring others, telling these boys and their parents and their sympathizers and all the citizens of this community what may happen to the three boys expelled from the Berkeley High School for thievery, if, twenty years from this date they are so unfortunate as to be called on a jury in process of impanelment in a court that permits a zealous special prosecutor to examine talesmen in the manner I have described; and I base my prediction on what has actually happened in the courts of San Francisco within the memory of men now living. I am framing up no fairy story. I am citing no fake precedent. What I have related as a possibility in the case of these boys has occurred in San Francisco; and it may happen again.

It is true that the special prosecutor in the future case upon which these Berkeley boys may be called as jurymen might be a tender-hearted sympathetic gentleman. In that contingency there would be no effort to attempt to prejudice the cause of the defendant by subtle and plausible innuendo. And it is also probable that the judge of the court would be like unto that special prosecutor—one not only learned in the law but one in whose heart flows the milk of human kindness. Then, of course, it would happen that these men after their twenty years of good behavior would be quietly dismissed from the jurybox and no man would be the wiser for the real reason of their dismissal. They would go away from that tribunal of justice where the quality of mercy is not strained, unashamed and still strong in their determination to live the lives of honest men and upright citizens.

To err is human; to forgive is divine.

Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

So much for the admonition of the prophet.

These Berkeley High School boys must beware of the special prosecutor in all the days of their after lives. Other men may forgive them but the special prosecutor may never forget that they have confessed their guilt. Other men may be willing to let them live in the peace of a sincere repentance; but the special prosecutor may dog them to the brink of their graves, and even there he may proclaim their crimes if his beneficient purposes demand the proclamation. There is no escape from the special prosecutor when he sets out upon the trail of his quarry. Caiaphas was a special prosecutor, and so was Annas, his father-in-law; Judas was a witness under contract of immunity, and so was Barbabbas—yet Barabbas was a robber.

Special prosecutors, like history, are constantly repeating themselves. There were special prosecutors in Babylon before the flood; and there will be special prosecutors at the final judgment when those that have been special prosecutors shall themselves be prosecuted.

"Technicalities So-Called"

As They Are Viewed By a Man on the Bench Who Has Great Reverence for Those Fundamental Principles of Justice Which Are Derided by the Pundits and Intellectual Giants of Our Omniscient University Faculties.

By Theodore Bonnet

It is rather late to take up Professor Wigmore of Chicago for discussion. My only excuse for doing so is that I have just come across the January number of the West Publishing Company's Docket, a journal exclusively of interest to the legal profession, which, in this number happens to present matters of interest to laymen as well as to lawyers in San Francisco; matters in which interest has been revived by a letter written by Professor Wigmore to the Hon. Francis J. Heney for publication in those journals to which it was most grateful. We have been assured that Professor Wigmore is a great man. This assurance was necessary to give weight to the professor's letter, which otherwise might have been regarded as of no more importance than an epistle from Professor Boke to the feminine illuminati of the League of Justice or from the Hon. E. P. E. Troy to his next of kin the illustrious and most righteous editor of the Bulletin.

It has been said that no lawyer need pine in absolute obscurity while he has sufficient money to pay for the publishing of a book. It was through book covers that our own dearly beloved T. Carl Spelling emerged from the dark backward of abysmal obscurity into the white light that beats upon the lawyer of rank and celebrity. In that same royal road through which T. Carl plodded his joyful way, Professor Wigmore of Chicago University came to his reward. Professor Wigmore wrote a work on Evidence. I am told that from the lawyer's standpoint it has merit, but as a matter of fact every law book is of some benefit to lawyers, for all works on law are more or less a compilation of precedents, and they serve to expedite the research which usually falls to the lot of the browsing clerk. The fact that Justice Brewer endorsed Wigmore's work is of no significance, because Brewer is a universal endorser. Good, easy man, reluctant to turn down an applicant for an endorsement, he has been known to endorse patent contrivances for almost every conceivable purpose agreeable to man or beast. Nevertheless it is not to be disputed that Wigmore's book is worthy of endorsement. My only concern with Wigmore springs from the fact that the ingenious prevaricators who have conspired to defame our Supreme Court, and who to that end have been procuring, presumably for hire, criticisms suitable to their purpose, induced the Middle West college professor to contribute to the fund of animadersion. I have no knowledge of the process by which Wigmore was lured into the unsavory fold, but I do know that he ought to be ashamed of the company he is in. For whatever may be his opinion of the opinion of our Supreme Court in the Schmitz case, if he is a man of healthy instincts he should not relish the idea of aiding and abetting a dishonest enterprise. Nor should it please him to learn, if he is an honest controversalist of well conditioned mind, that though his opinion was exploited by the conspirators they have malevolently suppressed the fact that the decision from which he dissented has been affirmed and endorsed in the Lawyers' Reports Annotated, a work which has the endorsement of the legal profession of the United States.

But I will be candid enough to confess that I have no more faith in Professor Wigmore's instincts than I have in his logic. I am sceptical of him because he has made it clear that he is a typical college professor; that with the characteristic intrepedity of the dogmatic pedagogue he has assumed that there can be no question of the correctness of his position. He has come to us with the air of a man who has a monopoly of the truth, a man of all-grasping erudition, of a plethoric fulness of thought, an extraordinary compass of understanding and an adamantive chain of logic. Wigmore knows that he knows better than the seven men on our Supreme Bench. Whence gained he the superiority of insight? This is something his letter does not disclose. What it does disclose is that he deduces truths from principles peculiar to himself. This much I can see though I am not a lawyer. I can also see that Professor Wigmore has no sense of humor. Monodynamic men—men of a single talent seldom have. If Professor Wigmore had a sense of humor he would not take himself seriously.

But to come to the West Company's Publishing Docket. I learn from that publication that the disposition to take "judicial notice" has been so far indulged of late that it is becoming a serious joke in the legal profession. Now Professor Wigmore dissents from our Supreme Court principally for the reason that it failed to take judicial notice of something it was not empowered to take judicial notice of, something that inferentially it was prohibited from taking judicial notice of, something that Mr. Heney and Mr. Johnson neglected to incorporate in the indictment. Says the Docket:

"The Supreme Court in one of the States has decided that it will take judicial notice that the football season in American institutions of learning begins in the fall and ends on Thanksgiving Day. Inasmuch as the annual Army-Navy game was played this year two days after the season, 'judicially closed,' it leaves a horrid doubt as to the real standing of West Point and Annapolis as institutions of learning, which would seem to warrant an application for a rehearing on that point. However that may be it is encouraging to see the court throwing aside the musty volumes of precedents and getting down to modern sources of information, like the newspapers and the sons of its members in attendance at the university. Perhaps next year some progressive court will judicially decide who are entitled to places on the All-American eleven."

Here's another paragraph that may interest Professor Wigmore:

"The rapid advance of sumptuary legislation in the past few years, whether viewed with approval or otherwise, has resulted in bringing out many things of interest from a legal point of view. There is, of course, no longer any doubt of the power of the State to regulate, or even prohibit, the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. We now have numerous decisions as to whether the courts will take judicial notice of the intoxicating qualities of beer and wine, and the Kansas Supreme Court recently decided that proof of the intoxicating qualities of a "Manhattan Cocktail" was unnecessary. Jamacia Ginger has likewise been tabooed; but the Supreme Court of one of the Southern States said "No" when asked to put a similar official stamp of disapproval on Hop Jack. The ingredients of so large a number of beverages have been stated by learned tribunals that barkeepers ought to be able to mix their drinks according to judicial formulas."

But of far greater interest to Professor Wigmore than these paragraphs should be the discussion in the Docket of "Technicalities So-Called" by Arthur G. Powell, Judge of the Georgia Court of Appeals, who, in all probability was never a teacher of law in a university. Here are some excerpts from Judge Powell's article:

"Technicalities, as the term is generally employed, bear very much the same relation to the administration of the law that conventionalities bear to social life. Strip the law of technicalities or social life of conventionalities, and the weak, the pure, the fair-minded and the good find themselves at once the victims of surprises, unfair attacks, and improper advances which neither justice nor society has found any other method of restraining. As truly as conventionalities distinguish, as well as protect, the amenities of polite life from the indecorum and vulgarity of the ill-bred and the impure, so do technicalities distinguish, as well as protect, the dignity and the majesty of the courts from the brutal, uncivilizing spirit of the mobs, "night riders," and lynchers.

(Continued on Page 29.)

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The Confession

(Translated from the French of Francois Coppee)

One stormy evening in midwinter the old Abbe Faben was slowly climbing the hill of the rue Mouffetard on his way to the old and poor parish church of Saint Medard. He was trying to protect himself from the rain and sleet with the help of his old umbrella. He could not but feel that he was giving himself needless trouble, and he half regretted having quitted the cosy fire in his little apartment in the rue L'Homard, and the book he had left lying open on the table. But it was Saturday night, a night on which the old widows who abounded in the neighborhood would frequently come to procure absolution in order to partake of the communion the next day. The abbe was none the less annoyed because this particular Saturday happened to be the semi-monthly payday, and on such occasions the rue Mouffetard ordinarily swarmed with men, and men not at all too friendly to his cassock. One may be almost a saint and yet not find it very pleasant to listen to jeering remarks or to have to run the gantlet of mocking glances.

The stormy weather on this occasion, however, proved to be somewhat of a blessing in disguise, the streets being quite deserted, and the good priest reached his church without mishap. He dipped his thumb in the holy water, crossed himself, bowed for a moment at the altar, and then wended his way toward the confessional. He had not come in vain; someone was waiting for him. A male penitent! A rare exception at Saint Medard! The abbe glanced at the hobnailed shoes of the kneeling man and concluded that he must be a working man but lately come to town, who had not yet lost all the good habits of his youth. The usual round of little venial sins and misdemeanors, probably, to which he had become so accustomed. And so the vicar sat down leisurely and, after taking a pinch of snuff, quietly drew aside the little curtain of green serge.

"Monsieur the Cure," stammered a hoarse voice, evidently attempting to speak in a low tone.

"I am not the cure, my friend; only one of the vicars. Repeat the Confiteor, and call me father."

The man slowly repeated the prayer, which he evidently found hard to recall. Then he began again hoarsely: "Monsieur the Cure—pardon, my father—excuse me if I do not do it correctly. It is twenty-five years since I have gone to confession—not since I left the village. You know how it is in Paris. I was no worse than the others and I said to myself, God is too good-natured to bear me any ill-will, and oh today, what I bear on my conscience today is too heavy to carry any longer alone, and you must listen to me, Monsieur the Cure—I have killed a man!"

The abbe sprang to his feet. A murderer! The head which had been so near his own had conceived and planned the crime; the hands now clasped at his little wickets were perhaps still smeared with blood. In his agitation, not wholly free from terror; the abbe fell back on his bench and could only say mechanically: "Confess your sins, my son! The mercy of God is infinite."

"Then listen," said the man in a voice, broken with sorrow. "I will tell the whole story. I am a bricklayer. I came to Paris more than twenty years ago, with a townsman of mine, a friend of my childhood. We had gone birdnesting and fishing together; we had gone to school together—something like a brother His name was Philippe, mine is Jacques. He was a tall, handsome fellow. I have always been clumsy and homely. There was not a more skilled workman than he. I have never been able to do fine work. And good he was, and brave, and open handed. I was proud of him, proud to walk by his side, proud to have him tap me on my back and call me a fool. I admired him. I loved him. And when we came to Paris, what luck! The same builder hired us both. But after that he went out in the evenings a great deal without me. Why not? He was young, he was free, he loved pleasure. As for myself, I had to save money; my mother was still living, old and infirm.

"I found lodgings with a fruit-seller who boarded a few bricklayers. Philippe lived elsewhere; the food did not suit him, and to tell the truth it was not very good. But the fruit-seller was an old widow and apparently needed my board-money. And then—I might as well own it—I had fallen desperately in love with her daughter. Poor Catherine! You will hear later, Monsieur the Cure, what became of her.

"I lived there three years, unable to tell her of my feelings. I have told you that I was but a second-class workman, and the little I earned was barely sufficient to supply my own needs after caring for my mother. But she was called to heaven one day, and after that it seemed more easy. I saved a little money and, when I thought there was enough to start housekeeping, I spoke to Catherine. She said neither yes nor no. Well, I did not expect her to jump at the chance. I knew I was not very attractive. Still, she spoke to her mother, who thought much of me, as a sober, steady, good-natured fellow, and the marriage was agreed upon.

"I had a few, oh, such happy weeks! Of course, I could see that Catherine was not in love with me, but by dint of kindness and tender care I hoped to make her love me later.

"Naturally, I told Philippe all about it, and insisted on his making Catherine's acquaintance. Perhaps you have already guessed the rest, Monsieur the Cure. Philippe was so gay, so amiable, so handsome, and Catherine fell deeply in love with him. She has a good, loyal heart, that woman, and as soon as she realized the state of her feelings she told me so frankly. But I shall never forget that day! It was her birthday and I had bought a little gold chain which I had put in a small box with pink cotton. We were alone; she had just helped me to my supper, when I drew out the box and showed her the chain. She broke into tears. 'Forgive me, Jacques,' said she. 'Keep this for the woman who will become your wife. I cannot. I love another. I love Philippe.'

"Sorrow, my father? I had more sorrow than I thought I could bear. But what was I to do? I loved them both. Their marriage would make them both happy, and so, as Philippe had always been careless about money, I loaned them my savings to start housekeeping.

"So they were married and things went swimmingly for awhile. When their little boy was born, I was godfather and named him Camille in remembrance of my mother.

"But soon afterward Philippe began to be dissipated. He was not fitted for married life; he preferred pleasure and drink. You live in a poor quarter, Monsieur the Cure; you must know the story by heart—the workman who gradually becomes idle and drunken, who goes on sprees of two or three days at a time; who returns home with empty pockets only to beat his wife. That is what Philippe came to in less than three years. Of course, I spoke to him and he promised to do better. But it did not last long and he grew tired of my preaching. One day, he went so far as to say something about Catherine—about Catherine, who is as honest and true as a saint! Well, he remembered how deeply I had been in love with her, and he suggested things that I should

(Continued on Page 30.)

J. C. WILSON

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Byron

Herbert Trench

Byron, what clash in thee of sea and wind,
Wrecking and squandering all we treasure most!
What riches of ungovernable mind
Washed up along some bleak despairing coast!
Rare liquor doth besiege the furious capes,
The iron steeps are splashed with blood of grapes,
All the perfumed cargo of thy heady wine
Flung to inhabitants of rocks and fogs
To grope for, and get drunk out of their clogs
While chaos—tinging fades the fiery juice divine.

The Spectator

Which Connelly?

There are two Connollys of note I am told, and it is not quite clear which of them is alleged to have proved the coward on the occasion of the most recent collision between two Atlantic liners. If, as seems to be the case, James B. Connolly is the one referred to in the despatches he is about the last man whom one would suspect of a disposition to show the white feather at sea. He is a noted athlete and the winner of one of the prizes in the first modern Olympic revival. Moreover, he is the son of a Gloucester skipper, and he made winter voyages to the Grand Banks. He has shipped across the Atlantic in cattle steamers and fished with the North Sea trawlers, all by way of venturesome experience. He made the voyage in the Fleur de Lys, the smallest of the yachts which entered the competition for the Kaiser's Cup a few years ago, when Tommy Bohlin, known to the readers of the Connolly stories as Tommy Ohlsen, the crack sail-carrier, was skipper and of whom it is said that his standing orders when he turned in during a gale were: "Call me if it moderates," and of whom one of his admiring colleagues, in a profession where courage must be extraordinary to attract attention at all, where everyone is heroic as a matter of course, exclaimed: "The sight of Tommy in a blow—man, man! 'Tis like another anchor." Mr. Connolly once joined the navy, but the occasion was not, as our daily papers have stated, the voyage of the big fleet, nor did the officers make any objection to his presence. It is true that he was one of the correspondents with the Atlantic fleet, but there was no concealment of his occupation and no secrecy about his correspondence. It was several years ago that he joined one of the vessels as an enlisted man and did regular duty as a member of the crew. His desire was to make observations of the naval sailors when off guard, with the intention of some day using his notes for literary purposes. When the men discovered his identity they ceased to act naturally in his presence, and the object of his voyaging being thus defeated, he gave up the task, which is more than half to be regretted since our sailors will inevitably become material for fiction sooner or later, and they could not ask for a more sympathetic depictor than the man who has made Tommy Ohlsen and Wesley Marrs and the other Gloucester men more vividly real than the historic admirals and commodores.

She (readjusting her dress)—"Do you think, Doctor, that anyone will ever see the scar?"
Doctor—"That depends on you, my child."

REMOVAL NOTICE

OUR OFFICE after December 21, 1908, will be at 311 to 317 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets.

OUR WAREHOUSE will remain at the Southwest corner of Eddy and Hyde Streets, until April 18, 1909, on that date we shall remove to our old location, 147-151 Minna Street and 144-148 Natoma Street.

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The Rebuff and the Result

According to a local railroad official when Mr. E. H. Harriman worked himself into the directory of the New York Central system he gratified the dearest wish of his heart. Mr. Harriman, so the story goes, never forgot a rebuff which the Vanderbilts administered to him in the early years of his control of the Union Pacific. When he and his associates took over the Union Pacific from the Government in 1898 he was considered to be only an insignificant member of the syndicate. The others were such men as the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Ameses of Boston, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and other fairly well known bankers and financiers. It was Mr. Harriman's design to sell the Union Pacific to the Vanderbilts, who then, as now, controlled the Chicago and Northwestern. The great idea was to perfect the best transcontinental line, and up to the present there has never been suggested a transcontinental line stronger in both resources and directorship than the line Mr. Harriman projected at that time. The Vanderbilts then, as now, were not ambitious for the extension of their system and rejected Mr. Harriman's offer. What some of Mr. Harriman's friends described as the most critical period in his career followed. He had thought and had even convinced himself that the Vanderbilts could not refuse the proposition which he laid before them. When they did so he was thrown back upon his own resources to carry out the plans he had formulated for the Union Pacific and to secure the financing that was requisite for the completion of these plans. Now he is a member of the Central board as the representative of $14,000,000 of stock owned by the Union Pacific and much more in the hands of himself and his associates. He will be able to dictate to the Vanderbilts.

Burlingame's Bigotry

The Rev. George E. Burlingame, a Baptist preacher of this city, whose exaggerated and slanderous statements in the Baptist Standard of Chicago concerning the moral conditions existing in San Francisco have been the subject of rebuke at my hands heretofore, is still harping on the same string, but in another tune. In his

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first libel he said that we are an ungodly community because we prefer the theatre to the church and the cafe to the conventicle; in this later review of religious conditions he complains because we are mostly addicted to the Catholic Church and refuse to be saved by the "evangelical" plan. He finds that with a Roman-Catholic population of from 200,000 to 240,000 the influence of this church in San Francisco "is all-powerful in every department of life, political, educational, and institutional," but our critic disbelieves that "its influence is making for the evangelization ot the city, or that it is the strongest factor in the effort for moral uplift." This is the bigotry that burned Michael Servetus for heresy over a slow fire of green twigs at the instigation of John Calvin; that lighted the faggots for Thomas Cranmer; and drove Roger Williams, founder of the first Baptist church in America, out of the communion of the Salem saints into the wilderness because he denied the right of the magistrates to punish Sabbath-breaking. Parson Burlingame is not honest enough to explain why he believes that the Roman-Catholic church of this city is not an evangelizing influence and why, in his opinion it is not "the strongest factor in the effort for moral uplift." If instead of bearing false witness against the city in which he lives and against his neighbors and fellow citizens Dr. Burlingame had dared to tell the whole truth he would have informed the readers of the Chicago Baptist Standard that his opinion of his Roman-Catholic brethren in Christ was based on the fact that the clergy of this church have refused to take the dictation of the graft prosecution as their attitude in this factional quarrel between Rudolph Spreckels and Patrick Calhoun. Yet this is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The so-called "evangelical" churches of this city have arrayed themselves almost unanimously in the Spreckels interests; the Roman-Catholic churches have refused to lend their pulpits to the denunciation of men whom the Spreckels prosecutors have accused. The Catholic clergy have drawn the line at wholesale anathema, announcing that their mission is to save the souls of men, not to damn them upon the indictment of Mr. Spreckels or even upon the testimony of self-confessed felons and immunity-chatteled creatures of the graft prosecution. Therein lies the animus of the Burlingame animadversion upon the Roman-Catholic church of this city.

Source of Some of our Vice

Of course the chief objection of Parson Burlingame to existing conditions in San Francisco is the perverse habit of our people in refusal to accept the brand of salvation offered by the "evangelical" churches; but underlying this envious and venal attitude towards his fellow citizens generally is a hereditary bitter hatred of the "Papist." He dared not attack his enemy openly and he would not tell the truth regarding the object of his hatred. But in ignorance that is inexcusable or with audacity that is unpardonable he cites Oakland and Alameda as shining examples for the guidance of San Francisco in all things that go to the "moral uplift" of communities. He says in his screed of slander that "Oakland and Alameda are cities of many homes, and evangelical religion is far more in evidence in all these trans-bay cities than in the metropolis. They are in a large measure," he avers, "bedrooms for San Francisco, and profit by the greater city's ...ss; but their recent remarkable development both economically and religiously, promises a new force which must influence and affect helpfully the effort to evangelize and redeem their sister city by the Golden Gate." If Parson Burlingame had said that San Francisco is the "bedroom" of Oakland and Alameda he would have approached nearer the fact. Ask the libertines of Oakland and Alameda where they go to commit their debaucheries and to celebrate their orgies; ask the libertines of San Francisco to name the source of all exotic libertinage. If Oakland and Alameda, or Berkeley, holiest city of them all, did not dump their vice into the cesspool of metropolitan wickedness Parson Burlingame would not have the face to offer those cities as virtuous exemplars and "a new force for the evangelization and redemption of their sister city by the Golden Gate." Those cities are obviously sweeter and cleaner because their garbage is sewered through the metropolitan cloaca; and San Francisco is worse than it ought to be because it is the pit into which the "trans-bay cities" cast their social refuse. San Francisco is the Field of Evil Counsel for all that is evil in our "sister cities."

Unimportance of Sinclair's Opinion

Upton Sinclair says he is sorry he is married. Well, what of it? Who cares? The domestic infelicities of Upton Sinclair are neither interesting nor edifying. But when Upton Sinclair attacks marriage as an institution and declares that women are merely the chattel slaves of men and that these women are wives merely for their board and lodging and clothes, the rest of us who are not sorry we are married sit up and take notice of what Upton Sinclair is saying. But after all, what's the use? It's only the difference between Upton Sinclair at large and Upton Sinclair in a padded cell. If Upton Sinclair had gibbered his opinion within the pale of Stockton or Napa or Agnews we should not give it a second thought; but it happens that Upton Sinclair uttered his opinion in a cafe, over his celery salad or his shredded wheat biscuit, and gave it out for publication in a newspaper of general circulation. It is not the utterance that forces our attention; it is the publication. What Upton Sinclair says doesn't matter the worth of a plugged bawbee; its value is dependent wholly on the prominence that some newspaper gives to his saying. Let the gods be praised that there is only one Upton Sinclair, and that when he is no more the tribe will be utterly extinct.

Roosevelt the History Maker

If there is any one branch of human knowledge in which Theodore Roosevelt thinks he is better informed than other men it is in American history. So confident is he that he knows about all that is worth knowing on this somewhat extensive subject, that he has even written a few books containing recondite facts culled from the vast store of Roosevelt data with commentary at once pertinent and enlightening. The editor of Collier's Weekly, however, has, after long and patient vigil,

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caught the Omniscient One asleep at the historical switch. It appears that Mr. Roosevelt, by special edict, named a salt mountain in the desert of eastern Utah after the great explorer Robert Cavalier de la Salle. As graciously explained by the infallible repository of things historical in the United States, the name was chosen to serve for all time as a reminder of men and events connected with our progress from pioneer days. Now it happens that this mountain has always been known as La Sal. It was named by Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, the first white man to cross the great Colorado river of the west. That was in August, 1776. The confusion of "La Sal" which is the Spanish for "salt" and La Salle which is the name of a Frenchman, would have been natural enough in an ordinary citizen of the republic making no pretension to superior accuracy of historical lore; even a professional historian could be pardoned for an error of this sort, but there is absolutely no excuse for Theodore Roosevelt. However, it is not probable that Mr. Roosevelt will permit this error to lie against him. He will issue another edict expunging Escalante's designation from the record. He will ordain that the name of the mountain was never La Sal. Rather than submit to this aspersion of his historical accuracy Mr. Roosevelt will make the history to conform with the Roosevelt inaccuracy. History is not as the historians have written it, but as Roosevelt makes it; and those historians who write history hereafter must indite it as they find it after Roosevelt has ordered it.

Geraldine—Years have passed since we have met, my dear, and you don't look a day older.

Fanny—Nor you! Your form is the same, and your eyes and your cheeks—and your hat!

When a Boodler is Credible

Nearly every citizen summoned as a juror in the Calhoun case confesses to a prejudice against the testimony of the boodle Supervisors. This is very exasperating to the learned and patriotic gentlemen engaged in the prosecution of the railroad magnate, for it is with the aid of this testimony that they expect to win many laurels and the warm approval of their conscience. Apparently Mr. Heney has very little respect for the stubborn citizens who have not been converted to his point of view, but he condescends to argue the matter with them, and he is generously indulged by the amiable man on the bench. Mr. Heney's faith in the testimony of the Supervisors is one of the most curious of the many curious phenomena of the graft prosecution. It has survived many vicissitudes. It has vindicated Mr. Heney's power of discrimination and faculty of discernment. The Supervisors have varied their testimony, but Mr. Heney always knows when they are telling the truth. Two of the Supervisors who were promised immunity recanted the testimony which they gave under contract and they were promptly indicted. The indictment refreshed the memory of one of them and he amplified his contract testimony which was accepted by the prosecution as the truth. The other, Mike Coffey, refused to renew his contract testimony, and he is now being prosecuted. At the same time he is being sued by an attorney for services rendered in procuring him immunity. Thus we see that Mike is in an anomalous position. From all these circumstances I am less inclined to marvel at the citizens who distrust the Supervisors than at the public officials who have converted them into instruments of justice. I am also inclined to marvel at what appears to be a most remarkable deal in the interest of justice. It appears that the Supervisors purchased immunity with testimony, and that the contract calls for a certain kind of testimony, the kind that will meet with the approbation of the prosecution. If they give approved testimony then they are to be regarded as credible witnesses. If they permit what remains of their conscience to dictate in the matter then they must go to jail. Now the question is, When are they most worthy of belief—when they are testifying as free agents, or when they are testifying to avoid indictment? To qualify as a juror in the Calhoun case must a citizen be of the opinion that a boodler is not to be distrusted except when he prefers going to jail to giving contract testimony? Is it impossible for a man to be a good juror unless he feels that the prosecuting officers should have the power of dictating the kind of testimony which the principal witness should give? These questions are merely speculative interrogatories which perhaps bespeak my profound ignorance of the whole situation.

The Versatile Mitchell

John W. Mitchell, lawyer, politician, raconteur, art critic and bon vivant, may now justly be credited with being also a financier. This announcement will be received with incredulous smiles by Mr. Mitchell's acquaintances, who have long since been convinced that he lacked one of the essential qualities of a financier. Temperamentally Mr. Mitchell is more inclined to spend money than to save. He has a very ardent passion for the good things of life, and he will not be denied. But to enjoy the good things of life is impossible if one has not some genius for commanding them. Mr. Mitchell is not without this genius. He has put through a big deal in Los Angeles whereby the Bank of Southern California has been reorganized and vitalized with new blood. Colonel Lankershim has withdrawn from the presidency and been succeeded by J. M. Neeland of the Panama American Railroad. George I. Harn, President of the United States Banking Company of Mexico has also become interested in the bank which, as a consequence is now regarded as one of the most important financial institutions in Southern California. After engineering this deal Mr. Mitchell came to town to attend the Cabinet dinner in honor of T. T. Williams at the Fairmont, and there he sustained his reputation as a post-prandial spellbinder in what was perhaps the greatest bunch of after-dinner talkers that ever assembled in California. On that unique occasion there responded to the call of the always felicitous James H. O'Brien, toastmaster, Chief Justice Beatty, Judge Van Fleet, Justice Henshaw, Justice Melvin, Judge Lennon, Judge Kerrigan, Judge

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Ferrero the Lion

The lion of the hour in New York is Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian who has excited the interest of the students of history in all countries by his work, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," four volumes of



GUGLIELMO FERRERO

The Italian historian who has thrown a new light on the great figures of Ancient Roman.

which have been published. He has discovered no new sources of information, but he has given us a study of Roman history and of the principal characters therein from the viewpoint of a philosopher and a student of human nature. He is a scholar and he knows his subject through and through. Moreover he is a man of the world and he has studied the political development of all countries, he has familiarized himself with the springs of action in all the principal characters of modern history, and the knowledge that he has thus gained has been brought to his aid in his interpretation of the motives and designs of the ancients. Needless to say he has thrown a new color on Roman history and has given us new and novel versions of many transactions with which we are all more or less familiar. Since his arrival in this country Ferrero has written for some of the newspapers his impressions of this country and they are conclusive of a remarkable keenness of perception and soundness of judgment.

"Pardon me, Madame, I think I have seen you somewhere."
"Quite likely, I go there very often."

Queen Lil's Just Claim

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands, now seventy years of age and childless, is again journeying on to Washington there to make another personal appeal to Congress and the American people for some compensation for loss of the crown lands of Hawaii of which she was deprived in 1893. The treatment which this woman has received at our hands is hardly creditable to this country. "The lawful government of Hawaii," said President Cleveland in a message to Congress, "was overthrown without the drawing of a sword or the firing of a shot, by a process every step of which is directly traceable to and dependent for its success upon the agency of the United States, acting through its diplomatic and naval representatives." And yet we have failed to return to the ex-Queen of the island kingdom the lands of which she was deprived, or to pay her the appraised value thereof! The crown lands were entirely separate from the general public lands of the kingdom. They comprised about 1,000,000 acres the present value of which is about $12,000,000. All the lands of Hawaii were divided into three groups by Kamehameha III. One part went to the chiefs and people; another part became general public lands, and the other became a trust fund or property for the personal use and benefit of the monarch and his successors to the throne. A life interest in the crown lands became vested in each monarch as successor to the trust, and it was a private income which the monarch could use as he saw fit. The income from the crown lands at the time the government was overthrown was more than $65,000 a year. This sum went directly to the occupant of the throne, in addition to the privy purse, amounting to $20,000 a year for maintaining the royal household. Some of the confiscated territories are now occupied by the United States for military and naval purposes. The Queen is willing to accept the small sum of $250,000 as reinbursement.



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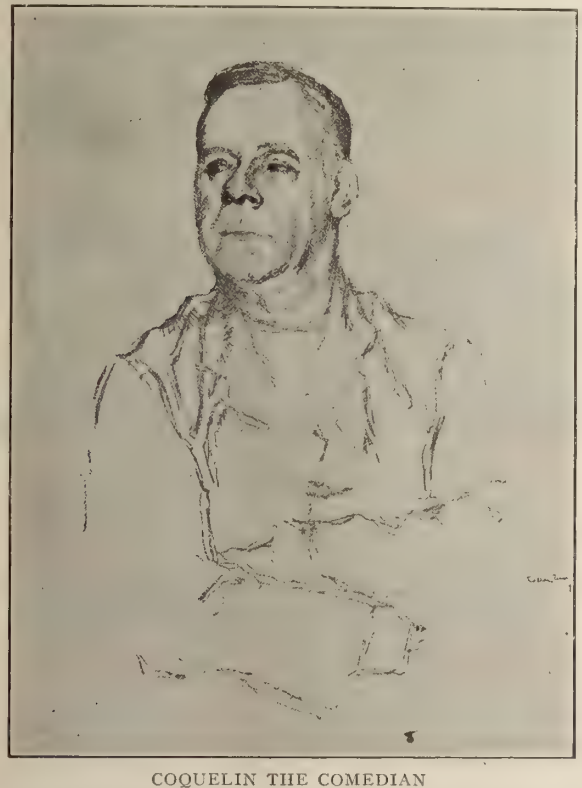
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The World's Greatest Actor

Benoit Constant Coquelin, who died last week, had no peer on the French stage, and therefore it is not hazardous to assume that he was without a rival in the world; for it is admitted that the histrionic talent of no country is comparable with that of France. Since Coquelin's death I have read that it was in Rostand's play that he achieved his fame, and that to the author of Cyrano de Bergerac he was indebted for his great triumps. Now as a matter of fact Coquelin occupied the foremost position among French actors before Rostand ever wrote a play. He made his debut on December 6, 1860, as Gros Rene in Moliere's Depit Amoureux, and he made his way



COQUELIN THE COMEDIAN

rapidly into general favor. He played every classic role in the whole range of French drama and left his imprint upon them all. Though essentially a comedian he was effective in every line of histrionic work. In no part was he a failure. It has been said that Moliere, Racine, Beaumarchais and Alexander Dumas never had a better interpreter. If he excelled in any particular role it was that of Tartuffe. As for M. Rostand, it would be nearer the truth to say that the indebtedness if there be any between playwright and actor is on the former. I see that M. Rostand has written another masterpiece, but I am not impressed. When his Cyrano was brought out it was heralded as the greatest masterpiece of the dramatic literature of France. One enthusiastic critic ranked it with the plays of Shakespeare, but at this writing apparently it was nothing more than a best-seller. Then came L'Aiglon, another masterpiece which also appears to have petered out; and now we are to have Chanteclere, another masterpiece. The fact is that Rostand is the cleverest living writer of melodramas, and that he can produce a better imitation of poetry than any other versesmith in France.

The Editor—Ah, I love to get out in the bracing air. It gives me ideas.

The Business Manager—Then why do you always write your editorials in your office?

A Star of the Financial World

Of Frank A. Vanderlip, whose election to the presidency of the National City Bank of New York was announced in the press despatches the other day, probably less than a score of men in local financial circles had any previous knowledge. Doubtless many wondered that so obscure an individual had been elevated to so important a position. The National City Bank is the biggest bank in the country. It has a capital of $25,000,000, a surplus of $25,000,000 and deposits of $183,000,000. It figures in all the very biggest financial deals that are put through in this country. The president of this bank is always one of the most influential men in Wall street. Who, then, is this Vanderlip, who has never been discussed by the yellow journals or the muck rakers? Where did he spring from? I first heard of him when he was financial editor of the Chicago Tribune. In later years he started a paper of his own, the Chicago Economist. When Lyman J. Gage, a Chicago banker, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury in McKinley's first Cabinet he made Vanderlip his private secretary. While he was in that position it was discovered that there was little in regard to the theory of finance that he did not know. He soon became assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

How He Handed the War Loan

The Spanish war loan of 1898 gave Mr. Vanderlip his opportunity. Congress had voted a popular loan of $200,000,000, and to Mr. Vanderlip was entrusted the work of floating the bond issue. The bill was passed on

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CLAY STREET, 14th to 15th
OAKLAND

Saturday, June 11th. How the business was done Mr. Vanderlip has since described: "At 9 o'clock the following morning we began to receive circulars of explanation and subscription blanks from the printing office. I put 500 men at work. Within a day the mails were taking our printed matter to every national, State and private bank in the country, to every postmaster, to every express office and to 24,000 editors of newspapers. The subscription closed at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 14th. There were 320,000 subscribers and they asked for $1,400,000,000 in bonds. During the last two days we received 50,000 letters! Some of the letters contained money, thousand dollar bills, for instance, and were not even registered. Under the law the offers of syndicates, corporations and associations were thrown out. We could not tell before hand, of course, where the line would be drawn below which all subscriptions would be allotted. The purpose of Congress was to sell the bonds in small lots. Three hours after a loan was closed every subscription from a corporation as well as each individual subscription for $50,000 and over was in the post office with a letter of rejection. In seven hours we knew that persons who had asked for $4,500 or less would exhaust the loan, so the line was drawn right there. Half the bonds, we learned, would go to 230,000 persons, none of whom had asked for more than $500. Undoubtedly it was the greatest clerical undertaking, all things considered, since the establishment of the Government." Subsequently in the Treasury Department Mr. Gage made Mr. Vanderlip his ranking assistant and turned over to him much of the most important executive work. The relations between the Department and New York bankers were in his hands almost entirely and in this way his work came under the direct observation of the leading bankers of New York. He resigned in 1901 to enter the banking business in New York and became a protege of James Stillman who sent him to Europe to study financial conditions, and the workings of the European monetary system. He is regarded today as the greatest authority on finance in the United States.

"William Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the hospital attendant, "didn't give his occupation."

"What was the nature of his trouble?" asked the resident physician.

"Injury at the base of the spine."

"Put him down as a book agent."

A Hymn, a Parody and a Song

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a parody on Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Wilcox calls her parody "The Hymn of the Republic." It is not better than Mrs. Howe's Battle Hymn although neither the Hymn nor the Battle Hymn are in any sense poems; but Mrs. Wilcox's parody is metrically nearer to Kipling's "Song of the Banjo" than is Mrs. Howe's famous verse. "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," sings Mrs. Howe. "I have listened to the sighing of the burdened and the bound," parodies Mrs. Wilcox. And thus the Banjo "With my 'Pilly-willy-wingy-wingy popp!' (O it's any tune that comes into my head!) So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop; So I play 'em up to water and to bed." The same number of feet; the same interval of accent. Count 'em. There was something stately in Mrs. Howe's lines which is entirely lacking in the Wilcox parody; and there is nothing of the vivacity and go that characterizes the Song of the Banjo. I consider the Wilcox parody infinitely inferior in sense and rime to the original, and its "human interest" does not begin to reach the depth that is sounded by the Song of the Banjo. Perhaps this defect is owing to Mrs. Wilcox's congenital humorlessness. Perhaps it is because she takes herself too seriously. "God is calling to the masses," she insists; "to the peasant and the peer; (two "p's" for alliteration to artful aid and an easy rime); He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour is near; (which is neither good verse nor good prose, and wholly incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial) for each rotting throne must tremble and fall broken in the dust, with the leaders who dissemble and betray the people's trust." Whereupon the Banjo answers joyously: "With my 'Hya! Heeya! Heeya! Hullah! Haul!' (O the green that thunders aft along the deck!) Are you sick o' towns and men? You must sign and sail again, for



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SMITH BROS. VALENTINE HEADQUARTERS OAKLAND

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it's Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and trek!'" I am convinced that Mrs. Wilcox's Hymn of the Republic is entirely unnecessary. Mrs. Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic will satisfy every patriotic need; and Kipling's Song of the Banjo will supply the comedy element that Mrs. Wilcox cannot express however hard she may try.

She—How is it that handsome men marry homely women?
He—I guess they need the money.

On to the Phillippines

Brigadier-General Daniel H. Bush came to town the other day en route for the Philippines where he will take command of one of the departments, probably the department of Luzon. This is the fourth time that he has been assigned to the Philippines. When he was appointed a brigadier-general last winter he was colonel of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. He has spent a total of seven years in the islands. Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, recently in command of Fort William McKinley in the Philippines and now on leave in the United States, has been assigned to duty as commanding officer of the Department of Mindanao, vice Brigadier-General Hasker H. Bliss, who has been ordered to Washington for duty as assistant chief of staff.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

There have been very small changes in Wall Street values since last week. The market appears to be in a waiting position. Market leaders are not disposed to do much until President-elect Taft has taken hold, fearing President Roosevelt might break out in a new spot before his hunting expedition is under way. The tariff is also a check to speculation. From well informed quarters it is reported a schedule satisfactory to the Steel Corporation has been agreed upon, which will be taken up by Congress in the immediate future for consideration. Measures affecting other industrial properties are receiving the attention of Congress. With these conditions prevailing it is the part of wisdom that no overloading of new commitments should be undertaken.

The general market gives every evidence that stocks are in strong hands and are not for sale. The public holdings are not large otherwise, the long looked for decline would have materialized ere this. The principal weakness has been for sale freely on every bulge; this is true of Smelters common. The declines have not been as great in the latter as in Amalgamated Copper. The supply of copper ore is probably larger than the public is aware of. Producers seem to offer their supplies freely at the market price instead of asking above the ruling price, as is generally the case when supplies are normal.

The railway equipment industrials have shown firmness; rumors are going the rounds of increased dividends being announced by several of these concerns, especially American Car and Foundry, American Locomotive and Railway Steel Springs. Any of these companies could increase its dividends according to published resources and earnings. Their management, however, are showing a regard for the future preferring to build up a large surplus to withstand any reverses the commercial interests of the country might run into. The precaution displayed by these industrial concerns is very commendable and warrants a greater regard for their securities. A more staple industry than the American Locomotive and American Car and Foundry Companies cannot be found. Their products will always be in demand; railways will constantly have to replenish their rolling stock, making the demand for new supplies continuous. This condition guarantees the life of the Industrial Equipment Companies. Their securities must and will sell higher. Now that Mr. Harriman practically dictates the policy of the New York Central, the railway world is wondering just what he has in the cellar to treat his friends to; will he have a fatherly love for poor Erie and arrange an entrance into New York City over the Central terminals, or will he be worsted in an effort of this character by the Vanderbilts who practically control all the terminals used by the Central? The Erie will soon have its Jersey tunnels bored which will give it ample facilities for handling its already overtaxed suburban traffic. This condition has been one of Erie's greatest drawbacks, causing the blocking of traffic to such an extent that serious delays resulted, also adding greatly to the company's operating expenses. It also retarded the growth of the country through which the Erie looks for its suburban revenue. It does not require any great imagination to foresee some wonderful changes in the operation of railroads in the very near future. Harriman is the czar of the railway world today. He carries his crown very gracefully. He is the greatest, the most progressive developer the country has ever seen. His methods have proved more beneficial than those of any financier up to the present age. He forces development throughout the country through which he is interested as no other man has done; this means the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Pacific Coast owes much and will continue to be a debtor to the railways for its prosperity and future. The railway building prospects throughout the Pacific Coast seem like a dream. Day by day bright clouds are appearing in the horizon signalling renewed prosperity for California as well as other sections of the Pacific Coast. The railways have much to do with these conditions of advancement.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

One of the Graces

Will wonders never cease? I wonder. Well, what is it now? Oh, nothing new under the sun; nothing much—merely too much for me, and Solomon, like the way of an American maid with a European manikin. How comes Mrs. Adair to be at Millbrae, visiting Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and the Bavardes, to whom speech is golden, to be keeping brazen silence? Just think of it! Mrs. Adair, widow of John George Adair, of Rathdair, Queen's County, Ireland, and two or three other of the most beautiful places that Isle of Beauty and the Unblessed boasts; to say nothing of 16 Curson Place, London, where she entertains who's who in a style what's what; that is to say, royalty, royally, being Queen Alexandra's friend, a friend of one dare not say how many years' standing. Enough, that the friendship began when the one was known the world over as the Beautiful Princess of Wales, and the other as the fairest of the Three American Graces, the other two being her sisters, Mrs. Post and Mrs. Rodgers. For, like the majority of beautiful British women, Mrs. Adair is an American, daughter of General Wadsworth, who died bravely fighting to uphold an opinion of his which, happily, he held in common with one Abraham Lincoln, whose centenary we celebrate next week. Be our interest in Mrs. Adair what it may, she still has much interest in us—has, or had, the last I heard, large interests in the Aqua Vita Ranch, one of the biggest cattle concerns in Texas, for that matter, in the world. Furthermore be it known that in a whole city full of noted entertainers, namely, London, Mrs. Adair is notable for the art wherewith she conceals the difficult art of entertaining, her hospitality being poetry,—and poets are born, not made,—she being, as it were, entertained of her guests, they owning the house. As Pindar sang her Grecian prototype, she is the guardian of vernal sweetness, the friend and protector of everything graceful and beautiful, ever associated with the gentle decorum, the purity and happiness of life; with cheerful amusement, good-will, and gladness among men. Of the three sisters, rivals only in the minds of mortals subject to error, I take her to be the one yclept Euphrosyne.



Photo. Boyer DORIS WILSHIRE

One of the debutantes of the season.

In the Offing

Our smart set hasn't had a genuine thrill for many a moon. Its members having had to choose between being dangerous or dull have preferred to be dull, and despite the eternal vigilance of the gossips nobody has been caught off the reservation of prim respectability, but according to the very latest report the situation is far from hopeless. If smoke is really an infallible indication of combustion there ought to be quite a glare on the fashionable horizon ere long. But as George Bernard Shaw says, you never can tell. What appears to be smoke may turn out to be nothing more than a passing cloud. Society may be doomed to pursue the even tenor of its eventless way with nothing more to supply it with diversion than the rival activities of Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Greenway.



Photo, Genthe HELENA BREWER

One of the debutantes of the season.

A Dearth of Male Partners

The social rivalry which has resulted in the giving of so many large balls this season, coupled with the hints and stories of the internal warfares, the unnecessary slights and the strict drawing of social lines, has had, seemingly, and unexpected effect. Possibly it was only

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unforseen accident which kept so many men away from the last Greenway, for, as a rule, men are content to let women manage these matters in their own way, asking only that there shall be outward peace in which to enjoy social pleasures. They find cares enough in the business world not to crave additional ones in their hours of ease. At all events, whatever may have been the cause, the result was unfortunate for the last Greenway, where so many men were conspicuously absent that the superfluity of girls was emphasized, and even the most popular of the debutantes, whose proud boast heretofore has been that they never missed a dance were obliged to accept the inevitable and play the part of wall flowers. One of the very prettiest girls in San Francisco, finding her dances unclaimed, preferred to retire to the seclusion of the dressing room, where she was soon joined by others, equally intent on escaping from observation. The debutantes of this winter, who were so jubilant over the prospects of plenty of partners from which to choose felt the sudden drop in the thermometer keenly, and are rejoicing that the last two large balls of the season will be masqued affairs which will give them the opportunity of disguising any chagrin or disappointment meted out to them by an unkind fate under the kindly screen of masque and costume. There is no plausible reason on the surface why the genial Greenway should have met with such a Waterloo. The Fairmont ball room was at its best, the decorations were beautiful, and the supper would have tempted an epicure. Anticipations were of the highest, and the numerous dinner parties which preceded it might have been taken as an assured guarantee that it would go off with all the swing for which the Greenway affairs are noted, yet, as a ball is proved a failure. If Mr. Greenway was disturbed by the condition he bore the disappointment with equanimity, and did his best to retrieve the situation.

The Beautiful But Brazen Mrs. Atherton

That Pinero and Grundy in the more salacious of their comedies have pretty accurately reflected the manners of London's smart set we have learned from the testimony in more than one divorce suit, and now that the Stirling case is on trial we find that the playwrights have most faithfully reproduced types of characters that contribute to the gaiety of the fashionable herd. Take Mrs. Atherton, for example, the lady who is accused of having been intimate with Mr. Stirling. Here is a woman with a past whose counterparts abound in the risque British drama. This is not the first time she has figured in a racy scandal. Years ago I supposed that by her escapades she had incurred the penalty of social ostracism, but I learn from the despatches that she is as much in the swim as ever. Mrs. Atherton is a remarkable woman. She is known as the most beautiful woman in England. Imagine a woman with a wealth of chestnut hair, features almost perfect but not too severe, complexion radiant with health, hands exquisite as few women possess and the figure of a modern divinity. Then too much would not be said. Even women who dislike her confess her personal charm, while there is not a man who ever met her that she has not favorably impressed. Of commanding intellectual bent, she cloaks the determination of her character beneath a manner of exceptional attractiveness. She is the third daughter of Sir Edward Dean Paul and sister of the present baronet. She married in 1892 Col. Atherton, commanding the Twelfth Lancers, one of the finest soldiers in the British army. She created a personal sensation when she went to South Africa as one of Sir Frederick Treves's "plague of women," bent on nursing wounded officers. It was in South Africa and on the return voyage that a Duke, one of the youngest and wealthiest of British peers, was ready to cast his coronet and his gold at her feet. Society looked eagerly for a divorce suit, which was avoided only by the most powerful intervention. The young Duke's fiancee cancelled the engagement, which, however, the efforts of her mother and family succeeded in renewing. Col. Atherton finally divorced her in 1906, the Hon. Yarde Buller being named as co-respondent. The names of many members of the peerage were bandied about, and one of them was fully expected to marry her. Yarde Buller married Denise Orme of the musical comedy stage and Mrs. Atherton failed in her breach of promise case against him because the promise was made by him while she was still a married woman. She still remains unmarried, the queen of many subjects.

When Leader Meets Leader

Notwithstanding all the talk there has been of rivalry between Ned Greenway and Mrs. Alexander they are really the best of friends. Mr. Greenway is always a guest at the Colonial dances and Mrs. Alexander always contributes to the color and grace of the Assemblies. The two distinguished leaders met last Friday night at the Fairmont and Mrs. Alexander took occasion to express a matter of curiosity. "I wonder," she said, "when the newspapers will leave you and me alone!"

"Perhaps when you quit writing for them," said the Czar and he beamed on Mrs. Alexander with his blandest smile.

He'd Show Them

It seems incredible that girls of the higher social classes, who have enjoyed the benefits of travel and intercourse with the world can never learn the discretion of holding their tongues from personal comment on their fellow travelers. Two California girls had an unpleasant experience in Europe recently. A distinguished looking German entered the same compartment of the train, and noting the extremely snug fit of his trousers, they began to comment to each other, using French as the medium of their remarks. Amongst other witticisms, they professed a great curiosity as to how he donned the garments, and, as he was leaving the train, he politely presented a card on which he had written his perfect willingness to gratify them if they would honor him with a visit.

Did it on a Wager

The dance given on Saturday evening by the Gamma chapter of Alpha Sigma was a brilliant success. This sorority is composed of the most exclusive young girls in the city who are attending the Girls' High School. The costumes were elaborate and the supper dainty. Dancing was continued until midnight. During the progress of the ball Miss Elsie Draper walked in attired in a very handsome light blue robe surmounted by a huge black hat covered with ostrich plumes. She took her seat by the chaperones, but when the first notes of a waltz began Miss Draper and her escort joined the dancers. One of the ladies quietly requested her to remove her hat, which she did without demur, offering apologetically: "I know of course it is not the thing to do, and that it is never allowed at the Greenway dances, but I did this on a wager." And apropos of Greenway, he

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does not permit the uninvited to sit in the boxes and gaze down on his guests at a dance, so, when, on this occasion, he crossed the floor with Miss McMullin and escorted her to a box where they might observe the dancers, it is no wonder that a prominent lady present commented upon his breach of propriety.

Pond in Yokohama

Late news from Yokahama is to the effect that Edward Pond is in business out there. His partner is Augustus Moulder, the divorced husband of Lottie Clark, who subsequently married Leslie Wright and is reported to have divorced him also. Mayor Pond is said to make an allowance of several hundred dollars a month to his son's wife for her support and that of her two young sons.

Our Gibson Girl

The news that Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters will leave on February 10th for Old Point Comfort to arrive there at about the same as the fleet, revives interest in the gallant naval man from New Orleans, whose attentions were so marked while the fleet was visiting San Francisco, and must be dampening to the spirits of that prominent lawyer and club man who has been hovering round the same shrine.

The Clark Estate

The threatened contest of the will of Mrs. Charlotte F. Clark, who died last week leaving a considerable estate, brings into prominence another family genealogy. Jeremiah F. Clark, who died some fifteen years ago, was a lawyer well known locally. He was paralyzed for some years before his death. It is his widow whose property now threatens to furnish "pickings" for the legal fraternity. Her daughter, Edith Clark, married Charles G. Lyman, an army officer, who resigned his commission several years ago. They have one son. Charlotte married Augustus Moulder, but divorced him after one child was born to them, and subsequently married Leslie Wright, whom she is reported to have parted from within the year. Edward Clark, the son, came into unpleasant notoriety some years ago by marrying "the sweet pea girl," a woman who attracted attention to herself by her antics in connection with the Durrant and other notorious criminal trials. It is she who is threatening now to put in a claim for a share of the estate.

The Rosses of Ross Valley

The sad death of Ross Makin, an engineer on the Ocean Shore railroad, who was washed from a rock on January 30th near Santa Cruz while gathering mussels and drowned in spite of the efforts of his fireman to rescue him, recalls the vicissitudes of another pioneer family, who were at one time immensely wealthy—the Rosses, after whom the Marin County valley took its name. Mrs. Ross at one time owned all the land extending from Ross Valley to Sausalito, including what is now known as Kentfield, but it has long since passed out of their hands, having been cut up into building lots and sold, so that there is little now to remind one of the days when Ross Valley was occupied by only the most exclusive and wealthy. Mrs. Makin, the wife of the dead engineer, was a Miss Ross, as was, likewise, Mrs. Worn. Mrs. Worn quarreled with her mother, and at her death Mrs. Ross left all her property to young Makin, and there was the inevitable contest of the will and a compromise settlement. Anna Worn was adopted by the Butler family of Ross Valley, but after she was grown she returned to her mother, and in time, married a Mr. Perry. There are three children in the family. The Misses Belle and Grace Worn, the well known decorators, also belong to the connection.

A Cut-Up Dinner

Of the many handsome dinners which preceded the last Assembly, that given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch in the gray room of the Fairmont continues to be the most discussed. Some novel and startling features were introduced which served to break up the least hint of formality, and render it a most enjoyable affair. Mrs. Welch is a clever woman, and it is to her that the credit is due. She has a genius for introducing individual touches, so that her affairs are not only totally unlike each other but just as different from those of every one else. The entertainment of Friday night proved to be an Indian dinner. The decorations took the form of Indian baskets, ferns and pussy willows, and the color scheme was carried out to the minutest particular, even the candies appearing in the forms and sizes of Indian beads. The dinner partners were apportioned by matching the beadwork fobs and bracelets which were presented to each guest on entering the dressing room, and the place cards were of leather ornamented in Indian bead work. Mrs. Welch has the rare faculty of bringing together people who are congenial to each other and placing them to the best advantage. During the course of the dinner an alarm clock went off under the chair of one guest, and ere long, a fire alarm was heard from another quarter, so it is needless to hint that the last vestige of formality was eliminated.

The "Pop Concert

An encouraging sign of increased interest in the Lyric "Pop" Concerts was manifested by the large attendance at the second of the series. There was hardly a vacant seat, and as a rule vacant seats are all too prominent when chamber music is in question. It was a Dvorak afternoon, the entire program being devoted to this composer. The quartette for strings (op. 95) was the open-



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ing number. It was at once apparent that much practice had been bestowed upon this selection for it went with a beautiful smoothness and unity. The Lento was particularly pleasing and evoked a round of applause. A group of Dvorak songs followed, Mr. Laurence H. Strauss being the vocalist, accompanied by Mr. Gyula Ormay. Mr. Strauss has a pleasing tenor, which though not full nor resonant was equal to the demands of his number. He sings with taste and finish, a clear enunciation being one of his characteristics. In response to an encore Mr. Strauss gave two very charming songs in French. The quintette for strings and piano (op. 8) occupied the final place on the program. Its four characteristic movements are full of a wild and romantic spirit, evinced in strange chords and trickey rhythm. It was successfully played by the Lyric quartette ably assisted by Mr. Ormay, and evidently pleased the audience notwithstanding that it is well off the beaten track of music. Mr. Greenbaum deserves well of the public for the excellent programs he offers at the "Pops," and for the capable artists who interpret them. It is to be hoped that his efforts are widening the circle of those who appreciate the music of the string quartette.

San Franciscans Off for Europe

Among the passengers who left New York on January 28th by the Hamburg-American liner Moltke were a large party of prominent San Franciscans, including Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Claus Spreckels Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson and daughter, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Miss Ruth L. Winslow, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Mr. C. E. Benjamin, Mr. Edward G. Vinzent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Rossier, Mr. R. H. Turner, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Langfeld, Mr. and Mrs. William Goegel, Miss Edna Goegel, Miss Gladys Goegel, Mrs. L. B. Tuttle, Miss D. R. Tuttle, Mr. Thomas Luke Ryan, Mr. Pierce J. Ryan, and Rev. and Mrs. G. Avery Reeder. They are bound on an eighty-days- pleasure cruise which will include Madeira, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Malta, Egypt, the Holy Land, Constantinople, Greece, Corfu and other Mediterranean points of interest.

The Coming Kermess

The bachelor contingent of San Francisco society has already evinced its practical interest in the coming Kermess by engaging, three weeks in advance, every seat in the front line, generally designated as the "bald-headed row," at the Central Theatre, and that, not only for the opening night, but for all four of the performances. No doubt they will prove an inspiration for the fair dancers, and at any rate, they are looking forward to the affair with quite as much enthusiasm as the participants themselves, and promise to lead the applause with ardor. Most of the boxes are engaged and so many season tickets have been taken that the Kermess promises to be as grand a success fiancially as it assuredly will be in other respects. Miss Stewart has excluded from the Norman Cafe a number of those in the social limelight who have presumed that their social position gave them an ex-officio right to be present at the rehearsals. She wants the general effect to be absolutely new when it is presented to the audience, and, very wisely, has politely but firmly, made her wishes known. In spite of this, however, the other day, a number of the youthful elect strolled in and preempted seats, prepared to spend a pleasurable afternoon. As they proved impervious to a gentle invitation that their presence was undesired, Miss Stewart moved the class she was instructing to a small room adjoining, a hint so broad that the intruders accepted it and withdrew themselves. As many of those who have been selected to take part are really accomplished in the art of dancing, and all have been chosen with a special consideration of their gracefulness, the affair promises to be a revelation of artistic beauty. The Children's Hospital, the charity which is to be the beneficiary, will probably be substantially aided by the receipts.

An Artistic Success

Miss Margaret Kemble's rendering of the story of "Pelleas and Melissande" on Wednesday in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis proved quite worthy of the high expectations which had been aroused. Miss Kemble's many friends in society may be credited with the responsibility for the overflowing audience, but the artistic success was all her own. Hereafter she will need no introduction. Her interpretation of the somewhat cryptic theme of Maeterlinck was a revelation of psychological lights and shades that delighted her hearers, and the charm of the affair was completed by the interpretative piano and violoncello selections, the latter by Arthur Weiss.

Madam Olga, the Paris milliner, is now in New York selecting a stock of Eastern and European novelties—millinery to be displayed upon her early return at her new location, 237 Post street.

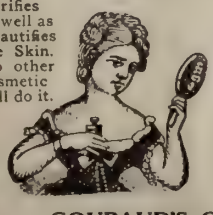
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In the Social Spotlight

One of the many pretty luncheons given at the St. Francis last week was that by Mrs. Joe Ehrman in honor of her niece, Miss Babette Newman.

Quite a number of city people spent their time at Del Monte during the week just past. Amongst them were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McDearmott, who motored down with their small son; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth and Mrs. Booth's sister, Miss Blanche Davis; Mr. Stanley Fay and Miss Edna Fay; Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Mann.

Mrs. George Cadwalader and Miss Linda Cadwalader gave another delightful tea on Sunday afternoon at their charming home on Devisadero street.

The guests of the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley enjoyed a delightful dance last Wednesday evening, and on the coming Saturday evening there will be a progressive bridge party. These social affairs have come to be a regular feature of the life at this popular hostelry.

One of the notable events in club circles for the month of February will be the presentation of Miss Katherine Jewell Everts by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae in a charming comedy entitled "My Lady's Ring" at the Fairmont on the afternoon of February 6th. The affair, which will be for the benefit of the Stanford Women's Club House; has excited great interest both because of the object and for the rare dramatict treat which is promised.

Among the recent arrivals at Tamalpais Tavern from San Francisco were Mr. Charles Frank, Miss Eva Coleman, Louise Bauer and D. E. Hayes. From Chicago: Mr. J. H. Frank, Miss Mable Frank, H. B. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lamon, Mrs. H. H. Hunt, G. C. Kingham. From Blackheath, England: W. S. Higham.

Mrs. Virginia Aldrich Beede, who went to Los Gatos several months ago for the benefit of her health, has been steadily improving. She is an interesting woman and has been greatly missed socially this winter, as she always does her full share of the entertaining, especially in the exclusive Southern set.

Mrs. L. R. Meade will be the hostess at a tea on February 6th in the Laurel Court at the Fairmont. Miss Maybell Toy will be the guest of honor.

Miss Marie Churchill was hostess at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon at the residence of her parents on Devisadero street. The guests included several of the debutantes, and army and navy officers.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott of Burlingame spent the week end at the St. Francis.

Mrs. M. H. De Young entertained at dinner the participants in the dance which is to be given under Mrs. De Young's chaperonage in the Kermiss for charity from February 15th to February 20th. Amongst those who were guests at the dinner and will take part in the dance were Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Emily Johnson, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Kathleen De Young, Edward M. Greenway, Sam Hopkins and Charles De Young.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Newmark, prominent socially in Los Angeles, have decided to make San Francisco their home, and are now occupying apartments at the St. Francis.

Mr. Brooke M. Wright, youngest son of the late Judge Seldon S. Wright, who has been living in Tacoma, Washington, for the past two years, has been sent as special correspondent to report the doings of the State Legislature now in session at Olympia for the Tacoma News. Young Wright is a graduate of the University of Virginia and a brilliant and able writer. His mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, is also a writer, having contributed to various papers and periodicals at home and abroad.

Society has been eager to make pleasant the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Allen Keys of Salt Lake City at the St. Francis, so many of our local people having enjoyed the hospitality of these gracious hosts in Utah. An elaborate dinner was given by Captain and Mrs. Samuel V. Haw, and informal teas and receptions occur every day.

Amongst the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. J. Ferris, Miss Mabel Young, Miss Ethel Young, San Francisco; Mr. John Kelly, Coalinga; George Swanston, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Holloway, Honolulu; Mrs. M. Welcker, Mrs. C. M. Johnson, Miss C. M. Johnson, Mrs. Henry Glass, Berkeley; the Misses Armstrong, Davis; Mr. Arthur W. [illegible] J. Pantosky, Oakland.

Mrs. F. T. Low and Miss Low have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter. Mrs. Low is the widow of a former governor of this State and has a wide acquaintance amongst the older families.

Among the interesting guests at the Carlton are General and Mrs. Woodruff and their daughter, Mrs. Roger Williams, and Mrs. Wayland Trask, who came up from Los Angeles last week with her daughter, Miss Dorothy Trask. Miss Trask is attending the University of California and is a member of the exclusive Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority.

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Stage

Hotaling's Richelieu

I have been reading a talented critic who, apparently, went to Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland for the purpose of defying Mr. Richard Hotaling to make good in the role of Richelieu. I am surprised to find that he ridicules Mr. Hotaling for being funny in this role. This critic is evidently laboring under the delusion that Bulwer's cardinal is a grave and reverend churchman who never provokes a laugh. A similar delusion has possessed many actors. But Macready, the first Richelieu, the actor for whom the play was written, and who produced the play under the supervision of the author, availed himself of opportunities to move his audiences to laughter. As a matter of fact Hotaling's conception of the role is in strict accordance with the best traditions of the drama. He ignores none of the expedients which he is expected to seize to raise a laugh or cause a thrill. In his performance there are to be met many memorable moments of absolutely perfect skill and of refined intelligence. There is scarcely a line or a word that does not receive approximately its value. Incidents and episodes receive a nice adjustment of light and shadow, and on the whole the performance is creditable, more creditable than some performances which have been given in this city by high salaried actors. If Hotaling came to us as a Frohman star from out the magic circle of Broadway instead of as a millionaire dilettante, one whom we must regard as incredible as an actor, our critics would be very likely to rhapsodize on his artistry. But in the circumstances he must not expect to impress them very deeply. Nor for that matter should he expect to impress anybody very deeply in that early Victorian melodramatic mixture of bad Hugo and worse Dumas which is noted principally for its clumsy workmanship, its anachronisms and its general falsification of history.

The Play at the Van Ness

"The Wolf" is a play that grips. It is a fragment torn bleeding out of life, the sylvan, almost savage life of the Canadian woods. As a drama it is tense, nervous, closely constructed. There are but six characters, all principals, and the action observes closely but not perfectly the classic unities of time and place. There is a savage sort of poetry in many of the lines, and the outcome of the dramatic action satisfies that primitive sense of justice inherent in all minds, no matter how complex our civilization. "The Wolf" is William McDonald, an American engineer, whose prey for the moment is Hilda, the half Swedish daughter of McTavish, Scotchman and hater of women and Swedes. Jules Beaubien, young French Canadian loves Hilda in simple, manly fashion. Jules, besides his rivalry with the engineer for the possession of Hilda, has an older and darker grudge, namely, the ruin and desertion of his dead sister Annette. With this double motive the play is a duel to the death between the Canadian and the American,—always tense and thrilling, sometimes false and melodramatic, as in the second act where one feels the falsity of the situation when McDonald's ruse wins the father's consent to his daughter's abduction. The interest is cumulative up to the climax, a duel with knives fought in the dark to an accompaniment of howling wolves. It is breathless, and compelling. Andrew Robson as Jules is flexible and strong with a strain of savage poetry that suits his environment. Alfred Swenson has conceived the Wolf on right lines, his portrayal needs a little filling out. Louis Haines as the flippant and slangy George Huntly supplies the comedy element. His boyish make-up and cherubic expression go a long way towards the success of the part. Ben Lamar as the half mad Scot and Conrad Cantzen as the equally half mad courier des bois Batiste are excellent, though both are handicapped by dialect. Lorie Palmer is the only woman in the cast. As the sad ill treated Hilda, a sort of frontier Iphegenia, she is interesting without adventitious aids from costume or make up. She plays the character with earnestness but with a certain lack of shading. In "The Wolf" and "Paid in Full" Eugene Walter has proved himself to be one of the most powerful of later playwrights.

Zangwill at the Alcazar

"Merely Mary Ann," the Alcazar's attraction for the coming week, is a modern version of the old fairy tale of Cinderella. It was written by Israel Zangwill and for three months, with Eleanor Robson in the title role, it packed the Duke of York's Theatre in London at every performance and the dramatic critics unanimously pronounced it the best thing that ever came to them out of America. Prior to its going to England it had been presented in all the big cities of the United States, and was a notable success in San Francisco about six years



GRACE EDMOND

Prima donna of "A Stubborn Cinderella" at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday, February 8th.

ago at the old Columbia Theatre. Mary Ann is a "slavey" in a London apartment house and the story concerns itself chiefly with her and one of the boarders, a young composer named Launcelot. It is made evident from the first that Launcelot is a man of honor and the household drudge a girl of innate refinement. There are many opportunities in the first part of the play for the exploitation of whimsical humor, quaint romanticism and a kind of very modern chivalry. The character of Mary Ann is not transformed from rusticity, and the humor, tenderness and womanly modesty are shown with exquisite delicacy. Many playgoers will delight in having placed before them a straightforward story with its "old-fashioned" sentiment, and denouement. Miss



JANE KELTON

Who will play the Princess Artemia in "The Light Eternal" at the American Theatre.

Evelyn Vaughn is well fitted by temperament and physique to give effective portrayal to the character around whom the play revolves, and Mr. Lytell and the other Alcazar players are equally well cast in this comedy.

"A Stubborn Cinderella"

At the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night for a two week's engagement comes the much talked of musical comedy "A Stubborn Cinderella," coming here almost direct from the new Princess Theatre, Chicago, where it has been running for the past five hundred consecutive performances. This quality musical play, with a Southern California atmosphere, two of its scenes being laid in our State, has been creating a theatrical sensation in Chicago for the past year where it has been playing to capacity business. It has been termed the marvelous music play, with twenty song hits and a beauty chorus of sixty. Homer B. Mason heads the cast, appearing as the energetic young American college man, "Mac." Since leaving vaudeville for the musical comedy line, Mr. Mason has made "good" in every instance, and is a decided hit in this part. He is ably assisted by Miss Grace Edmund, as Lady Leslie, whose beautiful soprano voice is heard to advantage in several numbers. Ethel Dovey, Jack Raffael, Marguerite Keeler, and many others are in the company. The play develops in three acts. The first scene shows the campus of Columbus University, the second a railroad wreck in the West, and the third a view of the Natatorium at Hotel Coronado, San Diego. A number of distinct song hits are sung, the best one perhaps being "When You First Kiss the Last Girl You Love," and many others. Mr. Mort H. Singer producing "A Stubborn Cinderella" has provided a most capable company for the engagement here, and a big chorus of show girls who wear dazzling costumes and sing well will be seen.

"The Light Eternal"

The delightful comedienne, Corinne, and her clever supporting company will make their last appearances in "Lola from Berlin" at the American Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening and at the Sunday matinee Martin V. Merle's beautiful romance of early Rome, "The Light Eternal," will be presented on an elaborate scale. The play is a familiar one to San Franciscans, having received its first professional production here after it had scored a great success at the author's alma mater, Santa Clara College, where it was acted by the students. Since then it has been used as a starring vehicle by James Neill and Edythe Chapman. Mr. Merle has been a close student of the time, place and people he has drawn together in his drama. His stage pictures are telling and effective in the extreme. The play contains more elements of success than most of the so-called masterpieces founded on Biblical themes, and everywhere it has been presented it has called forth from every walk of life the highest praise. Harry Beresford in "Who's Your Friend" comes next to the American Theatre.

Mackenzie Gordon's Concerts

The principal musical events of the coming week will be the concerts by that magnificent tenor Mackenzie Gordon, an artist who in addition to possessing a beauti-



MACKENZIE GORDON

To appear at Christian Science Hall Tuesday, February 9th and Sunday Afternoon, February 14th.

ful voice perfectly trained, has the ability of interpreting his songs so that the meaning of both composer and author reaches the mind and heart of his auditors. Artists like Mackenzie Gordon are indeed rare and no music lover can afford to miss hearing the remarkably varied and interesting offerings he will present at Christian Science Hall next Tuesday night and the following Sunday afternoon. Assisting Mr. Gordon as solo pianist will be Eugene Blanchard, a young Californian, who recently returned from Vienna. His numbers will include some works never before heard here in public. They are songs from the French, Spanish, German, English, Scotch and Irish, including such universal favorities as "Day is Gone," "Prieslied" from Der Meistersinger; "Land o' the Leal," "Hame," "Lolita," and "E Lucevan de Stelle," from La Tosca. The piano numbers by Mr. Blanchard, from Chopin and Tchaikowsky, are equally interesting. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s store, Kearny and Sutter street. Gordon will sing in Oakland Friday afternoon the 12th at Ye Liberty Playhouse, giving a special program. Seats at the theatre Monday.

"The Prince Chap"

Hoyt's highly amusing political satire, "A Contented Woman," with its hundreds of laughs and bright specialties, will be played for the last times at the Valencia Theatre this Sunday afternoon and evening and on Monday night "The Prince Chap," Edward Peple's beautiful love romance and brilliantly successful play, which ran for nearly a year in New York and half a year at the Criterion Theatre, in the English metropolis, and which will make you smile and then cry, and then smile again, will receive its first production by a stock company in San Francisco. "The Prince Chap" will serve to introduce to San Francisco Mace Greenleaf, the new leading man of the Valencia stock company, who comes highly praised by the press and public of other cities. Another important member of the cast will be little Bebe Daniels, one of the cleverest child actresses on the stage. In addition to the usual Wednesday and Sunday matinees, there will be a special performance on Friday afternoon, in honor of Lincoln's Birthday. George Ade's best comedy drama, "The County Chairman," will follow "The Prince Chap" at the Valencia.

The Langendorff Concerts

A recital by a great mezzo or contralto is a rare occurrence in the musical life of this city, where we seem to tempt only sopranos to visit us, but manager Will Greenbaum now announces a really fine mezzo in Mme. Frieda Langendorff from the Royal Opera at Dresden and other great European centers. At Bayreuth Mme. Langendorff was coached by the great Frau Wagner herself, and appeared there in half a dozen of the Wagnerian roles. As a concert singer Mme. Langendorff is said to be very fine. Both Mme. Gadski and Frank La Forge agree that she has a wonderfully beautiful voice of enormous range. In her programs she will introduce some of the aris from the Tchaikowsky operas. She will give three performances: on Thursday evening, February 18th, and Sunday afternoon the 21st in this city, and on Friday afternoon there will be a matinee concert at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. Mme. Langendorff has also been engaged to give the third concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society. With this singer Mr. Greenbaum will also introduce a new pianiste, Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron, a young Vienese artist, who met one of our Californian musical students at Stuttgart, with the result that they have thrown their life's fortunes together and San Francisco is the richer by the addition of a really great pianiste and a splendid



SCENE FROM "THE PRINCE CHAP"

The delightful play in which Mace Greenleaf will make his first San Francisco appearance at the Valencia Theatre next week.

volumetic. Mme. Heilbron will play some interesting numbers including a set of Variations by Chopin, which seem to have been overlooked by most pianists.

Princess Theatre

Kolb and Dill are in the last month of their record breaking engagement at the Princess Theatre, and there is every indication that their unprecedented popularity will continue till the termination of their season. In "Bankers and Brokers" they have another clever and diverting vehicle for the exercise of their great comic talent. In spite of the immense success of this play it will be withdrawn the Sunday evening in order that they may revive next Monday night "Lonesome Town" which is pleasantly remembered as one of their happiest efforts. This comedy with music it will be remembered was written by that unfortunate but brilliant playwright, Judson Brusie, and is based on the story of "Watts" a boom town in Southern California. It abounds in absurd and amusing complications and is possessed of exceptionally witty dialogue and amusing denouements. It will be interspersed with new musical numbers specially written for the occasion by J. A. Raynes and will be most perfectly staged by that thoroughly competent director, Charles Sinclair. Kolb and Dill will appear respectively as Chico Charley and Bakersfield Bill, a couple of tramps, who succeed in convulsing their audiences with laughter every time they put in an appearance. The production will be the same that was used by Kolb and Dill during their remarkably prosperous New York season. The Princess new musical comedy company will make their first appearance Monday evening, March 1st. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

Zangwill at the Orpheum

In next weeks' Orpheum program there will be an intense, dramatic episode, entitled "The Never Never Land," by Israel Zangwill. The cast will include Helen Grantley, a beautiful and gifted young actress who has won fame in the cast. She will be supported by Harry Hilliard and James M. Colville. "The Never Never Land" is best outlined in the following description written by Mr. Zangwill himself: "At the moment of death the dying sometimes see and live over again a tragic event in their lives. Upon this basis I have built up this weird dramatic situation in which the vision that comes before the soul of a dying woman is shown upon the



ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING SCENES IN "MERELY MARY ANN"
At the Majestic Theatre, Evelyn Vaughan in the title role

stage and the eventful happening of her past enacted half a century before the curtain rises is again revealed to her in all its dramatic and passionate intensity." Dick Crolius of "Biff" Donovan fame in Peaches will present a brief race track incident, entitled "Shorty" which is described as a vaudeville slang masterpiece. Mr. Crolius's engagement will be limited to one week only. Other new acts in the coming program will be the always welcome and popular Farrell-Taylor Trio in their highly diverting black face offering of music and comedy, "That Minstrel Man," and Leon T. Rogee, a graduate of the Hungarian Conservatoire of Music, who imitates the 'cello, trombone and other musical instruments with marvelous accuracy. Next week will be the last of Byron and Langdon, Johnny McVeigh and his College Girls, Charles Wayne & Co., and of Seldom's beautiful and classic poems in marble.

The Famous Phillippine Constabulary Band

The people of San Francisco will be missing a great opportunity if they fail to appreciate the achievement of manager Will Greenbaum in inducing the Board of Trade of Manila to allow the famous Philippine Constabulary Band to give a series of concerts here before proceeding to Washington, where it is to be a musical feature of the Taft inaugural ceremonies. The band is the greatest musical organization controlled by the United States Government and the biggest band in the world that is permanently kept up, being composed of members from all the Philippine tribes, who are most musical by nature, and it is, of course the only organization of its kind in the world. It will be the only really complete band that has ever played in this city. There are eighty-four actual performers besides the leader, and sixty-two of them form a symphony orchestra. Many of the men are able performers on a dozen different instruments. Under the supervision of Taft, then Governor of the Philippines, the constabulary force was organized to assist the regular army in maintaining peace and order. The corps formed a band, and Captain Walter Loving, an American negro, educated at the Boston Conservatory of Music, was appointed conductor. Loving, who had gone to the islands as bandmaster of one of the colored regiments, became immediately a factor in the musical life of Manila. Under his directorship the Constabulary Band soon began to attract public attention and every visitor to Manila went away to talk of its wonderfully fine performances. When Sousa heard it he said: "This is one of the finest military musical organizations in the world, if not the very finest." The symphony orchestra which it includes is to play at the Inaugural Ball. The band will play here for three nights, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, February 14, 15, and 16. On Tuesday afternoon a concert will be given in Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.



MACKENZIE GORDON

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OAKLAND—TUESDAY AFTERNOON, February 16, "Ye Liberty."

SACRAMENTO—WEDNESDAY NIGHT, February 17, "Cluine Theatre."

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Monday, February 15th—"The County Chairman."

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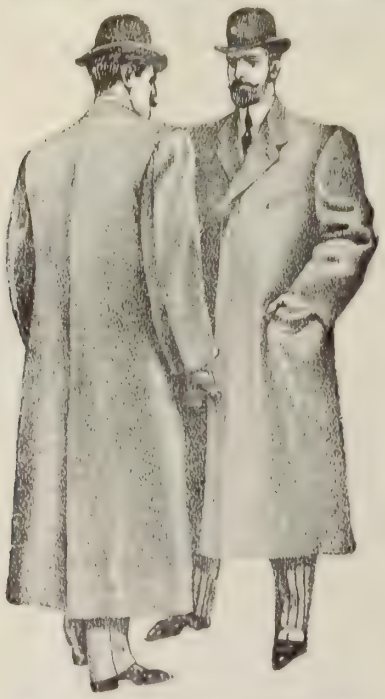
For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We will also run a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. Such questions will be answered in the following issue.

TALK ON OVERCOATS NO. 2

Various Kinds of Overcoats and Their Duties

There is such a variety of overcoats suitable for various occasions that it is difficult to prescribe any certain style and again it depends upon individual taste and upon the size of the pocket book. For the economical or limited purse, as one overgarment is an absolute necessity, we shall begin with the indispensable garment particularly adapted to California. This overcoat is about 50 inches long, and is made of various fabrics from a light Scotch tweed to a dark worsted or vicuna, but dark patterns are preferable. If there is to be only one overcoat



in the ward robe, the material should be cravanette or rain proofed, so that the garment may do service as rain coat as well. This will provide for all seasons an overcoat proper at any occasion.

"Chesterfield" overcoat is the name of the most important overgarment, for one might do without a top coat, paddock, ulster, chin or protector coat and yet would not cause a great inconvenience, but not so with the "Chesterfield," for it combines all the elements of utility and comfort and there has never been another designed to take its place. This coat is about 42-44 inches long, for the man of average height, 5 feet 8 inches, and should be either one-quarter or all silk lined, with either collars of the same material, or velvet collars. The garment should hang loose from the shoulders as a form fitting "Chesterfield" is out of the question at the present time.

Materials should be of Scotch tweeds, medium light to a darker shade or an oxford cheviot or vicuna cloth which is ever popular.

Then there is the top coat, which of late has not been popular but which might again pop up in spring. Another overgarment which does not seem to be a favorite at present is the double breasted oversack. The inverness will always be considered as a full dress overcoat, and will, like the pollhot always be worn by a few but the great majority of people prefer the long dark oversack as full dress overcoat. English slip ones are made up on little cotton fabrics and are rubberized. They are more or less popular every season.

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"Technicalities So-Called"

(Continued from Page 9.)

"I do not say unhesitatingly and unequivocally—and my colleagues in the appellate court of which I happen to be a member thoroughly agree with me in the opinion—that mob law receives its strongest stimulus and encouragement, and justice receives its severest shocks, from those loosely conducted, speedy criminal trials in which the protesting prisoner is forced to face the jury in the midst of public excitement aroused, and as yet unabated, from the commission of some outrageous crime of which he may or may not be guilty. In such cases the chances of ascertaining the truth, if it happens to be upon the side of the defendant, is small; and he is wise if he shields himself behind every technicality which the law has raised as a barrier against undue haste, against unfairness, intentional and unintentional, and against the determination of the questions involved by any other form of logic than that which the wisdom of the ages has approved as being the safest and the best.

"The law, if it is wise—and we of the bench and bar would be untrue to our trust if we did not believe it to be so—neither creates nor recognizes any technicality which the experience of the ages has not shown to be promotive of that which should be the end of all judicial investigation, the ascertainment of the truth. A court proceeding contrary to all established order and technicality may reach a correct result, the verdict rendered may be the truth of the case, the sentence imposed may be the well-deserved punishment of a particular defendant; so, too, the mob may lynch a guilty rapist. It is in the dignity and in the certainty, in the orderliness and in the caution, with which the courts proceed to results, rather than in the source of their creation, that they are distinguished in principle, and even in expediency, from mobs and other lawless administrators of public vengeance and so-called speedy justice.

"There are two methods of determining guilt or innocence and of administering punishment. The one proceeds cautiously, according to the carefully guarded forms and precedents, which long experience has shown to be safest and truest of result. This is called law. The other disregards form and precedent, decides by impulse rather than by technical procedure, acts quickly, and leaves future developments to verify or disprove the correctness of its decision; and this is called mob law, or lynch law, or night riding. A quiet, unexcited body of men, who take a person accused of a capital crime, and, after calmly weighing the proofs for and against his innocence, giving him an opportunity to be heard, and finding that he is unquestionably guilty, swing him to a limb, is in spirit less a mob than a court which, at a session speedily called in response to the demands of the excited populace, forces the suspected criminal to trial, waves aside or grudgingly grants his demand for orderly procedure and calm, dispassionate investigation, determines his guilt by impulsive finding guised thinly by a semblance of deliberation, and thereupon sentences him to death. We may say in passing that there is no less courthouse lynching as to certain classes of misdemeanors than as to graver felonies—only the result to the defendant is not so serious. If a man is to be lynched, even where his guilt is unquestionable, let the mob do it. Do not demand it of the courts."

Now Professor Boke and Professor Wigmore and all you other scholastic reasoners, will you please be good.

In the Limelight

Following "A Stubborn Cinderella" at the Van Ness Theatre will be heard Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom's great success, "The Red Mill."

The members of the Valencia Theatre stock company are awaiting with great impatience the production of "The County Chairman," a week from Monday.

Richard Carle in his latest success, "Mary's Lamb," "The Red Mill," and "A Stubborn Cinderella" will be the three and only musical attractions to be seen at the Van Ness Theatre during the remainder of the season.

"The Half Breed," a striking story of life in Arizona by Oliver Morosco and Harry Cottrell and in which Mace Greenleaf, the new leading man at the Valencia, scored a great hit in Los Angeles, is booked for an early presentation at that playhouse.

Lillian Russell will be seen here next month in her latest triumph, the racing comedy called "Wildfire."

The Valencia Theatre management is making great preparations for a stupendous production of Barrie's delightful fantasy, "Peter Pan," next month. Lloyd Carleton, former stage manager for Maude Adams and patentee of the flying devices used in the play, will be brought from New York especially to produce the piece and Tony Kenna, the house electrician who acted as head of the lighting department during Miss Adams's tour, promises that the effects in his department will be perfect.

Homder B. Mason who comes in the leading role of "A Stubborn Cinderella" is one of the cleverest people now in the front rank of musical comedy. His performance has been voted a complete success.

Little Bebe Daniels, who will play the younger Claudia in "The Prince Chap," is one of the best child actresses on the stage. She achieved one of her first successes in "Her Own Way", when Miss Blanche Stoddard was playing Georgiana Carley.

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The Confession

(Continued from Page 10)

to avoid need to repeat to you. That day we nearly came to blows. After that I kept away from the house, and I only saw Philippe at rare intervals when we happened to work on the same building.

"However, I did not entirely lose sight of Catherine and the child. Frequently, on Saturday evenings, when I knew Philippe was out on a spree, I would roam about the neighborhood and perchance meet my godson. I would get him to talk, and, if it appeared that the poverty at home was very great, he would be sent back with some money in his pocket. So the years went by. I think Philippe knew or suspected that I helped his wife, but he made no objections; it made it easier for him.

"But I must be brief. Catherine's son has grown up, he is now twenty years old, good and brave like his mother. He is not a laborer—he has studied; he learned drawing at the night schools, and he is now in an architect's office, with a fair salary. So, although the father's drunkenness still disturbed the home, things were beginning to look better.

"Night before last, Monsieur the Cure, I was coming out of my lodgings and I met Camille on his way to see me. He was as pale as a ghost.

"'What is the matter?' said I.

"'Only this,' said he. 'I was at the drawing for the conscription this morning, and I drew No. 10, one of the worst possible—a number that sends one out to die of fever in the colonies. Even at the very best it is for five years—five years to leave mother alone with my father, who has never been drinking so hard or been so cruel! Oh, but it will be her death!'

"Think what a night I passed, Monsieur the Cure! The poor woman's work of twenty years gone for naught, just because a poor boy draws a bad number out of a bag! When I rose I seemed to have become an old man over night. But one has to work to live, and so I went to my daily toil, and climbed up the scaffolding to the fourth story, on which we are now working. I was laying bricks when someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was Philippe. He had only worked when it pleased him of late, and evidently had come to do a day's work to get some money for drink. There is a good demand for labor just now, and the boss is willing to take anyone that comes along. I had not seen Philippe for an age. I hardly knew him, he was such a physical wreck.

"'Well,' said I, 'the boy has drawn a bad number!'

"'What of that?' answered Philippe rudely. 'Are you, too, going to bother me with that affair? The boy will do as the others do; he will serve his country. Parbleu! I know what it is that they both would like—to have me die! If I were dead, he would not have to go. But I am still strong and hearty, and Camille is not yet the only son of a widow!'

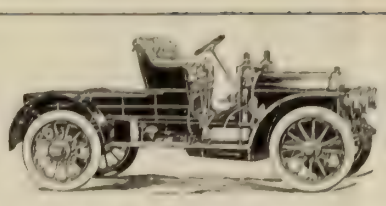
"The son of a widow! Oh, Monsieur the Cure, why did he speak that word! The thought came like a flash, but it stayed by me all the morning, as we worked side by side. The boy away for five years, perhaps never to return! Catherine alone with that drunken brute! A neighboring church clock struck eleven, the workmen climbed down for luncheon. Philippe and I alone were left. As he stepped to the ladder to go down, he turned toward me with a harsh laugh and said: 'You see I am pretty steady still; Camille is not yet the only son of a widow!'

"The blood rushed to my head; I seized the ladder on which Philippe was standing—a slight push, and over he went. He was dead when they picked him up. No one thought of anything but an accident. But now Camille is the only son of a widow; he will not have to go.

"That is what I have done, Monsieur the Cure. That is what I have to confess to you and to God. I am sorry; I want to be forgiven. But I would do it again, perhaps. Now I am going to America. Take this gold chain, Monsieur the Cure. I have kept it all these years. Sell it, and give the money to the poor."

Did the abbe absolve him? We do not know. But we do know that the chain was not sold. The old priest put the money equivalent in the box, and hung the chain as an ex voto in the chapel of the Virgin, where he often prays for the soul of the poor bricklayer.

"In a close study of the wonderful growth of the automobile industry during the year just closed, no feature is more noticeable than the specialization idea which has virtually been forced upon the discriminating buying public," says Colonel George Studebaker of the Studebaker automobile company of South Bend, Ind. "Our concern has been accustomed to making horse drawn vehicles for various purposes ranging from the laundry wagon to the luxurious laundelette for a long time, but we did not appreciate the extent to which the automobile buyer is discriminating until we received our specification books for the past year. Now we comprehend that the word 'automobile' has almost as many different definitions as the word 'vehicle.' In keeping pace with the demand for individual need, the Studebaker automobile company has been following the plan of specialization which made the firm's vehicle business the most comprehensive in the world. This is truly an age of auto specialization and in both the commercial and pleasure phases of our automobile department this specialization idea will be borne out."



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Auto Notes

Delivery was made last Saturday afternoon by the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California of a Studebaker E-M-F "30" car to Dr. W. R. Lovegrove of this city. The delivery of the car to Dr. Lovegrove is specially significant in that it was Dr. Lovegrove who a few weeks ago paid L. W. Neustadter a handsome premium for the latter's place in line of early delivery of the new Studebaker car. Dr. Lovegrove's machine is one which is in the full sense of the word completely equipped. Dr. Lovegrove's aim in buying a car was not only to get one which was a good hill-climber, speedy and safe, but to also furnish it with everything which tended to comfort and accommodation.

At the recent auto show which was held in New York City, to which several representative San Francisco automobile men went and at the individual automobile show which is in progress at the present time at the Studebaker building in New York City, one of the most interesting types of cars shown is the new Studebaker town car with coupe body. The car is one of the new 1909 Studebaker machine and closely resembles a taxicab except that in its appointment it is almost equally as luxurious as the Studebaker limousine, one of which was recently purchased by Miss Lillian Russell and George M. Cohan. According to advices from New York City, the Studebaker town car is destined to become one of the most popular cars of the year.

Mr. Cuyler Lee has just returned from New York. He visited Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston and returned to New York in time to be present at the annual dinner which the Packard Co. gives to its dealers and to see the automobile show.

The fact that women have always wielded an important influence in the purchase of automobiles, is admitted by all manufacturers and representatives of motor cars. In no place has this been demonstrated more than in San Francisco. Not only were the women of this city the first organizers of a women's motor club in America, but they have assisted through their influence and enthusiasm a great many projects for the benefit of the local automobilists. Undoubtedly one of the main reasons for the general feminine fondness for the modern gasoline vehicle is the simplicity and ease with which it is operated. The past season has shown that the less complicated the car, the more numerous are the women owners and drivers. This is especially noticeable on the cars of medium price. The women owners who drive their own Chalmers-Detroit cars, for instance, form an important part of the hundreds of purchasers of these cars. Among the local women who operate their own Chalmers-Detroit cars are Mrs. A. H. Kohn, Mrs. Seymour, wife of Dr. Seymour, Mrs. H. L. Morton, Mrs. L. Huffman, Mrs. J. S. Whitmore, Miss Hazel Phelps and Mrs. W. Hunt. No more enthusiastic or expert motorists tour the State highways than these fair devotees of the automobile sport.

Recent rains have inflicted greater damage to the automobile roads of California along the coast than has been done in several years, according to A. L. King and Frank B. Dickson, both of the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California, who returned last Saturday to this city after a severe and trying trip to San Luis Obispo and return. "Autoists were pitted against very heavy odds all the way down the coast," said King is discussing the arduous trip, "and their predicaments ranged all the way from punctures to almost complete submersion in the mire. But, there is one thing about autoists," added Dickson, "as a general rule they are a happy lot and never fail to see the humorous side of the difficulties they suddenly find themselves in, even under the most trying circumstances. It's the California spirit, I suppose, as this characteristic was found among the woman autoists we met as well as the men."

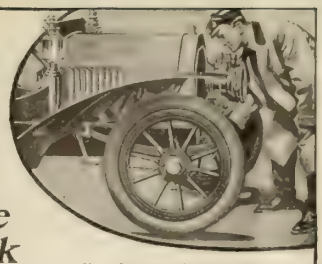
Mr. A. A. Dahlke of Oakland, Mr. W. H. Wood, San Francisco, and Mr. S. L. Goldstein, San Francisco, have each just received a Packard "18" touring car from Cuyler Lee.

In explaining the unusual demand for automobiles in the Rocky Mountain farming districts, M. C. Ramsey, the Studebaker agent at Grand Junction, Colo., says: "Farmers in this vicinity are optimistic to a degree over the prospect assured by the deep snow which now covers the mountains. The extensive plans of the irrigating promoters will permit them to hold this water and to use it when and where they wish to. This feature assures a tremendous beet sugar crop as well as other crops for several years. As a result of this a big boom in all lines of business is certain. The automobile industry will naturally get its share and as the farmers are rapidly learning that the automobile is the most economical vehicle after all, the majority of them are beginning to place their orders for as early deliveries as possible, knowing that they will be well able to afford them. The farmers here are in exactly the same position that the central west is when it has a positive guarantee of big wheat and corn crops for five years." Ramsey recently doubled his orders for Studebaker E-M-F "30" and other Studebaker cars.

Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, San Francisco, just received his Packard "18" Landaulet, of special finish and design, being the second Packard "18" Landaulet to be delivered on the coast.

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For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Murine Doesn't Smart—It Soothes Eye Pain.
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differs from all other oils in being non-carbonizing, and in "working" with uniform certainty both in midsummer heat and in zero weather. ZEROLENE is the only oil with these characteristics, and is produced in only one place.

Absolutely free from all trace of acid.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

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1909 Oldsmobile, December 15th

The following complete line of 1909 models will be on exhibition on the above date. Every one of these cars is representative of the factory that makes it:

Model X Special Runabout	$2000
Model D Palace Touring Car	2750
Model D Toy Tonneau	2750
Model DR Flying Roadster	2750
Model DR Detachable Tonneau	2750
Model Z Touring Car, 6-Cylinder	4200
Model Z Runabout, 6-Cylinder	4200

Besides Limousine and Landaulet Bodies.

The 1909 Oldsmobile contains all that has made the car famous in the past, together with the improvements in keeping with the largest and most extensive factory in the country. Recognized the world over for durability. Investigate.

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Letters

"Helen Grant" a Post-Graduate

Amanda M. Douglas's heroine, "Helen Grant," whose experiences have been related for the edification of the larger girls while she has been pursuing her course through preparatory school and college, has now taken a post-graduate course at college and is about to launch on her career as a teacher. Most of the characters who appeared in the former volumes are still in view, with some new and interesting types. Helen Grant is of the better class of collegians, one who neither shirks her duties nor forgets the social amenities, and has a helpful hand for others in distress, and one who would make a safe ideal for most young girls to copy. The whole series has been in contrast to the average school-girl books, which glorify insubordination and impudence under the guise of independence, and leave girls with an idea that the world is all theirs and those who oppose them should be annihilated. In the present dearth of even fairly presentable books for girls of from twelve to sixteen "Helen Grant" is to be commended. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

"A Full-Back Afloat

A. T. Dudley has added another volume to his Phillips-Exeter series, "A Full-Back Afloat." The book is complete in itself, and except for the perpetuation of the name of Dick Melvin, and the first chapter, technically and intricately descriptive of an inter-collegiate foot ball game, it has no connection with previous events. Doubtless the boys themselves will appreciate the introduction, but the real story has no connection with school or sport. Melvin had decided to spend his long summer vacation in Germany, intent on getting some practical knowledge of the language. He could manage the continental living expenses if he could contrive to secure transportation, and being a husky and determined youth, he shipped aboard a cattle steamer, thus securing his transatlantic fare both ways and the large sum of ten dollars in addition to his meals en route. It was a rough gang that he found himself amongst, and before long he discovered that roughness was not by any means their worst quality. On the evening before he set sail the home of one of Melvin's class mates had been broken into an one of their most valuable treasures stolen. Melvin had no suspicion of the identity of the thief, but some of his property had been appropriated and he determined to recover his own by fair means or foul. While instituting the search he came across the Morton loot and had no hesitation about taking possession. Then began a game of hide and seek, Melvin to keep possession and the thieves to retrieve the property, each, of course keeping a noncommittal countenance towards the other. It is this search together with the description of the work of feeding and caring for the cattle on the ten-days trip which makes the story, and a welcome variation it is from the smart-alecky foolishness which has formed the staple of juvenile literature for lo, these many years. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are its sponsors.

Correspondence Exploited

Notwithstanding a deep-rooted aversion to every compilation and publication of private correspondence, no matter how carefully edited or what apologies and excuses are offered for such vandalism, I must confess to having derived some enjoyment from the small volume entitled "The Friendly Craft," put forth under the sponsorship of Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, Professor of English at Smith College. The letters which are here brought together are largely from American sources, and range from the earliest colonial times to the present day. They have all been selected with a view to presenting either some picture of bygone times or some particular aspect of society or events as seen by the writer, thus we have glimpses of politics, society, education, religion, and pretty much all else, through the eyes of General Washington, Governor Bradford, Samuel Sewell, Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, and, to come nearer to our own times, the New England School of poets and historians, Bayard Taylor, Charles Godfrey Leland and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Nor is the other sex forgotten, for Dolly Madison, Abigail Adams, Mrs. Hariet Beecher Stowe, Celia Thaxter and Margaret Fuller are likewise represented. To those who feel no prejudice against reading the correspondence of others, even though they may be no longer able to protest. "The Gentle Craft" will, doubtless be a welcome addition to library shelves, but so many of the epistles, even in their edited and expurgated form, contain injunctions to destroy, or not to show to others that to those who still retain old-fashioned prejudices in the matter of locked drawers and sealed letters the undoubted pleasure that is derived must be tainted with a suspicion of furtiveness. It is all a matter of the point of view. If one has been brought up under the impression that everything belongs to everyone, there need be no hesitation. If, on the other hand, there is an acknowledgment of the mine-and-thine, there can never be freedom to enjoy without the latent question of right. Published by the Macmillan Co.

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It has proven of great value in the Home as

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In Costliest Gown,
For the Social Event,
At the South End of Town.

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To the Toilet is seen
In the Act above Pictured
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First cabin, $35.00; round trip, $60.00

Second cabin, $27.50.

Includes berths and meals en route.

SEE AGENTS

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE LEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4714, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of GEORGE W. LEE, the Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, deceased, praying that he, as such Administrator, be authorized, empowered and directed to lease a portion of that certain building belonging to said estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, deceased, which said premises thereby proposed to be leased are described as follows, to-wit: All of that certain Store, designated and known as No. 753 Polk Street, on the Southwest corner in that certain four story brick building erected and being on the following described property of said estate, which real property is situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Polk Street with the Southerly line of Ellis Street; thence running Westerly along the last named line Seventy-seven and Six-twelfths (77 6-12) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Polk Street One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at rights angles Easterly and parallel with Ellis Street Seventy-seven and Six-twelfths (77 6-12) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above Court on Monday, the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of said Court, situate in the Grant Building, S. E. corner of 7th and Market Streets, in said City and County, to show cause, if any they can or have, why said premises particularly above described, should not be leased for the purpose of securing for the same the total sum of Fifteen Hundred and Sixty ($1560.00) Dollars divided into monthly payments, for the term of two years.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for at least once a week for two successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, this 21st day of January, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 22, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administrator, 557 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 1-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7042, New Series. Dept. Nine. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE BASTIAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William Bastian, Executor of the last will and testament of the above named George Bastian, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909), to the said William Bastian, executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, deceased, at the office of his attorney, John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said George Bastian, deceased.

WILLIAM BASTIAN,
Executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said Executor,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5103, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an Incompetent Person.

CATHERINE COLE, guardian of the person and estate of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an incompetent person, having presented her petition herein duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said incompetent, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of March, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted directing, empowering, and authorizing the said guardian to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said incompetent person as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 29th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 29, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk. 2-6-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2133. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of RANDOLPH WILSON SMITH, and ROBERTA GENEVIEVE SMITH, Minors.

EMILY MAY SMITH, guardian of the estate of the above named minors, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order directing the sale of certain real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and more particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and will be beneficial to said minors, and each of them, and to their respective estates, that said real property should be sold, and good cause appearing:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors and each of them, and all persons interested in their or either of their estates, appear before the above entitled court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situated on the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 2nd day of March, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property; and

It is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks next preceding said day, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 30th, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

W. H. ORRICK, Attorney for Guardian,
617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13833.

MARY HORGAN, a Widow, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Liens Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the Court of the above entitled City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fulton street, distant thereon one hundred and forty-six (146) feet ten and one-half inches (10½) inches westerly from the intersection of the westerly line of Baker street with the northerly line of Fulton street, and then running thence westerly along the said line of Fulton street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the northerly line of Fulton street and point of commencement. Being Block No. 592, a portion of the Western Addition.

You are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said real property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is on the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister streets, San Francisco, California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13834.

DENNIS J. HORGAN, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dennis J. Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Scott street, distant thereon northerly from the northerly line of Haight street one hundred and thirteen (113) feet and six (6) inches; thence running northerly along said easterly line of Scott street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the easterly line of Scott street and the point of commencement. Being a part of the Western Addition Block number four hundred and thirty-nine (439), and also right of way over passage extending the length of the above described property and a width of those three (3) feet six (6) inches on the South of the same.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: The German Savings and Loan Society, whose address is No. 526 California street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7058, New Series. Department Ten.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH CHAPMAN DYAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS, Administrator of the estate of Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909); to the said Edwin Joseph Dyas, administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, at the office of of his attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased.

EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS,
Administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administrator, Room 1255 Flood Bldg., S. F. 2-6-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 20725.

ADELE RAYNAL, Plaintiff,
vs.
HENRI RAYNAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Henri Raynal Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfull desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of January, A. D. 1909

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

P. A. BERGEROT, Esq., 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4823, N. S. Dept. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the Estate of OLOF NELSON, Deceased, having presented his Petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of the Sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said Petition mentioned and set forth:

And said Petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Thursday, the 11th day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court in the Grant Building on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, at San Francisco, this 4th day of January, 1909.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 5, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk. 1-9-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street; and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, July 20, 1865, and recorded in Map-Book E and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at _____, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

Following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, we notice Messrs. Mackie & Coy's "White Horse Cellar" Whisky has just been awarded the Gold Medal for quality at the Franco-British Exhibition.

Louis Crepaux

(Member of Paris Grand Opera)

Has removed to his new studio,

Delbert Block, 943 Van Ness avenue, cor. O'Farrell.

Reception hours: 11:30 to 12, and 3 to 4, except Wednesdays. Wednesdays in Oakland, 1154 Brush street.

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Has removed his Law Offices to the

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. 10—No. 20497.

ANNA D. ROLLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALVA AARON and M. CLIFFORD AARON, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Alva Aaron and M. Clifford Aaron, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff,
378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

508 CALIFORNIA STREET Phone Kearny 711

Residence, 852 Grove St. Phone Page 55

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 7022, Dept. 10.

Estate of ADOLPHE ROOS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Adolphe Roos, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at Heller, Powers & Ehrman, 713 Union Trust Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adolphe Roos, deceased.

GEORGE H. ROOS,
LEON L. ROOS,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Adolphe Roos, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., January 23, 1909.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 1-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE SINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators, with Will annexed, of the estate of MINNIE SINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators, with Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Minnie Singer, deceased.

CHARLES HUFSCHMIDT,
HENRY HUFSCHMIDT,
GEORGE F. HUFSCHMIDT,

Administrators with the Will annexed of the estate of Minnie Singer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 16, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., S. F.,
Atty. for Administrators with Will Annexed. 1-16-5

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,479,043.00
Deposits December 31, 1908	$35,079,498.53
Total Assets	$37,661,836.70

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Vol. XVII. No. 859. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 13, 1909. PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, February 13, 1909. No. 859



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Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 5 Third Street, San Francisco.

Los Angeles office, 731 Central Building

Seattle office, 913 Third Avenue. Theo. S. Hansford Special Representative.

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Our War Cloud

Once more the Japanese question possesses the public mind to the exclusion of all others. With President Roosevelt sweating at Washington, Governor Gillett in nervous trepidation at Sacramento and the wires humming with messages of passionate expostulation we appear, at this writing, to be in the midst of a crisis that is throwing deep shadows of uncertainty over our immediate prospects. Meanwhile that illustrious propugnator of the people's cause, that militant reformer of the peaceful Sacramento Valley, the Hon. Grove L. Johnson, inspired with an evangelical enthusiasm, is rampant at the State Capitol, eager to assert the dignity and majesty of the proudest commonwealth of the Pacific. Mr. Johnson is conducting his crusade against the Oriental pest on a high moral plane. Conscious alike of the rectitude of his intentions and the welfare of his countrymen he recks not where his burning words fall so long as they are true and right. Out of this pregnant agitation who knows but that, in the event of the passage of the right kind of direct primary law, Mr. Johnson may derive sufficient glory to enable him to sweep the State in the role of candidate for the United States Senate.

Uncle Sam's Pusillanimous Attitude

The agitation of our statesmen at Washington caused by the agitation of the Japanese question at Sacramento, is, to say the least, somewhat humiliating to all of us. We are told that the honor of Japan is at stake and that consequently "we must go slow." Apparently it is taken for granted that the honor of California is not to be considered. It is the honor of Japan that must be the objective of all legislation at Sacramento relating to alien immigration to California and the age limit of pupils attending the public schools. Now as a matter of fact the honor of Japan is not at stake at all. If the United States were to violate a treaty with Japan that act would be dishonorable on our part and it would be just cause of indignation in Japan, but there is no prospect of the violation of a treaty. Our Legislature may enact legislation at variance with the terms of a treaty, but such legislation can have no effect. A State legislature cannot abrogate the law of the land. So far as curtailing the privileges of the Japanese is concerned it is within our power to do only those things which are not provided against by the terms of existing treaties, and in the exercise of that power we cannot wound the honor of Japan. Between honor and arrogance there is a vast distinction. If we conceive honor to be a sense of dignity rather than a moral conscience, which it really is, then we should deeply deplore the effect upon us of the protests that have come from Japan. We appear to be on the verge of panic. Our statesmen tell us that "we must go slow"; we must not even attempt to regulate our public schools without considering the feelings of a people irritably jealous of shadows that may blur the bright disk of their national honor. We are reminded that Japan did not hesitate to attack Russia when that people was supposed to be the strongest military nation in the world; that Japan fought and won the greatest naval battle in history, and also the greatest land battle in history. We are therefore to infer that if we do not go slow Japan will wallop the hide off us as she walloped the hide off Russia. If we were dealing out legislation against China or Korea or any other helpless nation we should hear none of this talk about the "honor" of nations that seek to impose themselves on us in spite of our protest. Perhaps China and Korea and those other weak and helpless nations are as "proud and sensitive" as Japan, but this pride and sensitiveness would cut no ice with us. Apparently we respect pride and sensitiveness only when they are embodied in big military establishments. We sincerely hope that the universal calm that laves as with the quiet undulations of placid lakes the teeming shores of our beloved country is not to be broken, and at the same time we lament that our spectacular President sent the battleship fleet round the world to accumulate barnacles and dyspepsia. Our nerves are beginning to betray the effect of constantly exhibiting a hungry attention to punctilios. It may be well for us to be mindful of the fact that a hostile spirit ever on the alert for pretexts can "find quarrel in a straw"; also that the spirit of aggression is nursed by submission.

The Unpatriotic Harriman

The most uprighteous of all secular journals, the Bulletin, has been preaching a characteristic sermon on the unrighteousness of that purple plutocrat and successful sinner, Mr. E. H. Harriman. The Bulletin's sermons are always edifying. Like Joseph Surface the proprietor of the Bulletin is a man of fine sentiments, and the Bulletin's sermons always breathe a lofty moral enthusiasm and intense hatred of wickedness. Knowing as we do that the Bulletin is enshrined in the popular heart and is ever deserving of the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and lofty issues, we are ever reluctant to dissent from its solemn judgment upon men and women who have fallen from their integrity, and against whom the Bulletin alone is qualified in grace and sanctity to cast the first stone. However, respectfully and deferentially we shall venture in this instance to suggest that being immune from temptation the Bulletin does not always consider the circumstances that alter cases and weaken the power of resistance. Consider, for example, the case of Mr. Harriman, who according to the Bulletin is not patriotic inasmuch as he is responsible for a system from which springs a certain amount of the evil practices with which our politics is gangrened. Now as a matter of fact Mr. Harriman's wickedness may in a great measure be palliated upon a principle which in this day and generation is receiving universal endorsement in this enlightened land of liberty. We refer to the principle of the greater good justifying almost any expedient. This is Roosevelt dogma. It is the dogma that the Bulletin and its lessors have been endorsing in connection with the moral uplift of San Francisco, with reference to everything which they in their extraordinary wisdom and virtue have generously undertaken to regulate and reform. Why should not the benefit of this principle be extended to Mr. Harriman whose activities in the industrial world unquestionably are for the greater good of the country? His interests are the people's interests, but the machinery by which these interests are promoted is in constant danger of impairment from the misguided people themselves, and to safeguard the machinery Mr. Harriman is obliged to conduct a political bureau. Thus we see that his sins are the inevitable transgressions of a genius for empire building circumscribed by democracy.

The People's Lobby

It cannot be charged against Mr. Harriman that he invented the political bureau. He found it in operation when he entered upon his career as a railroad magnate. He soon realized that it was absolutely essential, that without it the property under his management would be destroyed at the instigation of the demagogues of journalism and the demagogues of politics. Unquestionably this bureau breeds corruption, but much of what apparently is wickedness is nothing more than an expression of the first law of nature. The principle of the Harriman bureau is not any worse than the principle of the bureau maintained at Washington by organized labor under the management of the Hon. Samuel Gompers, or the one maintained at Sacramento by the so-called People's Lobby. The Washington and Sacramento bureaus are conducted for the purpose of intimidation. One is in the interest of a class and the other is in the interest of a coterie who presume to determine what legislation should be enacted and what should be defeated. These bureaus are not in harmony with the spirit and principle of our government. The theory of our government is that our legislatures shall be composed of men better qualified than the multitude to make laws for the commonwealth, and that the legislators shall be permitted to do their own thinking. To coerce a legislature is as iniquitous as to bribe a legislature. The legislator who votes contrary to the dictates of his judgment to comply with the wishes of the self-constituted mouthpieces of the people is no less corrupt than the bribe-taker. In this connection it is worth while recalling that the beginning of the end in ancient Rome was marked by the triumph of the People's Lobby when at the instigation of Saturninus, the demagogue, the Senate was coerced into acquiescence in the proposition to divide large tracts of land in Gaul among the soldiers.

Coddling the Mob

We do not wish to be understood as approving the principle upon which Mr. Harriman's sins might be palliated. We merely wish to suggest that the worst of our political evils are the essential evils of a system of government which has been perverted by demagogues, and that the real enemies of the nation are not men of the Harriman type but unscrupulous journalists who are misleading public opinion for the enrichment of themselves through the favor of the multitude. The fundamental principle of our government is the fundamental principle of the jury system which was designed to solve the problem of how on the one hand to avoid putting a man's life and property in the hands of a single despot while on the other hand protecting him from the tumultuous judgment of a crowd. In other words there was instituted in this country a representative form of government, the scheme of which contemplated the transaction of public business by men chosen for their superior intelligence or other elements of fitness. The founders were sensible of the fact that the ripened temper of mind requisite for realizing the public good is never engendered by the impetuosity and turbulence of the masses, but now we find that the masses are being urged to exercise direct control of affairs, and we are plunging deeper and deeper into democracy and subordinating quality to quantity under the malign influence of mob-coddling journalists who have not even the decency to convert themselves to their own views. As a consequence we find that the evils of Mr. Harriman's system are in proportion to the unscrupulosity of the molders of public opinion. The more zealously the molders urge the puppets of the mob to vindicate their devotion to their constituents, the more desperately must Mr. Harriman's political agents strive to protect his interests.

The Passion for Mediocrity

An examination of school children's teeth in one of the eastern cities has resulted in a report that ninety per cent of the pupils are in immediate need of attention, and that the probabilities are that the parents are either too poor to pay dentists' bills or too indifferent to give the subject their attention. As usual, it is "women to the rescue." Dentistry being a profession in which skill rather than capital is demanded, it is proposed that philanthropic women shall be induced to establish scholarships and endow institutions wherein girls may be trained, to the end that children's teeth may be tinkered at betimes. As the present difficulty appears to be not the dearth of dentists but the lack of patients, it is by no means obvious how this remedy is to be made to work to anybody's advantage. The old adage about leading a horse to water and yet being unable to force him to drink falls short of describing the situation as set forth by the inquisitors, for the horse in this instance can be neither driven, coaxed nor bribed as far as the fountain. But this is a circumstance that does not concern the dear creatures who fancy that they have discovered a new field of endeavor for their sex. What strikes them more than anything else is the reputed "easiness" of dentistry. Any one can master it after a fashion with little application. How characteristic of the temperament of the day is this attitude toward one of the professions! Boys and girls, and especially girls, are brought up with the idea that some occupations are in themselves "genteel," and that fitness, preparation and natural capacity are insignificant matters. The natural result is that there are thousands occupying positions which they cannot fill. There are hoards of stenographers who cannot spell; bookkeepers who cannot add; "journalists" who cannot write; their very numbers lowering the average standard of efficiency. Business men are compelled to put up with them because they have no hope of improving the condition. The same is true of the professions. There was a time when a man who had not read history and philosophy to a sufficient extent to have improved his mind could not obtain admission to the bar. But nowadays there is a royal road to the bar, and the men that travel over it are the men of little learning who by reason of their opportunities and the false prestige which they enjoy are far more undesirable as citizens than the pro-

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fessional criminals that come to us from the slums of Europe. An example of their dangerous ignorance is to be found in the recommendations made by some of them to the Legislature. One of the reasons upon which they based certain recommendations was that the things which they recommended had never been "tried in an Anglo-Saxon country"; whereas they were the very things which had provoked the resentment out of which springs many of the fundamental principles of our government. If the club women who have evinced such concern over the decaying teeth of the infant population had supplemented their desire for improvement by a corresponding discrimination in the selection of those to be trained for the profession of dentistry, there would be only gain, but as it is, they see but one object to be fulfilled, namely, the chance to make a good income which would then be offered to a few hundreds or thousands of their own sex. Why children with poor teeth should be assumed to be benefited by the addition of poor dentistry is, as Dundreary says, "one of the things no fellow can find out."

Indiana's Great Author

"The publishers of Harold MacGrath's machine-made books announce that of his canned fiction 900,000 copies have been sold in Indiana alone. We did not know there were that many simpletons in the State which George Ade once declared he would never go back on—or to." So says the Musical Leader, but there is nothing to get indignant at. Harold MacGrath's stories are innocuous. There is now, and always has been, a large class of readers to whom just this grade of literature is acceptable. Cut off from their supply they would simply cease to read anything at all, and a goodly proportion of them would occupy their leisure in ways far more harmful than in reading clean, if not particularly powerful romance. There are plenty of stronger books for those who crave them.No one is under any compulsion to read MacGrath if he prefers Hewlett, and all the efforts yet made to herd the public in the other direction have thus far proved useless. It is one thing to raise water from a forty-foot well by the aid of a steam pump or a windmill; it is quite another matter to induce the water to lift itself when the pressure has been removed, simply by the power of momentum supposed to be imparted. Despite all the teaching of literaure in secondary schools and colleges, in primary and grammar classes, too, for that matter, the average of taste has not been perceptibly raised. Shakespeare still plays to empty seats and the best sellers are not even approximately the best literature. For all that, let us recall those other days when so many of the novels in general circulation were the pirated editions of uncopyrighted foreign works. We had Rhoda Broughton, "The Duchess," Mary Cecil Hay, Ethel Lynn Lynton, Hawley Smart, and perhaps a score more, and who dare say they were any better or even as good as the native products? What has become of the "Fireside Companion," "Saturday Night," "Family Story Paper," "Waverley," and their contemporaries, which enjoyed such a vast circulation? They have simply been crowded from the field, driven out by the Harold MacGraths. It will be an ideal state of affairs when everyone's musical taste has been elevated to the Wagnerian standard, but meanwhile there is a host of worthy folk who find pleasure in "tunes" and ragtime melodies. We may dream dreams of that bright future when only real artists will paint because only geniuses will find recognition, but until that halcyon period arrives it is absurd to complain that everybody doesn't appreciate good literature. The people of Indiana condemned as simpletons for buying 900,000 copies of the MacGrath books might have wasted their money in much worse ways. They might have made choice of some of the unspeakably vulgar novels which have had such a wide vogue in more enlightened centers, or they might have purchased 900,000 bottles of whisky and kept their town marsnals and constables busy rounding them up.

The Unpopular Bachelor

The old-age pension legislation is going to cost Great Britain a pretty penny, and already there are propositions on foot to raise the necessary funds by special legislation. As usual the bachelor is singled out for special attention, though it does not appear to have occurred to any one to note whether there is a disproportionately large number of the unmarried amongst the beneficiaries. Just why at this period of the world's history it should be deemed advisable to put a penalty on bachelorhood we have not been informed. In ancient Greece and Rome bachelors were regarded with disfavor because it was conceived to be the duty of the citizen not only to fight for his country but to keep up the supply of his country's fighting men; but nowadays it is generally admitted that we have too many warriors and that it would be better for the world if we had fewer standing armies. True, we are told that in some countries there is danger of race suicide, but this danger does not arise from dearth of marriages. What shall it avail a people, threatened with extinction, to encourage marriage if the married man and his wife remain unmindful of the importance of propagating the species? Let us not be too dogmatic in our views with reference to undesirability of celibates. Were it not for many a bachelor uncle many a child would go hungry. The man who looks ahead and compares his income with the certain expense of maintaining a family is a better citizen than the one who falls in love with the first pretty face he meets and depends on charity or family assistance to feed and clothe his innumerable brood. Bachelors who own property now contribute their quota to all the public needs. Public schools and orphan asylums can be of no advantage to them, present or future, nor public play grounds, juvenile courts and reformatories. If there were call for a special class tax in the United States, it could be placed to advantage on the divorced, who take up a disproportionately large part of the time of courts and legislative bodies, whose children form the greatest percentage of our delinquents, and whose affairs occupy the attention of our newspapers to the exclusion of better things. Moreover, they are so numerous that the per capita would be small and at the same time it would be so widely distributed as to almost cease to be a special class tax.

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The Wáning Moon

(Translated from the Italian of Gabriele D'Annunzio)

O silver sickle of the waning moon,
  Bending above the wintry desert's woe,
How mighty is the harvest-home of dreams,
  Waving in silence for you here below!

The fluttering breath of sudden leaves, of flowers,
  Of forest streams, wafts softly out to sea;
No weeping and no laughter breaks the silence—
  The vasty silence of thine empery.

Oppressed with passion and oppressed with pleasure,
  The throbbing world sleeps, tossing to and fro;
O sickle, what a harvest-home of visions
  Lies dreaming, waiting for you here below!

Perspective Impressions

If Justice has her eyes bandaged, so often have those who would outrage her.

Those who are ignorant of the past are seldom learned as regards the present.

Some men never appear so disinterested as when they have done something from an interested motive.

According to the editor of the Chronicle the reform in criminal procedure recommended by the Commonwealth Club and Bar Association are the same as the reforms that have been recommended by the National Bar Association. It would be interesting to learn the source of the Chronicle's misinformation. Who told the editor of the Chronicle that the National Bar Association favors putting a man twice in jeopardy and doing away with the principle of immunity from self-accusation?

The cure for the evils of Democracy, we are told, is more Democracy. Quite right. This cure is based on the principle of setting fire to the house to rid it of the odor of onions.

"In no sense," says the New York World, "does the prejudice in California against the Japanese represent a national feeling." Neither does the prejudice against the negro in the South, or the prejudice against Mr. Pulitzer in the White House.

Said President Bourn of the Spring Valley Water Company to the Board of Supervisors: "I can go out and get a water system for the city while you are talking and wasting the city's money. The trouble is that the water question has been a political issue." He might truthfully have added that it is a private political issue agitated in the interest of a millionaire demagogue.



AND HE BOUGHT IT!

Detroit News.



SEEING THINGS AGAIN

Philadelphia North-American.

Japan's "Unmorality"

Setting Forth in Formal Phrase the Distinction and the Difference of a Racial Habit Which Would be Deemed Highly Immoral if it Were Not the Hereditary Trait of a Proud, Sensitive and Conspicuously Honorable People.

By Democritus

Objection has been urged to the Japanese on the ground of their immorality, and this objection has obtruded modestly and tentatively in some of our discussions concerning the desirability of permitting Japanese young men to learn their English in the primary mixed schools of this city where many of the pupils are white girls of tender age.

I suppose that it would be almost equivalent to a declaration of war to insist that the Japanese are an immoral people. Therefore I will accept the statement of some very nice observers to the purpose that the Japanese are not immoral—that they are only unmoral.

This unmorality of the Japanese has been excused by their friends upon the plea that it is only by comparison with western morality that they may be judged and that this comparison is unfair to the Japanese because they have always been unmoral. Their unmorality is hereditary and racial. The Japanese have never had opportunity to be otherwise. I am not aware, however, that this defense of Japanese morals, or unmorals, has ever been urged as sufficient reason why a Japanese "schoolboy" twenty years of age should be taught his English in the same class with white girls of ten and twelve years of age.

The unmorality of the Japanese not only appertains to their sexual relations which are as loose as any immorality practiced by the western nations, but extends to all their dealings with the foreigner and to some degree in their own business affairs. All the banks of Japan employ the notoriously honest Chinese to handle the money of the banks. Two reasons are assigned for this preference: In the first place the Chinese are adepts in the manipulation of coin either in the counting or in the detection of bad or short weight money. The other reason is because the Japanese are afraid to trust "scroffs" or money counters and bank tellers of their own race.

In their dealings with foreigners the Japanese tradesmen are absolutely unscrupulous and as dishonest as the profit of that sort of thing may demand. The godowns of Yokohama are, at this moment, crammed with foreign goods which the purchasers have refused on delivery because the price has receded since the contract for the consignment was signed. Any excuse for violation of contracts of this nature is sufficient. I know of one instance where a quantity of yarn was ordered by a firm of which the manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank was the director, and refused because the color did not suit the purchasers, but in fact because the price of "purple hokuroka" had fallen on the local market. The case was carried into the Japanese courts and a decision promptly rendered against the foreigner plaintiffs. Another instance of precisely similar character but involving all Japanese was decided in favor of the plaintiffs.

The Japanese may be a "proud, honorable and sensitive" people, but these virtues do not operate to compel honesty in commercial transactions between the Japanese and their foreign creditors or foreign customers. The foreigner who goes to Japan must expect to be skinned, bunkoed and robbed. He must expect to pay five times as much as would be charged to a Japanese for everything he eats, drinks or wears. Even the "tips" demanded in the hotels and restaurants are as ten to one of those given by a native. A jinricksha coolie will invariably charge a foreigner fifty cents American money for the service that would cost a Japanese about ten cents. I have appealed to the police of Japanese cities many times against this extortion, and my protest has resulted sometimes in reduction of the larceny from the grand to the petty variety—probably a little more than double the legal charge.

Japanese who do not happen to be "in trade" are free to admit the utter dishonesty of their fellow countrymen in commerce; but they aver that it is the consequence of contact with the trading foreigner who would cheat the Jap out of his back teeth if the Jap did not first apply the forceps. Perhaps that is true, but since the Japanese have learned the tricks of the game they are able to win against cards, spades and big casino. On the principle that "the first blow is half the battle," and acting on the golden rule of "doing others before they do you," the Japanese merchant and tradesman will stop at nothing to pick the pockets of all foreigners who may come within reach of his pilfering fingers.

Early marriages are the invariable rule in Japan. I have it upon the best authority that the effect on the men of Japan under this custom is to change the date of their wild-oats sowing, making it come after wedlock instead of before. Divorce is more common in Japan than in the United States or Europe. Such statistics as are available show that the general proportion of divorces to marriage has been nearly as 1 to 3, and in the most favorable years nearly as 1 to 4. These divorces are, for the most part, among the lower classes. The "honorable" upper class samurai rarely resort to divorce because the social ethics of Japan does not impose even the lightest moral obligation upon a husband who has tired of his wife—he may have as many mistresses as he is able to support, live with them openly and take them into a very good section of Japanese "society."

In Japan it is not necessary to call a secondary wife an "affinity." There is not the slightest pretense of apology for a husband's notorious infidelity. He is not immoral; he is only "unmoral." Temporary wives may be bought for more or less money from their parents in Japan; and these temporary marriages between Japanese girls and foreigners are duly recognized by Japanese law. I have personal knowledge of three men teachers in the public school department of the Philippines who went to Japan on their annual vacation and were immediately temporarily married to three pretty Japanese girls whose parents were paid the equivalent of fifteen American dollars for a three months' privilege. The girls only received their board, the ingredients of which they prepared for themselves and their "husbands," thus serving the double function of "wives" and servants. The central idea of the Luther Long drama "Madame Butterfly" is no fable; but the dramatic climax is wholly untrue. No Japanese "wife" would hari-kari herself for love of a foreign "husband." She would merely abide her chance of getting another. The denouement of Pierre Loti's story of Madame Chrysanthemum" is nearer the Japanese fact. Those who have read the Frenchman's book will remember that after he had paid Madame Chrysanthemum the final installment of her "dower" he went back to their abode to see what the little lady was doing; hoping to find her crying her brown eyes out with grief at parting with one whom she had a thousand times declared she loved above all the men to whom she had

(Continued on Page 29.)

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The Terrors of the "Third Degree"

Psychologists Discuss the Criminal Police Practice of Securing Untrue Confessions and a Playwright Illustrates With a Scene From Life.

By Robert F. Barton

Once more the expected has happened. Again we have witnessed the introduction of the adventitious aid to justice. A jury being in process of impanelment one of the unscrupulous Spreckels organs is employed to give circulation to the story of a convicted thief to the effect that one of the Claudianes brothers told him that he was employed by Tom Gibson, the United Railroad Company's detective to blow up Jim Gallagher's home. So absolutely underserving of credibility was the story which the mendacious Call published that even Detective Burns hastened to disavow responsibility therefor. The incident would not be worth discussion were it not that it recalls to mind the Claudianes case and that this moment learned scientists are devoting attention to the psychology of the "third degree." Claudianes, a half-witted individual, was put through the "third degree." A sack containing a thousand dollars was put on a table in front of him and he was told that he could earn the money by confessing that he dynamited the Gallagher home. He confessed. He is now in jail, but has not yet been tried. In his confession he implicated his brother who was told that although the prosecution had sufficient evidence to convict him, he would be granted immunity if he would confess and implicate somebody higher-up. So he too confessed, and he has been prosecuted and convicted, the principal evidence against him being his own confession. Now there are persons who doubt that either of the Claudianes brothers is guilty.

The Claudianes case is not unique. According to a writer in the New York World: "At intervals in the history of modern crime, after a man has paid the death penalty, convicted on his own confession, the 'murdered' man has turned up very much alive, or the real murderer driven to bay by conscience, has confessed. Then the casual reader has said: 'Why did that man ever confess?' And psychologists answer: 'Because he was put through the hypnotic third degree, and the confession was extorted by mental suggestion as surely as ever the rack and thumbscrew tore out untrue confessions in the days of the Inquisition.'"

The subject of untrue confessions secured through hypnotic suggestion has been treated in a book by Dr. Munsterberg, the noted psychologist, and so great is the interest now taken in the subject that Charles Klein, the playwright, author of "The Lion and the Mouse" has made it the theme of a play called "The Third Degree" which was produced last week at the Hudson Theatre in New York. In this play Howard Jeffries Jr., the extravagant and wilful son of a rich man, has married a girl of humble extraction and has been cast off by his family. He applies to an old college friend, Robert Underwood, for help, and happens to call when his friend is driven to the wall by creditors. He falls asleep in his friend's library. Underwood commits suicide in an adjoining room, and young Jeffries is found in the dead man's house by the police. The latter, acting on the theory that a motive has been established, proceed to extort a confession from Jeffries. At the end of a seven-hour cross-examination the false confession is secured. The following extract from the play shows exactly how this is done:

Capt. Clinton—There was a quarrel—and you shot him?—
Howard—No—no—there was no quarrel—no words—no. I swear there wasn't.
Capt. Clinton—He was found on the floor dead—in that room—you were trying to get out of the house—without being seen. You pretended you had been drinking—this door was locked. How do you account for that?
Howard (his eyes on pistol, repeats mechanically)—I shot that sofa. When I woke up—it was dark—I tried to get out—but the door was locked. I wanted to get home—I needed money—I wanted to tell my wife I couldn't get it—she was going out to work the first thing in the morning and I don't want her to. Won't you believe me? Won't you believe me? I am telling you God's truth—on my word of honor I am. (Sinks helplessly and hopelessly into chair, burying head in his arms.) They won't believe me—they won't believe me!—(momentary pause).
Capt. Clinton—Stand up! (Howard rises slowly.) The motive is clear. You came for money—was refused—there was a quarrel and you did the trick. Howard Jeffries, you shot Robert Underwood—and you shot him with this pistol. (With a quick movement he brings out pistol and places it for Howard to see, but close enough so that the rays of light fall upon the shining barrel of the revolver. The light shines on it so that it attracts the eye. Howard looks at it—his eyes are riveted on it until his face assumes a vacant stare. Scientifically this accomplishes the act of hypnotism and he comes under the influence of the will directing his will. He is now completely receptive.) You committed this crime, Howard Jeffries. (Howard gazes at pistol with fixed expression.) It's as clear as daylight—eh, Maloney? You did it, Jeffries—you know you did. Come, own up! Let's have the truth—you shot Robert Underwood—with this revolver. You did it, and you can't deny it, and you know you can't deny it. Speak!—go on—out with it! You shot Robert Underwood—(Momentary pause; Howard's eyes are on the pistol.)
Howard (his eyes on pistol, repeats mechanically)—I shoe Robert Underwood.
Capt. Clinton—You quarrelled—
Howard—We quarrelled.
Capt. Clinton—You came here for money—
Howard—I came here for money.
Capt. Clinton—He refused to give it to you?
Howard—He refused to give it to me.
Capt. Clinton—There was a quarrel?
Howard—There was a quarrel.
Capt. Clinton—You followed him into that room?
Howard—Followed him into that room.
Capt. Clinton—And shot him?
Howard—And shot him.
Capt. Clinton—Whew! That's all. (Howard sinks into seat, head resting on arms. Clinton pockets pistol.) Gee, he was a tough man! Get that all down?
Maloney—Yes, Captain.
Capt. Clinton (slapping Howard on shoulder)—Hey, Jeffries, come on—wake up! Come on—stand up! (Howard is handcuffed.) Here, Maloney, take him over to the station, write out that confession and get him to sign it before breakfast.

The average detective disclaims any knowledge of hypnotism, but I am told that Detective Burns is very proud of his eye, an organ which, in his opinion, is irresistible for some purposes. Whether the eye played any part in the Claudianes drama is something of which I am not informed. But it is my private, and therefore unimportant opinion, that the only things that are of any value to Burns when he is gumshoeing are his moustache and his conscience.

It may be that Burns never intentionally hypnotizes anybody, but the question of design is of no consequence. The experts say that a man may employ hypnotism without being conscious of the fact. Hence the danger of anything that savors of the "third degree," and hence too the importance of the principle of immunity from self-accusation, a principle which the legislature at Sacramento has been asked to ignore when reforming the penal code. Dr. Munsterberg says it was by the violation of this principle that persons accused of witchcraft in New England were induced to make "untrue confessions." He says: "Even a mere fatigue often brought to the Salem witches the loosening of the mental firmness and the intrusion of the suggestion of guilt. In tedious examinations the prisoners were urged to confess through many hours. The accused were wearied by being forced to stand so long or by want of sleep, and then gave consent to the accusation of having signed the devil's book."

Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, author of "Hypnotic Thereapeutics" says that many untrue confessions are secured, and he mentions as a case in the point the one on which Mr. Klein has founded his play. It was the case of Richard Ivins of Chicago who was hanged in 1906 on his own confession though his friends proved an alibi which was above question.

The Meeting

By Louis Payen (From the French)

As she entered the room with a smile on her face one felt as though she brought with her a breath of springtime. She was exquisitely costumed. Her hat, her gown, her blond locks and her blue eyes all blended in one harmonious note of beauty and refinement.

Her head gracefully poised, her lips parted in a droll smile, she held her parasol under one arm, while buttoning her long gloves.

"Good-bye, sweethearts," she said, "I am going out."

The two looked up; Maurice, her son, nine years of age, who was busily engaged in coloring some of the engraving in his copy of Robinson Crusoe, dipping his brush now and then into his little box of paints, and her husband, much older than she, his hair graying at the temples, an expression of deep melancholy in his eyes.

"Oh, mamma, won't you take me out walking with you?" exclaimed Maurice.

"No, dear, not today. I have too much shopping to do. I must have a dress tried on, visit several stores, and pay two or three calls. It's reception day and the last tea given by Mme. Chautins. It is absolutely necessary that I should put in an appearance, as I have neglected her all winter and she is a woman who can be of some use to us.. I may be detained and return quite late, but you will not mind it, will you, dears?"

She spoke cheerfully and rapidly, like a woman who has something to say and wants to be done with it as quickly as possible; while speaking she looked at the child, but it seemed to Pierre Darcy, her husband, that the words were addressed to him, and that she was answering the mute reproach which she read in his eyes. She kissed the child, and then going over to the library table where her husband was at work, she extended her hand.

"Au revoir, Pierre," she said quietly.

He drew her to him and touched her blond hair with his lips. She drew away, and at the door turned and threw them both a kiss with the tips of her fingers, saying laughingly:

"Good-bye, sweethearts, be good, both of you, until mamma comes home."

The door closed, they could hear the frou-frou of her skirts as she went down the stairs. Silence fell upon the library. The boy continued to paint his picture, and the father to work at his books. Outside the sun was shining and all the flowers and trees were budding in the gay springtime. In the park the chestnut trees were uncurling their delicate leaves like bits of green silk.

A half hour passed in this way, and then Maurice broke the silence.

"Say, papa," he said, "why is mamma so pretty, why is she such a pretty woman?"

"That is because we both love her so much, my dear boy."

The child seemed to be reflecting, and Pierre Darcy too seemed to have become thoughtful. There are sometimes thoughts, latent within one, which rise suddenly to the threshold of consciousness because the hour has come; thoughts that have been creeping up, slowly, quietly, in the dark recesses of our souls. Somehow we know they are there, but fear to meet them. Lucienne, his little Lucy, she was so pretty when he married her ten years ago—but not so handsome as she was today. But did she still love him, had she ever loved him? At least she had been very sweet and very kind. If she had not known love, there had been sympathy and gratitude on her part toward him. Perhaps she thought for a moment the dream of her childhood days had been realized. But these are sentiments which are dulled by time and the monotonous march of the days. Now cracks begin to appear in the building of life, very small, and only perceptible to the eyes of love. Here and there comes a word that one cannot understand, a false note in the harmony of life that is breaking down, little by little. Pierre Darcy had noticed of late a new expression in her eyes, a difference in her gestures, thoughtful moods which seemed to be inexplicable; a thousand nothings, which when taken together seemed formidable.

The father dropped his book and glanced at his child, who in his interest in the picture had daubed his paints plentifully upon his face and hands. The child looked up at him, with that glance of infinite love and confidence which children have for the parents whom they know love them; but there was a look in his father's face which aroused his sympathy; he thought his father was suffering, for some reason he could not understand. Maurice ran toward him and threw himself in his arms, holding up his face for a kiss.

"If you like, Maurice, we will go out; no more work today. A little walk in the park will do us both good."

Out doors, the child felt the caress of the warm, spring air like a kiss upon his face. People were passing to and fro in the streets, running hither and thither to home or some amusement. Over all the sun rained down great golden rays that seemed to envelope everyone in happiness. The Seine gleamed under the light and the little ferry boats darted about as if very busy.

Then they came to the park, with its straight paths bordered by trees and flowers, and to the lake where children were sailing their boats, crying out when the breeze failed to bring the toy back to the point at which it was expected. There was an exchange of laughter, of glad cries. Mothers were seated upon the benches, watching the little ones tumble about; stout nurses, laughing and talking, were carrying babies in their arms.

Maurice had caught something of the joy that was all about him and forgot for the moment the thoughts which the expression upon the face of his father had aroused within him. He felt very happy, clinging to his father's hand, as they slowly wandered along the shaded path.

Suddenly, in a tone of surprise, that of a child who does not reflect, the boy pointed to a by-path and cried out:

"Why, there's mamma!"

"I do not see her," stammered M. Darcy.

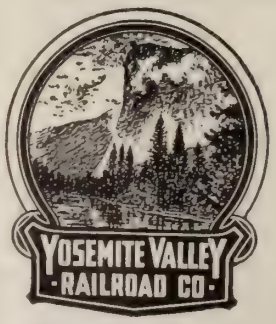
But he had recognized her, as had his son. Well he knew that graceful form, walking slowly along, leaning upon the arm of an unrecognized man. Yes, they were walking slowly, these two, the woman bending over, pressing up to her companion as if unwilling to lose a word that he might be whispering to her, as if dreading the moment when she might have to leave him.

The couple walked on and turning into a by-path in the park were concealed from view by the trees.

M. Darcy did not say anything, but he shuddered from head to foot in his frightful agony, squeezing the hand of his son until he almost crushed the little fingers.

The child, astonished, looked up at him, and when he saw the pale face that seemed to have aged so suddenly, seamed by long lines of suffering, the eyes all blurred by tears, he spoke up in a voice in which there was a childish sob:

"Papa, I was mistaken. It wasn't mamma at all."



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Charity Rewarded

(From the French of Catulle Mendes, the poet, novelist and playwright, who was found dead last Monday in a railroad tunnel near Paris.)

A youthful mendicant in ragged clothes was appealing for alms on a Spanish highway along which tripped merry girls and dashing youths returning from a bull fight. The beggar vowed that no food had passed his lips for two whole days. From his half starved look and sunken cheeks it was apparent he was no impostor.

However, the poor boy attracted but little attention from the passing throng which was absorbed in its own gaiety. His voice was drowned by peals of laughter and by the plaudits won with Spanish love-songs.

Presently from out that throng stepped three young girls. They were sweet, innocent looking maidens. They bestowed on the boy looks of pity, and one of them, the eldest gave him a real.

"Thank you," he said, "God will reward you."

The next girl gave him a piecette, and he thanked her.

The third, the youngest, who was also the prettiest of the three, had neither real nor piecette. For a moment she stood undecided, then, standing on tiptoe she gave him a soft little kiss on his lips.

The poor, famished lad said nothing, but seeing a flower vendor near by, he gave to him all the money he had received for a bunch of tea-roses, and with tears in his eyes, silently handed them to the youngest girl.

The Spectator

Father Abraham

These days we be living mid the memories of greatness dead. Revolving this, among many things, I am minded that a country can have two fathers! By Father George, out of the Mercy of God, a land of the brave; of the same mother, by Father Abraham, a home of the free. Otherwise, the evolutions of countries and citizens are very much alike. At least, so it seems to me. On the subject of two fathers, Darwin is silent. I have gone down into the maelstrom of his Descent of Man, and live to tell the tale. Into the depths of another wise man have I dived, and come again to the surface of things, breathless, but within my grasp the pearl of the continuity of the germplasm of continents. Knowingly, I have been and done it, and am not yet gone. To be, to know, to do, and then go the way of all flesh! such is the fate of the triune man, the godlike amongst men. As a rule, the Englishman is ambitious of being somebody; the German, of knowing something; the American, of doing some thing, or—but that is a story for another day. Above all things, Darwin desired to add to knowledge, and lived not in vain. He gied us the gift of seeing ourselves as the gods see us, the man up a tree; thus freeing us from foolish notions not a few. Lincoln's was the threefold ambition, and so, ere he went, he came to be somebody, to know a thing or two, to do likewise. The fool that on this day of anti-slavery, February 12, 1909, saith in his heart that Father Abraham wasn't, didn't, let him be whatever is the American for anathema. What my muse has to say on the matter, I translate, not slavishly, but freely, as follows:

To Father Abraham

Master, of godlike virtues manifold,
Whose wreathed name Columbia's brow embraves!
There yet be black and white, and slaves and slaves;
Yet, public marts where men are bought and sold;
Yet, need of minds and martyrs, as of old!
While friends of Freedom slumber in their graves,
She's kissed and trafficked in by traitor knaves:
Bodies be bound of iron; hearts, of gold!

While one is bound, all draw enslaved breath:
Man disparate died centuries agone;
Now, Cain is Abel's keeper, him despite;
The "dawn of man" is more than dream of night;
The freedom that was Lincoln laughs at death,
The truth eternal that was Washington.

So say we both, prosaist and poet, and neither Lincoln nor Darwin turns in his grave to gainsay us.

Stanton's Dread Chimera

What is this dreadful State secret that Speaker Stanton is carrying around in the card-indexed confidential information files of his official inner consciousness? If Richard Hotaling were inclined to do irreverence to the Master in the manner of the soliloquizing crook-backed king of the same surname he might speak of the cryptic Stanton thus: "Now is the winter of our discontent made worse by this scared son of Los Angeles; for all the clouds that lowr'd upon our State are in the deep bosom of Stanton buried. Now are our brows bound with funereal wreaths; our noisy tongues tied up by Japan's threats; our false alarums changed to warlike greetings; our speeches to Roosevelt messages. Grim-visaged war hath shown his wrinkled front: And now, instead of cap'ring nimbly in the Assembly chamber to the pleasing squawk of a Caminetti lute, he now is mounting, night-hag like our backs, to fright the souls of fearful statesmen." But what is it that Speaker Stanton cannot reveal to his fellow citizens? Why does he refrain from telling us the very worst? A burden shared is a burden lightened. Why should Speaker Stanton bear all the burden? Why should his soul suffer all the harrowing consequences of a State secret whose lightest word would freeze our young bloods, make all our eyes pop from their sockets, and our knotted and combined locks to part, and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine?

Is the Lion Growling?

It may be that by the time these words reach the blazing eyes of my valorous countrymen, the Stanton, like the sea, will have given up his dead secret. I am almost convinced that he will be unable to pack that awful Thing around with him until this paper goes to press. I wish, therefore, that I could look down into the dark

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unfathomable caves of the Stanton heart and see what is there lurking like a hideous minotaur eager to rush upon us with a roar to paralyze us with terror, beating time to the throbbing of his rage with hoofs that shake the earth from Sacramento to Folsom and back again, his devouring jaws white with the suds of his wrath, his blood-shot eyes aflame with the lust of his battle-craving soul. I wish I knew what Stanton knows so that I could warn the people in time—or convince them that Stanton is afraid of his own shadow which he has mistaken for the adumbration of the Great Stramash or the fearsome gargoyle of Tokio. Personally I do not think that Speaker Stanton is entirely competent to pass on the horrific character of the Thing that frightens him, the Thing that is pushing the soil from under him, the Thing that must compel us "for God's sake to be conservative and not attempt to force through anti-Japanese legislation at this time." In my opinion Speaker Stanton ought to let the rest of us pass on the fearsomeness of this awful spectre that haunts him, keeping him awake o' nights and casting a vast shadow over him by day. Perhaps it is not as bad as he pictures it. Perhaps it is not spelled with a capital "T." Perhaps it is only a scarecrow of the Stanton imagination. I know of nothing worse than a threat of war by Japan in this contingency; and as we are all agreed that Japan must fight Russia as well as America, I don't see how such a war would be so dreadful. With Russia hammering at the back door of Japan and America punching holes through the front windows, poor old Japan would be hard beset—unless, perchance, it has been intimated from the court of St. James that if we lay a hand on that gray-headed samurai the lion of St. George will be let loose upon us to harry us as of old when hired Hessians were targets for the muskets of Bunker Hill and Lexington, and "the whites of their eyes" were death marks for the rifles of New Orleans.

Perkins and Roosevelt

Of entrance to a quarrel no man is more wary than Senator George C. Perkins of California. He avoids disputes with discretion, but once in a scrap he follows the advice of Polonius. Senator Perkins's emotions are always well in hand, and with such a man it is always dangerous to pick a quarrel. When President Roosevelt grew querulous at Perkins's attitude on the Japanese question and took occasion to charge the senior Senator from California with having retarded the development of the navy it was probably because he was under the impression that the veteran statesman was too timid to resent the accusation. But he is now aware of the fact that the Senator is better than a raw hand at the reproof valiant, that he is skilled in the retort courteous and is not at all averse to the lie circumstantial. In assaulting Perkins the President committed one of his characteristic blunders. Instead of inflicting any injury on the Senator he made conspicuous that gentleman's loyalty to the interests of his State and his devotion to the interests of the navy. Mr. Roosevelt is credited with being the smartest politician in the country, but Senator Perkins was a successful politician before Teddy was dry behind the ears. He was Governor of this State when the Omniscient One was mewling and puking in his nurse's arms and though a candidate for many offices he has yet to suffer his first defeat.

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Bankers as Borrowers

Apparently my paragraph of two weeks ago in which I reported that Frank J. Sullivan had been ousted from the directory of the Mutual Savings Bank stimulated inquiry and occasioned revelations far from agreeable to the Hon. James D. Phelan and his associates. Mr. Sullivan has admitted that he was "fired" by his ungrateful brother-in-law, and he has gratuitously supplied the information that two of the directors of the Mutual Savings Bank, Mr. Phelan and Mr. Spreckels, are heavy borrowers from that Gibralter of finance, the Hibernia Bank. Now this is the kind of information that may be aptly described as letting the cat out of the bag. Fancy Mr. Phelan who conducts a savings bank and who is mortgaged up to the hilt to a New York insurance company, the same Mr. Phelan who seemed to be under obligations some time ago to one of the looters of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, being obliged to borrow from the Hibernia Bank, an institution which he has always regarded with envy! Perhaps the rapacity which Mr. Phelan has exhibited as a landlord since the earthquake is not without some tincture of justification.

How to Beat the Game

From the bavardes and chaperons of the daily press I learn that bridge is once more "in the ascendant"; that no afternoon reception or entertainment of the ultra or semi-ultra variety is complete without its "occasional stake"; and that "the popular game has come to stay." I hope that the "occasional stake" is a mistake. I hope that the bavardes and chaperons are faking. An "occasional stake" is a euphuism for gambling with money. I don't suppose our society women gamble at bridge or any other game. They can play bridge without staking the hard earned money of their husbands. Women don't need the excitement of a money stake to find intense interest in a game of bridge. Besides, how can women gossip and play for money at the same time? They would lose the run of the cards. And then there is the constant risk of resultant scandal. The stories that are invariably incited by gambling among women eventually find their way into the columns of the newspapers and create no end of trouble for the gamblers. I am sure that our society women who play bridge will not play for money, or if they do that they will not pay their losses. A women is always safe in refusing to pay her gambling debts. She can say that she didn't know they were playing for money. Her creditor will not dare to press her for the money because she will not wish to have it known that she is herself a gambler. The husbands of some women do not approve of gambling by their wives. And if the delinquent's "set" threatens to ostracise her if she does not pay her "debts of honor" she can retort with a threat to accuse them of "playing for high stakes." It is perfectly safe for any women in society to welch her bets at bridge.

Mrs. Dash—I don't understand, dear, why you can't get along with your husband! Perhaps you haven't been sufficiently—
Mrs. Rash—Yes, I have!

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HOTEL SAVOY SEATTLE

More of Calhoun's Infamous Conduct

Some of the bondholders of the Stanislaus Power Company are reported to be very much displeased with the financial deal by which the United Railroads Company acquired an interest in that corporation. It is reported to be the intention of these disgruntled bondholders to make trouble for the financiers by whom this big deal was consummated. To render nugatory all that has been done they may apply to the courts. All of which has been veraciously set forth in that journalist puppet and mouthpiece of the illustrious Spreckels family, the parochial Call. And all of which fairly illustrates the disingenousness of a newspaper which never scruples at hoodwinking its readers. The deal made by the Stanislaus Power Company was very warmly approved by the principal bondholders and stockholders of that corporation. It is believed that if the deal had not been put through the corporation would have been thrown into bankruptcy. It is said that Patrick Calhoun saved the company from being wrecked, and that he did so not entirely from motives of self-interest, but, in a measure, out of solicitude for a great industrial California enterprise. According to a story in circulation in financial circles certain distinguished citizens of this city, conspicuous for their aggressive rectitude, were eager that the Stanislaus Power Company should be wrecked, believing as they did that it would fall into their hands. Patrick Calhoun preferred to avert what he conceived would be a calamity, as the effect would be another black eye for California. Incidentally, it is said, he saw an opportunity to thwart the conspirators who have been barking at his keels, and because he out manoeuvred them we have been entertained with portentous rumors of the deep designs of disgruntled bondholders, some of whom, I am told, as a mere record of coincidence, enjoy intimate relations with the First National Bank of which Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is president. Hence, perhaps, these horrendous howls.

What Wouldn't These Men Do

This little series of incidents supplies much food for reflection. Here is the self-righteous Call, so profoundly interested in the welfare of the city that it imprecates vociferously all opponents of the Hetch-Hetchy water project, while at the same time it is elated over opposition to a deal by which this city is to be supplied with adequate power. San Francisco is vastly more in need of power than of water. Our street railroad system has been in a crippled condition for want of power, and Patrick Calhoun has been censured for not improving the service, his critics knowing the while that it could not be improved without power. Finally he succeeded in perfecting arrangements by which sufficient power is to be acquired for his own purposes with a surplusage of 45,000 horsepower for general use, and immediately our civic patriots who are intent upon railroading him to the penitentiary, and who pretend to be free from sinister motives, applaud hostility to him, caring not what the effect may be upon the city so long as they may bring disaster to Patrick Calhoun. In this connection it may not be amiss to state merely out of a passion for recording coincidences that in the midst of Patrick Calhoun's struggle for electric power, Supervisor Dan Murphy, attorney for the Spreckels-Phelan Mutual Bank, introduced a resolution in the Board of Supervisors providing that the United Railroads Company shall be required to refund the fare to passengers whenever cars are stopped for more than five minutes. In all these circumstances who will say that the love of fair play and the square deal is waning in the glorious State of California?

"Oh, George, wouldn't it be lovely to make people think we are married already."

"All right, you carry the bag and umbrella."

History, in the Making

Some one has said that if history had been written on the principle of sticking to the truth it would be as dull as ditch water; that all history being built partly, and some of it altogether, upon ancedotage which is always fiction, must be a tissue of lies. By the same authority it is urged that historians should be viewed with admiration as patriotic citizens, willing to sacrifice their own character lest their countrymen should suffer from want of amusement. Accepting this view of the matter I hasten to acclaim one of the Globe's staff of entertaining writers a worthy disciple of Herodotus the Father of Liars. This patriotic citizen has contributed a very interesting chapter to the history of San Francisco, dealing with the "tragic romance of the City Hall statue." In this chapter we get a glimpse of history in the making; we see how anecdotage is transmuted for the instruction of posterity. According to the Globe's veracious historian, since the statute was mounted "everything connected with it has come to harm." We are told that the two most prominent figures in its career of blight are Marion Wells, the sculptor and Marian Nolan, the model, "both of whom went to unhonored graves"; also that Wells was a young artist "who lived a comparatively exemplary life prior to receiving the contract for the statue—his first important work"; that "years of persistent effort had brought him little reward and he was almost discouraged when he competed for the Goddess of Liberty and won the prize." The money that this work brought him, the vogue that was his as a result, the praise, etc., overbalanced a character never too robust. He struck the downward path and was arrested for burglary. The fate of Marian Nolan was similarly

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tragic. On the whole it was a very pretty story, deriving all its charm from a few unimportant inaccuracies. Without these inaccuracies the story wouldn't be worth while for historical purposes. If the author had stuck to the facts there would have been no material for a story. One of the facts is that Marian Nolan was not Marion Wells's model. Marian Nolan was the model of the California Venus which was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair and which was not executed by Wells. She was chosen as the model in a contest conducted by the Examiner. The consequent notoriety turned her head and she ended her career in the tenderloin. Another of the facts with reference to the statue is that it was not Marion Wells's first achievement. And still another is that he was beyond the meridian of life when he captured the prize and for many years had lived the life of a reckless bohemian. Fully twenty years before capturing that prize Marion Wells was regarded as one of the great geniuses of the Bohemian Club. He had sculptured his way to local fame long before he captured the City Hall prize, and when that prize was awarded to him it only served to give him a brief new lease of life. Though pretty familiar with the career of Marion Wells down to the day of his death I never knew that he turned burglar until I was so informed by the Globe historian.

Dr. Rader's Aloofness

Dr. Rader, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, says that the dispute between Dr. Hemphill, pastor emeritus and the trustees does not concern him. Apparently Dr. Rader desires to hold himself aloof from internal dissensions. He has no stomach for strife. He prefers to sit up aloft and serenely felicitate himself on having persudaded the trustees that as a preacher of the word of God and the sentiments of Spreckels he is worth more than $2,500 a year. Dr. Rader has no sentimental interest in this sordid church squabble. His interest is purely pecuniary. He takes no part in the dispute. He takes nothing but a large slice of Dr. Hemphill's salary. This he takes conscientiously for his service to God. He takes nothing for his service to Spreckels, for he is a disinterested civic patriot, and he has come to his reward without solicitation and solely as a result of the appreciation of those who admire his distinterestedness. Doubtless he is entitled to the money notwithstanding the fact that the congregation has not remained intact under his pious and inspiring ministration. Some of the old pew holders of the Calvary Presbyterian Church have withdrawn from the congregation since the drippings of the pulpit began to savor of the editorials in Dr. Rader's favorite journal, the one by which formerly he was employed and which still retains a hold on his disinterested affections. I am glad to see this noble civic patriot holding himself aloof from this quarrel. I am sure that he did not ask the trustees to reduce Dr. Hemphill's salary. Perhaps his powerful friends, the admirers of his all-round zeal exerted their influence in his behalf, but if they did so it was without his knowledge or consent. The aloofness of Dr. Rader is without a flaw.

The Coming of the Light

An Eastern journalist whose identity has not yet been revealed but with whom we are to be made acquainted later on has been watching the course of justice in Judge Lawlor's court and expressing in the Globe his amazement at the goings on in that unique tribunal. He finds it difficult to account for the principles upon which the jury in the Calhoun case is being impaneled. Apparently he can hardly realize that he is in an American court of justice. The bewilderment of this Eastern journalist is easy of explanation. He is a stranger in a strange corner of his country. He has not been in touch with

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the early stages of development and now that he is approaching the climax its full significance is beyond his comprehension. He is like a man who has wandered into a theatre in the midst of the third act just as the capital situation is unfolding. We have now reached a point where the conspirators are to achieve results. After a long series of stratagems to many of which they were impelled through the necessity of covering up their first iniquity they have now come to the crisis, and they are more desperate than ever. They are now in a mood to grasp at every expedient. Hence the fantastic character of the spectacle. I enjoy the amazement of the Eastern journalist who is evidently here for the purpose of exhibiting to the people of the East the other side of the shield. Heretofore they have been regaled with only one version of the story, with inspired narratives of the crimes committed by boodlers. Of the far more infamous crimes committed in the ostensible pursuit of boodlers they have not been informed. But they are hardly more ignorant of the things that have been done in San Francisco in this twentieth century than the people of San Francisco themselves. Doubtless the unweaving of the whole appalling story will take place in time. Indeed it cannot much longer be delayed. What a scattering of heroes there will be when the storm breaks!

A Rich Source of Supply

A gentleman by the name of Sewell was disqualified for jury service in Judge Lawlor's court the other day. He is the fourth distinguished representative of Rolla V. Watt's insurance office that has been summoned as a juror in the trolley cases. This is probably a matter of no significance and yet it is something of a coincidence that the net cast for these special venires should so often fall over the office of Rolla V. Watt, the distinguished patriot and leading member of the so-called League of Justice. Mr. Watt it should be stated incidentally is a disinterested patriot. He would be just as zealous even though he were not a director of Jimmy Phelan's bank, and even though he did not handle a great deal of Phelan's and Spreckels's insurance. But this is all disgression. What I wish to call attention to is that after Sewell had said he was a member of the League of Justice and believed Calhoun guilty Judge Lawlor took occasion to remark in what high esteem he held a man of Sewell's intelligence. I wish to call attention to this matter because not long ago I pointed out that there were many things which a judge might do to prejudice a jury against a defendant without committing reversible error. This I conceive to be an example of one of them. Why should Judge Lawlor take the pains to let the men in the box know what he thought of a member of the League of Justice? If we had a League of Upholders of the Constitution the object of which was to discourage an organization formed to intimidate juries, and one of that League appeared in Judge Lawlor's court would Judge Lawlor take occasion to laud his intelligence and character. I am not sure that he would not, but I am quite sure that as a judge sworn to uphold the Constitution, one that should have contempt for men engaged in invoking public clamor in courts of Justice, he might do so with much more credit to himself than he is deserving of for acclaiming the good Mr. Sewell.

Guns and Sons of Guns

A cursory survey of the line up of lawyers in the Calhoun case convinces me that Mr. Heney is going to have some verw hard sledding. It is all mettle for the defense and chiefly metal for the prosecution—most of it pot metal. Heney is the only real thing in the prosecution bunch. The others are the lighest of light weights—carronades and swivels of antique fashion fit only for close in-firing from a water-level gun deck; to oppose modern ordinance calibred in inches and breeched to carry the heaviest shot with a muzzle velocity of about a thousand feet a second. Heney will have to do all the fighting at tremendous odds unless he receives substantial support from Judge Lawlor.

Heney Against Heavy Odds

I watched Heney in his examination of talesmen the other day and I observed that he is more than a match for the untrained citizen in all the sophistries of a superficial logic. He had not the slightest difficulty in tangling the ordinary mentality by asking questions after the elementary Socratic method: "Do you know that the United Railroads was held up?" "How do you know that the Supervisors were granted immunity?" "Do you suppose the Supervisors would have confessed if they had not received the money?" "Where do you think Jim Gallagher got the money?" "Do you think Abe Ruef paid the money out of his own pocket?" "Why wouldn't you believe the Supervisors under oath?" "If you believe the Supervisors guilty why would you discredit them when they tell where they got the money?" These questions may serve to discomfit men whose habit it is to think straight and answer directly; but they are a kindergarten catechism for the man of experience with such burrowing barristers as Heney. I saw the veteran Moore smiling complacently as he listened to Heney in his effort to imply a depth of meaning that was in truth as shallow as a Potrero frog pond. Unless Heney im-



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proves his method when the trial is actually in progress I can see his finish. The men who are opposing him are neither afraid of his blustering manner nor abashed before his sardonic grin. I am particularly pleased with the way in which Earl Rogers handles this ogre of the bar, notwithstanding the somewhat theatrical mannerisms of the Los Angeles lawyer. He is cool, deliberate and incisive, and his rapier finds the vulnerable parts of Heney at every thrust. And smile for smile or sneer for sneer its a Democritus for a Heraclitus between Rogers and Heney. I'll pit the Rogers tongue against the Heney voice in any encounter. Then there is young Moore—a chip off the old block—if it is necessary to talk back to Heney in the language of Heney, young Moore will find the precise vernacular. As for the old chief himself—the claymore of them all—it's McGregor on his native heath. If there is anything that delights the soul of this warrior of a thousand heady fights, it is to go up embattled against a springald like Heney. It will be child's play for the elder Moore to sneer down the sneering Heney and to hew him down when the occasion demands. It is going to be a bonny fight; and my money is on the house of Calhoun.

Prospective Sword Play

I have said that Heney is the best that can be offered by the district attorney's office. This is true, for the district attorney, for some unaccountable reason has shifted his heaviest artillery into the Coffey case. Heney, therefore, is at great disadvantage in the combat. If he guards against the subtle thrust in tierce of Rogers he must expose himself to the ruder thrust of young Moore in quart; and if he parries these he is still at the mercy of the elder Moore's swinging broadsword stroke. Talk about Fitz James with his back to the wall and Roderick Dhu a foeman worthy of his steel! Well, it's a triple Roderick for Heney and no wall for the back of him.

One of the most satisfactory ways of spending a spare hour is in strolling about the downtown retail district and noting the number of buildings hastening to completion in order to house those merchants eager to establish themselves in permanent and convenient quarters. Already the first to make the movement are claiming the title of Pioneers, and amongst the earliest of these is the firm of J. M. Jacobi & Co. (Messrs. Henry M. Block and J. M. Jacobi), Tailors, Clothiers and Haberdashers, at the corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets. They wisely chose the center of the financial district where the most discerning buyers daily pass their doors, and already they have found it necessary to engage another store to enlarge their place. The unique architectural effects of the entrance of the premises is but earnest of the interior, where the same refined taste is displayed in the fixtures and color effects, while the devices by which their stock is protected from dust and handling, while insuring quick service, are a revelation. In the store, as well as the show windows, "shadow boxes" are arranged, a specialty originated by the firm, who are the only ones in the country to make use of it. By means of an ingenious scheme, a half-light is cast, and the effect is most striking and agreeable.

The latest development in the player line, and one which is of the highest interest, is the announcement from Sherman, Clay & Co. of the arrival of the first shipment of the Welte-Steinway-Mignon and the fact that they have taken the exclusive Coast agency for all Welte products in combination with the Steinway piano, comprising instruments both with and without the keyboard. They have also taken the agency for the Welte cabinet player. The Eilers Music Co. have had the Coast agency for the Welte-Mignon for about a year past, and will continue to handle that instrument in the future, Sherman, Clay & Co. getting only the Welte company's latest innovations. This new acquisition should place that house well in the lead in the player business of this territory, as they now control a number of fine and quite distinctive makes in this line, including the A. B. Chase Artistano, and the 88-note Angelus. The pre-eminence of the Steinway in this section, and the fact that it may be had in combination with such a magnificent player as the Welte, is expected to prove an irresistible attraction to buyers who can afford a player-piano of the highest class.

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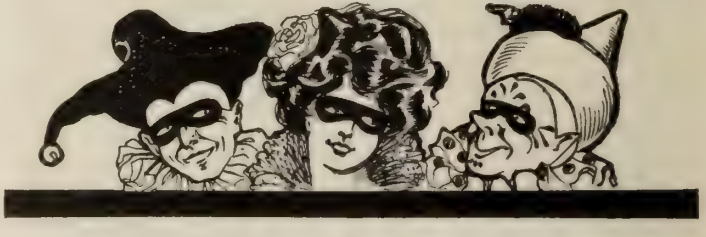
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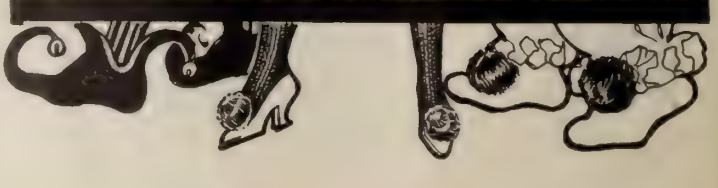
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Transactions in Wall Street securities for the past seven days were of a very small volume especially in the hertofore leading issues such as the Harriman and Standard Oil list. The Hawley Group (Denver and Rio Grande, C. & O. and Iowa Central) were made very active, D. & R. G. leading. The advance in Denver started a smart inquiry for Western Pacific Common, which was quoted at 10 bid and 15 asked. The buying became so urgent and the supply of stock so limited the price was sent rapidly to 25. Before any stock could be found for sale quite a few transactions were made at 25. The supply, however, was not found equal to the demand, and another advance to $27 and $30 per share was seen. The advance in Western Pacific securities should not surprise those who have studied the conditions of this property. It is no wild venture to predict $50 for Western Pacific Common before the first through train passes over its road. It is not so long ago that Southern Pacific stock was kicked about at 35, and those who thought they knew said it wasn't worth waste paper. How different now! Within three years Western Pacific Common stock at the present price is purely an investment proposition. It is a purchase for a long pull and will pay a handsome profit to those who will buy it now and have the patience to wait for at least two years. The investment is small for the percentage of sure gain. The fact that Harriman is friendly to Western Pacific will in no wise injure the road's prospects, nor the country through which it passes. The great roar made recently on account of the advance in freight rates has died out somewhat, as has always been the case. It is a hard pill to swallow, but that rates had to be advanced or wages reduced was a foregone conclusion. In the long run all will be better off. The price of everything from a shoestring to the largest article manufactured has been advanced; it simply carries out general averages or readjustment of values. Wall Street was given a shock by our California legislators during the past week. The old saying, "Capital is timid," always holds good when a war cloud makes its appearance, as in the present case. The security market appears to be very sensitive just now watching the Japs on one side and Roosevelt on the other. Many are anxious for March 4th to arrive in order that they may see Roosevelt off on his hunting trip safely. The masters of finance do not appear to be much disturbed. Morgan is in Europe, Harriman is on his way to Mexico, Hawley is about to start for Florida, Frick and Schwab are in Europe. Several others of like importance are away from the firing line. To an outsider peace would seem to be at the wheel. Those best posted market-wise believe another bull wave will start shortly before Mr. Taft takes hold. Conditions are generally discounted, and a start on the up grade may be made around the middle of the present month. Stocks that will be given the best support will be the Harriman, Gould and Hill groups. They will prove the safest for the public to trade in. Equipment stocks will be put higher but fair profits should not be overlooked in this particular class of securities. The Metal stocks are in better demand notwithstanding copper metal has declined from 14½ to 13½. It is thought the decline will result in larger sales and shut out many small producers who cannot produce copper upon a 13½ per cent basis. The time is near at hand for copper consumption generally to increase. The present supply is rather above normal and will hold in check any material advance until this condition changes. The crop conditions throughout the Pacific Coast promise better than for many years past; almost every section has received bountiful rains, especially is this true of Southern California. Many Southern States are complaining of dry weather; the conditions in Texas in this respect are becoming quite acute. The preparing of the ground for cotton planting should be well under way ere this throughout the cotton States. The Middle West reports conditions about a general average. On the whole the outlook at this season of the year is if anything more favorable than usually. Money continues cheap in all financial centers for commercial purposes. The demands made by the Secretary of the Treasury upon Naitonal Banks had no appreciable effect. Business operations are showing an increasing tendency.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

To Africa or to Matrimony?

Young Templeton Crocker is about to start for the jungles of Africa on a tiger-killing expedition. Now the African jungles are scarcely to be considered as suitable for treacle moon purposes, and consequently the gossips have paused in their conjecturings with reference to the probabilities in the matter of young Crocker's sentimental affairs. To what extent sentiment has influenced the recent activities of this young millionaire nobody knows, but lack of knowledge is of no consequence among the gossips. They have sat up to take notice of the fact that he has been taking a great interest of late in Miss Virginia Joliffe, who is a frequent guest at "Uplands," a



Photo, Moore & Clark MRS. L. H. HAMMOND

One of the most active of the Kermess workers.

circumstance that may be accounted for on the score of the warm friendship existing between her and Miss Jennie Crocker. But the gossips prefer to account for Miss Joliffe's automobile and driving excursions with Mr. Crocker on some more agreeable hypothesis. The gossips are incorrigible. Not many months ago they were almost on the point of marrying Miss Joliffe and Mr. Thornwell Mullally. Later they were speculating on the likelihood of an engagement between Mr. Mullally and Miss Jennie Crocker, and now it is Mr. Crocker and Miss Joliffe who are stimulating their curiosity. Nevertheless Mr. Crocker has completed arrangements for his trip to Africa and he betrays no signs of being absorbed in the problem of the lady or the tiger.

Ada Sullivan's Romance

The story cabled from Paris of a French Count's devotion to Miss Ada Sullivan, sister of Frank J. Sullivan, occasioned no surprise among her friends in this city, as they had long ago heard of the titled Frenchman's passion. Some years ago there were rumors of a strong sentimental attachment between Miss Sullivan, who was then a beautiful young girl, and Mr. James D. Phelan, the invulnerable bachelor. Those rumors persisted for



Photo, Habernicht MISS HELEN WILSON

Whose engagement to Paymaster Geer has been announced. She is the daughter of the John Scott Wilsons. She is a beautiful blonde and a talented musician. Paymaster Geer is at present doing shore duty at Yerba Buena.

quite awhile, but finally Miss Sullivan went abroad, and the charming young bachelor pursued the even tenor of his way, bestowing his attentions on worthy objects with never a sign of being in Cupid's thrall, but always appreciative of feminine charms. Match-making mammas have given Mr. Phelan up as hopeless, and even grass-widows, to whom he was once somewhat partial, have come to the conclusion that his attentions are merely complimentary.

Cultured But—Oh My!

Society has been going culture-mad this winter, and all because of a new French Club conducted on an improved plan with guarantees of linguistic perfection at the end of a five weeks' course. Matrons, maids and

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debutantes have assiduously attended the classes, and apparently the only fire that burned was a fiery zeal for advancement in the Gallic tongue. On Saturday morning a new flame burst forth and for the time being threatened to consume the combatants and everything in their vicinity, for the grievance which was aired is one that had been long slumbering. That the parties to the dispute were entire strangers to each other apparently made not the remotest difference, and left-handed compliments in both French and English flew back and forth like bricks in a street melee. It seems that, notwithstanding the numerous placarded legends of "No reserved seats," there are two chairs in the very front row and next to the aisle which have been pre-empted in arbitrary style by two of the attendants. One of these dames makes it her business to arrive betimes every day and, taking possession of one of the seats, she mounts guard over the other until her friend appears to claim it, a neat little scheme by which these two distinguished members of society, acting in concert, have been able to hold the fort against all intruders. On the morning in question, just before the beginning of the lecture, another member of the class entered the hall, and, finding all the seats occupied except one in the front row, she was about to slip quietly into the place when the guardian interposed herself. "You cannot have that seat," she announced; "it is reserved for a friend." "But no reserved seats are permitted," responded the intruder, pointing to the announcement and endeavoring to pass. Then the one in possession rose in wrath and blocked the way, and the battle was on. The angry voices mounted loud and shrill and matters were rapidly approaching that climax when fists and finger nails might be resorted to and the fur literally fly, when the entrance of the professor gave them pause. The irate first-comer subsided with a very bad grace, while the intruder, as she sank exhausted into her hard-won place, turned to her opponent with the crushing comment uttered in a voice audible to the whole assemblage: "Madame, I do no know your name, but I know you are a club woman by your effrontery."

The Clan Cudahy

The Jack Casserlys's dance the other night, at their home in El Cerito was in honor of Mrs. Casserly's two older sisters and a younger brother, who are on a visit to her from Chicago. It was also something of a house warming, as it was the first entertainment of any kind given by the Casserlys since their purchase of the De Sabla house in San Mateo. The Cudahy family is well known here, as, before any of the girls were married, the family frequently came to the coast to pass a month or two at Del Monte. It was in Chicago, though, that Jack Casserly first met his wife, and there are those who say it was a church dignitary who made the match and arranged for the introduction of the young people, but, be that as it may, it has turned out to be a very happy marriage. Mrs. Casserly has a faculty of winning friends and she is one of the best liked matrons of San Mateo. She has evinced an enviable spirit of independence, which, doubtless, some of her neighbors will not be long in emulating. In her daily walks, which she takes rain or shine, she has defied wet and mud in this stormy winter by dressing in a suit of yellow oilskin such as sailors wear at sea, and her children are permitted to ride, walk and drive barefoot, and otherwise costumed in garments which permit the utmost freedom of movement and the full enjoyment of life outdoors. At the house-warming dance only the girls from San Mateo, with an equal number of young men and a few very intimate friends from town were invited, and the result was an enjoyable affair without the formality which it is impossible to avoid at a large function. Mr. Cudahy is a quiet young man who has proved quite an addition to the Burlingame set, where, in spite of club and sporting interests, bachelors are at a premium. A number of dinners have been planned for Mrs. Casserly's guests during the coming fortnight, and San Mateo seems likely to arouse itself from its lethargy at the fag end of the season.

Once the Pride of Blingum

The attitude of the average Englishman when his foot is on his native heath, in his manner toward his American cousin whose friendship and hospitality he has accepted when he has been on this side of the Atlantic in pursuit of pleasure or gain has been made the theme of a thousand paragraphs, and probably will continue to furnish food for comment as long as England is England. One of the latest experiences of this sort befell Robert Coleman, who, when he was in London, chanced to meet J. Talbot Clifton, once of San Francisco, where he tooled a coach from the Palace Hotel to Burlingame in all the splendor of regalia and pomp which the solemn function demands. But J. Talbot has come into a fortune since those days, and mayhap he thinks he can afford to forget. At all events, Mr. Coleman was glad to meet an old acquaintance, and grasping him cordially by both hands he exclaimed: "Delighted to see you. We're at the Cecil. Come and dine with us some night." "Oh—aw, sorry," drawled Clifton. "Got an engagement."

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That Midnight Elopement

In spite of the fact that the traditional nine days have elapsed since the sensational midnight elopment of Edna Davis and Pierre Moore it continues to be the chief subject for discussion, even though runaway matches are almost the accepted order of the day. Not only was this marriage entered into hastily and on the spur of the moment, but the engagement itself was a hurry-up affair. The whole scheme, from inception to conclusion was compressed into the brief space of time between the hours of eight o'clock and one, a week ago Tuesday night. Edna had attended the Kirkpatrick card party in the afternoon, and with her sister, Sydney, after dinner, went to the Fairmont to take part in the rehearsal for the Indian dance in the coming Kermess. In the lobby of the hotel she met Pierre Moore, whom she had known for a year and a half in Santa Barbara, where his attentions had been more or less marked, though, according to her own statement, she had forbidden him to visit her since her return to San Francisco "because she was tired of having their names connected when there was absolutely nothing between them." They stopped to chat, and the casual tone of their conversation began to grow so earnest that some of the others, also waiting to be called to rehearsal, commented on it, one of them remarking that "It would be funny if they should end by marrying each other." In the practice of the dance the affair was forgotten and when later in the evening Edna complained to her sister of not feeling well, and expressed her intention of returning home in the auto, no one attached any significance to the move. She did return, and after a casual conversation with her mother, retired to her room, where she packed a few necessary belongings and hastily made her exit by the back door. Her efforts to induce two or three intimate friends to witness the marriage were fruitless. They objected to the lateness of the hour, and to the whole romantic project, from which they did their best to dissuade her without avail, so with the aid of a grocer's clerk, a chaffeur and a minister of the gospel aroused for the occasion, the knot was tied in the rain. There was no wedding ring until next day, for in the midst of the excitement the necessity for procuring one was forgotten. Next morning, bright and early, the bride and groom were down town, she to attend to some necessary shopping and he to purchase the wedding ring at Shreve's where he met Sydney Davis making arrangements for the announcement cards. Return we now to the Davis home. When Sydney came in from the rehearsal an hour later than her sister Edna, no comment was made, as the explanation of illness furnished by that young lady was all sufficient. With sisterly regard Sydney went to Edna's room to inquire after her welfare, and finding it unoccupied, she became alarmed and called her mother. Knowing that she had certainly returned and believing her to be ill, a distracted midnight search of the premises was instituted without result until a note left on the bureau in true romantic heroine style furnished the explanation. A little later a telegram confirmed the news. As there was absolutely no reason of any kind which stood in the way of the match the dramatic character of the affair makes it the topic of conversation. Pierre Moore was always a welcome guest at the Davis home and both mothers approved of the attachment from the first. No definite engagement or understanding had ever been entered into, however, and Edna's name has been coupled with that of more than one eligible since her return from Europe. It was only at the last Greenway that whispers of her engagement to the scion of a prominent Oakland family were passing around. Mrs. Moore is a radiant bride, however, even though sans trousseau, grand wedding and honeymoon trip. Their home in Belvedere is the gift of the groom's mother, and the first present received by the young couple is said to be a beautiful and cozy nest.

Madam Olga, the Paris Milliner, is now in New York selecting a stock of Eastern and European novelties in millinery to be displayed upon her early return at her new location, 237 Post Street.

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Their Honeymoon

Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Dampierre enjoyed a somewhat belated honeymoon after all. After a few days passed quietly at the big Parrott ranch at St. Helena the bride and groom, en route for Southern California, slipped off the train at San Mateo to be the guests of Mrs. Abby M. Parrott at luncheon. The scheduled plan was that they would take up their interrupted journey on the same evening, but the unexpected storm set in and they were marooned for several days, with only the contents of one dress suit case between them, for their baggage had gone on ahead. They are now at Pasadena, but the interference of the Storm King has forced them to modify their plans, and instead of returning to San Mateo for the promised week, they will proceed at once to France. The friends of Marie Christine caught little more than a flying glimpse of her in her brief stay, for she devoted all her time to her grandmother, but M. de Dampierre has made many warm friends on the coast, and a warm welcome awaits them on their return in November.

Black Sheep Grayson

John Temple Grayson, cousin of Sir Frederick Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and grandson of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," who last week was ejected from two hotels, is another specimen of the genus black sheep. He is a nephew of the late Daniel Turner, so long connected with Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express, his mother having been Mr. Turner's sister, who after her divorce resumed her maiden name. The Turner family is closely connected with naval circles. Lieutenant Surgeon General Braun and the late Dr. Messersmith both married sisters of Daniel Turner. Mrs. Richard Cutts of Mare Island and Mrs. Janet Baldwin are also sisters, and Major John Meyers, U. S. N., married Miss Alice Cutts, a cousin of John Temple Grayson, who has been in and out of hot water continually, and caused the family no end of humilating annoyances. Mrs. Turner, his mother, is now a resident of Washington.

Significance of Strokes

A young girl who was manifesting great interest in Charles Rollo Peters's work, asked that artist if there was not meaning in every stroke done by a real artist.

"Indeed, yes," replied Peters, "they usually mean that the bill collector is knocking at the door."

The Foster-Van Bergen Dance

One of the most truly enjoyable dances of the season was the one given by Mrs. Charles Foster and Mrs. Edward Van Bergen at the California Club rooms on Saturday evening last. Miss Foster and Miss Van Bergen made charming hostesses and set an example which might be followed with profit by many of the older girls, who are often too intent on their own pleasure to give proper heed to that of their guests. These two maidens never danced until they had first assured themselves that every guest who wished was supplied with a partner, an exhibition of good taste and gentle breeding which it is rare to find in these days. The floral offerings presented to Miss Foster and Miss Van Bergen were numerous and beautiful. The Rye waltz and the barn dance were special features of the evening, and there were many beautiful and elaborate gowns displayed, that of Miss Edith Von Schroeder being noticeably exquisite.

The Essence of Legitimate Maternity

There is a sweet and attractive little matron of Oakland who was recently made the guest of honor at a tea in her home city. Judging her by appearances no one would credit her with a day over eighteen, and it

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Apple Ice Cream Watermelon Pistache Cake
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$1.00 per day and up, with bath $1.50 and up
F. O. JOHNSON - - Proprietor

frequently happens that she finds herself taken under the wing of some elderly woman who is attracted by her manners and looks. On this occasion she found herself the especial protege of one of the other guests, a lady of years. At the close of the afternoon, when taking leave of her hostess, this elderly matron, standing near, overheard the youthful looking guest invite the hostess to "come soon and see my little boy." "You a mother?" exclaimed she. "This child a mother?" "This child! this child!" was the amused rejoinder of the supposed debutante. "Yes, and perfectly proper, too—I've been married two years."

Consigned to Guam

If you had a passion for the social whirl how would you like to be marooned on Guam for an indefinite period? Guam, you know, is one of our Colonial possessions, a fly-speck island in the midest of the ocean, garnished with a coral reef, and some degrees removed from the latitudes of steamer traffic. An ideal spot, this, for the rest cure, but it is not for that purpose that Lieutenant Freer and Mrs. Freer are to visit the island. Mrs. Freer was charming Engracia Cricher, who yielded to the blandishments of Cupid in her first season out. Lieutenant Freer has been ordered to Guam and Mrs. Freer's friends are wondering whether she will organize a cotillon club on the island.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Putnam were at Del Monte the latter part of the week.

The Misses Virginia and Frances Newhall entertained a jolly dinner party recently, preliminary to their attendance, with their guests, at the Preston hop.

The following San Franciscans were registered at Del Monte during the week: Mr. C. E. Spauldin, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Felix, Mr. M. E. Pinckard, Mr. D. Boon, Jr., Miss M. S. Johnson, and Mrs. A. J. A. Rey.

J. T. Trowbridge, the veteran author, one of the last of the old time set, sailed for Southern Italy last December, and some solicitude was felt for his safety in the great disaster, but recent letters announce his safety. Mr. Trowbridge, who is now eighty-one years old, will publish a new book in April of this year.

A progressive bridge party at the Hotel Carlton last Saturday evening was enjoyed by the guests. The tables were arranged in the billiard room, and about thirty players took part in the game.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney and her popular debutante daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, spent Friday night at the Hotel Carlton, Miss Keeney having crossed the bay to attend the Sophomore hop.

Miss Anita Maillard was the hostess at an elaborate dinner given at her home on Gough street Monday evening last. As Miss Maillard will leave on Sunday next, with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Hellmann, for a visit to Chili, where she will remain for several months, the dinner was in the nature of a farewell. She will be greatly missed during her absence, for she is a charming and attractive girl, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Maillard. She is connected on her mother's side with the Pages, Arthur and George Page being her uncles, and all prominent in social circles.

Mrs. Lester Herrick was the hostess at a large bridge party at her home on Clay street February 10th. Handsome prizes and dainty refreshments brought an enjoyable close to a pleasant afternoon.

Mrs. Dulce Bolado Ashe, accompanied by Miss Cherry Bender, will soon leave for Honolulu on a visit.

Miss Marjorie Brown gave a delightful teat at her home on Green street on February 12th, the guest of honor being Miss Frances Martin, who has lately returned from an eastern trip.

Mrs. Norwood, accompanied by her niece, Miss Jeanette Hooper, is spending a few weeks at the Hotel Potter, in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten gave her third card party of the series on February 11th at her home on Washington street. It was, as usual, an elaborate and artistic occasion.

Registered at the Hotel del Coronado for the week ending February 7th, from San Francisco and vicinity were Mr. Marion D. Cohn, Mr. George H. Crawford, Mr. Sydney L. Plant, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Derham, Miss Derham, Mr. W. B. Jameson, Mr. W. H. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald of Santa Rosa, and Mr. and Mrs. Mollor and family of Oakland.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a company of friends at the St. Francis last week prior to the interpretative study of "Pelleas and Melisande" given by Miss Margaret Kemble in the Colonial ball room.

Dr. Matilda A. Feeley, removed to 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children.

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Your name and address (with 10 cents for postage and packing) will bring a liberal sample by return mail.

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Mr. and Msr. S. Dolliver, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Kathleen Booth, will leave on February 26th for Yokohama to be gone several months. The trip is for the benefit of Mrs. Dolliver's health.

Miss Avis Sherwood will soon leave for the East where she will meet her mother, who has been visiting abroad. They will return to California at once.

Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze were the hosts at an enjoyable dinner recently at their home on Green street.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt has not gone to Europe as some of her friends have come to believe as a result of the confounding of names. Mrs. Mansfeldt has been asked by the St. Francis Musical Society to repeat the Sinding Quintette.

Miss Innes Keeney will be the hostess of a dinner party on Friday evening in her apartments at the Hillcrest, after which the guests will attend the Assembly. Amongst those who will enjoy the hospitality are Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Messrs. Irving Broughton, Paul Foster, Harold Bingham and Omal Veney. Owing to the Keeney family having been in mourning, Miss Inness has done very little entertaining.

Miss Lillie Little, who is soon to be heard in concert, comes of a musical ancestry. Her mother, who was Miss Sallie Watkins, was well known in early days in both social and musical circles, and her father, William Little, is a half-brother of Mrs. Pelham Ames, so Miss Little is cousin to both Worthy Ames and Miss Bessie Ames, the talented musician who is now studying abroad. The Little family have resided in Oakland for years, and are prominent on that side of the bay.

the prominent belles and beaux of the younger set will be in-

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills were among a number of guests who came up for the Scott dinner last week and remained at the St. Francis for a brief visit.

Society maids and matrons are keen in the pursuit of things intellectual if one may judge by the popularity of Miss Minnie Cooper's talks on "Russian Literature and History" that are given Wednesday mornings at the St. Francis, or if the attendance at Miss Margaret Kemble's interpretative study of "Pelleas and Melissande" correctly expresses the temperature of the intellectual thermometer. At the latter affair all the exclusive set were there in their handsomest gowns, and seemed to take the greatest pleasure in Miss Kemble's psychological analysis. The rendering of the theme of Acts 4 and 5 by the gifted 'cellist, Arthur Weiss, was most enjoyed by the audience.

The second of the artistic "Subscription Dances" given at the St. Francis last Saturday night was a worthy successor to the brilliant affair which ushered in this series of enjoyable functions. A number of unique effects were introduced, amongst them being a fancy minuet danced by sixteen young couples, while opalescent lights were played over the Colonial ball room.

The following San Franciscans are registered at the Hotel Green, Pasadena: Mrs. Philip C. Meeyr, Mr. Philip C. Meyer, Jr. and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lapp, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Brown, Mr. Earl J. Henderson, Charles F. Scott.

Arrivals from San Francisco at the Hotel del Coronado for the week ending February 1st are Mr. W. B. Jameson, Mr. J. L. Eastland, Mr. J. Goldberg, Mr. V. C. Goldberg, Miss Rena Goldberg, Mr. W. W. O'Connor, Mr. F. E. Upham, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Hough, Mr. J. S. French, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Torrey, Mrs. C. H. Lindley, Mr. G. S. Barton, Mr. C. J. Wetmore, and also Mr. Arthur Inkersley, Oakland.

Mrs. Orrin Wolfe was the hostess at a luncheon, followed by a bridge party recently at her home in Sausalito. The guest of honor was Mrs. Howard Avery, formerly Miss Carrie Coit, who is here on a visit to her father-in-law, Mr. Francis Avery, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. C. Campbell of Sausalito.

Signor de Grassi and his bride, Winifred June Morgan, will shortly be the guests of Mrs. M. A. Huntington in this city.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan, formerly Anna Sperry, has been visiting Captain and Mrs. Fenner, U. S. A., at Fort Baker during the absence of Mr. Carrigan in the East.

A. Dalton Harrison will soon be the host at an elaborate party given in honor of the Edgar Painter children. It will take place at the Claremont Club house in Oakland, and all vited. It has been the pleasant custom of Mr. Harrison to give the children of Mrs. Edgar Painter a party every year since they were little tots, but he realizes now that they are quite grown up, hence this elaborate dance in their honor at the club house. Mr. Harrison is a wealthy bachelor, the well known insurance man of this city.

Mrs. Alonzo A. Watkins has issued cards for a tea at her home in Sausalito on February 16th, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Orrin Wolfe, who leaves soon for Fort Sherman, Alaska, where Captain Wolfe is now stationed.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais from San Francisco are Mrs. J. E. Brown, C. K. Bonestell, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Gallagher, Mrs. R. Heinam, Jr., Alexander R. Baum, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Pearson.

A NEAR APPROACH TO PARADISE

This is the season when the very thought of Southern California suggests days of sunshine and warmth, and those who can afford the luxury plan to spend the cold months at such a delightful place as Santa Barbara. Once there it is the Potter which, as a well managed hotel, offers all sorts of attractions. The hotel is kept on the American plan, and it is said that there is no better table on the whole Pacific Coast. All the poultry, including squabs, comes from its own stock farm, and there are ample facilities for all kinds of sports, including polo, golf and racing. Greenhouses are attached to the estate, and it is of interest to the lovers of nature to learn that there is a whole mile of geraniums and 30,000 fine rose bushes. In fact, the hotel property and its envrionment comes closely to being absolutely ideal. The manager is Milo M. Potter, who will be pleased to furnish all information upon application.

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Stage

Barrie, Pinero and Shaw

A writer, "in London Truth," reviewing the British drama of 1908, says: "The year 1908 has been in many ways a singularly interesting one, because without an exception all our foremost dramatists have come forth with new plays. With the doubtful exception of Mr. Barrie, though, I do not think one has added to his reputation. Some have merely marked time. Others have shown a distinctly retrogade tendency. No serious critic thinks that Mr. Pinero's 'Thunderbolt" is as good work as 'His House in Order' or 'Iris,' or that the 'Dolly Reforming Herself' of Mr. Jones reaches the level of 'The Liars.' As for Mr. Shaw's 'Getting Married,' it was more an impertinence than a play. Therefore 1909 opens with the drama in an interesting state. A host of dramatic societies are trying to bring forth new talent. There is no longer the old difficulty in the way of new writers getting productions of a sort, and the theatre-going public is ever on the increase. There is, accordingly, great opportunity for new blood, and I anticipate the new year with keen curiosity to see what it will bring forth. Of one thing I am sure, though, and that is that the public is getting a little weary of the anaemic school of Mr. Shaw and his imitators, who would eliminate passion altogether, and would like to see more in the way of full-blooded plays, while the recent change in the policy of music halls has opened a new and most important field to the talents of those who can write strong one-act plays."

An American Mrs. Warren

The most impressive work of any native dramatist this season is "The Easiest Way," which was produced in New York last week at the Stuyvesant Theatre which is said to be the nearest present approach to Daly's of fifteen or twenty years ago. Mr. Walter is the playwright who first attracted attention through his "Paid in Full." His new play deals with the fast life of the metropolis, his heroine being one of the gay women who toil not neither do they spin, but who live in luxury for a brief period and then disappear. One critic writes of her as follows: "Without clothing her in the mawkish sentimentality of a Camille or offering for her the insincere excuses of a Mrs. Warren, Mr. Walter in his play shows the conditions that breed and the fate that confronts one of the luxurious examples of New York restaurant life. Laura Murdock is a despicable, pitifully weak and constitutionally mendacious woman who drifts to perdition along the path of least resistance. She is not immoral; rather is she hopelessly unmoral. She is fibreless, a prey to the impulse of the moment and irresponsible to the uttermost degree. False to herself, to the conscienceless 'bounder' for whose favors she has paid the price of decency, and also faithless to the youth who trusts and is anxious to rescue her—and in the end too weak to live and too craven to die—she drifts to the perdition that is waiting for her kind. She is a slice cut with cruel precision from the gay life of Broadway, an object lesson of the dangerous extravagances and shallow pleasures that occupy a conspicuous and obnoxious place in the every day affairs of New York."

Musical Comedy at the Van Ness

"A Stubborn Cinderella" fresh from its New York and Chicago successes is enjoying a two-weeks' run at the Van Ness. It is a musical comedy with the usual attenuated plot, but with much more than the usual swing vigor and ginger. It has several capable principals and a chorus that for pulchritude, limberness and voice is far ahead of anything else of its kind. Homer B. Mason who takes the principal male part has more than his fair share of advantages. He is young, active, good looking, wears his clothes well, sings and looks his part. Jack Raffael, well remembered by old time frequenters of the Tivoli, has a good opportunity in Colonel Hunt. His voice is still with him,—in fact he is the best, musically speaking, of the men in the cast. Grace Edmond as Lady Leslie is a graceful young woman with a voice fully equal to the demands of her part, and a method better than that of the average musical comedy star. Her vocal quality is fresh and pleasing and she sings with ease. Ethel Dovey runs her a close second. She is petite and dainty and makes a charming Lois. The stage pictures throughout are beautiful and arranged with a good eye to color. It would be impossible to particularize where all is so good, but the pink arrangement in the first act and the orange ballet in the last must be mentioned. The tall graceful girls in their pink directoire costumes made the stage look like a peach orchard in blossom, and the orange ballet was both in general effect and in detail one of the most attractive I have ever seen. The music has a good swing, and the last waltz song, "When You First Kiss the Last Girl You Love" is particularly good of its kind. The voice of Miss Edmond was heard at its best in this number. As I have before remarked, the chorus is composed of good voices, a fact which is very evident in the ensemble numbers. The piece deserves to have a successful run.

The Gordon Concert

A full house and an enthusiastic audience greeted Mackenzie Gordon at Christian Science Hall last Tuesday evening. A varied program ranging from grand opera to ballad and folk-song was offered. Mr. Gordon is strong-



HARRY BERESFORD
"The Odd Comedian," who will present "Who's Your Friend?" at the American Theatre.

est on the interpretive side, and it is the feeling in his songs, particularly in ballad, which reaches the sensibilities of his hearers. From an artistic point of view, however, Mr. Gordon carries his efforts in this direction to excess, but he compensates for this by his spirited performances. Mr. Gordon's long program was added to by several encores, and every number received a warm reception. Mr. Frederick Maurer accompanied ably as usual. Mr. Eugene Blanchard, a young pianist, was a notable feature of the program. He plays in masterly style, with clean and brilliant execution, and is far ahead of the solo pianists usually brought out by visiting vocalists. He played a Chopin Nocturne and the Scherzo in B flat minor, and in response to an encore gave the Butterfly Etude. In the second part of the program a concert paraphrase of Tschaikowsky's "Eugen-Onegin" was greeted by an ovation. Mr. Gordon's next concert takes place on Sunday afternoon, when a most attractive program is offered.

New Musical Comedy Company

The Princess Theatre New Musical Comedy Company will make its first appearance Monday evening, March 1st, in Harry B. Smith and Ludwig B. Englander's celebrated musical comedy, "The Rounders," which ran for an entire year at the Casino Theatre, New York. The personnel of the new company is as follows: May Boley, principal comedienne; Frank Moulan, principal comedian; Helen Darling, prima donna; Ethel Du Fre, contralto; Zoe Barnett, soubrette; Fred Mason and Bud Ross, comedians; James Stevens, baritone; Oscar Walsh, tenor; Bert Phoenix, basso. The stage director will be the famous Edward B. Temple, who produced nearly all the most successful musicau plays of the Savage company.

The Constabulary Band

Owing to the delay in the arrival of the transport Buford, which is bringing the famous Philippine Constabulary Band, the series of concerts to be held in Dreamland Rink cannot begin until Monday night, the 15th. Much enthusiasm has been aroused over the coming of this famous organization and plans have been perfected for its reception. The California Promotion Club will meet the band at the dock, escorting it about the city in automobiles. The advance sales of seats have been heavy, the hundreds of San Francisco people who have heard the band in the Orient being anxious to repeat the pleasure.

"The County Chairman"

"The Prince Chap," Edward Peple's beautiful play, with Mace Greenleaf in the title role, little Bebe Daniels as the younger Claudia, Miss Blanche Stoddard as the artist's ward grown up and the other members of the Valencia Theatre company in congenial roles, will be played for the last times this Sunday afternoon and evening and on Monday night "The County Chairman," George Ade's highly amusing and at the same time grippingly interesting comedy-drama, will be produced for the first time in San Francisco by a stock company. The success of "The College Widow," by the same author which enjoyed such a prosperous run during the holidays, is still fresh in the minds of the playgoing public. The story of "The County Chairman" centres around Jim Hackler, a political power in an Indiana community, and through whose influence Tillford Wheeler, his junior partner, is nominated for the office of State Attorney against Judge Rigby. Years before Hackler was in love with the girl who eventually became Mrs. Rigby, whose hand was won by the successful suitor through intercepting letters between them. Young Wheeler is in love with Lucy Rigby, but when he is nominated to run against her father, that individual becomes infuriated and forbids his daughter speaking to him. Hackler, who for years has been waiting to revenge himself for the loss of his sweetheart of early days, discovers that Rigby has defrauded "Chick" Elgey, an orphan, out of $30,000. This fact, if published, would mean the political ruin of Rigby, but Wheeler is not willing to use the story against the father of the girl he loves. In a tremendous climax to the third act Hackler is persuaded not to use the evidence by Mrs. Rigby, and in the last act the young man, notwithstanding his opponent's strength, is elected and all ends happily. "The County Chairman" is full of those quaint character studies which George Ade draws so forcibly, and the members of the Valencia Stock Company will all have congenial roles.

"Who's Your Friend?"

The last performances of the beautiful love romance of early Rome, "The Light Eternal," will take place at the American Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee "that old comedian," Harry Beresford, whose past performances in "The Wrong Mr. Wright" and "The Woman Hater" have stamped him as a laugh-provoker of the highest order, will present for the first time in this city "Who's Your Friend?" with the same cast and the same elaborate production which was seen during the long New York run. The comedy is from the pens of Harry and Edward Paulton, the authors of Erminie, Niobe and other successes. The scene of the comedy is located in New England, where Daniel Hake had invented a peculiar dye that is much sought after by woolen manufacturers. Many strange schemes are resorted to to obtain the secret, but all are thwarted by the inborn shrewdness of the Yankee inventor. Fanatically absorbed in a number of experiments he becomes entangled in a multitude of business troubles, and is on the verge of having his home sold over his head by a loan shark buying up his notes in order to force an interest in the old man's inventions. The old inventor is saved in an unexpected manner from the intriguers through one of the spies falling in love with his daughter and all ends happily and hilariously.



MME. FRIEDA LANGENDORFF

Who will appear at Christian Science Hall next Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon.

Gordon's Next Concert

The second and last of the Mackenzie Gordon Concerts will be given at Christian Science Hall on Sunday afternoon, when one of the most interesting and attractive programs ever offered to a San Francisco audience will be rendered. The ballads and vocal selections from the French, English, German, Scotch and Irish cover a wide field, and as there are no less than fifteen separate selections there should be something to please every variation of taste.

Princess Theatre

The revival of "Lonesome Town" by Kolb and Dill at the Princess Theatre has resulted in even a greater triumph than it achieved on its original presentation. This witty and popular play of Judson C. Brusie's has been greatly improved in many respects which accounts for its run of more than a hundred consecutive nights in New York. The production is certainly most elaborate. It is the same that held New York theatregoers. The costumes are costly, beautiful and modish. Kolb and Dill, as Chico Charley and Bakersfield Bill cover themselves with glory. They are admirably supported by Adele Rafter as Mrs. A. Marvelous Wonder, a San Francisco widow and by the full strength of the Princess Theatre Company. Several catchy musical numbers, including The Yankee Soldier Boys and Big Chief Smoke have been written by J. A. Raynes, the musical director and are encored to a perfectly unreasonable extent. In consequence of the near approach of the close of Kolb and Dill's engagement, "Lonesome Town" will conclude its run with next week and for the last week of their season they will present "Playing the Ponies" by special request.

"The Red Mill" Coming

The final performance of "A Stubborn Cinderella" will be given Sunday night, February 21st. Charles Dillingham's elaborate production of "The Red Mill" will be the next production at the Van Ness Theatre. This is the Henry Blossom-Victor Herbert musical comedy which ran for over a year at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. A company of over three score appear in the piece.

A Singer From Beyreuth

Next Thursday night, February 18th, at Christian Science Hall, Manager Will Greenbaum will introduce to music lovers Mme. Frieda Langendorff, a favorite singer in Beyreuth, Prague and Breslau. This artist is said to possess a voice of such remarkable range that she can sing a contralto role like Ortrud in Lohengrin and a dramatic soprano in one such as Elizabeth in Tannhauser with equal ease. Although almost unknown in this country the artist has achieved remarkable success wherever she has appeared, and at the recent Mendelssohn Celebration Concert by the Volpe Symphony Or-



MACKENZIE GORDON

Assisted by EUGENE BLANCHARD, Pianist, and FRED. MAURER, Accompanist.

LAST CONCERT—THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 2:30

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL

Seats: $1.50, $1.00, 75c at Hall Sunday after 10 a. m.

EXTRA—MME. FRIEDA

LANGENDORFF

A Great Mezzo Soprano from Europe's Leading Opera Houses, Assisted by Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron—Piano Soloist.

Seats: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday.

Concerts next Thursday Evening and Sunday Afternoon.

Oakland Concert next Friday Afternoon, February 15th at Ye Liberty.

Baldwin Piano Used.

THE BIGGEST BAND EVER HERE

THE PHILIPPINES

CONSTABULARY BAND

85 Splendid Musicians en route to Taft's Inaugural at Washington.

TWO CONCERTS AT DREAMLAND RINK

Monday and Tuesday Evenings, February 15th and 16th.

Seats $1.00, 75c, 50c, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Tuesday Afternoon at 3:15 Concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty; Wednesday Night at 8:15 Clunie Theatre, Sacramento.

VAN NESS THEATRE

Cor. Van Ness and Grove
Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs.
Phone Market 500

Second and Last Week Begins Monday February 15th,
Every Night, including Sunday Matinee Saturday.
Personal Direction of Mort L. Singer
The Quality Musical Play

A STUBBORN CINDERELLA

With HOMER B. MASON and a Splendid Company.

Prices: $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c.

February 22: "The Red Mill."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE

Cor. Sutter and Steiner
Class "A" Building
Phone West 6036

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.

Monday Night, February 15th, and All Week,
Revival of the Great Alcazar Success,

THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO

By David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully.

Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

PRINCESS THEATRE

PHONE WEST 663

S. LOVERICH, MANAGER

Ellis Street, near Fillmore
Absolutely Class "A" Building
Matinee, Saturday and Sunday

This nad Next Week Only

KOLB & DILL

In Judson C. Brusie's Merry Musical Farce

LONESOME TOWN

March 1st: Princess New Musical Comedy Co., including May Boley, Frank Monlan, Helen Darling, Fred Mace, Zoe Barnett and Ethel Du Fre.

Prices—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (Except Sundays and Holidays, 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM

Ellis Street, near Fillmore
Absolutely Class "A" Bldg
Phone West 6000

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.

ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.

"AT THE SOUND OF THE GONG," a Dramatic Episode of the Prize Ring with Tom (Soldier) Wilson and a cast of 25, introducing a realistic boxing exhibition; IMRO FOX; TONY WILSON and MLLE. HELOISE; AMOROS SISTERS; THE ASTAIRES; FARRELL-TAYLOR CO., LEON T. ROGEE; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week HELEN GRANTLEY & CO., in ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S Thrilling Episode, "THE NEVER NEVER LAND."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE

Valencia Street, between
Thirteenth and Fourteenth
Phone Market 17

The Only Steam Heated Theatre in the City.

Sunday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "The Prince Chap."

Commencing Monday Evening, February 15th,
For One Week Only—George Ade's Great Comedy-Drama,

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN

Cast to the Full Strength of the Valencia Stock Company. 75 People on the Stage.

Regular Matinees, Wednesday and Sunday, Prices 25c to 50c.
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.

Monday Matinee, February 22—"Secret Service."

AMERICAN THEATRE

Market St., nr. Seventh
Phone Market 381

Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "The Light Eternal."

Commencing Sunday Matinee, February 14th,
"That Odd Comedian" MR. HARRY BERESFORD
In the New York, Chicago and London Comedy Success,

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND

The Laughing Success of Two Continents.

Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00. No Higher. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Next—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Oakland, Cal.
Direction
H. W. Bishop

Commencing Monday Night and all next week, Matinees Saturday and Sunday

RICHARD M. HOTALING

And Bishop's Players in

THE FIRST VIOLIN

Mr. Hotaling in the title role

Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c.

chestra in New York she scored a genuine triumph. Both Mme. Gadski and Mr. La Forge assured Mr. Greenbaum that he had made no mistake in securing Mme. Langendorff. It is predicted that after her first appearance the name of Langendorff will be enrolled on the list of San Francisco's favorites. The assisting piano soloist will be Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron of Vienna, who is visiting relatives here, and Mr. Fred Maurer, the well known accompanist. The programe is a most interesting one, including the aria "Give Alms" from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete," an aria from Rossi's opera, "Mitrane," "Thy Beaming Eye," MacDowell; "The Cry of Rachael," Turner Salter; and other selections from Wolf, Eckert, Tosti, Saint-Saens, Rubinstein, Beethoven and Hildach. Mme. Heilbron's piano numbers have been chosen from Schubert and Chopin for this occasion. An equally fine program has been made up for the Sunday matinee, which will include some of the Tschaikowsky operatic selections entirely new to local audiences. On Friday afternoon the first program will be repeated at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. The box office will be open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning.

At the Orpheum

The program for the week beginning this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum will have for its chief attraction a dramatic episode of the prize ring, entitled "At the Sound of the Gong," which calls for a cast of twenty-five people and introduces a realistic boxing exhibition. The opening scene discloses the interior of Walter Jameson's training quarters and subsequently by means of a transparency the square ring is shown with a boxing bout in full action. The character of Jameson, Alias Terry McNutt, is played by Tom (Soldier) Wilson, who formerly acted as Bob Fitzsimmons's sparring partner. The other leading roles are interpreted by Ellsa Berrold, Arthur Sullivan and Bill Russell. Imro Fox, a celebrated European conjurer and a brilliant and witty entertainer will introduce a marvelous illusion called "The Box of Cagliostro" and numerous feats of legerdemain. Tony Wilson and Mlle. Heloise, gymnasts, will entertain on the horizontal bars. Mlle. Heloise will demonstrate her versatility by some clever dancing and comedy work. The beautiful Amoros Sisters, who were the idols of the Parisian Music Halls, will be seen for the first time in this city. Their accomplishments are many. They are singers, dancers, comedians, acrobats and trapeze performers. Frank and Adele Astaire, two very clever juvenile singers and dancers are also among the new comers. Next week will be the last of the Farrell-Taylor Company and Leon T. Rogee, the human orchestra. It will also finish the engagement of that talented young actress, Helen Grantley, and her very capable company who have scored a great artistic triumph in Israel Zangwill's thrilling episode, "The Never Never Land." A new series of Orpheum Motion Pictures will terminate the performance.

The "Rose" at the Alcazar

"The Rose of the Rancho," the Alcazar's great success of last season when it ran for three weeks will be the offering this week at the Sutter street playhouse, and the advance demand for seats promises another period of gratifying business. There will be no change of importance in the thirty-three speaking parts, and but few in the large crowd of supernumeraries. Bessie Barriscale will again play Juanita, Bertram Lytell will be the government agent, Will R. Walling the land-grabber, Howard Hickman the Spanish dandy, Burt Wesner the padre, Ernest Glendinning the officer of the militia, Herbert Farjeon the muleteer, Louise Brownell the coquettish senorita who captures the fleeting fancy of the military lotherio, Adle Belgarde the haughty Spanish mother, Annie Lockhardt the gentle grandmother, John B. Maher the old servant, Walter Belasco the vaquero, and Christie MasLean the duenna. The story is a drama of early

(Continued on Page 31.)



SCENE FROM GEORGE ADE'S, "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN"

Which will be produced for the first time in stock in this city at the Valencia Theatre next week.



The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We will also start a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. Such questions will be answered in the following issue.

ADVANCE STYLES

Early Spring Fashions 1909

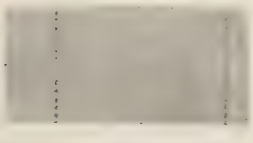
Never before has Dame Fashion exerted herself so much and acquitted herself so creditably as this season. She has cast aside gloomy and tiresome shades and patterns, and in their place created new ones rich and harmonious, and it affords one pleasure to look over these new designs and fabrics, and the man who is looking for something new will be able to find it this season. For this reason men will be encouraged to increase their wardrobes from one or two, to several suits.

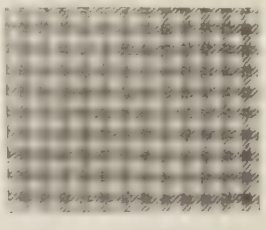
New Fabrics

Predominating the entire range of suitings for the coming Spring and Summer, will be found the iridescent green. This shade is really not a green, but a greenish tint glimmering through a blue brown, purple and various other shades and giving a beautiful phosphorescent effect.

Grey, oxford blues and olives are coming back again in full force and bring with them a new brother shade called "Taupe" a combination of grey and brown, and an oxford purple, called "Catawba"—this last shade is not in the least loud, but on the contrary very attractive. Brown this coming season is not very fashionable nor is a decided green.

In regard to designs, the stripe also popular for several seasons, and the white stripes are still in vogue. One should not select a pattern with too decided a stripe; on the contrary no matter what the color may be, the perfectly plain design with no pattern at all or a small check or invisible plaid is preferable to decided stripes. Of course a neat stripe effect will always be right, for the figure of some men necessitates a stripe, but the stripes will be fainter and less conspicuous than last season. Small checks of black and white will play a part this season, and so will plain goods in different tones of grey and neat kindred colorings.





Advance Styles

The first and most important suit is the Sack or Lounge Suit, and as there is nothing more descriptive than an illustration, I shall give below a copy from a leading English Fashion Journal, as well as from a leading American Journal, and the reader can see for himself the vast difference between the English and the American cut of clothes. The selection from the English journal represents a conservative model and an extreme model. One can also readily see the different conception of style between this country and across the water, and this should be an argument against an American having clothes made abroad.

Then there is the two or three Button Double Breasted Sack, a garment which always looks well on a tall, slim man. Either two or three buttons are correct also; for the lighter shades a two button coat is preferred. Not less important is the Colonial Frock or English Walking suit, which our readers will find described in a previous issue of this paper. As stated before this suit promises to be popular this coming season particularly among professional men.

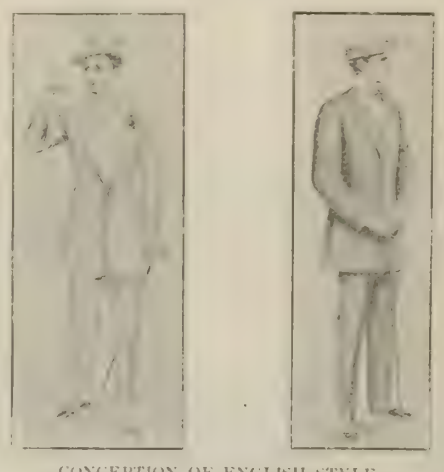
There is but little if any change in Dress or Dinner clothes. Trousers this season to be easy over hip and thigh, to fall fairly straight down with about 19½ knee and 16 bottom for average. Waistcoats to have either four or five buttons, and to be cut to show above lapel of coat or lower. The bottom to be slightly dipped and points cutaway.

The most popular overcoat for Spring is about 42 inches long made of Scotch tweed and full box.

There are a class of fashionable tailors who carry only English and Scotch woolens (we say English-Scotch for England yet has the precedent over any other country in the manufacture of woolens) and it is to this class of tailors it is safest to go as their prices and work are generally the most uniform and reliable, and their standard the highest. The most important factor in the production of custom clothes is that they should be cut by competent designers and their instructions in turn properly carried out by skilled journey-men tailors, who are necessarily high price operators, when it will therefore be found poor economy to go to any other than the best tailor for one's clothes and more pleasure and satisfaction will be derived, and more wear can be obtained by purchasing a year's outfit of two suits for $110 than to resort to cheaper establishments, which means cheaper materials, cheaper trimmings and cheaper workmanship for, perhaps, three suits for $105. The saving is only apparent and not real. In the language of the classics:



CONCEPTION OF AMERICAN STYLE.



CONCEPTION OF ENGLISH STYLE.

"To be well dressed will ofttimes supersede the rest."

HE WAS PATIENT

Bishop Ellison Capers, in an address at Columbus, S. C., praised the virtue of patience.

"We may have industry," he said, "sobriety, ambition—all the virtues that make for success; and yet without patience we will accomplish nothing.

"A young man was overheard on a street corner the other night reproaching a young girl. That young man was patient. He had so highly developed this excellent quality that I shall not be surprised some day to see him a millionaire, a college president, or even a bishop.

"The young man said, as the young girl drew near him, on the corner:

"'What a time you have kept me waiting.'

"The girl tossed her head.

"'It is only 7 o'clock,' she said, 'and I didn't promise to be here till a quarter of.'

"The young man smiled a calm and patient smile.

"'Ah, yes,' he said, 'but you have mistaken the day. I have been waiting for you since last evening.'"

Announcement



The Spring and Summer of 1909

The Return of General Prosperity

Makes it timely to announce the arrival of our importations of "Woolens" from the finest looms in the world, such as **"Gagniers," "Coopers," "Lorna Doones," "McGregors,"** and the famous **Saville-Cloth** for Dress Clothes. The great and novel variety of fabrics for this season makes our collection unsurpassed.

Our organization and facilities enable us to cater to the wants of the elegant and refined dresser and produce garments for men on artistic and serviceable lines at moderate prices.

Suits to order for $50.00 and upwards.

Tailors **J. M. JACOBI & CO.** **Haberdasher**

45-47-49-51 MONTGOMERY STREET, CORNER SUTTER
LICK BUILDING

Our novelties in foreign shirtings ready

Japan's "Unmorality"

(Continued from Page 8.)

previously been "married." He found the musme biting the yen he had poured into the sleeve of her kimono, to be sure that they were all genuine!

Three times a year the courtesans of the yoshiwaras parade the streets of Kioto and the broad thoroughfares of the "Nightless City" of Tokio. The first of these "unmoral" spectacles is in the spring to celebrate the coming of the cherry-blossoms; in summer the women exhibit themselves in honor of the blooming of the purple iris; and again in autumn when the chrysanthemum is in its glory, they appear clad in their "yujo" silks and brocades aflame with scarlet and gold, wearing their "obis" tied in front, their coiffures a marvel of architectural grotesquerie, their faces white with powder, their eyelashes black, their lips vermilion and their toe-nails pink.

These exhibitions are witnessed by thousands of the "unmoral" citizens of the cities in which they are presented—open-mouthed with delight at the magnificence of the highly edifying spectacle. Ask your "schoolboy" servant about the yoshiwara of Japan and its peculiar customs—he will tell you all about it and never bat an eye. He sees nothing immoral in the Japanese method of promoting and encouraging the social evil; he regards it from his western point of view as only "unmoral" and greatly superior to the western method of repression and suppression. And after he has given you a minute description of the yoshiwara from personal observation and experience he will go to his class in the public school to learn his English at the same source from which little white girls are learning to read in their second readers. Of course there can be no harm from this contiguity, for, as I have repeatedly told you, the Japanese are not an immoral people—they are merely "unmoral"; they have never known the morals of the western world.

Yet, as we are informed by that eminent moralist and moralizer, Theodore Roosevelt, unless we receive these "unmoral" persons into our most intimate civic relationship, there is going to be trouble. We have no right under the treaty to keep these people out of our country on any pretext whatever. Well, since it has been so ordained by this high and mighty authority, let us submit. Let us not only submit, but let us also invite. Let us encourage this "unmoral" immigration to the utmost and when we have as many as we can accommodate in California let us send the surplus to the Eastern States. What we need in this country is a strong infusion of "unmoral" blood and I know of no more "unmoral" expedient for this transfusion than the one I have suggested. Anyway, according to the dark hints of Governor Gillett and Speaker Stanton we must accept the unmorality of the situation whether we want it or not; therefore let us accept it with such grace as we may. Perhaps it is better to obey the edict of the Mikado through the ukase of our own Mikado than to risk a general cutting of our throats by the Mikado's invincible army of veteran soldiers.

Auto Notes

One of the most strenuous automobile trips ever made in the history of Nevada was completed a few days ago by E. J. Williams of Lovelock, Nev., who traveled for five days over the Black Rock desert, two days of which the autoist and his machine, a Studebaker "forty," were exposed to a continual downpour. The driver was compelled to pick his way slowly as his journey took him over the roughest country in the sagebrush State, the greater portion of the trip being made over lands where no wagon had ever preceded him and the balance of the roads being in what he describes as a terrible state. According to Williams, a distance of forty miles was covered without once being out of the low gear. No trouble of any kind, he said, was experienced with his machine, the only incident which marred the run was finding his supply of gasoline entirely exhausted when within three miles of Winnemucca, but taking into consideration the fact that ranch houses are from 50 to 100 miles apart in the desert, Williams says it was only natural. Williams is the owner of nine automobiles and says that machines that are good in Nevada have qualified for services in any part of the world.

Of all the improvements claimed for the 1909 automobiles none are so pronounced or meet with more general favor by the motoring public than the long wheel base and the close coupled body, allowing the body to hang between the axles. At the recent New York show practically all of the high priced American cars followed that design, which has been acknowledged by the foreign makers for the past two seasons, as the pre-eminent quality for riding and appearance. This style of body while being prevalent in France for the past year, has only been taken up extensively this season by the representative American makers. The general appearance of the experts seems to be that the wheel base should run from 110 inches up, according to the number of cylinders, none of the representative makes being of less than this wheelbase. Besides the uniformity in the question of body design, the most radical change and improvement of the new cars, especially of the medium priced machines, is the casting of the cylinders en bloc, this design being on the same lines as the foreign makes. One of the very few high grade American cars to include both of these improvements is the Chalmers-Detroit. This car which is practically

the only medium priced car on the market to include the latest foreign style and workmanship, attracted a great deal of attention in the Madison Square Garden, the general impression being that it was a foreign car. The fact that the Chalmers-Detroit in body and motor design is probably two years in advance of the other medium priced cars is the result of the extensive study and efforts of H. E. Coffin, chief engineer of the Chalmers-Detroit factor, who spends several months every year studying the latest designs of European cars.

During the last week carload shipments of the '09 Buick "White Streaks" have been received and unloaded by the Santa Rosa Garage of Santa Rosa, Waterman Bros. Co. of Fresno, Ed. R. Braley of Pasadena, and F. B. Naylor of San Diego. The demand for the Buick is very great throughout the State, and the Howard Automobile Company think they are extremely fortunate at present to get so many cars out, as up to the last three weeks their great trouble has been to get enough cars to satisfy the demands.

"More persons will buy automobiles in Northern California this year than the average dealer anticipates," said Peter Healey, the Studebaker agent at Eureka, Cal., who arrived here lately after a strenuous trip through mud and rain in his Studebaker "forty." "Of late the inquiries for machines have been increasing almost daily and I attribute it to the splendid showing that has been made by the automobile in that portion of the State during the past year. We have some very rough roads in Humbolt and the success in negotiating these with machines is beginning to bear fruit."

Early Tuesday evening a Packard "Thirty" car, which left Detroit Saturday, arrived in New York with S. D. Waldon, General Manager of the Packard Motor Car Co., at the wheel. The car was driven down through Ohio to Pittsburg, and thence to Philadelpia over the Allegheny Mountain route, which has been the scene of so many summer record-breaking trips by Mr. Waldon. All Glidden tourists know that the road over the Alleghenies is a particularly hard one during the warm months, and this rapid time made over it yesterday and today by Mr. Waldon is a remarkable performance for this time of year and on snow-covered roads. Winter testing forms a large and important part of the experimental work of the Packard Motor Car Co. The several experimental cars manufactured each season—a year or more in advance of the regular product—are driven many thousands of miles in hard overland trips by the executives of the company as well as by Chief Engineer Huff and others.

R. F. Prosser of the Pioneer Automobile Company was participant lately in both an unfortunate and a fortunate demonstration. Prosser who has recently joined the forces of the Thomas and Oldsmobile men in this city, took H. R. Schander for a demonstration in an Oldsmobile runabout. After a short tour of the city Prosser and his customer found themselves at the top of a steep hill near Buena Vista Height. After a stop of several minutes to view the city, Prosser started to crank the car and in stooping down his foot slipped and he fell against the corner of the radiator, suffering a bad cut on the forehead. After a slight treatment at the emergency hospital at the hands of Dr. Pinkham, Prosser took his customer to his office. Prosser reported that he was not sure whether the customer placed his order through sympathy or because he liked the car.

Mr. W. E. Porter, a prominent fruit grower of Visalia, purchased from the Howard Auto. Co. one of the new 40 horsepower Buick touring cars. Mr. Porter came to San Francisco to buy an automobile and after spending three days investigating the different machines decided on the Buick. He will receive his car next week.

It is now an established fact that for perfection of design appropriate to the load and conditions of employment, for excellence of material and sound, accurate workmanship, American-built automobiles cannot be beaten anywhere in the world. For efficiency and aggressiveness, American mechanics are the best. American machine-tools, it is generally acknowledged, lead the world. One of the French pioneer automobile makers said some years ago that if it had not been for the fact that American houses were in a position to supply certain types of lathes, drilling-machines, milling-machines, gear-cutting appliances, and other intricate pieces of mechanism, when the automobile movement began to expand, a popular vehicle could never have been considered by the makers, and all class of automobiles would necessarily have remained at extravagant prices. This condition of European automobile makers turning to America for modern appliances and new, ingenious machines, which make possible producing higher grade automobiles at less cost, remains today. The modern automobile represents one of the highest achievements of mechanical engineering. Nothing, except possibly electrical machinery, has contributed so much to the development and refinement of machine tools, new, quick, and accurate manufacturing methods, and of materials possessing enormous strength and properties undreamed of heretofore. Each and every part has been the constant subject of long and accurate tests and study, to bring about simplicity, strength, and lightness through proper distribution of material according to mechanical laws. This refinement is always going on, and no detail, however trifling, is overlooked in this steady march toward perfection.

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Murine Doesn't Smart—It Soothes Eye Pain.
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Southern Pacific--Rock Island Lines



Stage

(Continued from Page 27.)

California life written by two Californians, David Belasco and Richard R. Tully. The time is the early fifties, when American energy was supplanting the Spanish lassitude in California, and the place San Juan Bautista, near Monterey. The first act takes place in the Mission garden. Here we learn that Juanita, the Rose of the Rancho, is loved by Kearney, the government agent whose mission it is to see to the enforcement of the laws governing the acquisition of land. Here, too, are introduced the haughty mother, the gentle grandmother, the good padre, the bad Kinkaid, the intolerant Don Luis, and all the other types of the folk who lived in those turbulent times. Juanita here declines to wed Don Luis, avows her love for Kearney and antagonizes her relatives. The climax of the second act comes when, believing her gringo lover is insincere, she stormily denounces him until he silences her by holding his hand over her mouth while he explains the circumstances which have placed him in a dubious light. Everything considered, there is no cause for wonder that "The Rose of the Rancho" should have proved one of the Alcazar's most memorable successes. As to the caste, it is generally conceded to be the best stock company in America, while people who had the opportunity to compare the New York and San Francisco productions have unhesitatingly declared the latter to be in no way inferior.

In the Limelight

The well-known leading man, H. S. Northrup, is with the production of Clyde Fitch's comedy "Girls" to be seen at the Van Ness Theatre in the near future.

There was an interesting reunion at the Valencia Theatre this week when Blanche Stoddard, Mace Greenleaf and Thomas MacLarnie, all of whom were in the first production of "Parsifal" at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, met to play in "The Prince Chap."

There are a number of delightful song hits in the performance of "A Stubborn Cinderella" and it must be said that every one of them receives perfect rendition at the hands of the splendid company now at the Van Ness.

Clara Thropp is one of the many San Francisco favorites who will be with "The Gingerbread Man" when that musical comedy comes to the American next month.

Charles Dow Clark, the popular comedian of the Valencia Stock Company, has just been re-engaged for a year. Mr. Clark has become a great favorite since his first appearance at this playhouse and can always be relied upon for a finished performance.

Mme. Langendorff has been engaged for the third concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society next Wednesday night in the new Colonial ball room. On this occasion she will be assisted by the Lyric String Quartette.

Lillian Russell has started west with her newest comedy success, "Wildfire," and will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre next month for an engagement positively limited to one week.

Mace Greenleaf will play the Gillette role in "Secret Service," which will start a week's run at the Valencia Theatre on the afternoon of Washington's Birthday.

The next renowned piano virtuoso to appear is Josef Lhevinne, a Russian, whose playing is said to be like Rubinstein's. His opening concert will be given Sunday, March 7th. Following the Lhevinne concerts David Bispham will give a series of recitals.

Gus Pixley, the favorite comedian, brother of Annie Pixley and a San Franciscan by birth, will be with "The Babes in Toyland," which follows "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the American.

"The Fatal Card," the intensely interesting melodrama by G. Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stevens which has not been seen here for years, will follow "Secret Service" at the Valencia.

Mme. Therese Carreno is said to be the only woman who has published a string quartette. This work will be the novel feature of the next Greenbaum "Pop" Concert. A sonata for viola and piano by Rubinstein will also be a welcome novelty. Few people realize the beautiful tone quality of the viola in solo work.

The juvenile element in the story of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which will follow Harry Beresford at the American Theatre, is decidedly happy in its humorous appeal and plays an equally delightful part in the play based on the famous book. All the little Wigges with their frizzled locks, Asia, Australia, Europena—the "Jography" children—Chris with his wooden leg—the peg stick, which led to the benefit party—Pete, and the other sons and daughters of the patch, make the scenes bright and merry with the sunshine and play of childhood.

Rudolph Barth, watchmaker and jeweler, now permanently located at 36 Kearny street.

Arthur C. Aiston, the well-known manager and producer, is on his way to San Francisco to supervise the production of his play, "Pretty Peggy," at the Valencia Theatre shortly.



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ANNOUNCEMENT

1909

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRI HOURCADE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Henri Hourcade, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henri Hourcade, deceased.

PAULINE HOURCADE,
Administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Henri Hourcade, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix with the Will annexed,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-13-5

Letters

Bryan Hooker's Novel

"The Right Man," of course, means the right man for each particular Her. Perhaps "the right combination" would come nearer to expressing the idea, for any man, who may be obviously the wrong one in one situation will be just as obviously the right one under other conditions. Mr. Bryan Hooker's object was to prove that Richard Gordon, musician, with all that it implies in temperament, heredity and education, was so preeminently the right man for Miss Audrey Dorne, making a trip to Europe under the chaperonage of her estimable spinster aunt, and accompanied by her fiance, John Hudson, a self-made millionaire, that the whirlwind courtship carried on during the few days of the voyage and the few minutes at their disposal for such occupation, must end in a marriage as enduringly happy as that which brought the conclusion of the ancient fairy tales. Perhaps it might have been so in another age, when the promise "for better, for worse—until death do us part" was accepted literally and lived up to to the best ability of human nature, bent on making the best of the irrevocable, but today, when divorce may be obtained because a cruel husband's eyes do not "go" with madame's favorite jewels, or fail to match her new gown or her pet dog, one cannot help wondering what the three days after the wedding will bring forth to men and women so inflammable and so ready to grasp at the next pretty thing. Decidedly the most interesting episode in the book is the discussion between Gordon and Hudson as to the comparative value of a college education to a man who has to make his unaided way in the world. Unlike the average non-collegian, Hudson maintains that for a man who is to go into business college is a waste of time. For a professional man, the friendships and all that count in, "but if a fellow's going into business it isn't worth while. It isn't reasonable that it should be. He forms a lot of footless habits and develops tastes that he can't afford time or money for, and learns a lot of things from books and book men that won't be any use to him. And then he has that handicap of four good years and more or less nonsense to unlearn. Why the average college man thinks it's no importance when he pays his bills." Apparently since Gordon walked off with the girl when the steamer landed them at Boulogne his contention that given time enough, the "man of breeding" and college training must win in every contest save one of brute strength, is upheld, but on the other hand, it was the girl who had the deciding vote and unless she had been held back by physical force there was nothing for Hudson to do but give up. Still that decides nothing, for the finest flowers of modern civilization have married coachmen, grooms and even prizefighters in the face of all opposition. But Mr. Hooker was really writing a story, not expounding a philosophy, and if he was satisfied that Gordon was the right man we must accept his dictum, though, from the view point of the future of the race, if such a point of view ever enters the head of a fictionist, Hudson, coming from nearer the soil, would have been the best dilutant of the over-refined, inbred and over-bred Dorne blood. Illustrations are in color-photogravure by Alonzo Kimball, and the volume, an attractive one in every aspect, from the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

By the Christmas Fire

There are Christmas books and Christmas books. Far too often those which are put forth under that label at the holiday season deserve to be catalogued amongst those volumes which Charles Lamb designated as "books that are no books." They are apt to be gaudy in appearance, empty and hollow of wit or sense, maudlin in sentiment and unsuitable to any age, class or condition of servitude. No one would think of looking at them except under the pressure of Christmas purchasing, when "somebody must have something," whether it be a trashy mechanical toy for the baby, a celuloid grimcrack for grandma or a book that will fill in the last crack and "do for most any one." Far away from this category shall we place Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers's' "By the Christmas Fire." It comprises a group of five essays, most of which will prove familiar to readers of the Atlantic Monthly, and be none the less welcome because they are old friends. Dr. Crothers has a delightfully whimsical style and an optimistic outlook. There is nothing forced about his cheerfulness. He does not see the world crumbling to destruction because "the poor" are no longer "grateful" after the long approved Bob Cratchit model, nor deplore the growth of a demand for rights instead of an humble acceptance of dole. The essay on "Being Grown Up" is especially to be recommended to the genius "educator," and some of the critical fraternity would profit by giving their minds to "On Being a Doctrinaire." Possibly the middle-aged and elderly will better appreciate "By the Christmas Fire" than will the youthful, but it is a book for all the year round, and one that will live and grow from year to year until it takes its place as a classic beside "The Other Wise Man" of Dr. Van Dyke as much a matter of course on every shopping list as the holly ribbon and tissue paper. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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SEE AGENTS

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE LEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 4714, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of GEORGE W. LEE, the Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, deceased, praying that he, as such Administrator, be authorized, empowered and directed to lease a portion of that certain building belonging to said estate of MICHAEL FLOOD, deceased, which said premises thereby proposed to be leased are described as follows, to-wit: All of that certain Store, designated and known as No. 753 Polk Street, on the Southwest corner in that certain four story brick building erected and being on the following described property of said estate, which real property is situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Polk Street with the Southerly line of Ellis Street; thence running Westerly along the last named line Seventy-seven and Six-twelfths (77 6-12) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Polk Street One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at rights angles Easterly and parallel with Ellis Street Seventy-seven and Six-twelfths (77 6-12) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above Court on Monday, the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of said Court, situate in the Grant Building, S. E. corner of 7th and Market Streets, in said City and County, to show cause, if any they can or have, why said premises particularly above described, should not be leased for the purpose of securing for the same the total sum of Fifteen Hundred and Sixty ($1560.00) Dollars divided into monthly payments, for the term of two years.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this Order be published for at least once a week for two successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, this 21st day of January, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 22, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD I. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Administrator, 557 Mills Bldg., San Francisco. 1-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7042, New Series. Dept. Nine. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE BASTIAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William Bastian, Executor of the last will and testament of the above named George Bastian, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909), to the said William Bastian, executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, deceased, at the office of his attorney, John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said George Bastian, deceased.

WILLIAM BASTIAN,
Executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said Executor,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5103, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an Incompetent Person.

CATHERINE COLE, guardian of the person and estate of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an incompetent person, having presented her petition herein duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said incompetent, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of March, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted directing, empowering, and authorizing the said guardian to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said incompetent person as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 29th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 29, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk. 2-6-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2133. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of RANDOLPH WILSON SMITH, and ROBERTA GENEVIEVE SMITH, Minors.

EMILY MAY SMITH, guardian of the estate of the above named minors, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order directing the sale of certain real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and more particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and will be beneficial to said minors, and each of them, and to their respective estates, that said real property should be sold, and good cause appearing:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors and each of them, and all persons interested in their or either of their estates, appear before the above entitled court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situated on the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 2nd day of March, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property; and

It is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks next preceding said day, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 30th, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

W. H. ORRICK, Attorney for Guardian,
617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13833.

MARY HORGAN, a Widow, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Liens Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the Court of the above entitled City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fulton street, distant thereon one hundred and forty-six (146) feet ten and one-half inches (10½) inches westerly from the intersection of the westerly line of Baker street with the northerly line of Fulton street, and then running thence westerly along the said line of Fulton street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the northerly line of Fulton street and point of commencement. Being Block No. 592, a portion of the Western Addition.

You are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said real property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is on the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister streets, San Francisco, California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13834.

DENNIS J. HORGAN, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dennis J. Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Scott street, distant thereon northerly from the northerly line of Haight street one hundred and thirteen (113) feet and six (6) inches; thence running northerly along said easterly line of Scott street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the easterly line of Scott street and the point of commencement. Being a part of the Western Addition Block number four hundred and thirty-nine (439), and also right of way over passage extending the length of the above described property and a width of those three (3) feet six (6) inches on the South of the same.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: The German Savings and Loan Society, whose address is No. 526 California street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7058, New Series. Department Ten.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH CHAPMAN DYAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS, Administrator of the estate of Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909), to the said Edwin Joseph Dyas, administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, at the office of his attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased.

EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS,
Administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administrator, Room 1255 Flood Bldg., S. F. 2-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2490. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE G. RUNDLE, Deceased.

Hannah C. Rundle, administratrix of the estate of George G. Rundle, deceased, having filed her verified petition herein for an order of sale of the real property of said estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and in the County of San Bernardino, and it satisfactorily appearing to me from such petition that it is necessary, and it would be for the benefit, advantage and best interests of the estate of said deceased and those interested therein, to sell the whole, or some portion, of the said real estate to pay the debts outstanding against the decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration of said estate, as in said petition set forth:

It is therefore ordered that said petition be set for hearing by said court on Monday, the 15th day of March, A. D. 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Superior Court, in Department Ten (10) thereof, in room number 603 of the Grant Building, situate at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above-named Superior Court at said time and place then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell said real property of said estate described in said petition, or as much thereof as may be necessary, for the purposes hereinbefore and in said petition stated.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published weekly in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, February 6th, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

AITKEN & AITKEN, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Monadnock Building, Rooms 997-998-978-982, San Francisco. 2-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 20725.

ADELE RAYNAL, Plaintiff,

vs.

HENRI RAYNAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Henri Raynal, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfull desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

P. A. BERGEROT, Esq., 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street; and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, July 20, 1865, and recorded in Map-Book E and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at _____, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg.,
870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg.,
870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 12782.

ERNESTINE KRELING and JAMES F. LEAHY, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants, Greetings.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of Ernestine Kreling and James F. Leahy, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwesterly corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Steiner Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of Golden Gate Avenue One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Steiner Street and thence at right angles Northerly along said line of Steiner Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Eighty-one (381).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

nd. Establishing the title of plaintiffs and of each of them to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that each of said plaintiffs is the owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper, and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1908.

The following persons are said to claim some interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiffs, to-wit:

French Savings Bank, a corporation, whose address is No. 108 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attyns. for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bldg., 595 Market St., S. F. 12-12-10

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. 10—No. 20497.

ANNA D. ROLLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALVA AARON and M. CLIFFORD AARON, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Alva Aaron and M. Clifford Aaron, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GUSTAVE WEDELSTAEDT, Plaintiff

vs.

ELIZABETH WEDELSTAEDT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Elizabeth Wedelstaedt, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed herein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of November,. A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

C. F. ADAMS, Attorney for Plaintiff, 378 Monadnock Bldg., S. F. 12-12-10



DOWN TOWN NOW

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO. are now in their new store, 181 Post St., near Grant Ave. The Fillmore Street store is closed.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 7022, Dept. 10.

Estate of ADOLPHE ROOS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Adolphe Roos, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at Heller, Powers & Ehrman, 713 Union Trust Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adolphe Roos, deceased.

GEORGE H. ROOS,
LEON L. ROOS,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Adolphe Roos, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., January 23, 1909.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 1-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MINNIE SINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators, with Will annexed, of the estate of MINNIE SINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators, with Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Minnie Singer, deceased.

CHARLES HUFSCHMIDT,
HENRY HUFSCHMIDT,
GEORGE F. HUFSCHMIDT,

Administrators with the Will annexed of the estate of Minnie Singer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 16, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., 333 Kearny St., S. F.,
Atty. for Administrators with Will Annexed. 1-16-5

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco. Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,479,043.00
Deposits December 31, 1908	$35,079,498.53
Total Assets	$37,661,836.70

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Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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GEORGE MAYERLE

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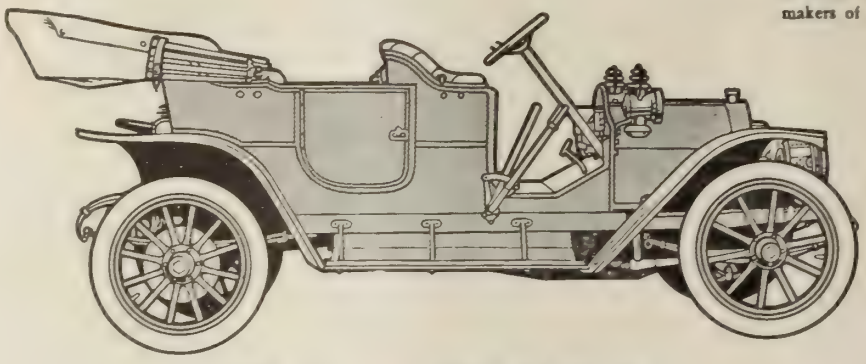
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"It's a Good Car"

A high-grade 4-cylinder, 5-passenger, 24-30 horse-power car, made by the makers of the Thomas-Detroit Forty.



Price $1500

"The only man who doesn't praise the Chalmers "30" is the man who doesn't own one."

806 of our $1500 "30's" have been delivered up to this date (October 31st, 1908). Not last year's models, but ***all of them built this year.***

806 people are actually running these cars.

806 people know they are the best $1500 cars made, because they have proved them out by use.

806 people will tell you so if you ask them. And after all, are they not the best judges? Some are nearby you—some are your neighbors, perhaps. Ask them what they think. We will gladly abide by their judgment.

If you doubt our word, get hold of a mechanical engineer—let him examine and test the other cars and then ours. Take his word—we will rest our claim on that.

Our car is built by engineers who have designed more successful medium-priced cars than anyone else; engineers who put their names in print and stand back of their designs and statements with their reputations.

Any competent engineer will tell you that these men have now made the best low-priced car on the market.

Remember, 806 of these cars have been delivered already. They are our salesmen. Salesmen of other companies won't tell you the good points of our cars. They are not paid to do that. Don't expect them to do it. Advertising writers are paid enormous salaries to make other cars look good in print. Our cars look good to engineers—look good on the road—look good to people who use them—will look good to you if you will look. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. 806 people "are eating theirs now."

These Facts are Important

Our "30" car has the specifications known to belong to real touring cars. 110 inch wheel base, close coupled body, hung in the middle of the car, not away out over the rear axle to make room for a "big handsome hood" that don't make the car run, the hood isn't important—it's the engine under the hood. Ours is right, engineers will tell you so; multiple disc clutch, three speed transmission, floating rear axle; ¾ elliptic springs, quick detachable tires, etc.

One of our $1500 cars has been running 200 miles a day for 91 days. This run is from Detroit to Pontiac and back, and the car goes every day, rain or shine. 18,200 miles have been run so far without a miss, right on schedule, and it is still running. If you know anyone in Detroit, write to them to verify this statement. ***No other car at any price has ever done this before.*** That's the kind we sell. That's the kind 806 people are using now.

At the Sweepstake Races run over the Vanderbilt Cup course on Saturday, October 10th, our cars won first and second in their class, distancing everybody else, beating the next car 34 minutes, which means that our car was more than 25 miles ahead in a race of 150 miles. The "30" that won first averaged 48 miles per hour on this course, and the "30" that won second averaged 46 miles per hour.

The car that won the Vanderbilt Cup Race on Saturday, October 24th, averaged 64 miles per hour, which was record-breaking time. In comparison with this ***specially built racing car*** consider our "30", ***selling for $1500,*** averaging 48 miles per hour over this same course. We more than lapped every one of our competitors in the Sweepstake Race. Do you want any better evidence that our car is absolutely right; that our two-bearing crank shaft and our cylinders cast *en bloc* are the very best construction?

The consistent performance of the two cars shows it was not luck that won for us. One averaged 48 miles per hour, the other 46 miles. Further than that, the car that won second in this race was driven by a man who had never seen the car until an hour before he drove it in the race. We had to get a new driver because the driver we had was disqualified the day before the race because he hit a cow on the course. This car that hit the cow had only the radiator damaged and went into the race the next day and won second.

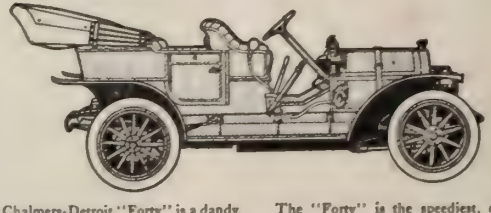
Our cars in this race were stock cars. There are 806 cars just like them running on the streets and roads of this country. We don't build special cars for racing purposes and build other cars to deliver to our customers. The cars we deliver to customers are the same cars that we enter in races.

In a Nutshell

We have sold 3047 cars to dealers, 806 of these have already been delivered. We are shipping from 15 to 18 cars a day.

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Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" Touring Car, $2750



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The "Forty" is the speediest, quietest, most economical car of its class. It has won first place as a hill climber; it has won dozens of contests in speed and endurance.

So, far, we have delivered 178 of the 1909 "Forty." Our capacity for the year is only 500. Last year we ran about 200 short of the demand, and there is sure to be a shortage this year. So that if you want a "Forty" please place your order now, either for immediate delivery or for future delivery.

Made in two styles—touring car and roadster—$2750.

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524 TWENTIETH ST., OAKLAND

Vol. XVII. No. 860. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 20, 1909. PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

Of California

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate, First Mortgage	$5,930,125.75
Loans to Policy-Holders, secured by Policies	2,316,126.54
Loans on Approved Collateral	329,210.43
Bonds and Stocks Owned, Market Value December 31, 1908	4,993,137.31
Real Estate Owned, including Company's Home Office Building	1,141,901.30
Interest and Rent, Due and Accrued	161,125.29
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums	730,238.25
Cash on Hand and in Banks	498,208.84
Total,	$16,100,073.71

LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies, Legal Standard	$14,156,424.38
Claims in Process of Adjustment	114,702.50
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	66,929,55
Amount Set Aside for Taxes, 1909	51,284.09
Amount Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policy Holders	78,332.64
All Other Liabilities	99,756.36
Total,	$14,567,429.52

Surplus to Policy Holders December 31, 1908, $1,532,644.19

Increase in Assets for Year 1908	$ 1,948,304.00
Increase in Surplus for Year 1908	215,685.00
Increase in Amount Set Aside for Dividends to Policy Holders	78,333.00
Business in force December 3, 1908	$104,402,879.00

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, February 20, 1909. No. 860





SOME OF THE KIRMESS DANCERS.

The upper picture shows Kathleen and Charles De Young in the "Merry Widow Waltz." Below are the participants in the Marsovian Dance. Reading from left to right they are: Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Doris Wilshire, Mr. Charles De Young, Miss Kathleen De Young, Miss Marian Marvin, Hillyer Deuprey and Loyd Havens.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
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The Degenerate Drama

Once more there is complaint of the degradation of the theatre. A playwright has had the indecency and the effrontery to present a drama of life and eternal humanity, and he has startled and scandalized many good people of the tribe of Levi or Tartuffe, in consequence of which we are being regaled with all the old familiar cant and rant about the degeneracy of the drama. The drama has been in a state of degeneracy from the standpoint of a certain brand of moralists for many generations. Critics that intoxicate themselves with virtue in the sexless orgies of morality are always intolerant of vice when it is presented without a mask on the stage. They insist that the drama should present life's realities in their most beautiful and idealized form, stripped of all their vulgar features. A play of severe ethical purpose such as Mrs. Warren's Profession shocks and disgusts them, but they see nothing offensive in Magda, Paula Tanqueray, Mrs. Ebbsmith or Zaza. Plays that confound love and lust, salacity and sentiment, are not condemned by the purists providing these plays purport to mirror the life of a gilded aristocracy. It does not matter if the life painted therein is corrupt and profligate, or if the playwright delineates scenes of temptation and sin and enlists the special interest of his audience on behalf of the splendid and voluptuous sinner. The purist can see nothing vulgar that does not bear the label. The dramatist is at liberty to pander to the lovers of salacity so long as he cleverly presents his dramatic pornography under the subterfuge of art and idealism. The play of the brothel is barred, but the play of the sumptuous drawing room thronged with lascivious men and faithless wives is always welcome. Now why should we object if playwrights seek to arouse a kindlier feeling in an uncharitable and bitter world toward women who have fallen and to show how they may be redeemed when treated with wisdom and gentleness? And why should we exclude from the theatre that which is paraded without objection through the columns of the vulgar press every day? Upon what theory is it conceived that themes which are not unfit for discussion in the daily papers are unfit for exploitation in the drama? These are questions which the purists may find some difficulty in answering. For the purists do not pretend to be concerned about art. They do not argue with Tolstoi that art should give expression only to the beautiful. It is entirely a question of morality with them. They are guardians of public morals not of public taste. Yet nobody ever hears of them in crusades against the press. A little while ago the newspapers told us of a Pittsburg millionaire who cruelly deserted his wife, his affections having been alienated by a woman of the stage to whom he has since been married. And now from time to time the newspapers inform us of the doings of this "affinity." They tell us of her social conquests and of her artistic triumphs, and they picture her as the queen of a quite decent realm. From all that we read of her she might well be pointed out as a model for aspiring young womanhood. Here is a drama in real life which unquestionably does not point a wholesome moral. But nobody has censured the press for forcing it upon public attention. If it were fashioned for the stage in all probabilities nobody would object to its production. Yet there is almost universal objection to so edifying and instructive a play as "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

Landlordism Here and There

The Bulletin is very much disgusted with its contemporaries for "gushing over a young English marquis of great wealth, who happens to be in the city." According to the Bulletin this young man is of no consequence. His income is derived from vast estates which he inherited. These estates "comprise great baronies which his ancestors acquired at the time of the Norman conquest," and " the tenants who contribute to the huge rent roll of the young marquis now in this city are still paying for the Norman conquest." All of which may be quite true and yet the marquis may be a very decent young fellow. It is not to his discredit that he permits himself to enjoy the advantages of existing conditions. The principle upon which he derives his income in nowise differs from the principle upon which Mr. James D. Phelan fattens himself on the sweat of his tenants. Mr. Phelan acquired his wealth by inheritance. His father came hither at the time of the Pioneer conquest and possessed himself of many choice acres, the unearned increment of which has enabled our illustrious young tribune to live like a fighting cock without sweating a hair or molting a whisker. But unlike the young marquis Mr. Phelan is not entirely satisfied with conditions as he has found them. In the epigrammatic language of Mr. Gavin McNab, this restless son of an acquisitive pioneer is the enemy of every dollar that isn't his own. With most of his wealth invested in land which pays him as high as ten per cent interest, he spends more than half his time trying to prevent stockholders in corporations from getting five per cent on their money. Identified with none of the big interests that have assisted in the development of this city and State, nothing would please him so much as to wreck them providing that from their ruins he might step into public office. The landlordism of which Phelan is an embodiment would be quite as bad as the landlordism of Great Britain even though it were not made to serve the demagogic purpose for which it is employed by this ambitious millionaire.

Senator Chamberlain's Dilemma

Speculation is abroad as to the kind of United States Senator Governor Chamberlain of Oregon will be when he arrives in Washington. Governor Chamberlain is a Democrat. He was elected to the United States Senate by a Republican Legislature pledged to vote for the "choice of the people" as expressed by the direct primary. The State of Oregon is Republican by a comfortable majority. Governor Chamberlain is, therefore, a representative of all the voters of Oregon irrespective of politics. As a United States Senator he can vote his own judgment on all questions affecting the interests of all the people. But when the issue is strictly partisan, as many issues in Congress are sure to be, what will be his position? Personally he is a Democrat, but he represents a Republican constituency and was elected (reluctantly it is true, but none the less effectually) by the legislative representatives of a Republican majority of the voters of Oregon. Can he honestly or consistently repudiate the source of his senatorial prerogative? There are some very fine distinctions in the problem that will confront Senator Chamberlain when he lines up with the exigencies of the situation after he takes his seat in the Senate. He may find himself in a class by

himself—neither fish, flesh nor good red herring; neither Democrat, Republican nor anything but Senator Chamberlain. As a Senator without a party he will not be likely to exercise much influence in the council of the nation notwithstanding his dominating personality and his ability as a statesman. He will have to create a party of his own; and although he could do this in Oregon it does not follow that he can do it in the Senate.

The Precious Catholicon

Not to be in favor of the direct primary in this State at present is to be suspected of an unholy alliance with a corrupt political machine. The pee-pul have been told that the direct primary will put the political boss out of business and put them in control of the government. They have been told there is no other way out of their distress and misery. The direct primary is the catholicon the doctor ordered, the only sure cure for all the ills in the body politic. Therefore we must have the direct primary at all hazards. Its efficacy has been vindicated by the election to the Senate of such men as Bourne, Davis and La Follette, and it is bound to give the people such men as Bryan and Phelan, so let us have the direct primary as soon as possible; let us encourage the forces of social and economic discontent, envy and mutiny; let us stimulate the restless and reckless spirit of innovation; let us give the radicals their inning and squelch all opposition to newfangled schemes and popular short cuts to improvement. There are statesmen of the type of Elihu Root and doctrinaires of the type of President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell University, who assert that the direct primary will work as a menace rather than a benefit to the political interests of the people, but the judgment of these men is not to be relied upon when we find that it is at discord with the judgment of such eminent scholars as Benjamin Ide Wheeler and E. P. E. Troy.

Disastrous Experiments

Neither the direct primary nor the ultra-democratic principle involved in the direct primary was contemplated by the founders of the republic. It was recognized by the fathers that there must be two distinct branches of the national parliament, the one to act as a check on the other. The direct primary, as is demonstrated in the case of Senator Chamberlain. nullifies the purpose of the makers of the constitution. It amalgamates and assimilates the two houses of Congress. It reduces the Senate to a "popular" branch of the national Legislature, thereby eliminating what might be called the court of final resort in the lawmaking branch of our government. Thus we return to the elemental form of popular legislation out of which was evolved the more complicated but also more effective method of controlling the affairs of the nation. History teaches that the natural trend of all governmental science has been to complete division of the legislative function; and the example of history is invariably to the purpose that a pure democracy cannot survive—it either perishes in the strife of faction or it merges into a monarchical system. If the House of Representatives had been the sole lawmaking power of this nation there would have been at least three kingdoms on the American continent before the third generation of the American people had passed away—unless, warned by the fate of the "popular" form of government, the seceding sections had returned to the original design of the founders of the original republic. This fate cannot overtake this country, because the first experiments of the direct primary will indicate what the result will be. This is why the Oregon experiment will be watched with such intense interest by those citizens who know the history of such political empiricism.

The Maid of Domremy

Interest in Joan of Arc has been revived in consequence of her beatification by the Catholic Church. And the interest has developed into something more than mere curiosity with respect to the character and achievements of the Maid of Domremy. It has centred upon a conflict of minds in the literary world. Some time ago there emanated from the pen of Anatole France a Life of Joan of Arc in which she was depicted as a person far from deserving of canonization. This work excited the indignation of Andrew Lang, who accused France of having practiced the art of falsification, and who has since come to the defense of Joan in an exhaustive, sympathetic study of her career. Apropos this dispute in the literary world, we have been reminded by several commentators that it is not the first time that the Shepherd girl of Lorraine has been abused by one of her own countrymen and exalted by a foreigner. Voltaire drew a revolting picture of her and Mark Twain extolled her genius and virtue. Singularly enough we have seen no reference made to the most masterly of all eulogies of the saintly heroine of Orleans, though it is one that is peculiarly worth recalling at this time since it too was inspired by the rancorous animosity of a Frenchman. We refer to that noble remonstrance in behalf of truth from the trenchant pen of Thomas De Quincey, evoked by M. Michelet's History of France. Here is a work that has both historical and literary value, shrewdly analytical, and as resonant with genuine feeling and righteous indignation as Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal letter to Dr. Hyde in defense of Father Damien. "Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl!" exclaimed De Quincey, "whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was among the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man." And again: "This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her." The charge which Andrew Lang makes against Anatole France, of employing sophistry and perverting history to make out a case against La Pucelle, is also made by De Quincey against M.

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Michelet and several instances are cited by the great stylist. He dwells particularly on M. Michelet's assertion that Joan recanted on the scaffold. The Frenchman's words are that if she did not utter the word "recant" with her lips she uttered it with her heart. "Now I affirm," says De Quicey, "that she did not" and he bases this affirmation on the authenticated story of her deportment on the scaffold. When the torch was applied a Dominican monk was standing by her side. "Wrapped up in his sublime office," says De Quincey, "he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then when the last enemy was racing up the fiery steps to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word recant either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it." No reference to this beautiful tribute of De Quincey's, which is too rarely read nowadays, would convey anything like an adequate notion of his confidence in the saintly character of the Maid of Domremy were it not to include his closing paragraph descriptive of the final judgment. Here we have as the prisoner at the bar the Bishop of Beauvais, the man who presided at Joan's trial. "My lord," De Quincey inquiries, "have you no counsel?" Counsel I have none; in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from me: all are silent." Is it indeed come to this? Alas the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domremy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop she—when heaven and earth are silent."

Guardianship Should Begin at Home

One of the curious results of the exposure of the condition of affairs amongst the pupils of the Berkeley High School is the open assertion that greater care is bestowed upon the bringing up of girls than of boys. As a matter of fact there is no tangible ground on which to base such a supposition, and as a matter of statistics the number of delinquent girls is actually on the increase. The boys happen to be occupying the center of the stage for the minute, but the chances are that next week we shall have revelations which involve their sisters. Indeed it can hardly be forgotten that within the last year or so the fashionable private boarding academies whose patronage was made up from the daughters of the plutocracy had just such another epidemic of unlawful appropriation as the Berkeley school has uncovered, but owing to the prominence socially of the culprits they were exempted from the brand of criminal intent and pitied and commiserated as kleptomaniacs, though they were shrewd enough to have sold or pawned their loot and made use of the proceeds. Every now and then the public stands aghast at the commission of some crime of which a girl of tender years is the victim, and in each instance the investigation reveals the fact that the mother apparently knew less of the child's associates and habits than any one else. Not only this, but invariably there comes forward a host of respectable witnesses without any other interest in the case save that of justice and public decency, who describe children and relate incidents that have come under their observation which can lead to no other conclusion than that the unfortunate one was but a type of a large class and that if crimes are not more frequent it is not for lack of opportunity. Judge Lindsay, who is recognized as an authority even by the club women, says that the problem of the deliquent girl is a far more serious one than that of the boy, for while the boy comes before the court because of some misdemeanor growing out of pure juvenile mischievousness without other impulse than a misguided idea of fun, the girl culprit is almost invariably involved in some shocking scandal, and the girls who come before him are not all from the submerged tenth. He finds that the mothers are blissfully ignorant of what is going on, and inclined to deny that such things can be possible until convinced by the words of the children themselves. However, it does not improve the situation to be told that boys are neglected because girls are given special care. Why should either be abandoned? No doubt it is a work of charity and mercy to join Ethical Effort clubs and devote time and attention to the "uplift of the masses," but to what end if that portion of the community assumed to be beyond the necessity of uplifting is really sinking into the bog? Would it not be more to the purpose for each mother to apply a broom to her own door-step? When Nehemiah undertook the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem he commanded every man to repair that portion which confronted his own dwelling. The only way to train up children in the way they should go is for each household to give first attention to its own.

A College Oracle

William Cleaver Wilkinson, professor of poetry and criticism in the University of Chicago, is the author of a series of essays which he has put between book covers under the title "Some New Literary Valuations." These essays deal with Mr. Howells, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, E. C. Stedman, John Morley and Tolstoy. Doubtless the book will have many readers, and doubtless upon his readers Professor Wilkinson's views will make a deep impression; for of course they will be accepted as the views of a man who knows what he is talking about. The circumstance that Professor Wilkinson is the representative of a college faculty argues in this enlightened day and generation that he is qualified for authoritative utterance on any subject which he would venture to discuss. The yellow journal and the muck-raking magazine do not do all the profound thinking that is done for the people nowadays. To the faculties of our universities we are indebted for a large measure of the ideas that enter and lodge in the public mind, and it is but just to Professor Wilkinson to say that in his book we meet with ideas that are in every sense characteristic of the college output. We learn from this book that Mr. Howells relates that one day as he came in upon Lowell he recited some lines from Dante, and that Lowell expressed all the adoration and despair excited by the matchless music by the one word "damn." Professor Wilkinson soberly informs us that this word does not

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felicitously express adoration and despair. He adds that Mr. Howells in this instance "seems to have suffered his fine hero worshipping instinct to put in abeyance for the moment his faculty, generally so alert and infallible, for judging justly what on the whole was decorous and fit." Again Mr. Howells at the close of a magazine article wrote not long ago: "I did not well know how to begin these wandering lucubrations—I believe I never used the word before, but it is not too late—and I do not know better how to end them." This sort of thing shocks the eminent Chicago critic. He wants to know the meaning of this parenthetical confidence, this literary negligee. He inquires with something of solicitude: "Does his parenthesis of confidence to the public betray some undue momentary relaxation of that ever present watchfulness of self which at length comes to preside over everything, even the slightest, permitted to flow from the practical writer's pen?" Professor Wilkinson trusts it indicates no final impatience "of the care and self-denial on the author's part which must to the very end continue to go into the production of high literature." Obviously Professor Wilkinson is a critic of fine literary instinct and a scholar of great mental breadth and acute sensibilities. When a literary critic devotes his time to inquiries of such prodigious moment as those which we have indicated, his valuations of literary men must be of the highest importance. It should therefore be positively startling to the literary world to learn that Professor Wilkinson of Chicago does not approve of Matthew Arnold either as a critic or as a poet.

Perspective Impressions

The despatches tell us that King Alfonso is to take a trip in Wright's aeroplane—a Spanish fly, as it were.

The conviction of Boodler Coffey proves that it was not necessary to give all the grafters immunity.

The woman who is in the habit of telling her troubles makes more calls than she receives.

There will be much jubilation over the inauguration of Mr. Taft coincident as it will be with the send-off to Mr. Roosevelt.

The Examiner is in favor of direct legislation as well as the direct primary because this should be "a government by the people." Mr. Herast cannot be President, but with all his newspapers and a thorough democracy, he will be far more powerful than the President. What Mr. Hearst really wants is a government by the press, and a dandy government it will be.

The efficacy of auto-suggestion is shown by the case of the Hon. Francis J. Heney, who has come to believe that Haas was employed by conspirators to commit murder and suicide.

I am talking to the people of the State of California.—Assemblyman Drew on the floor of the House. On behalf of the people of the State Assemblyman Drew is respectfully requested to hold his tongue in its native depths.

"As a matter of fact," says the Chronicle, "there is not on either side any effort to get an impartial jury." Is it possible that we number among our officials, a District Attorney, so infamous that he would prosecute a man before a jury that wouldn't give the man a fair trial? Surely the League of Justice wouldn't tolerate such a state of affairs.

When a man is able to rejoice at the misery of an enemy he is probably worse off than the object of his exultation.



PLENTY OF KNOTS FOR THE NEW MAN

Indianapolis News.



THE YELLOW PERIL

New York World.

Love on the Bench

Showing How the Grand Passion May Manifest Itself in Unexpected Places and in Circumstances that Might be Considered Incongruous if it Were Not for the Fact that Cupid is no Stickler for the Conventions.

By Democritus

I am somewhat puzzled over the ethics of the Harris-Slipp "matrimonial venture" as the cub bavardes would call it. The question at issue before the bar of my opinion is, "May the court marry the plaintiff in a divorce case, having granted the divorce?" That is what Judge Thomas W. Harris of an Alameda County Superior Court did. Mrs. Charles E. Slipp had sued her husband for divorce on the grounds of intemperance. The case came before Judge Harris. The court fell in love with the fair matron and subsequently granted an interlocutory decree. A week after the final decree the Judge married the divorcee.

Love, they say, is a democrat. He knows no distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude. He has frequently lured a princess from a palace to a hovel; he has mated May and December; he has lifted a belted earl from the slough of abject poverty to the pinnacle of opulence; he has given a bauble dukedom to an American heiress; he has laughed at the locksmith who would keep a Morosini from her father's coachman; he has wedded Hyperion to Theia and lighted the torch of Hymen for Vertumnus and Pomona. It was love that set aflame the topless towers of Ilium. It was love that inspired the Divine Comedy and the immortal sonnets of Shakespeare. It was love that lost the fight at Actium and gave the world to Caesar. It is love that makes the world go round. Without love a best seller would be as a baccalaureate discourse at Stanford University. Nothing is impossible with love. Therefore it is not surprising that the court should have loved the plaintiff in a divorce case. It is not amazement that perplexes me; it is the peril that environs the male defendant in a divorce case before a bachelor court.

What chance has a man defendant in a divorce case that is set on the calendar of an unmarried court, if the court becomes enamored of the defendant's wife? Surely this is collusion—collusion between the Judge of the court and the god of love. "Grant the divorce and marry the lady," whispers Cupid. And the court forthwith grants the divorce—and marries the lady. There is no defense against the pleading of the love god. The story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid is hackneyed fable. The tale of Abelard and Heloise is outworn tradition. The dramatic legend of Romeo and Juliet is threadbare with over use as a gorgeous pall for unhappy nuptial couches. Love is no respecter of persons, rank or condition. It comes like a thief in the night or it marches boldly to the assault. It comes openly in all its nakedness or it arrays itself in brocades and precious fabrics. It matters not to Love if he wears rags or fine linen; whether he jingles pence or guineas—once he shoots his dart the wound is fatal.

Of course in this instance it may be argued with cogent force that Mrs. Slipp would have procured her divorce in any court, without the assistance of the love imp. Mr. Slipp made no contest. But suppose he had opposed the complaint of his spouse? Could he have won against the heart to heart plea of Love? I doubt it. Even judges are human, and the universal human emotion is love. Therefore I say it is dangerous to try divorce cases before an unmarried court, and especially perilous to try them before a court that is a widower, as was this court. Widowers are more susceptible to feminine charms than are any other human beings. They have had joyous experience in the married state. They know the delights of connubial companioship. They are more easily moved to love than other men. They are more prone to love at sight than other men. An unmarried court or a court that is a widower should be sufficient cause upon which to base a petition for change of venue in any divorce case, and it should be granted upon proof of the allegation.

I think this case is unique. I have heard of lawyers marrying their divorced clients, but I have never read even in the most impossible fiction where the Judge came down from the bench to stand at the altar with the woman whom he had just divorced. It is a new note in realism for subsequent idealization in romantic fiction. There are vast possibilities in the "situation." Imagine the rivalry of two young men for the hand of a maiden—the one destined for a business life and the other bent upon a professional career. The business man wins because he is better able to support a wife. The professional man rises to the salary of a Superior Judge. The wife of the business man sues him for divorce. The case comes before the court wherein presides the rejected one. Now comes the story. The Judge still loves the woman. She has ceased to love the other man. The transfer of her affections is easy. She will love the Judge if the divorce is granted. On the other hand if she does not love the Judge he can win her anyway by threatening to deny her plea for the divorce. The story may be a story of a good judge or a wicked Judge. It may even be a story in which the Judge effects a reconciliation between the husband and wife although the court is madly in love with the plaintiff. This phase may develop either a purpose novel or a psychological study. It may also end abruptly at a point where the Judge is balancing between love of the plaintiff and his sense of judicial duty, thereby inducing an interminable controversy such as ensued upon the publication of Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger."

It is a very pretty romance as it stands and one that would work up into a beautiful idyl in the deft hands of a Mary Wilkins or an Edith Wharton—I am not sure that it could be properly written by a man author, although Whittier managed very well with his "Maud Muller" and the widower Judge that came a-wooing. Whittier, however, had the poetic sense to make his heroine a young unmarried woman. There is a subtler essence in a poem or a story based on the love of a judicial widower and one whom he is about to divorce from her husband. The relation of such a story would, I think, require the intuition of a woman writer; for, in its last analysis, the problem is in the heart of the woman who seeks the divorce knowing or suspecting that the court before whom she stands is in love with her and has the power to loose or bind. Then there is the possibility of a Judge who grants a divorce to himself—but that is another story; or, more accurately, a comic opera.

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Singed Wings

(From the French of Jean Reibach)

In dreamy meditation Blanche de Treles looked out of the window of the hotel. The waters of the harbor gleamed before her eyes. Out of this harbor in a few hours would steam the vessel which was destined to bear her and Leon Varde to America.

Her thoughts carried her back to her youth and on through the brief period of her married life. Doubtless M. de Treles would miss her. He would probably suffer, but as he was an intellectual man he would understand. Nobody, she reflected, was to blame; it was simply life. Her husband would soon forget her, absorbed as he would be in his scientific studies.

She heard the voice of Leon Varde, who stood beside her. "Are you very sure," he asked, "very sure you do not regret?"

Blanche looked up at him, smiling divinely. "What could I possibly regret when you are with me?"

The iris of her eyes, of which the blue seemed to be dotted by little points of gold, expressed profound love. In a voice that indicated her certainty of the future she added: "Let us forget everything! Let us think of nothing now but our happiness. Instead of the few hours, surreptitiously enjoyed here and there, we shall always be together hereafter!"

"Ye-e-s, that is so," and Leon Varde nodded.

Blanche drew back a step. "What a queer way you say that!" and then looking at him closely, she inquired: "What is the matter with you, are you worried?"

"Worried? No! I am only anxious to get on board and have the anchor weighed. You see, M. de Treles—"

"Well?"

"Might have found out, might have discovered our flight and could overtake us."

"Oh, how is that possible? He doesn't know you—doesn't even know that you exist. He is perfectly certain that I am in Touraine with my sister, who is ill."

"Of course, of course," agreed Leon Varde. "I was only joking."

He then recollected that he had certain purchases to make before his departure, and went out. The young woman finished her packing. She darted lightly hither and thither about the room, like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. Now and then she would sing, a little nervously, as if trying to cover up, to smother some persistent memory. But at last she was quite happy. Happiness was her right, and she took it, openly, in the face of everyone. Like those glorious lovers told about in poetry and legends, she had broken through the iron circle of suffering which her family and social conventions had riveted about her. She was going toward liberty, toward life.

A bell-boy knocked at the door and presented a card. The young woman took it, looked at the name and trembled. "The Commissary of Police!"

With a great effort, she controlled herself. "Tell him to come in," she said to the boy.

The officer entered. "It is Mme. de Treles whom I have the honor to address?" he said.

"Excuse me, you have made a mistake," replied Blanche in a tremulous voice. "I am Mme. Varde."

The officer smiled, shrugged his shoulders: "I regret, madame, to be compelled to inform you that your husband, M. de Treles, has lodged a complaint against you, and it will be impossible for you to leave the country according to your intention."

Astounded, the young woman stammered: "M. Varde will be in soon. He will know how to answer you better than I can."

"There is no possible answer, madame, under the circumstances. The intervention of M. Varde would only place him in a very unfortunate position. My duty is to ask you to return to Paris and to your husband at once. Let me add, madame, that the person whose duty it will be to care for you will show you the greatest courtesy and consideration, and no one can possibly suspect that you are accompanied."

Mme. de Treles looked up at commissary. "And if I refuse, sir?"

"If you refuse, madame—I say it with the greatest regret—I shall be compelled to take strong measures. But I am quite certain that you will not expose yourself to such a useless scandal."

Mme. de Treles was very much confused. She feared the return of her lover at any moment, an outbreak of despair. And then a great indignation against her husband arose within her; this man had caused her to be spied upon, followed, arrested! Did he fancy for a moment that he was going to take her by force, to hold her against her will?

This last thought decided Mme. de Treles. Very well, she would go. She would hurl in the face of this man all her hatred, all her contempt for him. After that she would find out whether he could hold her by force. There was an advantage in a frank explanation of this kind; she would hereafter have no more worry, no more pity.

"It is well, sir," she said. "I am ready to start."

The commissary bowed. "An express leaves in an hour, madame."

"I will take it, sir."

Feverishly Blanche awaited the return to Leon Varde. He had not come back when they returned to inform her that a carriage was at the door ready to take her to the station. The young woman hastily wrote a few lines and addressed them to her lover. She told him not to worry too much, that it was only a question of delay. He would have to leave on that boat and she would join him on the next steamer.

Sustained by the same feelings of anger and indignation, Mme. de Treles made the trip, and entered the door of her husband's library, where he was awaiting her.

"Here, I am, sir! Brought back by the police!"

And then she continued in a voice that trembled with indigation. She was neither guilty, nor a victim; she was a judge. It was not only herself that she was defending and avenging, but all women, all women who are oppressed, all those who have hearts and are capable of appreciating and knowing the grandeur, the beauty, the holiness of love.

Then, extending her arms, she cried out: "Yes, I love him! Do you understand me? Are you capable of understanding the word love? Nothing, no one shall ever separate us! That is what I wanted to tell you! That is what I came back for! And now hold me, keep me, if you dare!"

His elbows on the table, slowly stroking his beard with his right hand, M. de Treles listened to her patiently and seriously. When she had concluded he looked up at her and said very quietly:

"I will give you back your liberty as soon as this interview is terminated." Then he added, after a moment's thought: "And the interview will be very short. I have only one question to ask you. Has it not occurred to you to ask how I was so well informed, how I knew the name of your lover, your plan of flight, the day of departure?"

"A detective agency," exclaimed the young woman contemptuously.

"No," said M. de Treles, "a letter."

"A letter? From where? From whom?"

"Anonymous! Here it is."

He held out a sheet and Blanche glanced at it. Then

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suddenly she became pale as death; her hands trembled.

"It is impossible!" she exclaimed. "It is a falsehood! It is a forgery!"

Very calmly M. de Treles uttered a name: "It is M. Leon Varde, is it not?"

Blanche threw up her hands and fell back upon a divan. At last she understood. She recalled the peculiar manner of her lover that morning, his words, and finally his absence. He had only feigned his absence. He had only feigned this departure in the hope that she would refuse to follow him at the last moment. Then when he became aware that she had the courage and the devotion to sacrifice everything for him, the miserable, cowardly cur had denounced her, had betrayed her to her husband!

Suffering, shame and humiliation overwhelmed her. "It is horrible! It is too much! Kill me, kill me!"

M. de Treles remained very calm; there was upon his face an expression of serenity touched with sadness—the expression of a man who knows life. He watched his wife sobbing among the cushions of the divan, biting the silk covers and moaning like an animal that knows it is to be led out to slaughter. She seemed to him some butterfly that had burnt its wings at the flame and fluttered helpless to the ground. He tore the letter into very small pieces and tossed them away. Then he said to her, very softly:

"Blanche! Remember, you have just returned from your sister. Take your place again at the head of my household."

Broken Love

(This is one of the poems of William Blake, the mystic poet-painter, in whom interest has once more been revived in England. Blake was one of the strangest of mortals, a product of the eighteenth century. A man of amazing genius and noble performances in two arts, the intrinsic greatness of his work which is still to the multitude unknown, is admitted by the very highest authorities. Wordsworth pronounced his poems the works "of great but undoubtedly insane genius," and the question whether he was a madman is still debated. Of the following poem Dante G. Rossetti said that it expressed more powerfully than ever had been expressed before "the agony and perversity of sundered affection." Rossetti's explanation of the poem is that the speaker "is one whose soul has been intensified by pain to be his only world, among the scenes, figures and events of which he moves as in a new state of being. The emotions have been quickened and isolated by conflicting torment, till each is a separate companion. There is his "spectre," the jealous pride which scents in the snow the footsteps of the beloved rejected woman, but is a wild beast to guard his way from reaching her; his "emanation" which silently weeps for him for has he not also sinned? So they wander together in a fathomless and boundless deep the morn full of tempests and the night full of tears. He can count separately how many of his soul's affections the knife she stabbed it with has slain, how many yet mourn over the tombs which he has built for these." Mr. Swinburne has attributed a still more mystical meaning to the poem which has proved susceptible of an infinite variety of interpretations. Perhaps there are readers of Town Talk who may find it an incentive to speculation.—Editor Town Talk)

My Spectre around me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way
My Emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

A fathomless and boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep;
On the hungry craving wind
My Spectre follows thee behind.

He scents thy footsteps in the snow,
Wheresoever thou dost go;
Through the wintry hail and rain
When wilt thou return again?

Poor pale pitiable form
That I follow in a storm,
From sin I never shall be free
Till thou forgive and come to me.

A deep winter dark and cold
Within my heart thou dost unfold;
Iron tears and groans of lead
Thou bind'st around my aching head.

Dost thou not in pride and scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies and fears?—
And fill my pleasant nights with tears?

O'er my sins thou dost sit and moan:
Hast thou no sins of thine own?
O'er my sins thou dost sit and weep,
And lull thine own sins fast asleep.

Thy weeping thou shalt ne'er give o'er;
I sin against thee more and more,
And never will from sin be free
Till thou forgive and come to me.

What transgressions I commit
Are for thy transgressions fit,—
They thy harlots, thou their slave;
And my bed becomes their grave.

Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Hath bereaved of their life:
Their marble tombs I built with tears
And with cold and shadowy fears.

Seven more loves weep night and day
Round the tombs where my loves lay,
And seven more loves attend at night
Around my couch with torches bright.

And seven more loves in my bed
Crown with vine my mournful head;
Pitying and forgiving all
Thy transgressions, great and small.

When wilt thou return, and view
My loves, and them in life renew?
When wilt thou return and live?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive?

Throughout all eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me,
As our dear Redeemer said:
"This the wine, and this the bread."

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The Spectator

Writing Up to the Gallery

Of all the drool that has dripped from the fountain pens of our local newspaper literati or thumped itself in staccato measure out of a mechanical typewriter, the dopiest dope is that which these "fine writers" have driveled over Margaret Illington because she and Mr. Frohman, her husband, have decided to part amicably and for the best of reasons, and eventually divorce themselves from their marital ties. Most of this stuff I imagine is the product of the women of the press—it is so full of prattle, babble, fluffy fluff, goo-goo gush and mushy inconsequence. Read (if you can control an insurgent stomach) this limit paragraph from the Call's star gusher: "Margaret Illington wishes to exchange the thunderous applause of thousands of jeweled hands, rising from the darkened pit of a theatre, for the faint little clap of two tiny palms." I'll bet a woman wrote that guff, because a woman, according to the scientific opinion of Professor Lombardo doesn't mind saying the thing that is impossible. "Wishes to exchange!" A connoisseur of bric-a-brac wishes to exchange one antique brass bowl, in good repair, for a porcelain teapot, preferably of Satsuma ware or Hwuy-tzin dynasty; address Curio, this office. "Thunderous applause!" Dear old friend of my better days—none knew thee but to love thee; none named thee but to praise, and every cub reporter in America has used thee as a standard stock phrase. "Thousands of jeweled hands!" Lord o' massy! Jeweled hands! Get out! The hands that evoke "thunderous applause" do not wear jewels. They wear knobs and callouses and the grime of perpetual toil. You can't applaud "thunderously" with "jeweled hands" encased in kid gloves. "Rising from the darkened pit of a theatre!" Go to! The "pit" doesn't applaud. The true appreciation of an actor's effort comes from the gallery. Besides, we don't call it a "pit" any more. It is the orchestra and the dress circle. But those terms would not suit a gusher of the press who is trying to write dithyrambs in prose. And now comes the "touch of pathos," the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. "For the faint little clap of two tiny palms!" Gee, but that's busted English! And what does the lady-like reporter mean? Does she want us to imagine a baby in its mother's arms poking its fist into her eye? If so, why didn't the motherly interviewer put it that way? But they are all about the same; only the Call's daisy is a little the daisiest of the bunch. As I glance over this ineffable rot I am more than ever convinced that it is the work of women, for in every line is betrayed that lack of the human sense of humor which the philosophers have averred is conspicuously noticeable in the written and oral expression of woman. And I yearn to read once more the virile, masculine descriptive pen strokes of Alice Rix—as I read this blithering drivel I am almost persuade to forgive the excessive masculinity and feminine sneers of Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Frohman's Naivette

Mrs. Frohman, according to the daily newspapers, has agreed with her husband to end their matrimonial compact. With the utmost amiability on both sides bandaged Justice is to be pressed into service for a ceremony supplementary to one which was performed a few years ago by a clergyman, when the lady who was then Miss Illington was ambitious of the honors that are to be won in the service of art. Presumably the handsome and talented actress did not develop a passion for the fireside and the comforts of home until after her marriage, for when she married Frohman he must have understood that she loved the stage and intended to be true to her Muse. In the circumstances Mrs. Frohman's present attitude, is, to say the least, somewhat naive. It bespeaks a simplicity with respect to the law which is absolutely refreshing. The lady discusses the situation as though she conceived that marriage contracts for a term, or at the will of the high contracting parties, were recognized by the laws of the country. She is going to obtain a divorce on the ground of incompatibility, but the code does not declare this to be a sufficient cause of action. Nay, the law, though it is most kindly disposed to persons whose affections are ephemeral, and though it provides many loop-holes of escape for the unwary who have rashly enmeshed themselves, yet it actually frowns on collusion in divorce proceedings.

Incompatibility is Insufficient

Of course I do not believe there is collusion between the Frohmans. That there should apparently be collusion between them is probably the fault of the newspapers by which Margaret Illington has been interviewed. And by the way it is unfortunate that the charming actress permitted herself to be interviewed, for she has been represented as saying things which must have originated in the minds of reporters, and as a consequence her domestic drama, as it apparently argues the unimportance of the obligations created by the marriage ceremony, is far from edifying. Notwithstanding the sentiments which purport to have been uttered in newspaper interviews I am inclined to the opinion that Mrs. Frohman has good and sufficient cause of complaint. I do not believe that she has decided to divorce her husband merely because he wishes her to be an actress and she wishes to abandon the stage. There must be something more than mere difference of sentiment or opinion to justify divorce proceedings. What it is in this case I do not pretend to know; nor do I care. Unless Mr. Frohman has refused to support his wife, or actually inflicted suffering on her by cruel and inhuman treatment, or broken his marriage vows in some way, there is no ground for divorce, and it would be collusion and worse for them to set up a fictitious ground in order to render each other eligible to a second mating. This is a matter which I conceive should be made clear in the interest of public morals.

The Cruelty of Him

If for the reason stated the Frohmans are to be divorced in a court in which the law is respected it must be made to appear that the trust magnate actually forced his wife to act. It will not be necessary to prove that he is a man of the Bill Sykes type, but it will be necessary to prove something more than incompatibility of temperament. I am inclined to the opinion that Dan Froh-

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man has been guilty of monstrous cruelty. To this opinion I have come from reading between the lines. The actress tells us that she hated the stage; that she "rebelled," "collapsed" and "fainted" but without any perceptible effect on her husband actuated as he was by an unquenchable pride in her career. From this I infer that it is on the ground of realistic cruelty and not of incompatibility that Margaret Illington intends to sue for a divorce. Doubtless she wants "kiddies" as she is said to have said to an Examiner reporter, and doubtless she longs to perfect herself in the art of darning socks as the



MARGARET ILLINGTON.

The noted actress who is eager to divorce her husband and her art and Possess "Kiddies" and Darnable Socks.

veracious Call reporter tells us, and necessarily being imbued with these noble aspirations, she looks forward to the annexation of a new husband, one who will indulge her passion for "warm human ties." My sympathy goes out to Miss Illington, for apparently she has suffered much, as the victim of an abnormal husband who would rather see his wife famous as an actress than contented as a mother. However, it is but just to Mr. Frohban to report that in local theatrical circles he is not regarded as a monster of cruelty. His acquaintances picture him as a most magnanimous and indulgent husband, and they argue that his present amiable attitude vindicates his character. They are of the opinion that Margaret Illington must hitherto have expressed her aversion for the stage in a manner so imperfect that her husband misapprehended her feelings; either that or she let concealment, like a worm i' the bud feed on her damask cheek while she pined in thought like Patience on a monument smiling at grief.

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The Making of Her Name

The reporters have bewildered me somewhat by telling me in one line that Margaret Illington said she married Frohman because she loved him, and later on that she said in explanation of the rupture between them: "And then Mr. Frohman's much older than I am—thirty years older." The fact is that the present discrepancy in the ages of the Frohmans is not any greater than it was when they were married. Of course a woman ceases to grow older after she reaches a certain age, but Margaret Illington has not yet reached that certain age. The dailies say she is only twenty-seven and she surely doesn't look a day older, but she may seem older to playgoers because they may recall that she was playing the stellar role in Notre Dame at Daly's as early as 1902. But she is a very talented woman and she made rapid progress in her profession. It was at Daly's that she attracted Mr. Frohman's attention. And by the way it was Frohman who, according to the press agents, provided her with a stage name. Her real name is Maude Site. She came from Bloomington, Illinois, and it was out of these two names that Dan Frohman fashioned the name which he afterwards put into electric lights on Broadway.

The Man She Likes

Considerable interest attaches to the Frohman case in this city because of the connection therewith of that hustling young real estate speculator, Mr. E. J. Bowes, who has had something of a meteoric career. A few years before the fire he was employed by Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. He left that firm to engage in business on his own account, and his efforts were attended with brilliant success. He proved himself something of a wizard in the handling of real estate deals and other business ventures, and at the time of the fire he was coming to the front in financial circles with a rush. The fire played havoc with his affairs, but before it was extinguished he vindicated his foresight by getting hold of some profitable leases. As soon as the financial depression came on he went to Tacoma and now it is said that he is rated as a millionaire. Bowes is a man of fine instincts and a good deal of stability of character, and though very fond of artistic talent, as evidenced from the fact that he has always spent a great deal of his time in the society of stage favorites, he is not the man to be dazzled by the glitter of fame. Yet there may be foundation for the rumor that he is intent on marrying Margaret Illington, who, according to her own testimony is temperamentally more suited to a domestic than to a public career. This testimony is not hard to believe, though the reporters apparently think it incredible being unmindful of the fact that the world is full of wives who were glad to abandon the stage. Have we not the conspicuous cases of Mary Anderson, Julia Arthur and Edith Kingdon to remind us that even the most successful actresses were glad to curb their artistic temperament?

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Did Wigmore Read It?

Professor Wigmore is not without friends in San Francisco, but I doubt that he will appreciate their amiable offices in his behalf. Professor Wigmore, it may be remembered, is the erudite person who recently overruled our Supreme Court in the Schmitz case much to the delight of those virtuous civic patriots who have proved how worthy they are of public confidence by their malignant misrepresentation of the members of that tribunal. Professor Wigmore's friends were evidently amazed at him for aiding and abetting the conspirators; for realizing as they do that he grievously blundered they now attempt to palliate his conduct by suggesting that he was misled. They are of the opinion that he never read the opinion of our Supreme Court. Their theory is that he was given a false synopsis of it and that he was the victim of a mean deception. This theory is quite plausible; at least it is fairly certain that Professor Wigmore never read the opinion from which he dissented. But if this be the fact to what extent does it exculpate Wigmore? If he was deceived then he practiced deception himself, for as a lawyer he must be presumed to have read a decision which he analyzed. We can only be certain, however, of one thing, and that is that Wigmore bases his whole argument on an error.

A Startling Misconception

In his analysis of the decision Professor Wigmore says: "The indictment alleges that the threats were made to use influence or power over the commissioners, and that their purpose was to obtain money by means of (i. e., through fear of) such threats." Now the fact is that the indictment did not allege that the threats were made to use influence or power over the commissioners. And likewise it is a fact that singularly enough the court held the indictment bad for no other reason than that it failed to make such an allegation. Now this of course is a most remarkable misconception, if that is what Professor Wigmore's friends wish to have it designated by way of euphemism. It is so remarkable as to be paradoxical and incredible. Here we have a college professor, one of the faculty of an institution consecrated to the moral as well as the intellectual training of youth, clearly and beyond question arguing from a premiss grounded in prevarication and for the purpose of injuring the reputation of men engaged in the administration of justice.

The Language of the Court

So that there shall be no shadow of doubt on a matter affecting the reputation of a college professor let us consult the opinion of the court and ascertain whether the indictment, as Professor Wigmore says, "alleged that the threats were made to use influence or power over the commissioners." This is the language of the court: "It is not stated how the defendant proposed to do this; whether by fair persuasion and lawful influence over the commissioners, or by duress, menace, fraud or undue influence exercised upon them." After showing that undue influence constituted unlawful means, the court said: "Nor can it be inferred or presumed, when it is not so charged that the defendant threatened to prevent the issuance of the license by unlawful means and not solely by lawful and innocent persuasion and argument." The fact from which there is no escape is that the indictment neither implicity nor explicity charges, as Professor Wigmore says, that there was any threat to use influence over the commissioners, either by the legitimate influence of fair argument or the undue influence of an intimation that their places would be vacant if the wishes of the defendants were not carried out or any sort of unlawful means whatever. And the fact is that the question of taking of judicial notice of who was the mayor is one of minor importance. If the indictment had alleged that Schmitz was mayor it would not be good unless it had further stated that he threatened to use his official influence to prevent the issuance of the license. Now it is quite likely as suggested by Professor Wigmore's friends that the learned gentleman never read the opinion of the court. If, however, he is not the victim of a cruel deception he is something else which I am reluctant to describe.

Husband—If you hadn't taken so much time we shouldn't have missed the train.

Wife—And if you hadn't made me run we wouldn't have to wait so long for the next train.

Preserving an Unprofitable Timber Ranch

Much glory is pre-empted by the California Club of this city for its success in securing congressional sanction for the purchase and reservation by the Federal Government of the Big Tree groves of Calaveras and Tuolumne. I don't think much of their "success." The acquisition is good enough as a picturesque addition to our national scenery, but as a matter of fact that is all it is good for. The trees have no commercial value whatever and the owner would lose money in the attempt to make lumber of them and put them on the market. The trees are so old that they are utterly worthless; the hearts of them are rotten to the core; the timber is pulpy, shredded and frazzled; and at this time they are inaccessible to railroad communication with any lumber yard. It is very probable that the shrewd speculator who got the option on the groves did so with the definite purpose of inciting this sentimental fervor that has achieved such successful results in Congress. Now he will get his

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price for his holdings. Perhaps if the Government did not take the trees off his hands he would have abandoned his option. The trees would have remained undisturbed for another millenium, or rotted slowly to their roots and crashed their huge length along the sward. "A few more victories like this one and I am undone," said a famous commander; a few more "successes" like the one that has been achieved by the California Club and Uncle Sam's treasury will go broke.

Newspaper Heroes

Nothing has so much pleased me of late as the knowledge that Mr. Dooley and myself agree on the status of newspaper heroes. In discourse with his friend Hennessy on the heroes of the steamship Republic Mr. Dooley gives all the credit due the heroic Jack Binns the wireless operator and then goes on to say "th' captain iv th' ship was a hero, too. He acted like th' captain iv th' ship. Th' cabin passengers were heroes; they behaved in all respects like cabin passengers. All honor, says I, to th' brave cabin passengers that gathered in their pyjamas on th' deck iv th' Republic an' didn't let on whether they were wondhrin' whether women hasn't advanced enough to take a chance gettin' into th' boats. Heroes all, says I." Of course they were heroes—and heroines. They were attending strictly to their business of being passengers on a sinking ship. It is quite true that they had nothing else to do at the time and couldn't have done anything else if they had wanted to; but this fortuitous emergency did not militate against their heroism while the emergency was upon them. The difference between the heroism of the passengers and that of the wireless operator or the captain of the ship was in degree—the operator and the captain were more conspicuous, that was all. The heroism of the passengers was collective; the heroism of the captain and the operator was distinctive. The spotlight is for the individual, not for the crowd. I have always contended that no man is a hero who performs his duty, or executes any difficult or dangerous task for which he is paid. The fireman that rushes into a burning building and drags out one of the inmates smothered by the smoke would be dismissed from the department for neglect of duty if it could be shown that he knew the person was in the burning building and refrained from an attempt at rescue. It is the duty of firemen to rescue persons from burning buildings. That is what they are paid to do. The captain of a ship is paid to navigate his ship and to use every effort to bring it safely to port. It is the duty of a wireless operator to send wireless messages. And while it was not, literally, the duty of the passengers to keep themselves from panic; still, it was the best thing they could do, and it is the veriest nonsense of newspaper panegyric to speak of them as heroes. A hero is one who performs a service unasked and entirely aside from any duty he may have in the premises. A hero risks his life, for example, in the effort to accomplish something that nobody else will undertake. Heroes are not the creatures of opportunity only; they must be the only persons who would seize the opportunity. If anybody would do the same thing in the same circumstance the act of the person that happens to do that thing is not heroic. I have been trying for many years to teach my newspaper contemporaries this plain, pertinent, self-evident truth; but they continue to call anything a hero that saves a life at the risk of its own. I have even read in these newspapers of Newfoundland dogs that were "heroes" because they answered the call of their instinct and leaped overboard to drag a drowning child out of the water. I think, however, that these newspaper rhaspodists draw the line at lifesaving; I don't think I have ever read of a dog hero that saved the life of a tom cat.

"So you want to break our engagement?"

"Oh, no; just lay it on the table for a few days; my husband is coming to spend Sunday."

The Wizard of the Stage

On his return to his old home after many years absence and after many notable triumphs "Dave" Belasco finds that he is a prophet not without honor in the city that knew him as a schoolboy. The great wizard of the stage has been made much of since his return but not half enough. I have heard of no public reception in his honor. Nothing has been done to celebrate the achievements of this distinguished Californian whose name is a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land and who is admired abroad for his services to theatrical art. There are some cities, which, if they could boast of a Belasco would give substantial testimony of their appreciation in the manner in which we applaud the most successful captains of industry. Dave Belasco is the most successful playwright in America. His plays do not evoke the commendation of the highbrows of literature, but they are literature nevertheless in the sense that they are the effective expressions of a form of the literary art. Belasco is above all things a stage manager and as such he is an artist of the very highest character endowed with the faculty of stirring our emotions through the subtle combination of an infinity of detail, not only of scenic contrivance but of episode and sentiment. Belasco, more than any living playwright, appeals to the sense of sight. He reaches our emotions through the eye more effectively than



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through the ear. This faculty he developed early in life. Years ago when he was stage manager at the old Baldwin Theatre he wrote a play in collaboration with Peter Robertson who was then dramatic critic of the Chronicle. It was called "The Curse of Cain." For realism it was in a class by itself. In the first act there was a farmyard scene full of life—the life of the farm. The stage was full of live-stock and the animals diverted attention from the plot. The audience followed the sheep instead of the story. The cows would not take their cues and the ducks made more noise than the mummers. This play is the only failure charged against Belasco.

"Mrs. Nagger is a most inconsistent woman."
"Is that so."
"Yes, she had the words 'Rest in Peace' carved on her husband's tombstone and yet she visits the grave every day."

A Grotesque Allegory

The Chief Justice of the Republic of the Malevolent Island, who had achieved infamous distinction in the service of his constituents, while engaged in impaneling a jury one day, was addressed by the Prisoner at the Bar.

"I have decided," said the Prisoner at the Bar, "to waive a jury trial."

The Chief Justice smiled like a gargoyle thus affecting a resemblance to the revered President of his country.

"Then," he said, "you have absolute confidence in the justice and impartiality of the court?"

"Not exactly," said the Prisoner at the Bar. "It occurs to me that with your assistance the prosecuting attorney is packing the jury. You appear to be saving him all his peremptory challenges and exhausting mine. Now I feel that it is bad enough to be convicted of a crime of which I am innocent, but a damned site worse to have it made appear that I was honestly convicted."

"I am sorry," said the Chief Justice, "that you have taken this view of the matter. In this tribunal of injustice no man is permitted to waive any of the sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution."

Just at this moment a juror who was unknown to the prosecuting attorney and therefore persona non grata but who could not be disqualified because it happened that he had never heard of the case and had no opinion on any subject, uttered a feeble cough. The Chief Justice looked at him in alarm and ordered him out of the box saying, "I believe he has incipient consumption."

Thereupon the prosecuting attorney wreathed his face in smiles, and the Chief Justice resumed his conscience.

An American King

When James Oliver Curwood wrote his romance of the Mormon colony which was once established on Beaver Island in Lake Michigan he had no idea of doing more than furnishing a bit of interesting light reading. It appears, however, that so few had ever heard of King Strang's existence, and so little had survived in tradition and household tale that the whole story was almost a lost page of history. And now two different publishing houses have entered into negotiations with the author with a view to having him write a purely historical narrative. Strang controlled the political situation in Northern Michigan, and in addition to his elevation to the offices of "king, priest and prophet" of his own people, he was elected, through their suffrages to membership in the State legislature. Once each year he was crowned with a crown of solid gold and received the homage of his followers in formal fashion, high holiday being kept with savage pomp. Mr. Curwood says that if he had followed accurately and made use of all the material he unearthed while writing "The Courage of Captain Plum," his romance would have rivalled "The



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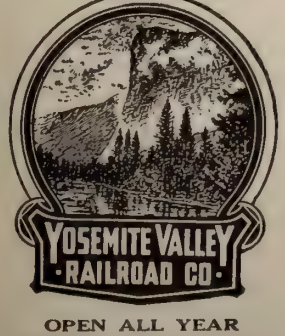
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Prisoner of Zenda" and all its innumerable followers cast in purely imaginary surroundings. Almost the only reference that has been made to the Strang stronghold within the memory of the present generation, until Mr. Curwood took it up, was a brief article entitled "An American King," published in Harper's Monthly all of a score of years ago.

"Old Parvenu is a wonder."

"What has he been doing?"

"He boasted at the club the other day that he uses only hand-sawed wood in his fire-places."

A Famous Author in Hard Luck

I have it upon the very good authority of Lloyd Osbourne, delivered under oath in a court of justice, that the lot of a "successful author" is not entirely a happy one maritally or financially. He says that he cannot pay his divorced wife $300 a month for her separate maintenance because he hasn't got it and hasn't had anything like it for a year, except as he might receive it in loans from his mother, who, of course, could not be expected to pay his alimony bills. Besides, adds Mr. Osbourne, the lady who was his wife is in receipt of a much larger income at the present time than he can squeeze out of his wrist labor for the literary market. Thus are our fondest delusions consigned to the limbo of vain things at the behest of stern reality. Lloyd Osborne may be a "successful author" but there's nothing in it. This proves that where there is so much genius there is not always much reward. An author's name may appear frequently in all the leading magazines and periodicals, but this constant apparition does not establish a logical sequence of substance for the shadow. It is not every "successful author" that can command the princely price of a dollar a word for the product of his pen. It is sometimes necessary that the author should first distinguish himself in some vocation other than that of authorship before publishers will pay more than the Grub street rate of a penny a line—and Author Osbourne says he has not been getting even that meager stipend during the year past. Author Roosevelt is to receive a dollar a word, but Author Roosevelt is something more than a mere author; he is the best advertised President that has ever occupied the White House. It is not for what Author Roosevelt writes that the publishers pay him a dollar a line; it is for what he has been. Author Kipling gets 25 cents a word for his stuff and Author Jack London says he gets 15 cents a word for some of his stuff; but these authors have also achieved notoriety from other sources than that of authorship. Author Kipling has been a newspaperman and Author London has been a sailor, a hobo and an anarchist. Author Osbourne has been only the stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson. He shines by a reflected glory. He must live it down. He must show the hard-headed, dollar-chasing publishers that he can be as popular as his stepfather, before they will pay him as much as they paid the author of "Kidnapped." It will not be necessary to show that he can write as well as Stevenson wrote.

"Did you deliver my message, Rosalie?

"Yes, Madame, I told Madame that you were ill and that as soon as you recovered you would call on her, and she said she was very sorry to hear it."

Keats's Great Grand-Nephew

John Gilmer Speed, whose death occurred last week was a great grand-nephew of the poet Keats whose brother George Keats emigrated to America and settled in Kentucky. Mr. Speed had in his possession letters and other original documents pertaining to his illustrious relative which it has always been assumed he would bequeath to the British Museum. He was interested in agriculture and horse breeding as well as in literature, and was at one time or another connected editorially with most of the important Eastern periodicals. He was the author of a number of books, differing as widely in character as "The Life, Letters and Poems of John Keats" and "The Horse in America," but he attracted more general attention to himself by one brief paper published many years ago in the Forum than by any thing else before or since. It was entitled "The Confessions of a Literary Hack" and was printed anonymously. Mr. Speed meant to draw attention to the piteous plight of the poor tenant of Grub street whose unrequited labors scarcely furnished a hand-to-mouth existence. The re-



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sult was just the opposite for the sum which he set forth as all too inadequate but the best he could secure was so much beyond the wildest dream of the average penny-a-liner that the common verdict was, "What is he grumbling about? If he thinks that's hard luck, let him have a try at something else." Literary men in both England and America took the subject up and disputed both as to the truth of the "Confessions" and the identity of the writer though Mr. Speed was under suspicion from the first. It was not until several years later that he acknowledged the authorship.

He—You are just as sweet as you can be.
She—I don't think that much of a compliment. You see, it all depends upon how sweet you suppose I am capable of being.

False Reports That Damage the State

There seems to be a mistaken impression that the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara was badly damaged by the recent storm, but the fact is that the property has not suffered to the extent of five cents' worth. The high seas, some three weeks ago, washed away the sand about



AN AMERICAN "DREADNOUGHT."

This is the Battleship Delaware, which was launched February 6th. It will carry ten 12-inch guns and displace 20,000 tons.

the United States Signal Station, fully half a mile from the hotel, but that is something to be taken as a matter of course during winter and right on the sea coast. The time to express wonder would be when the miracle occurred and during an unprecedentedly heavy winter there were no washouts. There has not been over $5000 worth of damage done in Santa Barbara County since the rains set in, and most of that has been to mountain roads and bridges in remote sections never reached by tourists and travelers for pleasure. The Southern Pacific Coast line has suffered somewhat and will find it necessary to make large expenditures for rebuilding at certain points, but this would have had to be done sooner or later, and the solid stone and concrete work will be rather in the nature of a permanent investment since, once made, the repairs will last for all time. Nothing is gained by sending out these exaggerated and false reports concerning trivial mishaps. It takes very little to divert the stream of tourist travel. Eastern people, especially, do not realize the magnificent distances embraced within the State lines of California, and those short-sighted folk who are attempting to gain advantages for their own section by covertly insinuating the undesirableness of some other are apt to awake when it is too late, to the consciousness that the whole of Southern California has been victimized by their selfish misrepresentations. There is not the remotest danger, as far as human foresight can perceive, that the coast of Santa Barbara County, any more than the city of Los Angeles or the topmost peaks of the high Sierras is in danger of sinking into the sea.

There's many a man who, forsooth,
Will ne'er tell a wicked untrooth
Until in old age
With countenance sage
He talks of the deeds of his yooth.

Rudolph Barth, watchmaker and jeweler, now permanently located at 36 Kearny street.

Report of the Condition of

The

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Of San Francisco

At the Close of Business, Feb. 5, 1909

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Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	409,760.52
Cash and Sight Exchange	**4,589,638.44**
	$14,145,476.04

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$2,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	852,056.20
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	402,671.03
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	$14,145,476.04

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

As predicted in last week's letter, Wall Street has indicated Taft's welcome by starting a bull movement in securities. The impulse to this action came through the New York State Commission which granted authority to the Erie Ry. to issue 30,000,000 new bonds for the purpose of retiring maturing bonds and for general betterment of the property. The old saying used to be, "As goes Erie so goes the rest of the market," this does not hold good in these days of progress. Erie has been relegated to the rear. The action of the committee has relieved the market of a heavy load and will result in making Erie an attractive property in the course of a few years. Nothing startling in the way of history making has happened during the week. Though Wall Street reported Mr. Harriman a very sick man, he seemed well enough though to go on a fishing trip. Wall Street has a faculty of making a man sick or dead, and in the next breath causing the same person to be a prominent factor one way or the other marketwise. When Mr. Harriman started to the coast some months ago the group of stocks identified with his name began to soar and didn't stop until he again reached New York. When he started for Mexico recently it was thought he had staked down his securities and that no material advance or decline would take place during his absence. Hardly had he reached Waco, Texas, when Union Pacific and Southern Pacific began to show unrest as also did the shorts in these securities; before the anxiety of shorts could be satisfied Union Pacific had advanced from 176 to 181¼ and Southern Pacific from 116¾ to 120. It appears that when Harriman goes fishing he leaves a hook in Wall Street. Whatever he does to those who sell his securities short is one thing, but the public must take off their hats to him. He has shown he can develop more territory in five years than was ever developed by one man in this country. Some of his methods may be questioned by the "goodies," but it was a Godsend to the Pacific Coast when Harriman became dictator of the now known Harriman properties. Indications are plain to be seen that transcontinental roads with terminals at Seattle and Portland are planning to reach San Francisco. It means a great deal toward the development of new territory that of necessity will be tributary to San Francisco. The completion of the Panama Canal will be upon us before we realize it. Many argue that its completion will injure the properties of rail lines, all of which is most ridiculous. The rail lines will not only flourish, but will show greater expansion after the canal is in operation than before. It will be the signal of the greatest development period the Western country has ever known.

The Japanese school question has passed into the hereafter. Its effect was of some moment to the interest of Wall Street, where the financial pulse is always in evidence. Not alone the interests of this country but those of every country on earth where values are a consideration are similarly susceptible. Foreigners are the first to show alarm; their securities are cabled demanding sale at the market upon the first signs of trouble. Our own financiers are not slow in taking the cue and the result generally means a bad slump such as the security market would have experienced had the Jap measure passed at Sacramento. We are just recovering from one of the most severe financial panics the country has ever had to contend with. It is a time when the smallest scare might cause a panic. Capitalists have not as yet cleared their systems of the fright caused by the shrinkage in values during 1907 and 1908. Had not the resources of the country been as great as they were conditions would not have recovered so quickly. All conditions at the present time forecast better times and increasing values. The commercial interests of this country demand a greater field and this must be provided by the government at Washington. Japan and China want American cotton. It is a staple which the United States holds a monopoly over. These two countries as they advance in civilization and development will require more of our products. Our modern machinery will grow in demand. The requirements of Japan and China upon America for her products must and will show a large increase every year. All these conditions mean traffic for our railways. How insignificant is the present wealth of the cuontry when compared to what it shall be ten years hence.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Poet Put Them to Sleep

The lecture which was given last week by Mirza Ali, Kuli Kihan, scholar and poet of Teheran, Persia, received but a chilly reception, notwithstanding that it was under the patronage of Mrs. Frank Carloan, who was also the hostess of the evening. Mrs. Carolan met the poet during her recent trip abroad and became so interested in him that she induced him to come to this far western edge of the world in the interest of culture. Unfortunately, despite the spread of the Omar cult and the ostentatious display of the Rubaiyat in the place of honor once reserved for the family Bible, Persian poetry and philosophy proved too far above the interest, if not the comprehension of the audience which was gathered. Every man, with one exception, promptly fell asleep and the ladies had difficulty in not following their example. At the close of the address, Mirza Ali requested an introduction to the one wide awake gentleman, Knox Maddox, who happened to have occupied a seat in the front row, saying, "I would like to meet him, as he is the only intelligent man in the room." The drawback about these extremely high-cultured affairs is the effort to keep them exclusive. They are, and are meant to be, more social than intellectual, and the connection between dollars, social station and brains has never been any too close. The people who probably would appreciate the intellectual treat are effectively barred out on the other two counts. It is not every one who can afford to pay the fancy prices, and those who can are not always willing. It is current comment in the circles of the elect, with regard to this high flight of fancy that "Five dollars for stupid lectures is altogether too much to pay."



MISS ENID GREGG.

One of the prominent society girls in "The Kirmess Spectacle."

The Darling of the Beaux

By the death of her uncle, A. T. Spotts, that most vivacious and far and away the most attractive of the debutantes, Miss Innes Keeney, has had her season of gaity brought to a close. And what a mad, glad whirl it has been for this darling girl! With what enthusiasm she has crushed the lees of pleasure from the sanguine grapes of joy. No debutante in the history of San Francisco society ever made so distinct a hit as did Innes Keeney. She has been in the front from the going up of the barrier, and she has attended about twice as many teas, luncheons and dances as any other girl in her set. If something had not occurred to cause a halt she could hardly have gone the route at so mad a clip without impairing her health, but to the end the joy of her was infectious, and that impalpable quality called magnetism which she has in abundance never waned in the slightest degree. Innes Keeney will be missed. The beaux of the smart set are likely to find little to interest them in subsequent proceedings. As for the girls—well of course the girls will not go into mourning. On the contrary they will emerge from penumbra.



MISS GUSSIE FOUTE.

Daughter of the late Reverend Robert Foute, who contemplates a career in Literature.

A Prospective Match

Mr. Wm. H. Talbot is now at liberty to incur fresh matrimonial obligations. The ties that bind have been severed by the juridical blade and the statutory interdiction has been removed by Time's amiable hand. Mrs.

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Susie Paxton, grass-window in name only, is not at liberty because in her case leaden hoofed Time has only begun to plod his weary way. Consequently the newspapers that have been hunting down rumors must bide their time. The rumors impute to Mr. Talbot a deep sentimental interest in Mrs. Paxton, and it is believed to be quite probable that Dan Cupid may succeed in making a match between the lumberman and the stock-broker's ex-wife.

Greenway—His Success and His Troubles

The crowning event of the social season will take place at the Fairmont on Friday night, when the Bal Masque, the last dance of the Assembly, will be held in the white and gold ball room, and supper served in the beautiful Norman Hall. The Bal Masque will be of particular interest because it has been planned ever since last September, when the ladies of the charities first decided on the dates for the Kirmess. After a consultation with them Mr. Greenway agreed to make this, the last of the Assemblies, a Bal Masque, in order that those who participated in the Kirmess might come at once to the hotel without making any change in their costumes. A handsome notice has been sent to all the members of the Assembly, with special tickets for use on this night. As this is the first Bal Masque to be held in the Fairmont, and likewise the first since the last Madri Gras at the Hopkins Institute of Art, it is intended to make it the most elaborate and beautiful ever held in San Francisco. The present series of Assemblies will thus go down in social history as the most delightful dances ever given in San Francisco. There has been talk of a lack of dancing men at these affairs, but I am told that this criticism is without foundation. The fact is that Greenway has been so beset by "climbers" this season that he had to "turn down" more than the usual number of people and consequently there has been a very large anvil chorus chanting the dispraise of the "Czar." For twenty years Greenway has managed his affairs so well and given them so much tone that to gain membership in his organization has been the frantic desire of almost every representative of the new rich. This year he has made enemies not only by excluding "climbers," but also by refusing to bar out some of the elect who have been involved in the city's factional strife. I have been told that he received orders from some of our civic patriots to cut down his list and that for refusing to do so he has been maliciously lambasted.

Gymnatic French

Professor Nesbitt, the hypnotic French instructor, is reported to have received an offer of a princely salary from the managers of the Orpheum for a nightly stunt of fifteen minutes behind the footlights. He is said to have declined the proposition because he can get more money making society people make monkeys of themselves in his magic five-weeks' course of perfect French. And society certainly has gone mad over his antics and his kindergarten methods of imparting his native tongue —not all native, at that, for, while his mother was French, his father was a Scotchman, and his apparent "command of the language" owes as much to his theatrical cleverness as to his knowledge. The real French colony, I am told, smiles at the whole spectacular business, and, in the seclusion of their own firesides, its members wonder at the way their friends and neighbors have been swept off their feet and out into the storm on these wintry days. It is not only the women, but the men, likewise, who are in thrall. The wives and mothers prominent in social and club circles, who spend their mornings in paying tribute to the shrine drag no unwilling partners with them in the evenings. Professor Nesbitt has already reaped a small fortune, and there is no indication that the golden rain will cease. Five thousand dollars are the net proceeds of his course of lectures alone, and then, there is the little book—one dollar for the little book—which is a most important part of the equipment of the French scholar. Do not imagine for a moment that it is only a commonplace grammar, dictionary or reading book. On the contrary, it is as important as the magic wand of the necromancer. "Mettez le livre sur la plancher," says the professor, and one thou-

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sand apparently intelligent people lean over and deposit their little books on the floor, and obey similar commands in which "the little book" figures. "Imitez le chat," and one thousand adult voices miau in unison. Directions to pull noses, clap hands, pat their backs, are all brightly and intelligently comprehended and obeyed by society's elect, while the agile instructor gives demonstrations from the platform to assist in "suiting the action to the word," after the most approved dictum of the highest educational authorities. Society fads are always pursued at full speed while the sport endures, and this bright Scot, or half-Scot, is making a full harvest while the sun shines. He has purchased a home in the cultured center, Berkeley, and there is no doubt in the world that the shekels necessary for its maintenance will be forthcoming in sufficient quantities. The success of the San Francisco venture has been so encouraging that it has prompted an excursion to San Jose, where there seems to be another rich field ripe for the reaper, but, later on, there is promise of a more advanced course to be given in our city. Meanwhile, there are to be seen from twenty to two score autos drawn up at the curb in the vicinity of Lyric Hall on every lecture day, while everywhere that one goes, be it dinner, dance, tea or an informal call, French phrases fly through the air, and the professorial capers are cut with all the solemnity once reserved for religious rites.

Somewhat Embarrassing

A popular young society bachelor whose engagement has but recently been announced was the victim of an amusing but embarrassing blunder one day recently. He boarded a street car in which he found seated an old family friend who is, at times, extremely absent minded. The sight of the young man recalled to the elderly gentleman a vague memory that the youth was to be congratulated for something, and leaning forward he offered his hand, saying, "I congratulate you." Had it stopped there all would have been well, but imagine the consternation of the prospective bride groom when the old man went on to inquire: "Is it a boy or a girl?"

Will Resign to Marry

Paymaster Greer, whose engagement to Miss Helen Wilson has just been announced, will resign from the service before the marriage, this being the condition on which Mr. John Scott Wilson's consent was gained, coupled with a promise to reside with the parents of the bride. The Wilson's are of the old time pioneer society of San Francisco. Mr. Wilson is the eldest son of the late Samuel M. Wilson, one of the foremost lawyers of his day. Mrs. John Scott Wilson was Miss Mary Hutchinson, daughter of the late C. I. Hutchinson. Mr. Eli Hutchinson, a brother of Mrs. Wilson, married one of the daughters of Woodward, the proprietor of the famous gardens.

The Count in the Limelight

Count d'Abbans of the French consulate is surely getting more than his share of newspaperiety, and all because of the assumption on his part that the smart set of San Francisco is really as smart as it pretends to be. The Count is a typical Parisian beau, a jolly rogue, high spirited, and ultra-Frenchy in his tastes and his drolleries, and therefore he is decidedly of exotic flavor in any of our parochial drawing-rooms. Naturally the reporters do not understand Count d'Abbans, and being an irreverent lot they are not all impressed by his pedigree which is about as fine as anything that France has yet produced. Nay, to an American reporter aristocratic pedigree is like a red flag to a bull. If it does nothing else it raises the presumption of objectionable inherent qualities. Consequently Count d'Abbans has been under a handicap in the local limelight, and everything of

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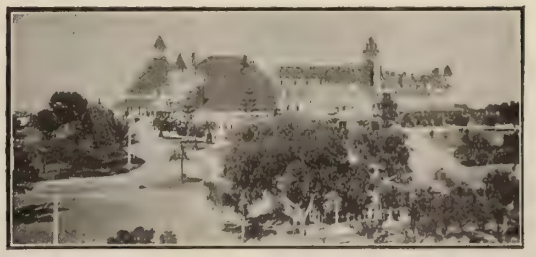
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an unconventional nature that he has done has been most severely reprehended by the decorous and discreet reporters whose duty it is, according to their conception of the matter, to see that no foreign nobleman sojourning in these parts shall ignore the puritanical amenities. Now Count d'Abbans, I am told, is really a fine gentleman. Whether he has really made an impression on Miss Eliza McMullin is another story. It can only be said that this very charming granddaughter of Mrs. John McMullin perceptibly stirred the Count's emotions, and that he has neglected no opportunity of pressing his attentions upon her. However agreeable his attentions may have been to Miss Eliza, the supposition is that Mrs. McMullin has not given her warm approval. Mrs. McMullin being of Southern extraction is probably not partial to titled foreigners. She by the way was Betty Hayes, daughter of Colonel Jack Hayes. Mrs. McMullin and her favorite granddaughter are soon to leave town for Santa Barbara.

Returned for Her Trousseau

The arrival of the Tenyo Maru has caused rejoicing amongst the friends of Claire Bowie, who will be enabled to catch glimpses of her during her brief visit of ten days to her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrich. Miss Bowie has been in Japan for the past year, making her home with her uncle, Henry Bowie, and she has returned to purchase a trousseau. In August she is to become the wife of Mr. Jordan, a wealthy Englishman established in Tokio. Claire Bowie is the daughter of Dr. Robert Bowie, whose home is in the East, but she spent her girlhood here, and the family in all its branches is so well known that she really belongs to San Francisco. Coupled with the felicitations on her coming marriage is the regret that Japan must be her future home.

Ada Sullivan Not "Missing"

The usual mountain has sprung up out of a molehill. Ada Sullivan is neither immured behind convent walls nor is she fleeing from a French count. Having no family ties to bind her and no concerns of interest enough to hold her in Paris, she simply left that "Paradise of good Americans," with her maid, for a tour of Switzerland. The simple little oversight of neglecting to leave an address with her banker and the consequent accumulation of her mail was sufficient to set the gossips agog and the reports flying. Common sense would have dictated the wisdom of applying to her own relatives for information before giving the "news" to the daily papers, for the Sullivans have undergone no anxiety or alarm on behalf of the young lady, being well aware of her intentions and her whereabouts all the time. She will return to Paris in the course of a few days now, and be domiciled there again for the spring.

A Stanford Man's Sad Death

The funeral of Frank A. Coakley, the son of Mrs. R. E. Mulcahy, took place from St. Mary's Cathedral on Van Ness Avenue last Saturday morning and was largely attended. His death resulted from consumption, a disease which he contracted about three years ago. When first afflicted with the dread complaint he removed to Arizona, but though at first benefited by the change, his health soon began to decline rapidly and four months ago he returned home. The young man made a gallant fight for life, and it was not until the day before his death that he resigned hope. He was known amongst his large circle of friends for his gentle and sunny disposition, and he had the reputation of never having spoken an unkind word of any one. He was a Stanford man, a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, while his rich barotone voice and his fine training in music made him a prominent addition to the Glee Club. Mr. Coakley belonged to a family noted for their musical ability, and at the early age of eleven years he had

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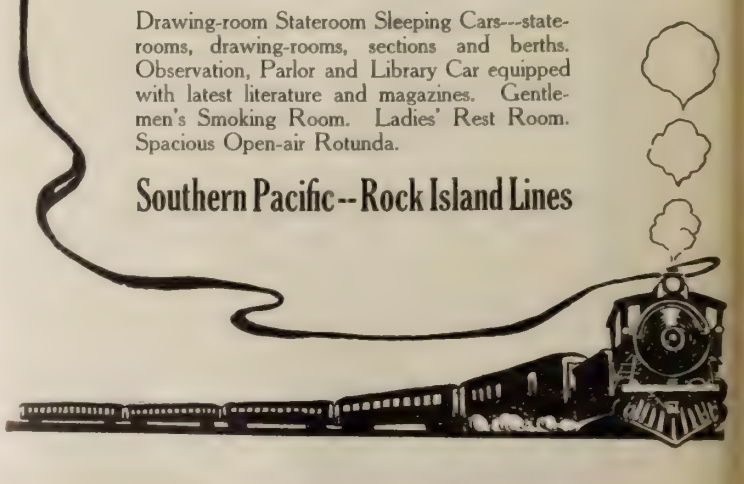
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earned the title of the Boy Tenor of Boston, in which city he was born, and where he took part in musical events with his aunt and uncle, the brother and sister of his mother. Almost the last conscious request of his life was for his mother to sing "Annie Laurie" to him. It was in his twenty-sixth year that his promising career was thus sadly cut short.

A Golden Luncheon

Golden Weddings are by no means rare, but a "golden luncheon" is an innovation. Even those to whom elaborate entertainments are commonplace were aroused to keenest admiration when they were ushered into the gray room of the Fairmont, the guests of Mrs. James Flood. Thirty were seated at an oval table which was decorated in a most elaborate manner. Everything was arranged to harmonize with the wonderful golden service which is kept in the strong box of the hostelry for use on occasions of especial pomp and ceremony. This is the first time that it has been displayed, but Mrs. Flood was convinced that nothing could be too elaborate for her guest of honor, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, at whose own table the royalty of Europe has been entertained. The guests of the occasion included Mrs. Pboebe Hearst, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Victomtesse de Tristan, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. George Boyd, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. Joseph Donahoe, Mrs. Beverly MasMonagle, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. John Boyd, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy.

A Studio Musicale

One of the most successful musicales of the season was given on Sunday a week ago by Mr. D. G. Maclean and Mr. Etlin, at their studio in Green street. The guests of the evening enjoyed a fine program. Mr. Etlin contributed, amongst other selections, the Liebeslied of Wagner which, in his hands, is absolutely satisfying, and the tremendously difficult Valse Etude of Saint-Saens, which was played with exceptional brilliance. An exquisite ballade of Chopin and a valse impromptu of Liszt were also included. Mr. Maclean's singing was equally fine, from the infectious gaiety of the "Non piu adieu" of Figaro to the dramatic intensity of the Aria from Thais. The selection from Schubert was wonderfully sung, with all the shading of which Mr. Maclean has such complete mastery. A novelty was Dupan's "Vague et Cloehe," which was a magnificent piece of work. In fact each song was a poem. Such versatility is seldom found combined with such perfect method. Mr. Etlin and Mr. Maclean recently presented a few of their most promising pupils at a matinee which proved far more interesting than the usual pupils's recital.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained at an elaborate luncheon in the grey room of the Fairmont on Monday.

A party consisting of Mr. C. T. Crocker, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin and D. Hopkins, accompanied by Prescott Scott of New York, returned to San Francisco last week in Mr. Crocker's private car, Mishawaka, after making a winter visit to Yosemite Valley. They were all enthusiastic, and declare the trip one worth traveling thousands of miles to enjoy. The snow and ice effects are particularly fine and the weather all that could be desired. The party spent several days in the valley and their verdict is that the Yosemite in winter more than vies with the same locality in summer as a point of beauty and interest.

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Mrs. David Brown of Denver, formerly Miss Ruth McNutt, arrived on Sunday evening on a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. McNutt of Jackson street. She expects to remain in San Francisco for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Wheeler and their young son, Kirkham Wheeler, left for the east during the week, for a protracted visit.

The Forum Club will give a masquerade jinks in their new club rooms on Post street on the evening of February 22. A prize will be given for the most comical costume, and dancing will be the chief feature of the occasion.

Mrs. Ashburn, the wife of Captain Ashburn, gave one of the most enjoyable dances of the season in her attractive quarters at the Presidio on Tuesday evening, the 16th. The guest of honor was Miss Floyd, of Kentucky. Previous to the dance, Miss Marcia Fee was the hostess at a dinner at her home on Buchanan street, her guests, later, proceeding to the dance.

Miss Marian Newhall has been obliged to cancel all her social engagements and is taking the rest cure under the care of a trained nurse. Miss Margaret Newhall is still at the Newhall ranch, with Miss Marjorie Josselyn as her guest.

Mrs. Cesar Bertheau, Miss Helen Bertheau, Mrs. Beaver and family, and the Pennóyers of Oakland make a congenial party which will leave during the week for a lengthy tour abroad. Sheldon Pennoyer will take apartments in Paris and begin his course at the Beaux Arts, while the others travel on the continent.

The coming election of the Francesca Club is causing some pleasant rivalry amongst the candidates and their friends, without the usual ill-feeling so apt to be engendered where partisanship is high. Mrs. W. Babcock, Mrs. Sydney Cushing and Miss Linda Cadwalader have been actively interested in selecting the ticket presented. The new club rooms in the Shreve building are nearing completion and promise to be very attrac tive.

Mrs. Edward Tracy Allen and her nieces, the Misses Kenyon, gave an enjoyable tea on Friday, February 19.

Mrs. Craig and Miss Olive Criag, have issued cards for a tea on February 23 at their home on Washington street.

E. O. McCormick, assistant traffic director of the Harriman lines, who arrived at the St. Francis a few days ago, will make his future headquarters in this city, if rumors from railroad circles are to be relied on. It is said that he will install himself in his residence in this city as soon as the present tenant is willing to relinquish it.

Dr. Gustav Boar and Miss Boar of Portland and Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Whiting of Seattle, are amongst the northern society people visiting at the St. Francis.

Hedley Chapman, F. R. M. S., of London, has arrived at the St. Francis on an important mission from a group of large English mining syndicates.

Mr. E. I. Alderman, imperial potentate of North America of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and E. A. Osborn, chief rabban of El-Kahir Temple, who registered a few days ago at the Hotel St. Francis, have left for Los Angeles.

Mrs. F. B. Alexander gave a dinner Friday, February 19, in the Green room of the St. Francis.

St. Valentine's Day was the occasion of an elaborate dinner at the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley, the menu and the decorations being made in keeping with the holiday. Among the guests at the hotel during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Vaille and their daughter, Miss Harriet Vaille, who, after a few days spent in the college town, departed for a visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

The following San Franciscons were registered at the Hotel Green, Pasadena, for the week ending February 13: Mrs. William L. Frank, Miss Hilda Steinhart, Mrs. James Armstrong, John Plover, L. W. Cowgill.

Mr. Howard Taylor Blethen and his bride were at Del Monte last week.

The tourists who have been stormbound in southern California are beginning to come north and Del Monte was made lively during the week with new comers. There was a large contingent from the Atlantic Coast and the Middle West.

Major and Mrs. Zenas Crane Rennie, who have been guests at the Hotel Carlton, left on Tuesday night for a short eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles and Mr. Robert Bowles of Oakland, with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. McNear of San Francisco, were at Del Monte for the week end, enjoying the sunny weather.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell and her two attractive boys will remain at Del Monte until their beautiful home at Menlo Park is opened for the summer.

Mrs. Carey Friedlander has gone to Southern California to be absent several weeks. On her return they will take apartments at the Peninsula Hotel for the entire summer.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Gunn gave an enjoyable week-end house party for their son, Dudley, at their residence in San Rafael last week. Amongst the guests were Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Mina Van Bergen and Evan Langstroth. As part of their entertainment, all attended the Hitchcock dance on Saturday evening.

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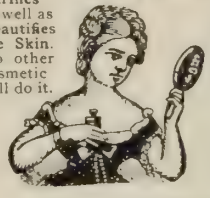
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Stage

"The Rose of the Rancho"

There is no diversity of opinion as to the merits of "The Rose of the Rancho," which is announced for a second week, commencing Monday, at the Alcazar. Everyone who has witnessed the Belasco-Tully play pronounced it the most elaborate production ever given in a San Francisco stock theatre. The drama itself, the pictorial embellishments, the music, the dances and the wonderfully-clever acting of the people in the cast—all contribute to its remarkable success. Not since the David Warfield engagement has the Alcazar box office been so steadily besieged by ticket-buyers as during the last two weeks, and it would not be unreasonable to predict a continuance of the demand for seats until everyone who has not witnessed "The Rose" shall have experienced that pleasure. "The Rose" appeals specially to Californians, because it is a play of early California life written by two Californians, David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully, and is played by a crack California stock company. Those who are most lavish in extolment of its worth are folk who were in California during the period of which it treats, when the dominant "Gringo" supplanted the indolent Spaniard who for generations had held and neglected the fruitful soil. They will tell you that the "atmosphere" created by David Belasco is as realistic as art could make it. The setting of the first act, a mission garden, is still to be found in counterpart where the padres survive, and the patio of the ranch house is another beautiful picture that cannot soon be forgotten by anyone who has witnessed the stirring scenes enacted when it is in evidence. What was said by David Belasco of the Alcazar's production of "The Rose" has been chronicled by the daily press. No author ever paid higher tribute to the people entrusted with interpretation of his work. Mr. Belasco was especially enthusiastic in his praise of Mr. Fred Butler, the Alcazar's accomplished and resourceful stage manager.

Greenbaum's "Pop" Concerts

The next "Pop" Concert, the third of this series of interesting chamber concerts, will take place on Sunday afternoon, February 28, at Lyric Hall, by the Lyric String Quartette, with Nathan Firestone, viola, and Eugene Blanchard at the piano. The program will include two exceptional novelties, one of which will be a string quartette by Mme. Therese Carreno, the famous pianist, and the other a sonata for viola and piano by Anton Rubinstein. The viola as a solo instrument is rarely heard, and as Mr. Firestone is an exceptionally fine artist, this number, which he will play in conjunction with Mr. Blanchard as pianist, will be enjoyed by our true music lovers. The Rubinstein Trio in B Flat Minor will complete the program. Seats will be ready next Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

At the Van Ness

"The Red Mill," the new comic opera which is to be seen here for the first time at the Van Ness Theatre opening with a special matinee on Washington's Birthday, Monday, February 22, has been provided with all the essential elements of success. The music is by Victor Herbert, easily the best of the composers of light music in this country, and the book by Mr. Henry Blossom, who has written clever dialogue in the past. From all account the company engaged is an unusually good one, too. The scenes are laid in Holland, in one of the little Dutch villages and advantage has been taken of every possibility. The story is simple. Con Kidder and Kid Conner are two Americans stranded at a little inn. They have come to the end of their resources, and being in debt for a week's board and are about to make their escape from an upper window by means of a blanket rope when they are discovered by the Burgomaster and escape imprisonment only on their offer to work out the indebted-



Scene from "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

The Delightful Comedy Which Will Begin a Week's Engagement at the American Sunday Afternoon.

ness. Kidder, who professes to be a linguist, is made interpreter at the inn, while Conner is installed as waiter. Kidder, who has but a scant knowledge of French, is confronted by an irate countess who does not understand English, his efforts to carry on a conversation are laughable. Grethen, the Burgomaster's daughter, is betrothed to the Governor of Zeeland, an old fop and roue, and to escape this marriage she plans an elopement with Doris Van Damm, a young sea captain. "The Red Mill" comes here after a season's run at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, with engagements of three months in Chicago and Boston, where it proved one of the greatest musical successes in many years.

The Cabbage Patch Comedy

Harry Beresford will present his laughing success, "Who's Your Friend?" for the last times at the American Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening. As the Sunday matinee, with a special performance Monday afternoon, Washington's Birthday, Liebler and Company will present "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," with the same company that has just returned from a triumphant tour of Australia. This comedy has proved to be one of the best liked and most liberally patronized attractions in the history of the American stage. At every performance audiences laugh themselves into sideaches, applaud the quaint philosophy of the heroine of the Cabbage Patch, or silently express their appreciation of the pathetic touches. Mrs. Flexner's dramatization makes Mrs. Wiggs deliciously human. To her life's trivialities are nothing, misfortune might always be worse. Her doctrine is that of cheerfulness; her philosophy is of the sort that all might do well to absorb. Altogether the Mrs. Wiggs readers learned to love in the book is made a most lovable character on the stage. All of the characters of the Cabbage Patch, to the number of thirty, appear in the play and the stage setting is a photographic reproduction of the world-famous Louisville Cabbage Patch, where Mrs. Bass, the original Mrs. Wiggs, still lives. The present cast includes many of those in the first production and could not be improved upon. "Babes in Toyland," Victor Herbert's delightful musical comedy, will follow "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the American.

"Secret Service" at the Valencia

The last performances of George Ade's intensely amusing and interesting rural drama, "The County Chairman," will be given at the Valencia Theatre this Sunday afternoon and evening. At the special Washington's Birthday matinee, Monday, William Gillette's best of all war plays, "Secret Service," will be produced on an elaborate scale. "Secret Service" was the attraction at the Baldwin Theatre when the fire destroyed that famous playhouse and since then it has never been given an adequate presentation in this city. Mr. Gillette has not written anything better than "Secret Service." In its construction he dispensed with many of the conventional "war drama" features, substituting a strong and logical plot. This fact accounts for the success of the play in England and France, where its merits as drama, pure and simple, were instantly acknowledged. There is something besides mere clap-trap which appeals to American patriotism in the drama. The incidents of the play center in the efforts of Captain Thorne, a member of the United States secret service, to hoodwink the authorities of Richmond while that city is under siege. He is employed in the army telegraph service, and his endeavors to aid the besiegers by wiring false commands to the defending forces bring him under suspicion. He is subjected to various tests, but he successfully withstands them all, even to hiding the horror conveyed to him by a beloved brother shooting himself in his presence. The love interest is maintained through Thorne's affection for a typical Southern girl and her infatuation for him. The members of the Valencia Stock Company should give excellent accounts of themselves in "Secret Service" as a majority of them have made individual hits in the play. Mace Greenleaf counts Captain Thorne as one of his best characters and Blanche Stoddard has played Edith Varney, his Southern sweetheart, with great success. The great size of the Valencia stage will aid the production materially and the management will leave nothing undone to make the first performance a perfect one. For the convenience of down-town shoppers seats for all performances are on sale at the Emporium.

Hotaling's Last Week

Richard Hotaling's engagement at the Ye Liberty Theatre will close next week with an elaborate production of that most beautiful of all dramatic fantasies, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Hotaling is surely justified in laughing at his critics. He is packing the Oakland playhouse at every performance. There never was a more notable season of repertoire in the history of that unfortified town. The cabal against Hotaling or-



"THE DUTCH KIDDIES"

With Charles Dillingham's production of "The Red Mill" to be seen at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday matinee, February 22d.

ganized in resentment of his utterances with reference to certain actors who take themselves very seriously and who are similarly taken by an undiscriminating public, has, if it has done anything, served only to advertise the season at Ye Liberty.

At the Orpheum

The program at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee is in every respect calculated to please for it is composed of acts of rare excellence and great novelty. Frank Nelson, one of the most distinguished character actors in this country will make his first vaudeville appearance and present a one act play by Sewell Collins, entitled "Thirty Dollars." Mr. Nelson will portray Philip, a wayward young man and a race track habitue. He will be supported by Dorothy de Schelle, a talented and attractive young actress and John C. King. Jwan Tschernoff's Unique Circus Troupe, which includes a number of beautiful ponies and prize dogs and a flock of pigeons, will be a most attractive feature of the coming bill. Tschernoff has a world wide reputation as an animal trainer and is the more admired from the fact that he treats his dumb animals with patience and kindness and disdains the use of the whip. A particularly interesting incident of this act is the almost human musical pony, Hans, who never fails to become popular with the children. The Knickerbocker Quartette of which San Francisco is so justly proud will make its first vaudeville appearance and contribute a delightful program of songs. Goldsmith and Hoppe, a very amusing and entertaining pair, who excel as singers, dancers and monologists, will show of what mettle they are made. Both are proficient on a variety of musical instruments. Next week will close the engagements of Imro Fox, the clever and amusing conjurer; Tony Wilson and Mlle. Heloise, the Amoros Sisters and of that thrilling episode of the prize ring, "At the Sound of the Gong," in which Tom (Soldier) Wilson has scored a great hit. A new series of Orpheum Motion Pictures will close the performance.

"Playing the Ponies"

Kolb and Dill will begin the seventeenth and last week of their successful engagement at the Princess next Monday matinee, Washington's Birthday. By special request they will present their great success "Playing the Ponies." They commenced their season in it and a better selection could not be made for their last week. Monday evening, March 1st, the Musical Comedy Season will begin with Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander's musical skit, "The Rounders." It will be produced under the personal direction of the famous stage director, Edward P. Temple, who has come from New York for that purpose. He has been identified with many of Savage's



A SCENE FROM "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO."

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Its properties consist of a small fraction of a claim situated in the very heart of that fabulously rich mining camp and completely surrounded by rich properties. **Within a Stone's Throw** of our line are the shafts out of which the famous **Hayes-Monnette** lease, the **Ish-Sheets** lease, the **Francis-Mohawk** lease and the **January-Jones** lease have taken millions and **made their stockholders independently wealthy,** while adjoining us and in close proximity to us on the south, east and north are such well known properties as the **Red Top, Jumbo, Mohawk, Combination, Florence** and other famous mines. Our Engineers, Messrs. **Thomas Price & Son,** the well known Mining Engineers and Metallurgists of San Francisco and Goldfield, and others who have examined this Fraction for us say: **"The same great vein undoubtedly underlies this portion of your property."** We have sunk a shaft there, have cut through the drift, and struck solid formation at a depth of about forty feet.

In addition to this fraction, the company owns the **Camp Bird Group** of claims, consisting of sixty acres situated in the famous **Golden Horseshoe Belt,** on which are located all the **proven mines** of the Goldfield District. The properties immediately surrounding these claims are rich in high-grade ore and we have every reason to believe that **these sixty acres will develop** into a mine **ranking in the Bonanza class.** We are down one hundred and seventy feet in a shaft on one claim of this group. The shaft is being sunk midway between two well-defined dykes of rich, gold-bearing rock, both of which carry as far as composition, formation and appearance goes, the **same kind of ore as that taken from the famous Mohawk** mine, which has assayed as high as sixty thousand dollars to the ton. We already have assays running from ten dollars to three hundred dollars to the ton in our shaft but expect to reach the real high grades as soon as we have cut stations at the two hundred and three hundred foot levels and cross-cut to the ledges not more than twenty to thirty feet away.

The Managers and Directors of the Company are all well known men of standing in San Francisco and vicinity; they are developing the properties in a thorough business-like manner with the sole object of making the investment of their stockholders **a highly profitable one** through the actual, intrinsic, dividend paying value of their mines, rather than through any temporary, fictitious fluctuation in the price of its stock.

For the purpose of continuing the work more vigorously, of sinking the shafts lower, cutting stations, cross-cutting, and for the further purpose of installing a better equipment to enable us to work more rapidly and more economically, we are desirous of raising a little more money, not much for we do not need much more to put us on a paying or dividend paying basis, and for that reason are offering a small block of only 25,000 shares of treasury stock or any part of it at 25 cents a share.

We are offering you the **biggest bargain on the American stock market today** and urge you to join us, but you must **act at once, buy it now. Take it** all or **as much as you can.**

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The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

We will also start a query column, in which the reader may ask questions pertaining to dress. Such questions will be answered in the following issue.

ACCESSORIES AND DETAILS OF DRESS

Shirts

There is nothing quite so rich or elegant as a white pleated shirt particularly when worn with a "Tuxedo." The pleats run from 1-32 of an inch to a broad knife pleat, although the narrower pleats look neater under the "Tuxedo." The pleated shirt is worn almost exclusively but is quite out of the question for ceremonious dress.

A new feature in the evening dress shirt has just been introduced abroad and in New York. It will no doubt be welcomed by men who attend receptions where there is dancing, and at formal balls. This shirt has a linen bosom, body and cuffs, of course always attached, and silk sleeves. This makes the garment slip on easily and is cool and comfortable for dancing. As yet this innovation is only to be found in shirts to order. The silk used for the sleeves is a Jap silk adapted for washing. However, the white linen shirt with plain or pique bosom looks very well. Embroidered bosoms, folded back cuffs and the like are fads, not fashions and not to be commended. Glossy linen is always in bad taste and therefore the shirt should be ironed with a lusterless finish. The studs used in a Dress Shirt should always match the links. For Negligee shirts of the fancy variety the materials used consist of "Percale," "Madras," "Batiste," and other varieties. Then there is a pretty new fabric this season for "Negligee" shirts called silk "Zephyr." Colorings are various and the selection depends on individual taste, as one can find almost any color. Stripes predominate.

Neckwear

The variety in neckwear offered this season is very great. Four-in-hand still is the tie for general use from 1½ inch width to 2¼ inches; with the lock collar, the narrower width is the desirable style. Four-in-hand well folded called "Imperial" shape is the most popular for day dress and being well folded in, can be tied as a "Onecover." As to shadings of the ties a leading authority writes: "As to hues, who can determine what is right and what is wrong?" Almost every variety of the rainbow is shown, and it is difficult to condemn one in favor of the other. There is little doubt about the fact, however, that the season is "gray," to some extent more patterns being shown in this variety than any other. Purple and the new colors in pink, somewhat on the order of the old crushed strawberry effect are also very popular and blues are worn to a great extent. Wash neckwear will be most popular this spring and stocks for golf. The Bat and Bow ties promise to be very popular this coming spring and the one particular new thing is the pointed ends on these ties. Knitted ties of fine French silk will play a prominent part for this spring.

Hose

The most important thing in hosiery for men is that it matches the tie. Occasionally you will find white silk hose either plain or with black clocks at side, worn with Evening Dress.

Underwear

Owing to the difference in the condition of physical health or constitution the variety is large, some feel better in cotton loose or fitting, others necessarily must have wool. However, since short sleeves in underwear have become so popular with the younger men, it is a certain sign that it is the healthiest garment if one's condition permits it.

Collars

Very little is to be said about collars. The "Poke" for dress, the "Wing" for dinner or day dress, and the "Lapover" for dinner or business wear.

Gloves

The dress glove is white kid; pearl gray for evening wear is also proper. For afternoon wear, gray suede. With the fashionable dresser, for street wear the yellow chamois promises to become fashionable but the most popular yet is the tan cape, or commonly called "Kid" glove.

Walking Sticks

No one should walk at leisure moments without a stick for it serves two purposes, an occupation for one's hands as well as a protection in coming home late at night. Sticks generally worn are "Bamboo' natural crook handle, and the straight stick with gold or silver knob. Not to forget the "Big stick" which is a loaded affair called after the individual style of our President.

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greatest triumphs in the East. The cast will include May Boley, Frank Moulan, Helen Darling, Zoe Barnett, Lillie Du Fre Hoerston, Fred Mace, James F. Stevens, Bud Ross and Bert Phoenix. "The Rounders" will be under the musical direction of Selli Simonson.

Emma Goldman on The Drama

Emma Goldman, the anarchist, does not spend all her time preaching political revolution. She devotes much of her time to the study of literature and is recognized as an authority on the drama. She has had the advantage of personal acquaintance with some of the most successful dramatists of Europe and her lectures on the drama are said to be most entertaining and instructive. On Sunday afternoon she will lecture at Lyric Hall on "The Drama, the Greatest Disseminator of Radical Thought."

In the Limelight

The attraction to follow "The Red Mill" at the Van Ness Theatre is Clyde Fitch's latest comedy success, "Girls," which played for one year at Daly's Theatre, New York. "Girls" is a dainty exploitation of feminine foibles, reflecting an amusing phase of life which is keenly appreciated even by the members of the sex so artistically caricatured. H. S. Northrup plays one of the leading roles.

"The Fatal Card," the intensely interesting comedy-melodrama by G. Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stevens, which will follow "Secret Service" at the Valencia Theatre, has not been seen in this city for several years, but has always been a favorite play among threatregoers of this city.

Owing to the great number of attractions booked for the Van Ness Theatre in the near future some of the most important offerings will be able to stay for one week only. Among them are "Girls," "The Right of Way," with Theodore Roberts, Guy Standing and May Buckley; Lillian Russell in "Wildfire."

The final performance of "A Stubborn Cinderella" will be given at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night. The musical attraction is one of the most pleasing entertainments seen her in a number of seasons and consequently has been doing a big business.

"Liberty Hall," R. C. Carton's charming comedy which had such a run at the Empire Theatre, New York, is promised an early production at the Valencia Theatre.

The engagement of Blanche Stoddard as leading lady of the Valencia Stock Company is drawing to a close. She will make her farewell appearance here in "Sunday," March 7th. Her successor will be another great San Francisco favorite whose name will be announced soon.

Richard Carle in his latest production called "Mary's Lamb" will be seen herein the near future.

There are fully a dozen song hits of exceptional merit in "The Red Mill." An orchestra of twenty will be heard in the rendition of the superb music from the pen of Victor Herbert.

All of the animals used in the original production of "Peter Pan," including the crocodile, lions, tigers and, in fact, the whole menagerie, have been secured for the forthcoming production of Barrie's delightful fantasy at the Valencia Theatre.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces the engagement for three concerts in this city of Josef Lhevinne, a famous Russian pianist, who is said to play more like the great Rubinstein than any virtuoso that has appeared before the public since that

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This Sunday at 2:30.
Seats $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. General Admission, $1.00.
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EXTRA—SUNDAY AFTERNOON February 28th at 2:30

Third Lyric Hall "POP" Concert

String Quartette by Therese Carveno, Sonata for Viola and Piano, a Trio in B flat by Rubinstein.
Assisting Artists [illegible]
Seats 50 cents and $1.00, ready Thursday.
COMING MARCH [illegible]

Emma Goldman's Last Lecture

AT LYRIC HALL, On Larkin Street, between Eddy and Turk.
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 3 P. M.
The Drama, the Greatest Disseminator of Radical Thought
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
DEBATE: On Sunday Afternoon and Evening, February 28th, Miss Goldman, Anarchist, will debate with WALTER THOMAS MILLS, Socialist, in Auditorium Pavilion, Page and Fillmore Streets. Subjects for debate: 3 p. m., "Anarchism vs. Socialism," 8 p. m., "Direct Action vs. Political Action."

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Charles Dillingham's Complete Production,
THE RED MILL
By Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert, authors of Mlle. Modiste
Supporting Company of Sixty, Orchestra of Twenty, and the Famous Sextette of Dutch Kiddies.
One Year at the Knickerbocker Theatre, N. Y.
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Monday Night, February 2nd, Starts The Second Week of
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Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.
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BEGINNING HOLIDAY MATINEE NEXT MONDAY.
Last Week KOLB & DILL (By Special Request)
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Monday, March 1st, Opening of the Musical Comedy Season. May Boley, Frank Moulan, Helen Darling, Zoe Barnett, Lillie Du Fre Hoerston, Fred Mace, James F. Stevens, etc.
Prices—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (Except Sundays and Holidays, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.
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FRANK NELSON & CO., Presenting Sewell Collins' Character Study, THIRTY DOLLARS; IWAN TSCHERNOFF'S UNIQUE CIRCUS TROUPE; First Vaudeville Appearance of KNICKERBOCKER QUARTETTE; GOLDSMITH & HOPPE, in Their Musical Comedy Act; IMRO FOX; TONY WILSON AND MLLE. HELOISE; AMOROS SISTERS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of "AT THE SOUND OF THE GONG," A Dramatic Episode of the Prize Ring, with Tom (Soldier) Wilson & Co.
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Only Steam Heated Theatre in the City.
Sunday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "The County Chairman."
Commencing Monday Matinee, Feb. 22d, Washington's Birthday,
Elaborate Production of
SECRET SERVICE
William Gillette's Great War Play.
Cast to the Full Strength of the Valencia Stock Company.
Regular Matinees, Wednesday and Sunday, Prices 25c to 50c.
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Seats on Sale for All Performances at the Emporium.
Monday, March 1st—"The Fatal Card."

AMERICAN THEATRE

Market St., nr. Seventh
Phone Market 381

Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of Harry Beresford, in "WHO'S YOUR FRIEND."
Commencing Sunday Afternoon, February 21st, Special Matinee Monday, Washington's Birthday, Liebler & Co. Present
MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH
The Success of Three Continents.
Superb Cast. Artistic and Perfect Production.
Prices for This Attraction—Orchestra, First ten rows, $1.50; Balance of Orchestra, $1.00, 75c and 50c. Balcony, 75c and 50c. Gallery, 25c. Matinees—25c., 50c. and 75c.
NEXT—"Babes in Toyland."

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Oakland, Cal.
Direction
H. W. Bishop

Commencing Monday Night and all next week, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
RICHARD M. HOTALING
And Bishop's Players in
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
Last Week of Mr. Hotaling.
Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c.

great artist's time. Three magnificent programs will be given at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Sunday afternoons, March 7th and 14th, and Thursday night, March 11th. On Friday afternoon, March 12th, the concert will be given in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Madame Frieda Langendorff, the splendid contralto, will give her last concert at Christian Science Hall this Sunday afternoon, when that interesting pianiste, Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron, will again assist. The program is one of the most varied, novel and interesting ever offered music lovers, many of the works being heard here for the first time. The box office will be open at the hall after ten on the morning of the concert. On Tuesday afternoon the same artistes will give a special program in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

There are more "whistling numbers" in the score of Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland," which comes to the American Theatre after the run of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" than in any other work of that famous composer. There are twenty-two musical numbers in the musical comedy and a host of pretty girls wearing the most beautiful gowns. The entire production that scored such a hit for over a year and a half in New York and one year in Chicago will be brought here intact.

Gus Pixley, the brother of Annie Pixley and well known in this city which he claims as his birthplace, will play his original part in the "Babes in Toyland" when that beautiful extravaganza comes to the American Theatre.

"The Gingerbread Man," with its wealth of catchy music, pretty girls, quaint comedians and beautiful costumes, is headed this way and will be seen at the American Theatre next month. The box office is already beseiged with applications for reservations.

Odd Things in the World

A shipyard at Ominato, Japan, still in operation, was established over 1900 years ago.

At Munich there is a hospital the sole support of which is derived from the sale of old steel pen nibs collected from all parts of Germany. They are converted into watch springs and knife and razor blades.

In France a man under twenty-five years of age, whose parents are dead and whose grandmother or grandfather is alive, cannot marry without the written authority of both or either of them.

The black silk handkerchief worn by the enlisted men of the English navy is in token of perpetual mourning for Admiral Nelson. The three narrow white stripes bordering the collar commemorate his three great victories: The Nile, 1798; Copenhagen, 1901; Trafalgar, 1805.

Though it is common custom to sleep with head to the north, many people asserting that they cannot rest in any other position, Hindus and Japanese object to lying with their heads toward the pole. The Hindus assert that it shortens life. The Japanese bury their dead in that position; in some portions of Russia the same antipathy exists, based on a theory that all evil emanates from the north.

The French nobility is exactly twice as numerous now as it was before the great Revolution which was aimed at the aristocracy and by which all titles were abolished. Previous to that time there were 238 French princes and dukes. Today there are upwards of 460. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 38,000 titled persons in France of whom less than 20,000 had a legal right to a coat of arms. There are now more than 200,000 individuals duly possessed of patents of nobility. When the nobility was all powerful their aggregate wealth was only one-tenth of what they possess today.



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Auto Notes

The new twenty-two horsepower baby Oldsmobile, which arrived this week at the Pioneer Automobile Company, has created a great deal of interest among the automobile enthusiasts along motor row. With 91 inch wheel base, four cylinders cast in pairs, nickel heated steel frame, and weighing close to 1400 pounds, the new addition to the Oldsmobile family represents the latest in the light touring car, or the business man's runabout. Equipped with magneto and selling for $1350 in San Francisco, the Olds "20" is expected to prove popular among doctors and professional men. "That little rabbit can go easily 45 miles an hour," said Charles Allen of the Pioneer Company, after returning from a strenuous test of the new machine. "It has all the power necessary, and as for riding qualities, I have never ridden in a machine with more spring and comfort than this one has. I was surprised with the ease and speed with which the car took the hills. With five people I went over the worst sort of grades at twenty miles an hour. So great has been the interest in the new machine, that it has not yet been on the floor of the salesroom on account of the constant demand for demonstrations."

Three new Studebaker touring cars arrived recently at the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California, and are on display in the sales rooms. Two of the machines are of the "30" type and the third is of the "40" horsepower type. The cars are painted a pearl gray and are the most handsome appearing that have been received by the local Studebaker branch since the first of the new year. All three cars have been sold and will be delivered to the buyers in a few days.

S. M. Phillips of Sacramento has just secured the agency for that territory for the Buick line of automobiles. Mr. Phillips took delivery yesterday of an '09 Buick "White Streak," and also placed an order for a carload of these machines to be shipped from the factory at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Phillips says that the demand for the Buick is going to be very great in Sacramento this season, and expects to do a great business in this line of machines.

According to reports from Los Angeles, another attempt is to be made to establish a transcontinental record. R. A. Brassy, Southern California representative of the Thomas car, is the prospective record breaker, and the car he will use is the seventy horsepower 6-cylinder Thomas Flyabout, the first model of which has just reached Los Angeles. Brassy proposes to make the start from the Southern Metropolis, May 15th at midnight, and cross the continent to New York in thirteen days, cutting several days from L. L. Witman's recent record. The course, as planned, will follow the old Santa Fe track through Mojave Desert and Death Valley, through Goldfield and Daggett, taking nearly the course of the New York to Paris race at Mojave. Besides this proposed record-breaking trip, Brassy is at present considering setting a new mark for the San Francisco to Los Angeles record, and as soon as the roads will permit, the big long seventy horsepower Thomas Flyabout is expected to be sent over the 600 mile course made famous by Fernando Nelson and other automobile racing drivers.

Yesterday it looked as though a procession of '09 Buick "White Streaks" was starting from the headquarters of the Howard Automobile Company on Golden Gate Avenue, as the following list of customers were all taking delivery at the same time of the '09 "White Streaks"—W. F. Hunt of San Jose, S. M. Phillips of Sacramento, Stanford Auto. Company of Palo Alto, Wm. G. VanZee of Woodland, Carl Christenson of Oakland, and J. H. Covell of Watsonville.

"It seems certain that the motor car is not destined to lose its popular favor as did the bicycle," says Chester N. Weaver, manager of the Studebaker Brothers Company, who returned a few days ago from the New York shows. "There is a wide difference between the bicycle propelled by human power and an automobile propelled by a powerful gasoline motor. The bicycle carried one and requires great muscular exertion, while the motor car take the entire family out with much greater speed than can be attained by any other means of private conveyance. It gives the luxurious ease which is so desired by all classes, especially when they are tired from the present day strenuous life. Everyone who had the good fortune to visit the great shows in New York City this year went away with the one big central idea—that the automobile had become a permanent adjunct to every comfortable home of those who can afford it. The house and its equipment furnish the interior comfort and luxury of the family, while the automobile furnishes the outdoor enjoyment which is so beneficial to health and strength."

The Howard Automobile Company has just received an order from the Santa Rosa Garage of Santa Rosa, Buick agents in that territory, for a carload of the new 40 horsepower Buicks and a carload of the Buick "White Streaks." The Santa Rosa Garage unloaded a carload of the Buick "White Streaks" the other day and the cars went so fast that they immediately placed their second carload order for these models. The demand for the Buick throughout the State is very encouraging to the Howard Automobile Company—especially considering weather conditions for the past month or so, and this concern expects to at least doubt their '09 business.

Considerable attention was attracted at the recent automobile show in New York city by the Studebaker limousine, and



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Six races each week day, rain or shine. First Race at 1:40 p. m.

For special [illegible] take Southern Pacific [illegible] ket street; leave at 12 M.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M.

No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

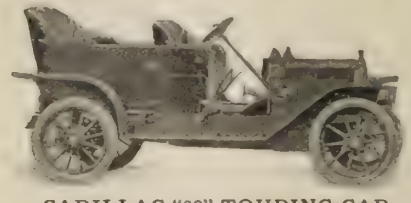
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CADILLAC "30" TOURING CAR

30 horsepower, four cylinder, 5 passenger, $1550.00

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1909

THOMAS FLYER

6-40. Price, $3,180 San Francisco.

The new 6-cylinder, 40 H. P. Thomas Car has proved equal to the most difficult road and track tests. The finest riding qualities of any car on the market. Other models include the famous New York to Paris type and new demountable limousine body.

Also full line of 1909, 4-cylinder Chalmers-Detroit, 30 H. P. Price, $1,650 San Francisco.

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PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524 Twentieth St., Oakland 901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

the New York Sun; in speaking of that car, said: No cars in the Garden have been more commented upon than the luxurious limousine exhibited by the Studebaker firm. This car is painted in a striking combination of green and black, and the upholstering is in Nile green and Parisian brocade. Every accessory which is known to the automobile industry tending toward luxury and comfort has been installed in this limousine, which is priced at $12,000."

Mr. Mahoney of the Olson-Mahoney Lumber Company of this city placed an order yesterday with the Howard Automobile Company for an '09 40 horsepower Buick to be delivered within the next thirty days.

Within a short time the famous Studebaker "army dispatch car," which made a phenomenal run last year from New York City to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, carrying a message from General Frederick D. Grant to Colonel Loughborough, will be started on a run to the Pacific Coast and back. En route west the car will pass through Denver, Salt Lake City, Phoenix, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. The return trip will be made via the northwest. Ever since the "army dispatch car" made its celebrated run, the Studebaker people have kept it in commission for all kinds of hard work, and it is the intention of the company to continue to use it in a similar manner until 250,000 miles have been covered. This is being done for the purpose of demonstrating that a light weight car of good construction will stand greater wear and tear than a car of any other type.

WHAT WINGFIELD THINKS OF GOLDFIELD

George Wingfield, vice-president of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, whose sudden rise from comparative poverty to the affluence of a multi-millionaire when the Mohawk mine made its sensational strike a few years ago and the stock of the company rose quickly from twenty-five cents to twenty dollars a share, is quoted in the Goldfield News of December 12, 1908, as saying: "The Mohawk has made a magnificent record, as everybody knows, but there are other Mohawks in the Goldfield district." The Mohawk-Triangle Mining Company is practically a close corporation, very little of its stock having been permitted to its treasury but all who are interested in the company or who are in close touch with its management thoroughly agree with Mr. Wingfield. Before the present managers of the company secured these claims they spent days and weeks thoroughly examining and pricing every available claim in the Goldfield district, and judging then from the excellent surface showings, from the fact that the claims were traversed by two of the strongest quartz, outcroppings to be found in the State, from the values placed on and found in the adjoining properties and the prices at which claims in the immediate vicinity were selling, they believed they had secured a bargain, while now, having practically proved their value by the development work already done, they are convinced of it, and honestly and sincerely believe their property to be worth over a million dollars and that they will take many millions out of it before the end of next year. Over sixty-seven thousand dollars, it is said, was taken out of the Ish-Sheets shaft, within a few feet of the Mohawk-Triangle sideline during the last three days of the Ish-Sheets lease. Mr. S. Thorton Langley, a Goldfield pioneer and one of the best informed and most successful mining operators in the district, writes as follows: "In my opinion, the combination of your Camp Bird Group with your Mohawk-Triangle Claim, presents the strongest combination of any group of mines in Goldfield today." From all reports it certainly looks as though this was one of the coming mines of the Goldfield district.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2490. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE G. RUNDLE, Deceased.

Hannah C. Rundle, administratrix of the estate of George G. Rundle, deceased, having filed her verified petition herein for an order of sale of the real property of said estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and in the County of San Bernardino, and it satisfactorily appearing to me from such petition that it is necessary, and it would be for the benefit, advantage and best interests of the estate of said deceased and those interested therein, to sell the whole, or some portion, of the said real estate to pay the debts outstanding against the decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration of said estate, as in said petition set forth:

It is therefore ordered that said petition be set for hearing by said court on Monday, the 15th day of March, A. D. 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Superior Court, in Department Ten (10) thereof, in room number 603 of the Grant Building, situate at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above-named Superior Court at said time and place then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell said real property of said estate described in said petition, or as much thereof as may be necessary, for the purposes hereinbefore and in said petition stated.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published weekly in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, February 6th, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

AITKEN & AITKEN, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Monadnock Building, Rooms 997-998-978-982, San Francisco. 2-13-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13834.

DENNIS J. HORGAN, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dennis J. Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Scott street, distant thereon northerly from the northerly line of Haight street one hundred and thirteen (113) feet and six (6) inches; thence running northerly along said easterly line of Scott street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the easterly line of Scott street and the point of commencement. Being a part of the Western Addition Block number four hundred and thirty-nine (439), and also right of way over passage extending the length of the above described property and a width of those three (3) feet six (6) inches on the South of the same.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: The German Savings and Loan Society, whose address is No. 526 California street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2133. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of RANDOLPH WILSON SMITH, and ROBERTA GENEVIEVE SMITH, Minors.

EMILY MAY SMITH, guardian of the estate of the above named minors, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order directing the sale of certain real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and more particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and will be beneficial to said minors, and each of them, and to their respective estates, that said real property should be sold, and good cause appearing;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors and each of them, and all persons interested in their or either of their estates, appear before the above entitled court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situated on the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 2nd day of March, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property; and

It is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks next preceding said day, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 30th, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

W. H. ORRICK, Attorney for Guardian,
617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street; and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, July 20, 1865, and recorded in Map-Book E and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at _____, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRI HOURCADE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Henri Hourcade, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henri Hourcade, deceased.

PAULINE HOURCADE,
Administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Henri Hourcade, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix with the Will annexed,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13833.

MARY HORGAN, a Widow, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Liens Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the Court of the above entitled City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fulton street, distant thereon one hundred and forty-six (146) feet ten and one-half inches (10½) inches westerly from the intersection of the westerly line of Baker street with the northerly line of Fulton street, and then running thence westerly along the said line of Fulton street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the northerly line of Fulton street and point of commencement. Being Block No. 592, a portion of the Western Addition.

You are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said real property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is on the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister streets, San Francisco, California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7042, New Series. Dept. Nine. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE BASTIAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William Bastian, Executor of the last will and testament of the above named George Bastian, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909), to the said William Bastian, executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, deceased, at the office of his attorney, John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said George Bastian, deceased.

WILLIAM BASTIAN,
Executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said Executor,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5103, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an Incompetent Person.

CATHERINE COLE, guardian of the person and estate of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an incompetent person, having presented her petition herein duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said incompetent, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of March, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted directing, empowering, and authorizing the said guardian to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said incompetent person as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 29th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 29, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk 2-6-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7058, New Series. Department Ten.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH CHAPMAN DYAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS, Administrator of the estate of Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909), to the said Edwin Joseph Dyas, administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, at the office of of his attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased.

EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS,
Administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administrator, Room 1255 Flood Bldg., S. F. 2-6-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. 10—No. 20497.

ANNA D. ROLLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALVA AARON and M. CLIFFORD AARON, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Alva Aaron and M. Clifford Aaron, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 20725.

ADELE RAYNAL, Plaintiff,

vs.

HENRI RAYNAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Henri Raynal, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfull desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of January, A. D. 1209.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-16-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 7022, Dept. 10.

Estate of ADOLPHE ROOS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Adolphe Roos, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at Heller, Powers & Ehrman, 713 Union Trust Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Adolphe Roos, deceased.

GEORGE H. ROOS,
LEON L. ROOS,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Adolphe Roos, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., January 23, 1909.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Union Trust Bldg., San Francisco. 1-23-5

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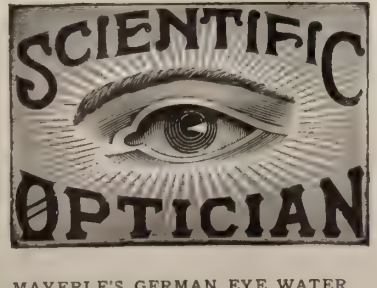
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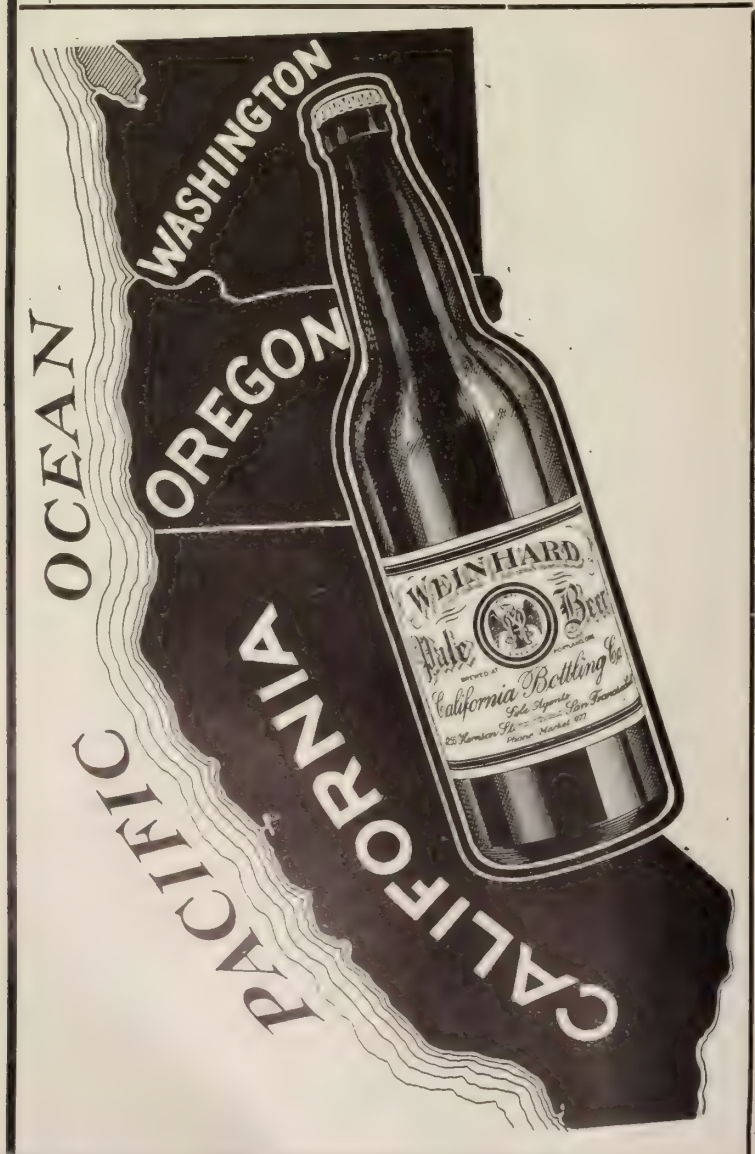
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TOWN TALK

Vol. XVII. San Francisco, February 27, 1909. No. 861





WASHINGTON ANNEX HOTEL AND PARLOR, SEATTLE.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co.
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Our Great State

Californians are justly proud of the fame that has come to the State through its wonderful record as a producer of everything that is good in the agricultural, horticultural and mineral lines, but while we are contemplating the vast array of the State's soil products we should not forget the importance of California's manufacturing interests. No region is better endowed by nature for a great manufacturing center. With an inexhaustible supply of raw products, potential water power in the Sierras sufficient to run the engines of all the world's commerce, cheap fuel in the form of petroleum, and innumerable points where ship and freight car can come together, California's future as a manufacturing State is assured. It is beyond question that these resources will be developed to the full in the near future. Eminent authorities agree that the Pacific is to be the arena of the world's commerce during the twentieth century, the opening of the Panama Canal will mean much to the entire Pacific Coast, and San Francisco, as the chief port of Western America, will benefit relatively more than any other harbor. According to the estimates made by the California Promotion Committee the value of California's manufacturing products in 1907 was $400,000,000. When it is considered that the total value of the agricultural products for that year amounted to $213,000,000, not much more than one-half that of the manufactures, while mineral productions aggregated $44,000,000, and the lumber output $17,000,000, the big share that manufactures contribute towards the wealth of the State may be readily appreciated.

The Hetch-Hetchy Question

William L. Jepson of Berkeley has written to the New York Post in explanation of the organized opposition to the Hetch-Hetchy water project which has been conducted by John Muir and thousands of lovers of the scenic wonders of the Yosemite Valley. Mr. Jepson says that if San Francisco could obtain no other source of supply than that of Hetch-Hetchy then John Muir and his friends would be most unreasonable to oppose the grant, but such is not the case. There are other sources accessible, but for any of these, Mr. Jepson explains, San Francisco will have to pay. As San Francisco "is a city of vast and growing wealth, it can well afford to purchase outright what it needs." Mr. Jepson thinks it is more important to preserve a park, "unparalleled in its attractiveness" than to save a rich city the cost of a water supply. Considered even as a commercial proposition, he argues, as a tourist pleasure ground it will yield a financial return to California "vastly greater than the money value of the proposed reservoir could possibly be to San Francisco." Mr. Jepson evidently has been very much pained by the treatment which he and his friends have received at the hands of the advocates of the Hetch-Hetchy project. He says that there are some high-minded men among them but there are others who will in no case "play fair" and that these "through the press are beclouding issues." He characterizes the attempt to connect Muir and himself and others with the private interests of the Spring Valley Water Company as "mere trickery." This is a very mild characterization, but the mildness of it may be accounted for by the circumstance that Mr. Jepson is of Berkeley, a community dominated morally and intellectually by men who are the intimate associates of the very persons to whom Mr. Jepson refers as incapable of "playing fair." Mr. Phelan and the editors of the Call and the Bulletin are the leading exponents of the principle of questioning the motive of your opponent in controversy. This is a principle which animates the arguments of university professors officially identified with Berkeley.

A Femine Controversy

Woman's "inferiority to man" is again a subject of controversy among women, incited by the affirmative premiss presented by Lady Paget, an American woman who wears an English title by marriage. American women have taken issue with Lady Paget, but English women are generally agreed with her because English women are mostly content to be ruled by their husbands to whom they "look up," and under whose rod, which old English law prescribes shall be "no thicker than a man's thumb" they are willing to pass in all subjection as ordained in the prescription of St. Paul. We do not know whether woman is "inferior to man" or not. Woman has never had a fair opportunity to show herself intellectually the equal of man. She has always been his "chattel" to use the term applied by that eminent authority, Upton Sinclair. The mass of women has always been "in subjection" to man until very recently in this country and among a limited suffragette constituency of England. To demonstrate the intellectual equality of woman with man would require at least a millennium of equal opportunity. Thus far, however, and under prevailing conditions, woman is unquestionably "the inferior of man" in everything requiring mental effort. We observe that the women who oppose Lady Paget's pronouncement are unanimous in their opinion that woman has already proved herself the equal of man "in business." Granting that this is so it does not even in the slightest degree prove that woman is the equal of man intellectually. Any one with ordinary sense can succeed in "business." Women should succeed in business because they are natural hagglers for "bargains." Intellect is not essential to success in all kinds of business. Cunning and unscrupulosity are qualities that have produced the riches of most of our successful captains of industry, and these are characteristics of the beasts of the field. Men of great intellectual worth are seldom successful in business because of their fine sense of rectitude. Even the exceptional men of genius in whom this sense was dormant were not successful in the conduct of their pecuniary affairs. A notable example is that of Lord Bacon. There were no great business men among the giant intellects of the world. The greatest intellects have been notoriously very poor business men. When women shall begin to equal the achievements of men in art, literature, science and politics, we shall know whether their capacity is up to the masculine standard and most certainly not before.

Wanted—A Partner for Lincoln

What will the Lincoln-Roosevelt League substitute for the tail-end of their hyphenated designation after March 4, 1909? The Roosevelt section of their name will be virtually useless after that auspicious date. A Roosevelt shorn of his officialism is as a lamb similarly naked to

the cruel blasts of the untempered wind. There need be none so poor to do him reverence. Even Chester H. Rowell may forswear his allegiance. There has been no intimation that the League intends to retire from the political arena with their living leader, and it would be absurd to hyphenate Lincoln while waiting for a worthy successor to the dear departed. Yet they cannot drop the hyphen, for a mere Lincoln League would not convey the whole meaning of the organization. Lincoln was good enough to use as an auxiliary to Roosevelt, but as a matter of fact Roosevelt was pretty nigh all that comprised the purpose of the League. The Lincoln adjunct was merely a sort of halo, while the body, soul and essence of the outfit was Roosevelt. There is hope that the League may be able to couple up Taft with Lincoln, but at present Taft is an unknown quantity and the organization cannot afford to take any chances with a substitute who, in three months after inauguration may betray the sacred cause by upsetting all the policies of his predecessor and formulating some of his own. Now, the Lincoln-Roosevelt League has become so inured to the Roosevelt idea that it will be extremely difficult for them to hitch up with another leader or wheel-horse, however much they may desire to curry favor with the new occupant of the White House. If Mr. Taft would come out with an unmistakable pronouncement in support of the Roosevelt policies it would be plain sailing for the League; but it is feared that the new President has a mind of his own and is as set in that mind as was his distinguished and now extinguished forerunner and sometime sponsor. It may develop that those who are malefactors of great wealth or undesirable citizens under the Roosevelt dynasty may be honest captains of industry and men of integrity under the Taft regime. That would put the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in a pretty bad hole if they should adopt Taft as their acting standard-bearer and the living embodiment of the principles which they think they are promulgating. It would never do to put another dead statesman in their name to carry that hyphen. It would not do to call themselves the Lincoln-Jefferson League or the Lincoln-Conkling Mugwump League, or the Lincoln-McKinley League. None of these fit the requirements of the organization or express the inside dope of their purposes. No doubt the League will cling to Roosevelt as long as there is a chance that he may be once more a candidate for the presidency; but although that possibility is not absolutely absurd, still there is so much to be accomplished by the organization in the meantime that the League would flounder like a rudderless ship in the trough of a tempestuous sea if they had no name to fit on to that hyphen. Like a kite without a tail the League would pitch and toss in every gust of the political typhoons that sweep over the country. It is imperative that the members shall decide as soon as possible who shall take the place of their beloved Roosevelt as the other half of their name. That hyphen must not be allowed to stick out from the name of Lincoln like the rigid arm of a semaphore or the connecting rod of a signpost from which half of the sign has been blown away by the rude and boisterous wind.

The Lessons of Experience

The Bulletin having turned democratic in pursuance of its mob-coddling policy, recently attempted to refute a writer in Scribners, who argues in favor of government by men qualified to govern. "Experience," says the Bulletin, "has taught the people in both England and America that government by the ablest and most fit is usually government for the special benefit of the ablest and most fit." This is a bit of characteristic dogmatic assertion awkwardly designed to annihilate the magazine writer, but it is not any more effective in argument than any other piece of transparent balderdash or pellucid buncombe. Experience has not taught the people in England and America that government by the ablest and most fit is usually government for the special benefit of the ablest and most fit. We need not inquire about government in England, which apparently is giving pretty good satisfaction, though of course, having the shortcomings of a human institution, it has failed to make all the people, the fit as well as the unfit, entirely satisfied with their lot. As for government in this country experience has taught us nothing on the point under discussion for the reason that since the days of the Founders we have never had a government by the ablest and most fit. In the management of our affairs the friends of the dear pee-pul have always played a leading part, those vociferous statesmen who are chosen not because they are supposed to be wiser than their constituents, but because they are supposed to be capable of understanding the wishes of their constituents and willing to give those wishes force and effect. In other words, the weakness of our government is in proportion to the prevalence of the democratic principle, which is to exert even greater influence through the medium of the direct primary and the other popular short-cuts to divine perfection. And, yet, notwithstanding the fact that we have not been governed by our ablest men, we have prospered as a nation, and as a people we have enjoyed to the full the blessings of civilization. If we are not happy now it is because the demogogues have persuaded us that there is much for us to grumble at. As to the exact nature of our troubles we are not agreed. The demagogues tell us that we are in great distress because under our system of government men may become enormously wealthy. There is a small voice that tells some of us that our only unhappiness is caused by the pestiferous demagogues. The only thing of which we can be certain is that we have got along pretty well to date and that we are greatly indebted to the statesmen who supplied us with a constitution designed to circumvent demagogues and to compel the people to do a lot of thinking before resolving to abandon the automatic machinery of government in favor of human nature with all its perversities and its congenital susceptibility to passion and prejudice.

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The Poor, Misguided Founders.

There was a time when it was believed that the Founders had realized the dreams of ages; that in a new era and on a new continent they had established the reign of heavenly justice which ancient philosophers had faintly foreshadowed, which patriots had long struggled and sighed for in vain, and which in beatific vision had soothed the last moments of political martyrs. But we in this advanced age are not much impressed with the achievement of our first statesmen. Some of us think there was too much Hamilton; others, that there was too much Jefferson, in the councils of the infant nation. Whatever be the fact it is certain that not even Jefferson, if he were alive today, would endorse the current vagaries of the wild-eyed Populists who call themselves Democrats. Even the Bulletin, which is more democratic than sincere is candid enough to admit that we are drifting toward a democracy which none of the Founders would have endorsed. "The men who wrote the Constitution," says the Bulletin, "would not have supported such intensely democratic measures as the referendum and the recall. They would not have approved the idea of the electorate instructing legislators how to vote. They would have called any public officer a demagogue that deferred to the popular will against his own judgment. They believed not in government by the people, but in government for the people by officers selected for ability and fitness." This is a quite accurate exposition of the philosophy and sentiments of the Founders. The fallacy by which the unsophisticated Founders were misled, according to the Bulletin, was grounded in the ridiculous theory that good government is the sole object of government. Accepting that theory, the Bulletin admits, the democratic form is not the best, because it is conducive to the exaltation of mediocrity and leads to vacillation in policies and waste of effort. But since good government is not the sole object of government "democracy with all its faults is the safest and best form of government for the most people." These are the utterances of a great moralist and reformer, whose obliquity of mental perception ought to be of some interest to pathologists. With more than our usual earnestness we commend this grave and symptomatic Bulletin editorial to the consideration of the erudite gentlemen of the League of Justice who believe that justice, the greatest of virtues, is the sole object of government. The Bulletin being one of the official organs of the League of Justice should be looked after. The League of Justice professes to have as the sole object of its existence the punishment of men who have sinned against the government. Its members feel that good government is the sole object of government; else they would not be justified in their attitude of hostility toward grafters. The members of the League of Justice cannot afford to countenance the heterodoxy of the Tartuffe of journalism, for though some of them may be in favor of a broader democracy they will not assert that their belief in democracy is based on a preference for bad government. This we infer, is the basis of the Bulletin's faith in democracy, for it asserts that it is because government does not aim at a beneficent end..and for no other reason, that democracy is desirable. What the Bulletin conceives the end of government to be is information which it does not vouchsafe. We are only permitted to know that in the Bulletin's philosophy the end of government is not the public good. Those who conjecture that the purpose of government is to secure equitable social relations, to enact and enforce the simple principles of equity which are the basis of the right conduct of citizens to one another, will have to guess again. The Bulletin's argument, it must be confessed, is somewhat vague. For while it is denied that government is established for a worthy purpose and admits that the democratic method of counting noses "is not the most rational method of determining state politics," it professes to be in favor of democracy "because it is the safest and best form of government for the most people." Why should we desire to give the most people the safest and best form of government if the safest and best form is not the object of government? We suspect that the Bulletin is really in favor of anarchy, but lacks the courage to advise the people that anarchy is the object of government. As a matter of fact there is no form of government that so quickly leads to anarchy as democracy and for the reason that democracy as correctly stated by the Bulletin "raises up mediocrity and leads to vacillation in policies and waste of effort." In other words democracy, as the Bulletin knows, leads to injustice, which is the antithesis of the object of government. Democracy, as the Bulletin also knows, is not the best form of government for the most people because it must inevitably plunge all the people into a political convulsion. Of all the things taught by experience there is nothing clearer than this, —that democracy is a delusion and a snare. The democratic form of government purports to be a government by the people, whereas it is never anything but a government by demagogues and charlatans.

The Spirit of Democracy

In the history of nations as in the life of Christ there is a time when the Devil from a mountain top offers them the impossible if they will but worship him. We have arrived at that time in our national career. The spirit or evil in the form of democracy is pointing out to us the realms of eternal happiness and prosperity and promising that all shall be ours if we will but pay homage to him and ignore that other spirit which urges us to prefer justice to force, the constitution of our country to the mad caprice of the multitude. The spirit of evil is meeting with much encouragement. By his extravagant promises he is seducing the unsophisticated, and they are carrying out his designs with enthusiasm. Many States are plunging headlong into democracy and slowly but surely the character of our national government is undergoing transformation. The democratic propaganda is gaining new strongholds every day, and nowhere is there anything but feeble opposition. Most of the opposition is from designing politicians whose self-interest is obvious and whose expostulations are not heeded. Apparently the intellectual men of the country are taking no interest in the trend of affairs. At any rate the growth of democracy as indicated by the adoption of the direct primary, and the agitation in favor of the recall and the referendum and direct legislation, is causing no alarm among the enlightened men who are sensible of the inevitable fatal consequences of the universal acceptance of populistic principles of government. Perhaps they feel assured that sporadic experiment will prove a sure cure for the vagaries of the hour, and are convinced that the deluded will hasten back to constitutional principles as soon as they have been educated by experience.

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American and European Plan.

The Voice of the Ancient Bard

William Blake

Youth of delight! come hither
And see the opening morn,
Image of Truth new-born.
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,
Dark disputes and artful teazing.
Folly is an endless maze;
Tangled roots perplex her ways;
How many have fallen there!
They stumble all night over bones of the dead;
And feel—they know not what but care;
And wish to lead others, when they should be led.

Perspective Impressions

The White House will present a moving picture next week.

Life is interesting to us in proportion to our interest in ourselves.

The probabilities are that sanity will soon be residing again in Washington, D. C.

The chieftans of the California Democracy are still talking of starting a daily paper. The talkfest with reference to a daily is much cheaper than the daily.

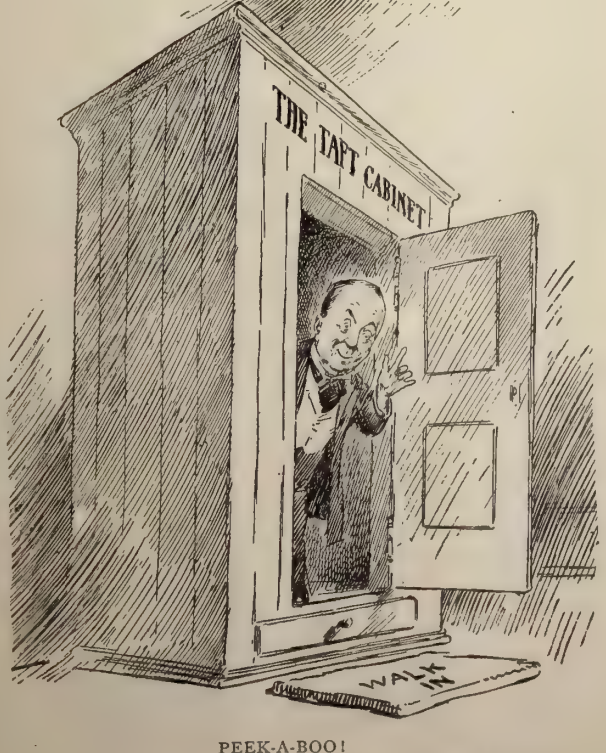
"The people demand the power to manage their own affairs," says the Examiner, which thus reminds us of the shrinking modesty of the violet. What the people really demand is that their affairs be managed by the giant intellects of journalism and to that end that the obnoxious checks and balances of government be abandoned. Listen to Mr. Hearst making a noise like the pee-pul.

"All practical men of affairs are fond of strong perfumes," says Mme. Marie Rique, high priestess of the Odorological Cult. There are some in San Francisco of whom strong perfume is a by-product.

The drug stores of Kansas are no longer to be permitted to sell whisky even on a doctor's prescription. All lovers of good whisky will approve this discrimination against the drug store brand.

"The members of the Senator have heard the call of the people for a direct primary," says Mr. Frederick Myrtle in the Examiner. There's nothing like a good ear for the voice of the people.

A contemporary wishes to know why Rear-Admiral Evans should be made a vice-admiral and thus ranked with Porter, Rowan and Farragut. We do not know but we suppose it is because he has proved a great strategist on the high political seas.



PEEK-A-BOO!

—New York World.



NO OBJECTION TO THIS, ANYWAY

—Philadelphia North American.

In the Comparative Degree

Intended to Show by Familiar Example that the Relative Unimportance of Things May be Grossly Exaggerated by the Egotism of the Thing and that Great Men are Only Great in Their Own Appreciation.

By Democritus

I suppose a great many persons are surprised in contemplation of the strutting arrogance of some of our "most prominent citizens." However, if we analyze the underlying motive of this arrogance; if we prick the bubble of this self importance, we find nothing to excite surprise. On the contrary we are provoked to loud and continuous laughter at the absurdity of the assumption. It is mere egotism that puffs these persons—a foolish vanity that like the gas in a balloon inflates these little men. The fable of the toad that tried to blow itself up to the size of the ox will recur to every really wise man that may chance to read this essay.

All things are big or little in the comparative degree. Greatness and smallness are relative. Jim Jeffries, for example, is a great man in his class if compared with Willie Britt, as Willie Britt is a great man compared with a dime museum midget. But James Jeffries is a puny, helpless thing in the whirl of a cyclone or in the throes of an earthquake—Willie Britt and the midget would drown about the same time in a tidal wave forty feet high.

Caesar bestrode the earth like a colossus, but Casca's dagger made him lifeless clay fit only to stop a hole to keep the wind away. Alexander was "great" enough to conquer the world from the Danube to the Indus but he wasn't great enough to conquer King Booze. Napoleon overshadowed the earth for a time to be utterly overwhelmed at last by a little man whose only other bid for immortality is in the name that he gave to a certain style of "boots" that are now never worn.

These men were great because their egotism impelled them to attempt great things—and at last their bursting vanity destroyed them as superheated vapor rends the frail fabric of metal that seeks to confine it.

James D. Phelan is, in his own estimation and in the estimation of those who associate with him, a great man. He is not a big man in physical stature; as a matter of fact, he is somewhat undersized; but mentally and morally he is regarded by the editorial staff of the Bulletin, the members of the League of Justice, the attorneys of the graft prosecution, and President Roosevelt, as one of the greatest men in California. The reason that he is not in this estimation the greatest man in the world is because his sphere of activity is limited to San Francisco. Yet James D. Phelan is a very small person if we compare him with Professor Howison's conception of the deity or even with Judge Lawlor's conception of his own personality.

Then there is Rudolph Spreckels—the biggest man in San Francisco if we look at him through the magnifying spectacles of Professor Boke. But match this Spreckels even with the self estimate of this Boke as regards mental equipment, and you will have to search for the Spreckels with a microscope.

And Professor Boke himself—in the estimaton of Professor Boke and his fellow members of the League of Justice this Rhadamanthus of the graft prosecution is a bigger thing than old Lycurgus; he knows more law and can interpret it more wisely than all the appellate or supreme courts in Christendom. That's Boke in the perspective of the graft prosecution; but you ought to hear the other professors over in Berkeley talk about Boke in their sleep. To his face these Berkeley people tell him that he is the only great lawyer in California; but in their dreams which are the true mirrors of their minds, they see Boke as a flyspeck on the tower of Eiffel.

It will be hard to convince some men that Heney is so small that the inhabitants of Mars are as yet oblivious to his existence. Relatively, Heney is a prodigious quantity; compared with District Attorney Langdon he is as Tamalpais to Goat Island; but when he cavorts in his highest pride the crust of the earth maintains its rigidity although the crust of the earth compared with the bulk of all the earth is as the rind of a navel orange to the whole orange. The crust of the earth ought to tremble like a scared jury man every time Heney walks across the street; but as a matter of fact Heney can walk across the street without fear that the street will cave in and hurl him into the sewer beneath. Heney may, in his hours of self contemplation, imagine himself a lawyer as great as Webster or Clay or Edmund Burke; but Heney is the only one that thinks so. Even Professor Boke is not of that opinion, although he may intimate with subtle flattery that he regards Mr. Heney as the equal of William Hoff Cook.

Coming from the sublime to the ridiculous we have now to make comparison of William J. Burns with the other great sleuths of history and fable. If there is anything in San Francisco that struts with more self importance, professionally, than this great detective it must be Old Cap Collier disguised as A. Mutt. And if we compare Burns with other detectives in town he does loom large; but outside of San Francisco he isn't in the detective class at all. Burns, however, doesn't realize how small he is in comparison with the ordinary Pinkerton man, and of course the Pinkerton men are too polite to tell him how small they think he is. Vidocq, Jonathan Wild, Blueskin, LeCoq, Vautrin, Bucket, Inspector Byrnes, Javert, Old Sleuth, Monsieur Dupin, Captain Lees, Allan Pinkerton, Sherlock Holmes were all great detectives. How does Detective Burns stack up with these great men? Ask any member of the San Francisco police department. But you couldn't make Burns believe that he isn't greater than any I have named. That is proof conclusive of the inordinate vanity of the man. I don't believe he could really detect anything in the act. A detective that has to use an immunity contract to catch a thief isn't a detective. If I were asked to choose a more suitable vocation for a detective of that calibre I would suggest that he turn tailor and sew on buttons for ladies' suits or hemstitch the ruffles for a rich dude's pajamas.

Compared with each other all these people are great. Severally they are great in their specialties—like a bunch of vaudevillians on the Orpheum circuit. Rudolph Spreckels is a great reformer and has the money to pay the others for assisting him to reform things. Professor Boke is a great law giver and draws a salary from the State for giving law to the League of Justice. Heney is a great advocate and the way he makes poor old Justice blink in Judge Lawlor's court is a caution. District Attorney Langdon is a great District Attorney but he doesn't work at it much. William J. Burns is a great detective, although as a tailor he would probably achieve even greater celebrity than as a detective. And finally, James D. Phelan is a great landlord; he can't be beat at landlording.

It is only when these great men get outside of their environment that they dwindle to their relative proportions. Put Rudolph Spreckels up against J. Pierpont Morgan in the financial class and he would look like a two-spot. Turn Professor Boke loose in the law library at Washington, D. C., and he wouldn't know how to use the accumulated wisdom of the ages then almost within his grasp. Francis J. Heney would not have the courage to bluster before the Supreme Court of the United States,

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nor would he dare to take his guard of gun fighters before that august tribunal however scared he might be that an assassin lurked behind every post. District Attorney Langdon would not be permitted to "attorn" anywhere east of the Mississippi, but he could probably get a job schoolmastering in the tenement district of New York. If William J. Burns should apply for a place as a detective on the Scotland Yard force he would learn, in all probability, that he was about the size of a Cheapside "bobbie." And if James D. Phelan should go landlording in Connaught of Cork he would probably "get his" from behind a hedge in less than a week after the first eviction under his landlordism.

So there you are in the positive, comparative and superlative degrees. There is a fair and candid estimate of the relative importance of the chief protagonists in this ridiculous graft prosecution. If anybody, even the protagonists themselves can make a better comparison, let them try it. I am not afraid of the competition, nor will I be jealous of any successful competitor.

Bourn's Publicity Project

A Few Feeble Hints to a Financier Who Fondly Hopes to Take the Frigid and Fickle Public Into His Warm Confidence.

President Bourn of the Spring Valley Water Company informed the Supervisors the other day that he proposed organizing a publicity bureau in connection with the corporation which for some years has been the demagogue's favorite object of execration. He explained that he deemed it advisable to counteract the influence of the Cleons of politics and journalism, and that he believed it possible to do so by letting the public known that there are two sides to the case of the demagogues against the Spring Valley Water Company and incidentally presenting the side which hitherto has been kept in cold storage. From this declaration of intention I infer that Mr. Bourn has had an awakening. It has probably dawned on Mr. Bourn that in these piping times of socialistic democracy, with demagogues rampant in the land and the pee-pul eager to be hoodwinked, to manage successfully a public service corporation a man must do something more than master the financial details of the business. It will now be interesting to watch developments, to see Mr. Bourn flirting on the porches of the public ear and using the arts of persuasion to win the confidence of the multitude. I fear that Mr. Bourn, who is above all things a financier, and who has long been isolated from the currents of public thought, will prove somewhat awkward in the new role. We were given an inkling to Mr. Bourn's ability as a promoter of publicity just before the last election when he sought to woo the people by a raise in water rates which apparently was made for the purpose of defraying the cost of a lot of dry-as-dust advertisements in the daily papers designed to compel the love and affection of the rate-payers.

However, it is never too late to learn and as Mr. Bourn is reported to be a man of a good deal of native talent, he may succeed in perfecting himself in the art of commanding the attention of the people. Unquestionably he has a great deal of data with which to interest them. The only thing for him to learn is how to get their attention. I should advise him to be on the qui vive for the psychological moment when the people are in a receptive mood, and above all things not to wait until the Spring Valley Water Company is again interested in a bond issue or in an election of city officers. The people are always skeptical of appeals that are made at the eleventh hour, or that apparently are entirely inspired with self-interest. The Spring Valley Water Company never had a better opportunity to engage public interest than immediately after the earthquake when it was being charged with responsibility for the conflagration that destroyed the city. Now as a matter of fact our illustrious demagogues were entirely responsible for that destructive fire. This is an assertion which can so easily be proved to the satisfaction of everybody, (excepting, perhaps, Mr. James D. Phelan, the Prince of Demagogues and his journalistic Hessians), that it is positively amazing that no Spring Valley magnate ever thought it worth while to make it the topic of controversy. This oversight is especially amazing inasmuch as the simple explanation of the matter is conducive to apprehension of the whole issue between the corporation and the municipality. And nothing would have been easier than to command public attention on the subject at a time when the people were raging over their losses and curious to know what precautions might have been taken against the disaster that had overwhelmed them. The fact is that Herman Schussler, the engineer who built the Spring Valley Water System, had long been fearful of just such a catastrophe. He knew of the unreliability of the pipe lines in the marshes where they were wrecked and of the danger of earthquake, and had repeatedly urged that provision be made for the very emergency which the system failed to meet. There is of record a report made by him to the Board of Supervisors January 28, 1904, in which he begged those officials "not to reduce and cripple the necessary revenues of the company," as certain extensions were "absolutely essential," and declared that they would be "solely responsible if the final result of their short-sighted policy should be to decrease the efficiency of the water works for fire as well as domestic purposes." In February, 1901, he reported to the Supervisors that if they prevented the company from developing its works along certain lines their short-sighted policy would be "almost suicidal." He argued that until such time as the city had acquired its own water works, the policy of the city authorities should be to co-operate with the company so that by fair and impartial treatment it would be able properly to develop the works. But all in vain. Mr. Phelan had political capital to make. So, to hell with the water company.

As early as 1901, the records show, (and they are accessible to everybody), Mr. Schussler was planning a "54-inch safety pipe line" into this city; also, to supplement this line with a large receiving reservoir with a capacity of four hundred million gallons at an elevation of three hundred feet on a plateau west of the branch county jail. From this reservoir a conduit consisting of a series of large concrete-lined tunnels was to be constructed to the head of Market street, where, from a gate-house at an elevation of two hundred and sixty-five feet a system of large distributing mains would radiate in all directions. The company was prevented from carrying out this project by the Supervisors, presumably at the instigation of Mr. Phelan.

Schussler also projected a 16,000,000 gallon reservoir on a Market street block near Buchanan at one hundred and fifty feet elevation. This reservoir would be supplied from the University Mound Reservoir and also from the projected reservoir near the Branch County Jail. It would have a large independent pipe line down Market street, studded with hydrants, and was intended to give this thoroughfare an independent system of fire protection. But the Supervisors destroyed the reservoir site by cutting streets through the hill. Schussler begged them to preserve the hill. He told them that it was the

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most important reservoir site on the peninsula, but his arguments and warning were in vain. The virtuous Supervisors would not lose so fine an opportunity to swat the despised corporation, especially as at the same time they were able to win the favor of some real estate speculators. And thus the company has been balked through the years. Always to the accompaniment of applause from the gallery.

Doubtless the foregoing facts which I have presented, and which I happened upon in the obscurity of a prodigious volume of printed matter which few sane men could be induced to plod through, might have served the interests of the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Company if they had been given publicity at any one of several psychological moments that have passed. They are worth while now only because they are suggestive of available material to Mr. Bourn who has been threatening to come down out of the Pacific Union Club and cultivate the acquaintance of the dear people. I believe the people like fair play and I believe they would enjoy the spectacle of our public service magnates fighting back in the open. At them Mr. Bourn and more power to you! I can hear them retorting that the city has been sufficiently generous to Spring Valley and that the stockholders should have given Schussler the money to build the emergency reservoir and safety pipe lines which would have enabled our fire department to save the city. Let us then be told how the stockholders have fared in a pecuniary sense in comparison with landlords of the Phelan type and sugar merchants of the Spreckels type. Let us find out when Mr. Phelan sold his stock in public service corporations and why. This is another story that in itself might throw light on motives and conduct. Incidentally, while the controversy is raging, Mr. Bourn will be able to address the people with a certainty of a hearing on the general subject of the injustice that the corporation has suffered at the hands of the politicians and thrifty newspapers. In its time Spring Valley has been a great sinner. It has sinned against the people, but the people are not without sin in their relations with the company. Perhaps Mr. Bourn will be able to persuade the people of their injustice.

Off Guard

(From the French of Camille Mauclair)

It has been a short struggle. Julian Naviere had been caught off his guard and Victor Deleutre hurled him from the bridge into the dark, swiftly flowing waters of the Seine.

There was deathlike stillness all around. The scene was illuminated faintly by the moon, but apparently there had been no witness to the deed. The violent throbbing of Deleutre's heart soon ceased while he leaned for support against the stone parapet, and gathering himself together he walked boldly from the bridge.

Deleutre was a business man of a cool calculating disposition. He had attended a commercial banquet, that had lasted well into the night. As he was leaving, Julian Naviere, his competitor in business, offered his company and not being able to get a cab proposed a walk in the cold crisp October air. Deleutre accepted, although he could not bear the man. More than once of late he had been severely hit financially by Naviere's foresight and cunning and even now, under the influence of the banquet the man made bold to speak quite freely of still greater plans, which revealed to Deleutre's view an endless store of future troubles. But he showed nothing of impatience in his manner. Indeed, he listened attentively, though with a growing inward irritation. Then of a sudden, as they neared the bridge, an irresistible impulse arose within him, to rid himself of his dangerous rival. A terrible determination and a peculiar indifference to consequences had taken possession of him. The possibility of committing a crime blazed upon his feverish imagination simultaneously with a lightning consideration of the means by which to execute it. He, Deleutre, otherwise deliberate and self-possessed, felt himself unexpectedly under the spell of a strange and horrible impulse, which seemed to cause his hands, as it were, to move in reflex action, as they clutched his companion's throat and shoulder and hurled him to his watery grave.

He made his way home unmolested, went to bed, and fell into a deep slumber untroubled by neither dreams nor morbid fancies. When he at length awoke it was broad day. He arose, dressed himself with care and attented to his regular duties with customary punctiliousness. Absolute calm seemed to reside within him; nor did his thoughts cling to the recollection of the preceding night's drama; only from time to time would they revert to it. Not until he had arrived at his office and there disposed of his mail did he reflect upon his deed. With the methodical precision of the trained professional he passed in review in logical sequence the separate circumstances that had led up to the murder. He was sensible of a certain callous apathy towards the moral phase of his act. He felt neither contented nor distressed at the death of Naviere; yet he was alive to the fact of having committed a crime. But what seemed to appeal to him more forcibly was the circumstances that his friend's death would result in pecuniary profit to himself; and he began to ponder the manner and means by which he might with prudence repair his recent losses with his most dangerous competitor removed. Fear of discovery seemed absent. Indeed, he was quite astonished at his calmness and at a strange feeling of superiority and self-reliance, which appeared to raise him above all considerations of moral guilt or thoughts of personal peril.

He ate a hearty lunch and smoked his cigar with an apparent relish. After returning to the seclusion of his office he again fell to musing, when he was abruptly arrested by an extraordinary impulse. On his desk before him lay his opened letter copy book. With an air of complete abstraction he drew from his pocket a pencil and in a bold hand on the blank page of the copy book he wrote:

"In reply to your favor of the ..... inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of ..... inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

He paused. He felt a chill creep down his back, a momentary faintness overcame him, and with a swift and furtive glance around his office to assure himself that he was unobserved, he tore the leaf from the book and flung it into the grate, where it soon was burnt to ashes. The temporary gloom which had oppressed him, lifted. For an instant only had he labored under its gruesome pall, and then with so indistinct a perception of its significance, that he dismissed the incident with a contemptuous smile while he watched the incriminating message curl up in smoke. "Bosh," he mumbled to himself, "if I told the story it would be out—but as I won't ever be again so foolish as to set it down in black and white—" He stopped, drew himself up sharply, startled at the sound of his own voice.

The disappearance of Mr. Naviere occasioned a considerable stir throughout Paris. His body was taken two days later from the Seine near St. Cloud. There

(Continued on Page 29.)

REMOVAL NOTICE

OUR OFFICE after December 21, 1908, will be at 311 to 317 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets.

OUR WAREHOUSE will remain at the Southwest corner of Eddy and Hyde Streets, until April 18, 1909, on that date we shall remove to our old location, 147-151 Minna Street and 144-148 Natoma Street.

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The Spectator

A Fine Thing for the Press

"The direct primary is the finest thing that ever happened—for the newspapers," said a veteran Oregon statesman who came to town the other day. "I can readily understand," he added, "the enthusiam of the press for the direct primary. It greatly enhances the value of every newspaper in the State, for there is nothing that succeeds like publicity in politics, and with the machine organizations practically one of business the candidate for office must get himself before the people through the medium of the press. Under the direct primary the poor candidate for United States Senator, or even the man with less than a hundred thousand to distribute in the grand and glorious cause, doesn't stand any more chance than the proverbial clawless feline in hell. Several rich men have already been elected to the Senate under the direct primary, and in more than one instance there has been a great scandal over the debauching of the electorate. But of course there isn't likely to be any prolonged outcry. The palladium of our liberties may be depended upon to take a philosophic view of such matters."

A Cultured Persian

Mrs. Francis Carolan, of Burlingame and Chicago, has kindly permitted us to taste the quality of her Persian protege. The name of this person is Mirza Ali- Kuli Khan, and he is announced to the "cultured set" as "the noted poet and scholar of Teheran, Persia, and imperial consul at Washington." It is quite evident that we don't know everything down in Judee, for although Mrs. Carolan's poet and scholar" is "noted" we have never heard of him before. This lack of knowledge concerning this prodigious personage inevitably argues ourselves unknown, of course, and we are duly humble in the presence of one who enjoys a fame that reaches from Dam to Beersheba, from Bagdad to Damascus. The star stunt of this Persian poet and pundit is refutation of the literal interpretation by Edward Fitzgerald of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Why dear old Ned should be refuted at this time is not clear, unless it is to put a few extra sequins in the pocket of the imperial consul's burnoose. (It may be stated for the information of the less literate of the "cultured set" that ordinarily the cloak called a "burnoose" is as pocketless as a Moslem's shroud; but that when the wearer of a burnoose goes foraging for sequins in America he sews a small sack to the inner lining of the garment.) It is needless to say that since the arrival of Mrs. Carolan's Persian poet and scholar the cultured set of Burlingame and San Francisco have learned a lot about Omar Khayyam that they didn't dream of in their previous philosophy. Heretofore, deceived by that unblushing scoundrel Edward Fitzgerald, the cultured set in our cultured midst has taken it for granted that when Omar wrote "wine" he meant real wine; that when he wrote "woman" he meant the thing that all men love more or less; and that when he wrote of "jugs" and jags he had in mind the genesis of the dark brown taste that embitters the meditations of the morning after. But upon the authority of Mrs. Carolan's Persian, whose Iranic origin is confirmed by the shape of his finely moulded Sassannian nose, the grandson of the tentmaker of Nashapur didn't mean anything of the sort. When he said "wine" he meant "spirit;" when he spoke of "woman" he meant "soul;" and when he sang of jags and jugs he meant "the essence of things." The cultured set ought to be very grateful to Mrs. Carolan for "patronizing" this wise person and placing him within the reach of the poorest purse in the set by fixing the tariff at $5 "for the course" or $1.50 per "lecture."

Generous Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance, but understand me, I will pay no debts.

Nephew—All right, uncle. Neither will I.

Stanford's Brandy Endowment

I have previously called attention to the strangely inconsistent attitude of President Jordan of Stanford university in the matter of beer guzzling and rum drinking at Palo Alto. He has induced Senator Black to introduce a bill in the Legislature prohibiting the sale of liquor within a mile-and-a-half of the university, and he is not ashamed to admit that this bill is intended to prevent as far as it may the habit of drunkenness among the students at Stanford. The liquor men throughout the State are opposing the measure in a very peculiar way. They are calling attention to the fact that Stanford university is largely dependent for its support and existence upon the income derived from the sale of brandy from the Stanford Vina Rancho. It is proposed, therefore, that the liquor dealers shall refuse to purchase any more of this brandy, merely, of course, to hear what Dr. Jordan will say when the brandy fund of the university is empty and the brandy stills of Vina dry. I can tell these devotees at the shrine of the Demon Rum what Dr. Jordan will say. He will tell the liquor men that rum is a mocker and that brandy is raging, but that as the rum traffic and the brandy business are lawful revenue-producers for the federal government they cannot be unlawful sources of income for a university. Therefore it is proper that the students of Stanford university should be educated from the profits of the rum traffic and the brandy business, and that the rum sellers and brandy vendors will commit an unlawful act if they boycott the brandy of the Vina Rancho. It is possible that Dr. Jordan may even seek an injunction from the federal courts to prohibit the Rum Demons from cutting off this source of Stanford's money supply, out of which, of course, Dr. Jordan himself receives a very munificent salary. Two young men from each of the metropolitan dailies ought to interview Dr. Jordan on this matter, so that the parents of the students at Stanford may know just how this eminent moralist and professional reformer reconciles his morality with his official position and the salary thereto appertaining. I recommend that two reporters from each paper be sent upon this assignment so that any denial by Dr. Jordan of the accuracy of the interview may be offset by the testimony of a corroborative witness and his usual complaint that he has been "misrepresented" may be nullified by the statements of two reporters as against the doctor's mere word.

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Mr. Spreckels's Bad Streets

The newspapers have generally conceded the ownership of the Board of Works to Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. Some of the newspapers have even gone so far as to say, in effect, that Mr. Spreckels owns the municipal administration including our worthy, poetical, double-salaried Mayor; but perhaps this count in the indictment is not wholly true; we are at liberty to disbelieve about half of the things we read in the newspapers. So I will confine myself to that portion of the opinion that credits Mr. Spreckels with the ownership of the Board of Works. If this is true then Mr. Spreckels is responsible for the awful condition of our streets. These thoroughfares are worse than they were immediately after the fire. They are getting worse every day and there seems to be no very strenuous effort to improve their condition. In truth Mr. Spreckels cares so little about his streets that he recently discharged more than a hundred men whose labor it is to keep the streets in good repair. Mr. Spreckels is not doing the right thing by the peasantry compelled to live on his plantation. It is not a square deal. The boss of the town should not devote all his time to its moral uplift; he should take a little heed of its physical and material needs. I would suggest that he take a few days off and devote them to looking over the pavement requirements of his bailiwick. Professor Boke can attend to the moral uplift while the owner of the town hustles around finding something for his Board of Works to do. I don't believe the libelous rumor that Mr. Spreckels is reducing the present force under the Board of Works with the intention of eventually filling the vacancies with men of his own choosing to be used as the crew of a political steam roller in the next municipal campaign. I don't believe a high moral person like Mr. Spreckels would resort to such immoral means to gain his moral ends. Besides, there is no necessity for this kind of politics. In truth there is no necessity for any politics. All that Mr. Spreckels need do is to say what he wants and the peasantry will give it to him with a subservient "Certainly, your honor; with pleasure most worshipful sir." There may be a few insurgents on the plantation, but they are a negligible quantity, wholly incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. Professor Boke and his Ladies' League of Justice can take care of them. But in the meantime Mr. Spreckels should put his streets in order.

Wife—My dear, you've forgotten that this is my birthday.
Husband—Listen, dearie—I know I forgot it—but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago.

A Leper Expert

Dr. William J. Goodhue who, according to the despatches, has been chosen to represent the United States at the World's Leprosy Congress which meets in Christiania, Norway, in 1909, is the resident physican at the Leper Settlement of Molokai. Dr. Goodhue is an enthusiast who has done much creditable work at Molokai. There can be no doubt that by his application of modern, palliative and surgical methods he has reduced the suffering from the disease at the settlement to a lower ebb than ever before. Dr. Goodhue has done what was never done before at the settlement. He has carefully tried all remedial and therapeutic agencies that have come to him with any recommendation, carefully noting and recording results, and has thereby made substantial contributions to medical knowledge. As the result of long continued experiments and observation he has concluded that in eucalyptus has been found a remedy that continues to affect manifestations of leprosy, and while not yet demonstrated as a cure, he believes that if it could be applied in the incipient stages of leprosy (in which stage no case of leprosy has ever reached the settlement, so far as known) it would prove a cure. On another phase of the treatment of the disease Dr. Goodhue's views are thus expressed by himself: "Leprosy is a surgical disease. That is to say the various surgical procedures adapted to the relief and cure of pathological lesions constantly and necessarily associated with leprosy are of infinitely more service to the leper in the relief of pain and discomfort, prevention of wasting fevers, restoration of active use of the hands, and especially of the feet, and prolongation of life, than all the therapeutic measures of our present day leprosy therapeusis."

Little Boy—Oh! Mr. Policeman, won't you please come quick! some boys over there have tied a can to a dog's tail.
Policeman—Is it your dog?
Little Boy—No, its my can.

Not Hard to Answer

Addressing its diminishing readers that incorrigible pervert of journalism, the Boughten Bulletin, asks: "If Calhoun is indeed the innocent martyr that the Argonaut, Town Talk and the other papers in his service portray why does he not submit the case to the first twelve men seated in the box?" Almost anybody who has read the transcript of the daily record of proceedings in Judge Lawlor's court ought to be able to answer this question. The readers of the Bulletin may not be able to answer it because the Bulletin has not dared to give publicity to the record conclusive as it is of an indisposition to give the defendant a fair trial. I have never portrayed Calhoun as an innocent martyr. I have never pretended to be informed respecting the facts which he is prepared to present in his own defense. I have only maintained that the crime with which he is charged is a venial offense in comparison with the monstrous deeds of his infamous persecutors, and if what I hear is true Mr. Calhoun in the event of his acquittal will go before the public with proofs of crimes committed by the men who are masquerading as civic patriots that will stir the indignation of this community as the indignation of no community was ever stirred.

Scenes That Appal

Since the work of impaneling a jury began there has been formed in my mind the strong conviction that the men behind the graft prosecution have not a scintilla of evidence upon which to justify Calhoun's indictment. This conviction is entirely attributable to the character of the scenes that have been enacted in Judge Lawlor's court

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during the impanelment of the jury. Nothing approximating those scenes was ever before witnessed in an American tribunal of justice. The mockery that is there being made of justice transcends in its repugnant aspects some of the toughest episodes in the history of juridical despotism. So brutal has been the conduct of the prosecution that it has provoked George A. Knight to indignant, public protest, and I should be amazed that the bar of San Francisco had not taken cognizance of so wanton a disregard of the principles of American justice were I not mindful of the cowardly supineness of its members during the malignant assaults that have been made on our Supreme Court in furtherance of a vicious conspirary. The venal Bulletin is not unconscious of the shameful character of the proceedings in Judge Lawlor's court. The best evidence of this fact is its suppression of the news. To earn the coin for which it prostitutes what is left of its conscience that debased journal, the name of which cannot be mentioned by honest men without an expression of disgust, will go to the most ridiculous lengths in gratifying the malice of its lessor. Tainted with the scrofula of infamous practices, armed with the rare advantage of being absolutely without shame or scruple, the Bulletin exhibits prodigious fertility of invention in the service of malevolence, but it is constantly betraying its hypocrisy and insincerity. Thus we find it asking Calhoun why he doesn't accept the first twelve men in the box, though it is but a few months since the editor of the Bulletin showed no inclination to accept the first twelve men drawn for his trial on a charge of libel, and yet that trial was a hippodrome arranged by the editor and pulled off before a friendly judge imported for the occasion.

Who is the Dean of the Corps?

The luncheon given last week by the California Promotion Committee in honor of the members of the Consular corps resident in this city was the first occasion when the consuls have been brought together in San Francisco. It promises to be the forerunner of many such meetings, for the consuls expressed themselves as in favor of co-operation amongst themselves and with the commercial interests. The most cordial relations exist between the government and the representatives of foreign nations, as was indicated by the address of Frederick S. Stratton, collector of the port, who paid a tribute to them for the intelligent policy adhered to by them in the discharge of their duties. An interesting dilemma, growing out of the fact of the consular body not having been brought together before arose at this meeting—the question of who should hold the place of honor as dean of the corps. The custom house officials could throw no light upon the subject, and each of the various consuls hazarded a different opinion. It was brought out that during the festivities incident on the reception of the fleet Dr. P. Ornelas, consul general of Mexico, had acted as dean at the request of Felipe Galicia, consul general of Guatemala, who claimed the rank but declined the honor, owing to ill health. At that time there were rival claimants, amongst them the consul general of Salvador. In appeared, however, that though the Salvadorean official had occupied his post for twelve years, as against the ten years of local service by the Guatemalan, he had attained to the title of consul general, a necessary qualification for the ranking position, but a few years previous, and later than the date upon which the Guatemalan consul had received his rank. Correspondence with the Department of State at Washington has been begun, with a view of settling the point and establishing the status of the claimants. Thirty-six nations are represented by consuls at this port. Twenty-two out of a total of thirty-two consular officials, representing twenty-four governments, were present on this occasion, as was also Imperial Consul General of Persia, Mirza Ali Kuli Kahn of Washington.

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Attorney and Novelist

Frederick J. Stimson, the Boston and New York lawyer who is making his first visit to this coast, has won distinction as an attorney and a writer on economic and legal problems, but he is equally well known to quite another set of readers as a novelist of distinction—J. S. of Dale, author of "King Noanett," "Guerndale" and "In Cure of Her Soul." which brought about so much discussion when published a few years ago, the astute critics being unaware of the meaning of the word "cure" and of the sense in which the author made use of it, took issue with him on the discrepancy between the title and the outcome of the story. Writing novels is a matter of secondary consideration with Mr. Stimson, but the excellence of his work and the attention which he gives to the details place him well forward in the ranks.

Guest—Waiter, this bill of fare is ten days old!
Waiter—Don't mind that, sir. We have that stuff yet.

A Revolt Fund in Escrow.

American missionaries in Korea are appealing for money to be used for propagating the Presbyterian faith in the Land of the Morning Calm. They have already collected $200,000, but they want $45,000 more. They expect to get this money from the Presbyterian Christians of California. The Presbyterian mission in Korea has always been one of the most profitable in the Far East. The missionaries are well-fed, well-served, well-

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clothed and well-housed. They lack for nothing that money can buy, and it is said that their bank accounts are as fat as the calf that was killed for the prodigal. I don't believe that any of this money has gone directly into any of the revolutionary funds of the Koreans, notwithstanding the circumstantial accusations of the Japanese to that effect, and the probable profit that the missionaries would derive from such investment in a Korean revolt against the Japanese usurper—in the auditing of missionary claims for indemnity upon property destroyed—as in the Boxer affair at Peking. But I do believe that the money contributed by susceptible Presbyterians to the Korean missionary cause has aided indirectly in keeping alive the discontent and disorder prevailing among the Koreans. My opinion is confirmed by the Rev. R. O. Avison, one of the missionaries now here and loudly urging the opulent Presbyterians to "give liberally for the native church in the Hermit kingdom." Dr. Avison denies that this money is to be used as a fund for the revolutionary section of the Korean people; but he admits that "the trouble in Korea is largely due to the enlightenment of Christian teaching and example in that country." If that isn't aiding and abetting a revolution I would like to be informed what it is. Suppose the Japanese missionaries should come to this country to propagate Shintoism; and suppose we should become so "enlightened" by that teaching that we should organize a revolt against the government; and suppose this propaganda was financed with money from the Shintoists of Japan; would we not be justified in believing that the Shinto cult of Japan was trying to subvert our government and that Shinto money was responsible for "the trouble" in America? And suppose such a condition possible, what do you think would speedily happen to those Shinto missionaries? It's a poor golden rule indeed that won't work both ends against the middle.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

As she appears in Rudolf Bessier's New Play in a scene with Miss Dagmar Wiehe.

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A Poet's Tragic Fate

Did ever poet give utterance to the anguish of his soul in more impassioned words than these?—

Now if this ink were blood, this pen a quill
Torn from some fierce and flesh-fed vulture's wing,
This sheet a shroud, and mine such matchless skill
As his who o'er the deathless damned did fling
A glory that the ages cannot pale,—
Yea, were these mine, it might not then be vain
To prison on this page an anguished wail
Or torture-telling threnody of pain.
But my sore, songless heart doth only groan
Low grief-ground curses through my gnashing teeth.
Familiar fiend of hell! wherein have I
Sinned more than others, that thou dost bequeath
To me an agony that could atone
For half a world and its salvation buy?

Eloquent lines these that throb with pain, wrung from the heart of a tortured mortal, one who lives the life of a hermit, bedridden in a small scantily furnished room, almost entirely lost sight of by his friends, the gloom of his lonely existence deepened by the dimness of eyes that deny him the dearest of all his companionships. Years have gone by since this same stricken poet, brooding over his sufferings lamented thus his miserable plight:

My world has shrunk at last to this small room,
Where like a prisoner I must now remain;
I'd rather be a captive in the gloom
Of some damp dungeon, tearing at my chain,
For then, perchance, my freedom I might gain.
Ah God! to think that I must languish here,
Fettered by sickness and subdued by pain,
To die a living death from year to year,
Joy banished from my breast and sorrow brooding there.

Doubtless many who are familiar with these lines from Louis A. Roberston's poem entitled "Ataxia," and who remember him as the author of that beautiful poem "The Dead Calypso," have been under the delusion that he was no longer in the land of the living. For the invalid

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DOYLIES formerly sold at $5 the dozen are now $3.75. CENTER PIECES formerly 75c, 85c, $1, $1.35 and $2 are now 50c, 65c, 75c, $1 and $1.50. SCARFS formerly $1.25, $1.35, $1.75, $2, to $8 are now 75c, 85c, $1, $1.25 to $5. TRAY CLOTHS formerly $1.25 to $3.50 are now 75c to $2.25. MADIERA EMBROIDERED DOYLIES and CENTERS formerly $1 to $8.50 are now 50c to $5.

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poet has been very much neglected of late. But he has a few friends who have been pretty constant in their attendance. He is now in a hospital. The dimensions of his hermit cell have grown smaller, the few luxuries that he knew in the first years of his imprisonment are no longer accessible, his physical powers have been steadily reduced, but his spirit survives, his mental faculties are alert, and though he cannot write, his wonderful power of versification remains unimpaired. Some day the



MISS MARY GARDEN IN "THAIS."

This is the role over which there was a dispute between Miss Garden an. Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful soprano with whom William K. Vanderbilt is said to be in love.

poignantly pathetic story of the life of this master of metre will be read by lovers of his poetry and they will be indignant at the neglect which he suffered in this city. Perhaps some satirist mindful of that immortal couplet,

> Seven cities claimed the mighty Homer dead
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread—

will discuss in similar vein the experience of Louis Robertson. And perhaps some other poet will sing the praises of Herman Scheffauer, George Sterling, Will Greenbaum, Haig Patigian, Charley Field, Joaquin Miller, Mackenzie Gordon and Wharton James, bohemians all, who have heard the cry of distress. These gentlemen will give a benefit performance for the stricken poet next Thursday at California Club Hall. Tickets are one dollar and they are for sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, A. M. Robertson, and Paul Elder's. Who is there that won't buy a ticket?

The Gonzales Case

The first wife of Dr. M. Gonzales, whose will is being contested by his widow, was Miss Susie Crooks, daughter of the late Matthew Crooks. After her divorce from Dr. Gonzales, she married Philip Smith, a millionaire of Paris, where they now reside. Mr. and Mrs. Smith spent several seasons in Santa Cruz, where they entertained lavishly, but they finally returned to Paris, where, I am told, they have a palatial house and live in royal style. Mrs. California Newton and Mrs. Thomas Morffew are sisters of Mrs. Smith, most estimable and well-known ladies here and prominent in club and social circles. Mr. J. J. Crooks of San Rafael is a brother. Dr. Gonzales was a Spaniard endowed with a full share of his national peculiarity—jealousy—and it is said that his first wife was more sinned against than sinning. Matthew Crooks left a very large estate, and when divided amongst his children it made them all wealthy.

Mrs. Naggers—Have you forgotten that this is our tenth anniversary?

Mr. Naggers—No. I have not forgotten, but I have forgiven.

A Painter Losing His Sight

It is reported that Paul de Longpre, the artist, and the only painter who has devoted himself entirely to the presentation of flowers, is in danger of losing his sight. Though a native of France he is an American citizen, having emigrated about twenty years ago. For about one-half the period of his residence in this country he has made his home in a suburb of Los Angeles, and his garden is one of the show places of the southern city. He has made a specialty of roses, and his rosarie contains more than eight hundred bushes. Poppies are also favorites, and in the land of sunshine and flowers there has never been a lack of material to occupy the attention of the "King of flowers."



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Santa Fe

Deserting the Cause

The Chronicle started this "imbroglio" with the Japs. It was the Chronicle that sounded the first "note of warning." And if my memory serves, I think the Chronicle waged its war on the Japs with all the vigor that invective and statistics can furnish to the strong right arm of an editorial warrior. There was nothing that the people could do which would have displeased the Chronicle if it resulted in the utter exportation of the Japanese from our State. I remember that while reading the Chronicle in that time of single-handed strife against this "yellow peril," I was impressed with the idea that the newspaper was going too far in its denunciation of the "peril"; that it was using language calculated to stir a mutiny in the hearts of the "toiling masses" and bloody riot in our streets. Latterly, however, since we have been hearing the stentorian voice of Big Teddy and while we have been getting ready to dodge the felling stroke of his big stick, I have noticed that the Chronicle has climbed up out of the dusty arena to perch immune on the topmost height of the gallery rail, bestriding the fence with legs impartial and heels close-clutched to the board-sides. In the old days the Chronicle defied the Mikado to do his damnedest worst; recently the Chronicle has been advising us not to provoke a war with this "proud and sensitive" people. The Roosevelt-Gillett policy has been approved in all its essential aspects; and such legislation as might have proved effective in discouraging the immigration of the Japanese to California has been disapproved as "hasty" and "untimely." Yet it was to the legislature that the Chronicle looked for immediate relief from the "increasing influx of the yellow horde." What has come over the spirit of the Chronicle's dream of invasion and ultimate disaster to the proud and sensitive Caucasian? Why has the editorial warrior called a halt upon his anti-Japanese army? Here was an opportunity to drive the invaders into the seat or into the United States Supreme Court, yet the Chronicle forsakes the cause of its own making at its most critical juncture, when the strong right arm of the chief was most needed, when the slogan "the Japs must go" should have been shouted loudest. Why were we left naked to the enemy by those who had marched us to the forefront of battle—like Captain Uriah at the command of David who coveted the captain's wife because she was buxom, winsome and fair to look upon? I pause for a reply. I will not condemn my militant and esteemed contemporary unheard. I will not say in so many words that the Chronicle warrior was afraid of the Mikado or that he was intimidated by Big Teddy. I will not even think it.

Sally Gay—Oh, Uncle, that pair of silk stockings you gave me are positively out of sight.

Uncle Rocks—Keep 'em there!

Queen Lil's New Argument

"Hawaii is very much interested in Queen Liliuokalani's efforts to get a quarter of a million dollars from Congress," writes my Hawaiian correspondent. "It is not a specially enthusiastic interest, though it is cordial enough. Everybody hopes she will get the money, for even if she doesn't really need it she will spend it, and good spenders are cherished. At the same time there is some curiosity here as to the means by which she will get it, if she does. Everybody wants to know what arguments are being put up in her behalf, what she has to say in support of her claim, and especially what reading or rendering she gives to the history of her overthrow. The legal argument that she had a life interest in the Crown lands is a new one. It has never been put forward before, so that it has the merit and the attractiveness of novelty. There has been much said about the landing of the American marines from the Boston. The assertion that they overthrew the monarchy in Hawaii was an after-thought. It was put forward by that astute lawyer, Paul Neumann, and served several purposes. It served as a very plausible explanation as to

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why the Queen and her partisans did not make a more vigorous resistance to the revolutionists, though it was not the reason. It gave a dignity to acquiescence in rebellion which otherwise might look like sheer weakness. It also served the purpose of a basis for a demand for restoration by the United States; and now it serves as an argument for compensation for the Crown lands. But the claim has no basis in fact. The archives of the State Department and of Congress itself, for that matter, will show that. The Senate Committe which came here after Blount and made a thorough investigation cleared that matter up. Senator Morgan was at the head of that committee. There is no single instance where the men who were landed from the Boston to protect American property, threatened anybody, arrested anybody, or interfered with anybody. The Royalist daily, the Bulletin, which was not suppressed by the Provisional Government, thus expressed itself: 'Our friends are needlessly alarmed; the American forces are not interfering in any way.' This was before the claim that the Queen was overthrown by American bayonets had been put forward, or the value of the claim had been recognized. This statement has been regretted a thousand times since and its author has been reproached times without number. But it was undoubtedly true. We are far enough away from the overthrow now so that some of the humors of its incidents and situation are being recognized—and enjoyed. When the Pacific Fleet was here last fall, Alexander Young gave a banquet to the Admirals and some of the senior officers, among whom were a number who were here on the Boston at the time of the Overthrow. Most of the other guests had taken some part in the Overthrow. The table talk and the after dinner speeches turned largely on that subject, and more material for the history of the Overthrow and the events that immediately followed, was supplied than had ever been told before. The circumstances of the gathering, the occasion, the years that had elapsed since the Overthrow, and the manifest unalterableness of the results, made possible the freest expression of recollection and reminiscence; and the sense of humor so long restrained by the political necessities of the earlier situation was given a chance, for almost the first time in all the years, to express itself. In the light of these revelations—for much that was said at that banquet was almost in the nature of a revelation—the history of the Overthrow of the Hawaiian Monarchy should be re-written. The idea that the Monarchy was overthrown by the landing of marines and sailors from the Boston was, if possible more thoroughly dispelled than ever. But it is because the sense of humor is at last free to appreciate the incidents of the Overthrow that there is neither resentment nor contradiction when the legend of the triumph of American bayonets, and other royalist versions of the events of January 17, 1893, are put before Congress to influence it to vote a quarter of a million to the only real American ex-Queen."

There was a young druggist named Abel,
Who forgot to stick on the label;
It was poison within,
But was taken for gin,
He died at the end of a cable.

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MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

Of a Poet Who Lived Three Hundred Years Ago and Whose Thoughts Were not Inspired by a Vision of Happenings in San Francisco in the Twentieth Century. The Poet Was Samuel Butler.

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
By sev'ral courses to one end;
To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fair'st pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men that make less show:
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise;
Illiterate dunces, undiscerned,
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards that can fawn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant:
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

All acts of grace, and pardon and oblivion
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

The man, that for his profit's brought t' obey,
Is only hired, on liking to betray;
And, when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

The interesting announcement for the coming week is the reopening by Shreve & Company of their magnificent salesrooms in the "Shreve Building", Post Street and Grant Avenue, on Monday. The display on the second floor will include a notable exhibition of bronzes, the productions of American artists, which, with the many unusual features introduced in the stock and decorations of the rooms, will offer our people a spectacle surpassing anything ever presented by even Shreve & Company.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Coming from a clear sky a cloud broke over Wall Street on Friday last causing unrest and general alarm throughout the sphere of finance. For some time there have been rumors of price cutting in the Steel trade by the independent manufacturers. No particular attention was paid to the reduction by the Steel Trust until its business was threatened. The independent producers were notified to maintain prices or the Trust would inaugurate a severe cut in prices which the independent concerns could not meet. This threat had no effect until the Trust made public a wholesale reduction, and immediately throughout this country and Europe a general selling movement of steel securities was started. Selling orders came from all quarters. Foreigners unloaded their holdings as fast as the market would take them causing a decline of $12 per share in the common and $8 per share in the preferred stock of the Trust. The common stock shows a net decline of $18 per share from its recent high point. It was but a very short time ago that the Trust sold to its employees the common stock at $50 per share, guaranteeing to accept it again at that price. This was accepted by the public as meaning that the Steel Corporation would support the common stock at $50. No doubt their intentions were well meant, but the Steel magnates overlooked the fact that Congress would not allow the Tennessee Coal and Iron Merger to go unchallenged. If the Steel Trust should have to give back to the former owners its Tennessee Coal and Iron property it will prove a very disastrous affair. It was accepted with some assurance that the Steel Company has taken an opportune time to cause alarm in order to forestall any radical tariff reduction. No matter what the real cause may be the result shown in the stock market is anything but pleasant to holders of securities. Some time ago when Steel Common was selling around 55 E. F. Hutton advised holders of the stock to sell out, that inside conditions were too uncertain for the safety of holders. After this advice was given the market price held for some time between 52 and 55. A few ridiculed the idea that there was any possibility of the Steel shares carrying out Hutton's predictions. The action of the market speaks for itself. Not alone have the Trust Securities declined but every Steel product company's shares have followed in the downward trend. The general effect will mean disaster to many of the independent concerns, who will no doubt find it profitable to sell their properties to the Trust. The present reduction in Steel products, using last year's production as a basis, would mean a saving to consumers of $35,000,000 per year to make this up. The Trust will have to reduce its cost of production. Just how this can be accomplished is hard to be seen, except a general reduction in wages take place.

The Railway and Equipment securities were affected by the weakness in Steel shares. Why this should be no one seems to know. General conditions are slowly improving. Money continues easy. Spring traffic appears very promising. Farm products are higher than they were a month ago. It is reasonable to expect a larger merchandise traffic this spring than usual. Notwithstanding these facts there has appeared an undercurrent of unrest recently. It may not continue long. It is to be hoped it will not. Many anticipate improved conditions as soon as Mr. Taft takes his seat. It is quite evident President Roosevelt will not go out of office with any great amount of glory if the powers that be can prevent it. Meanwhile no one can tell what may come into the stock market to cause a further decline. It seems the break is about over and a generally rally to prices recently seen is not far in the future. Values are simply taking a fresh start on the upward grade. Those who can take advantage of the present slump will be well paid for their patience.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Rough House in Society

Whether or not an intention of renouncing liquor as a lenten penance and the consequent inclination to make the most of present opportunities are responsible for the superabundance of "good spirits" in evidence at the late



MISS LORETTO O'BRIEN

Whose engagement to Hartley Peart was announced this week.

social affairs, the fact remains that the tendency to liberal potations has been the rule, rather than the exception. Not only have the private balls broken all records in this respect, but at the last Gaiety, the exclusive Gaiety, scenes were enacted which for hilarity, would have beggared a harvest dinner. Most of the men were feeling elevated before the evening fairly began, and the "rough house" which ensued in consequence was hardly to be looked for from Pacific Avenue aristocracy. One popular young couple, in their enjoyment of a dance, failed to notice that the floor was practically deserted. They were keeping time to the swinging measure of the barn dance, when they were greeted by a burst of hilarious applause from a group of idle lookers-on. As the absorbed dancers came within reach of this group of spectators, one of the men, in pursuance of a wager, put out his foot and tripped them, and there was a wild tangle of feet and skirts, and both dancers landed with a crash on the floor. Instead of feeling any



MISS LORITA ROUSE

One of the youngest social set of Los Angeles, visiting friends in Berkeley.

compunction for the disaster and coming to the rescue, these chivalrous modern knights joined hands, and, forming a ring about their prostrate friends, capered and pranced, in "ring around a-rosy" nursery fashion, to the accompaniment of their own raucous merriment. When, at last, the unfortunate victims were assisted to their feet, there was mild surprise at the lady's display of "temper" and her determination to withdraw from the ball room. One or two have since been heard to wonder why they have been excluded from her visiting list.

Lavish and the Reason Why

The dance given by Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall last week in honor of their nieces, Virginia and Francis Newhall, was by far the most elaborate ball given this season, and has been made the talk of the town in more senses

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than one. Everything, from decorations to menu, was in bewildering profusion. It is reported that when Mrs. Newhall gave her order to the caterer he stood aghast. When she mentioned to him the number of expected guests and asked how many waiters they would require, he answered, out of his experience, about seventeen. Mrs. Newhall promptly told him to send thirty-five. When he specified the quantity of refreshments, she responded by doubling his estimate, and the consequence was that some of the guests, who had previously been dined sumptuously by Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, were sailing the high seas very early in the evening. The day after the dance some intimate friends took the liberty of speaking to Mrs. Newhall about the general lavishness and wild extravagance and the supper in particular, whereupon she confided to them that not many moons ago she attended a dinner at the home of one of our wealthiest families which excited much adverse criticism. It was remarked that the refreshments were inadequate and they gave out early in the evening. One glass of champagne was the allowance for each guest, and the service was inadequate, the decorations skimped, and the penny-saving conspicuous at every point. She then and there determined that no such criticisms and comments as she heard on every side should be launched against her ball. Rumor has it that there is an engagement, or at least an understanding between the daughter of this economical household and one of the wealthiest bachelors in the United States, and that it will be announced in the near future. One kind friend, on receiving a hint of the situation, remarked immediately that there was at least one bond of sympathy between them, that of economy.

Hilarity at Top Notch

The Mardi Gras Assembly at the Fairmont will take its place in history as one of the liveliest balls ever held in San Francisco. While there were plenty of men during the first part of the evening, there was a certain amount of constraint, which, however, completely disappeared after supper and the liberal flow of champagne. The Kirmess dancers in full force attended in costume, and while many of the men went unmasked and the ladies contented themselves with elaborate ball gowns, the general effect was that of a real fancy dress affair. Almer Newhall, gloriously gotten up as a negro, with an electric flash light as a boutonniere, which he turned on each time that he solicited a dance, was the center of an admiring throng, and was the most original of the men. Among the girls, while Jennie Crocker's somewhat abbreviated costume was the most beautiful, Eliza McMullin was awarded the palm as the cutest and most fascinating. She was dressed as a French doll, with long hanging ringlets, and with her Tige dog on her arm, she made the hit of the evening and enjoyed every moment of it. A number of the younger girls were conspicuously absent, and it was explained that elder brothers who have been in the midst of things this winter and noted the trend of custom, asserted their authority fearing that the ball would be "too hot stuff," but it turned out to be just the "proper caper." The married set predominated and they livened things up in ways that would have astonished the debutante band, as may be gathered from the brief description of one of the girls: "It was terribly hilarious, the best fun I've ever been to, because nobody got too intoxicated—they all could keep their feet," a comment which may serve, at some date far in the future, to throw a flood of illumination on the social manners of the Americans. Most of the members of the Bohemian Club attended together by special invitation, and all the regular Greenway men were present, so, with the decorations in keeping with the occasion, and the sympathies of those present united, the Mardi Gras of 1909 may be regarded as the Greenway triumph, the best he has yet done for our exclusive six hundred and eighty.

Ned Was Emotional

The stately ball room of the Fairmont laid aside its chaste dress of white and gold for the Greenway, and under the hands of skilled decorators and designers, donned true harlequin motley, in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Radiating from the immense center piece which hung from the ceiling were brilliant streamers which extended back to the walls, forming a canopy of color overheard. Pierrots sat on the edges of the boxes and gazed at the dancers, harlequins peeped from behind the pillars in the corners, and fantastic masques grinned from the walls. No such bold scheme has ever before been attempted in San Francisco and nowhere else could it have been so successfully carried out. The color scheme extended to the main dining salon in which supper was served, where the walls were hung with wreaths, masques and ribbons. While the supper was in progress, Mr. Greenway, who, as usual, saw that the last guest was in place before he took his own seat, appeared in the doorway. Instantly a shout rang out, and from every table glasses were raised to him amidst a chorus of hand clapping. Taken completely by surprise he beat a hasty retreat, but at each subsequent effort to slip quietly in, the same scene was enacted, with calls for a speech. Finally, he raised his hand, and in a voice filled with emotion, thanked them for their kind reception. Even this was not enough, for, as he made his way round the room he was stopped at every table with a demand that he listen to a speech or make one. In self defense, he usually made one. Everyone who attended the affair entered into the spirit of the occasion, even many of the spectators coming in elaborate fancy costumes. It should be a matter of great pride to Mr. Greenway that this, the last ball of the season, should be such an unqualified success. Some of the pillars of society, who have been participants or lookerons at every affair of consequence since San Francisco became conscious that she had a society, were enthusiastic in their commendations.

Mrs. Carolan's Poet

The Persian Poet, Mirza Ali Khan, lectured on Friday afternoon at the St. Francis on the subject of the Persian poets, but the attendance was so small that there is little wonder that he did not warm up to his subject until, as he gallantly explained, he caught sight of a well-known society lady in his audience, who inspired him with new enthusiasm. This lady, I am informed, was not Mrs. Carolan but a grass-widow. Mrs. Carolan, however, was the most conspicuous of the patronesses present, attired in the very latest of sheath gowns, en train, but so scant that she was just able to step in it, and a huge hat with a sweeping feather. After the address, when a favored few had shaken hands with her protege, she whisked him away in her automobile. I am told that Mrs. Carolan guaranteed her poet a hundred dollars for every lecture, and as there was not more than twenty-five in the hall on this occasion, her feelings may be imagined. At the Greenway ball the Persian was again Mrs. Carolan's guest, though, of course, she confidently looked to her friends for assistance in entertaining him, but, alas! there were none with the courage or the taste to experiment with anything so exotic, and

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they contented themselves with graciously bowing and passing on, so she had him on her hands all the evening, without the relief of a single dance. It is one thing to figure as a patroness of poetry but quite another to become the chaperon of a poet, and Mrs. Carolan scarcely succeeded in concealing the fact that she was extremely nettled at the time. It is whispered that next day she let her friends know in no unmistakable terms just what she thought of their desertion. Prefatory to his remarks on Friday last, Mirza Ali Kuli Khan called attention to a misstatement made in the Call, to the effect that that would be the last occasion on which he would speak in public. There is still another lecture to be given at the university.

The Colonial's Wind-Up

For genuine enjoyment and abandon, not one of the bal masques which closed the winter season of gaieties exceeded that of the Colonials. It was lively and informal from the first moment, with all the blare of trumpets and the showers of confetti that could be desired. The ball room was decorated so as to produce a wonderful sky effect of network in which were caught roses, masques and butterflies, from behind which glowed the electric lights. A different color was cast on every dance, and each barn dance, of which there were enough to satisfy the most importunate, was danced in half light, with bright flashes of green at the "Glow, little glow worm, glimmer." There were often six couples in a row, and as everyone was bent on having as much fun as possible before the penitential season was upon them, the effect was that of a wild frolic. In the middle of the evening a new impetus was given by the advent of a crowd of pink dominoes, who swept into the room blowing trumpets and raising Cain. There were tumbles innumerable, and other mild mishaps, but everyone was in good humor and they only added to the sport. At the supper, after unmasking, hundreds of little rolls of paper of every shade and color were tossed across the room from table to table, giving the effect of a rainbow web of intricate design. Dawn was breaking when the last of the revellers left the St. Francis ball room. Some of the girls, when asked if they had enjoyed themselves, answered with a broad smile, "Yes, indeed—we made such fools of ourselves," showing that they had a true appreciation of the carnival spirit. There will be dismay and vigorous protest, should any consideration be brought forward to prevent the perpetuation of the Colonials next season. The organization was brought together out of special consideration for the debutantes and the girls who have not yet joined the ranks of young matrons, and they will be loth to contemplate another winter with no Colonial.

The O'Brien-Peart Engagement

One of the most notable engagement announcements of the season is that of Miss Loretto O'Brien and Hartley Peart. This was a piece of news that excited widespread interest, and incidentally as a result of this announcement Dan Cupid was credited with having been more than usually felicitous in forming an amiable design. Miss O'Brien is one of the most interesting girls in society and Mr. Peart is one of the ablest of the younger representatives of the bar. Miss O'Brien is the daughter of that popular clubman, James H. O'Brien, no less famous as a wit than as a captain of industry, the most notable of his achievements being the picturesque Yosemite Valley Railroad which was built under his supervision. Miss O'Brien is a vivacious brunette, of the Spanish type, a girl of many graces of mind and person. It is customary nowadays to refer to young lawyers as "promising young lawyers." This would not be an accurate description of Hartley Peart. He has made good. He is an exceptional young lawyer in this generation, in this,—that he is grounded in the traditions as well as in the principles of the law, and he is therefore in every sense a creditable representative of his profession.

Presents Galore

Few women in society have a larger collection of diamonds than Miss Alyce Sullivan. Her uncle, James D. Phelan, sent her a magnificent diamond heart pendant on a diamond chain as an engagement present, and as she was the recipient of a similar gift from her aunt,

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THE POTTER

MILO M. POTTER

Miss Phelan, and from other members of the family before the engagement was made public, she may be considered more than fortunate. One of the guests at her announcement luncheon dolefully remarked that at the rate she is receiving gifts now, there will be nothing left to the imagination when the wedding day comes. Alyce Sullivan is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan. Her younger sister, Ada, is a nun of the Carmelite order, and a third sister, Gladys, will make her debut this winter. Miss Sullivan's fiance, Frederic Murphy, is a son of the late Eugene Murphy and a nephew of "Dan" Murphy. As the young couple have known each other since childhood, both families are pleased with the match, and as everything was arranged very quitely the news came as a surprise to many who regarded themselves as intimate friends. The announcement was very prettily and originally made. A little page, in pink satin and powdered wig, entered the room towards the end of the luncheon, and from a basket borne on his arm he distributed to the guests heart-shaped sachets with little cards attached bearing the names. The wedding, which will take place after lent, is to be a large church affair, and they will make their home in this city, where the groom's business interests lie. The wedding of Ashleigh Turner, a cousin of Miss Sullivan's, will also be an event of the late spring, and there are several others soon to follow. One attractive girl whose engagement is not yet announced has been threatening to take matters into her own hands and elope, after the manner of Emily Bowie, Emily Wilson and Edna Davis, if the family consent is too long withheld, so her friends are holding themselves in readiness to hear at any moment of either her engagement or her unconventional wedding.

Kirmess Aftermath

In the aftermath of the Kirmess there is much praise for those young maids who represented Midnight in the Dance of the Hours. Their handsome costumes of black net spangled with gold were universally admired, yet few suspected that each and every spangle was sewed in its place by the fingers of the fair wearers. As it took a pound and a half of the little glittering discs for each costume the labor accomplished can be imagined. The names of these industrious virgins may be mentioned with pride. They were Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Mina Van Bergen, Miss Emilie Du Bois, Miss Dorothy Baker and Miss Elva De Pue. By the way, I am told, and it is not in the least surprising, that any number of the young girls have become stage struck as a result of their experience, and long for a career behind the footlights. The voting contest at the Kirmess was as exciting as any one could desire, and eight thousand dollars were realized through this pleasant rivalry. The Gallois sent up three thousand votes in one block, whereupon Mrs. De Young immediately sent up the same number—which represented three hundred dollars. Mrs. De Young was overheard to say that at any cost the Marsoviens must win, and when they were announced the victors, some one else was heard to question how the White House could expect to win against the Chronicle. The De Youngs, Mr. and Mrs. Gallois and Raphael Weill worked hard and spent most generously all in a good cause. Miss Stewart, to whom honor and credit are due for the success of the Kirmess, received a thousand dollars, with all her expenses of travel, hotel bills and other expenditures during the time of her engagement, the heavy fixed fee being only a fair compensation for the long journey and the loss of time it would entail, for Miss Stewart is engaged eight years ahead, to superintend similar entertainments, one Kirmess each year in eight different cities. It is due to Mrs. Harry Grey that the entertainment on behalf of the Children's Hospital took the form of the Kirmess, she having witnessed a similar entertainment in Denver, and described it so vividly that the ladies interested became enthusiastic enough to take up the idea. The new hospital is to cost three hundred thousand dollars. There is now a hundred and twenty-five thousand in the bank, and the plan is to proceed with the work as soon as there is two hundred thousand dollars more in sight, giving a mortgage which will then be paid off as rapidly as possible. What with the proceeds of tag day, the Christmas Red Cross Stamps and the returns from the Kirmess, it will not be long before work is commenced.

Dr. Matilda A. Feeley, removed to 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children.

Descendants of Standish and Reynolds United

The marriage of Mrs. Ida May Reynolds Kyle, widow of the late Thomas Kyle, and Dr. Charles Mann, which took place at the First Congregational Church in this city on January 26th, Rev. George C. Adams officiating, was a very quiet affair. Both bride and groom are opposed to ostentation and display, and only relatives and a few very intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony. The honeymoon was to have been spent in Southern California, but the washouts consequent on the storms so disorganized railroad travel that a halt was made at Del Monte. The southern trip, which was only interrupted, not abandoned, will be made by steamer at the end of the month, and in August they will go abroad for some months, returning by way of Japan and the Orient. The bride was beautifully and appropriately gowned in a traveling gown of Taupe gray, with a large gray plumed hat trimmed with pastel roses. Both of the young people are well known and highly connected. Dr. Mann, who is a practicing physician, is the eldest son of Samuel S. Mann, a California Pioneer, and a direct descendant of John Audlen and Miles Standish. The bride is the daughter of the late Wells Reynolds, and a niece of Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated English painter. Her sister, Mrs. George Hopper, is promient in local society.

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SHORT ROUTE TO EUROPE

From New York Every Tuesday by the Four Luxurious Flyers: "Kronprinzessin Cecile," "Kaiser Wilhelm II," "Kronprinz Wilhelm," "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse."

From New York Every Thursday by the Twin-Screw Passenger Steamers: "George Washington" (new), Largest German Steamer, 722½ feet long—27,000 Tons Register, "Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm" (new).

To Mediterranean Ports, etc., etc., Every Saturday: S. S. "Berlin" (new), 19,200 Tons Register, Largest Passenger Steamer to the Mediterranean, "Prinzess Irene," "Koeniz Albert," etc.

TRAVELERS' CHECKS

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The Toy-Lucas Wedding

Although the final details for the wedding of Miss Mabel Toy and Francis Wayland Lucas have not been perfected yet, the date of the affair is set for Wednesday evening, March 3, at nine o'clock, at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Toy, 37 Presidio avenue. The dainty little bride has some surprises in the way of decoration and color schemes which even the most intimate friends have failed to induce her to divulge. Mrs. Harvey Toy will be the matron of honor at the wedding, while Miss Helen Dean and Miss Laura Taylor will attend as bridesmaids. Mr. Philip Paschel will be best man. It was originally intended to take a honeymoon trip to Japan but plans have been modified at the eleventh hour. Miss Toy is descended on both sides from Pioneer stock. Her mother is the daughter of the late William H. Bovee, a '49er, who came here from New York and established himself in the real estate business with Daniel Toy, also a '49er, as his partner. They formed the well-known real estate firm of Bovee and Toy, which, today, is carried on by George Toy and his son, the father and brother of the bride. Mrs. Harry Wilkins, formerly Miss Bertha Savage, whose marriage took place in San Rafael last week, is a cousin of Miss Toy. There are few young girls in society who have been as universally popular, and entertainments in her honor, since the announcement of her engagement, have been continuous. Mr. Lucas, who has come in for a full share of the feteing, is also connected with real estate affairs, being a partner in the firm of Behlow and Lucas. The young couple will continue to reside in this city.

The St. Francis Concert

The third concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, on the seventeenth, was exceptionally good. Unfortunately, it fell on the same evening as the first performance of the Kirmess, and, as social functions, the two affairs conflicted, but the arrangements were such that postponement was impracticable. As most of the patronesses of the Musical Art Society were also acting patronesses of the Kirmess, they were hampered by a divided duty, and, as a choice was imperative, but few were present in the Colonial ball room on Wednesday evening. It is safe to say that the audience, if not large, was composed entirely of music lovers, and their appreciation was sincere and enthusiastic. Madame Langendorff, whose European successes are conspicuous, was at her best, and graciously responded to every encore. Those who chose the concert in preference to the initial performance at the Kirmess have no reason to regret their decision, for they enjoyed a treat not often given to music lovers of San Francisco. The display of pretty gowns and jewels if less in quantity, was quite as fine in quality, as on other occasions.

The Cigarette in Society

There is no room for further doubt whether Madame Nicotine is in favor with femininity or not. Every day one hears of new votaries, and probably fully one-half of society's maids and matrons indulge themselves. It is no longer considered necessary to confine the practice to the private boudoir or even to the home premises. There are still a few timid souls who have not the full courage of their convictions and dread the gossiping tongues of the public, but every day they grow fewer. One of the latest devotees to the cigarette is the daughter of a naval officer who makes her home at Burlingame. It is said that she carries her case and match box everywhere, so that she may improve any favorable opportunity, and she is seldom to be seen without a cigarette between her lips, puffing with all the ease and aplomb of a veteran.

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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Frank Lusk of Missoula, wife of a prominent mining man, arrived during the week on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley of Sausalito. She will be the guest of honor at many entertainments during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley of Sausalito will leave for Boston about the first of April to be gone for several months.

Miss Edith Von Schroeder entertained a house party at the Hotel Rafael over Washington's birthday, it also being the birthday of the charming young hostess. Amongst the guests were Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Mina Von Bergen, and Miss Marie

The trip to Yosemite contemplated by Miss Elizabeth Newhall in company with a lively young party chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch has been postponed.

Colonel John Kirkpatrick, manager of the Palace Hotel Company, which operates the Fairmont and the New Palace rapidly rebuilding on the site of the famous old Palace Hotel, will leave in a short time for Europe to complete the selection of bric a brac for the Palace, which, it is expected, will be opened in November of this year.

Mrs. Charles Woods was hostess at a tea given at her home in Sausalito in honor of Mrs. Georgie Lacey Spaulding, who is here on a visit from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald gave a luncheon on Tuesday, February 23, in honor of Miss Mabel Toy. Mrs. John Chase also entertained Miss Toy at a luncheon during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hoag, of Burlingame, will be at Del Monte for some time.

Mrs. David Brown, who was Miss Ruth McNutt, was the guest of honor at a bridge party recently given by Mrs. Gerald Rathbone at her home on Broadway. It is regretted that Mrs. Brown's visit is to be so short. Mr. Brown arrived during the week, and they will return to Denver within a few days.

Among those who entertained at dinner in the St. Francis prior to the Langendorff concert last Wednesday, were Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury and Templeton Crocker. Mrs. James Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and Miss Jennie Crocker entertained supper parties on the same evening, after the Kermess.

Mrs. P. B. Anderson entertained at a luncheon in the Blue room of the St. Francis on February 22, her guests being: Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Janet Miller, Miss Edith Page, Miss Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Irwin, Miss Alice Oge and Miss Jeanne Gallois.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stanley Macquisten, expect to be at Del Monte for some weeks, enjoying the fine conditions for out door recreation at this time of year.

Miss Margaret Newhall and Miss Marjorie Josselyn returned last week from the Newhall ranch, where they have been spending some time taking a rest cure. Miss Margaret Newhall and Mr. Athol McBean were recently the guests of friends at Burlingame, and immediately the busy tongue of Madame Grundy began to revive rumors. Miss Elizabeth Newhall's name is coupled, they say, with that of a prominent young bachelor whose father's handsome auto, being at the disposal of the attractive young girl, is seen frequently in front of the Newhall home.

Colonel S. S. McClure, editor of McClure's Magazine, who is making one of his periodic tours of the country, is at the Fairmont.

C. F. Phillips of St. Paul, J. W. T. Johnson of Vancouver and C. F. Barnes of Portland, prominent bankers in their respective cities, are at the Fairmont.

The service set has had its ranks increased by the addition of two admirals and several officers of both branches. Admiral and Mrs. Henry Ware Lyons are en route for Honolulu, while Admiral and Mrs. Stevens will probably remain for some time in San Francisco. Captain and Mrs. Lucien Young, U. S. N., General O. L. Long and Mrs. Long, U. S. A., W T. Lightile, U. S. A., Commander C. A. Carr and Mrs. Carr, U. S. N., H. Jones, F. Ramilfour and Mrs. Ramilfour, U. S. N., are also at the Fairmont.

For the week ending February 21, there were registered at the Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco Mrs. Jane Plover, Miss Plover, Miss K. S. Plover, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Butterfield, John W. Buchanan, Mr. H. E. Mescoe, Mr. H. H Scott, Mr. A. J. Maher; Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, Mrs. N. P. Cole, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Woolsey, Miss F. Woolsey, Berkeley.

Amongst the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are the following: Miss Simpson, Al. R. Scott, Mrs. Virgil Nahl and son, from San Francisco; Mrs. M. Welcker and Miss Anderson from Berkeley; Mrs. Fred N. Delanoy from Alameda; I. Hill Mayfield, U. S. N., Mare Island.

Dr. B. F. Stoll, Dentist, moved to Hastings Bldg., cor. Post and Grant Ave. Rms. 309-310. Phone Douglas 4194.

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Stage

"The Goddess of Reason"

The French Revolution supplies the background of a poetic drama in which Miss Julia Marlowe opened her New York season last week. It is called "The Goddess of Reason." It is the work of Miss Mary Johnston. The play deals with the events of the French Revolution between the years 1791 and 1794. It is written in five acts and six scenes, and is composed in blank verse throughout, varied by the introduction of occasional lyric passages. The six scenes show the Chateau of Morbec in Brittany, the garden of the Convent of the Visitation at Nantes, a square in Nantes, the interior of a church in Nantes used as a prison, a judgment hall in Nantes and the banks of the River Loire. Miss Marlowe plays the title role of Yvette, a Breton girl, who becomes identified with the revolutionary movement and is crowned by the people of Nantes as "The Goddess of Reason." Yvette is the natural child of the old Baron of Morbes, in Brittany, and a peasant mother, but has been reared among the peasants, with whom she sympathizes. The opening act of the drama shows the Chateau of Morbec one summer morning in 1791, the day following an unsuccessful night attack made by the peasantry on this aristocratic stronghold. The mob has been repelled by Rene de Vardes, the young baron, who has only just come into possession of the estate. The various leaders in the assault, including Yvette, are arrested, but instead of being hanged are released by Baron Rene after their cause has been stated by Yvette with pathetic and compelling eloquence. The Baron, to the disgust of the older royalties present, even promises the peasants amelioration of their hardships. Baron Rene recognizes in Yvette the woman of his dreams, but the latter is also loved by Remond Lalain, one of the revolutionary deputies, whose jealousy finds expression in bitter taunts, chiding her for her interest in an aristocrat. In the second act, a year later, Yvette, under the patronage of Baron Rene, is shown as a pupil in the Convent of the Visitation at Nantes, sheltered from all the revolutionary excitement. Jealous of what she believes to be the Baron's love for the Marquise De Blancheforet, she is persuaded to leave the convent and join the red-capped throng. In the third act Yvette is revealed crowned as "The Goddess of Reason," first protecting the Baron Rene from the fury of the mob and then delivering him to its vengeance, inspired to this revulsion of feeling by the discovery that he had endeavored to save the Marquise. The fourth act shows the aristocrats in prison and prepared to die. In the last act Yvette, overcome with horror, denounces the revolutionary chiefs, and is herself condemned.

At the Van Ness

"The Red Mill" is a decidedly popular success at the Van Ness Theatre where it is to remain the compelling attraction for a second and last week commencing with Sunday night's performance. So pronounced a success has the Victor Herbert-Henry Blossom musical play made that an extra matinee is announced for Inauguration Day, Thursday, March 4th. This will be given in addition to the regular Saturday matinees. "The Red Mill" is given in a most complete manner, with picturesque scenery, quaint costumes, the "Mill" thrill, also the sextette of little Dutch Kiddies and the exceptionally clever cast headed by Wills and McNeill in the roles of the two Americans who get mixed up in the love affairs and troubles of the residents of a Dutch village. There are many elements which tend to make this production a success. The music is the best Victor Herbert has yet turned out and it is superbly played by a large orchestra. There is no end of good comedy which is well handled by the principal people of the cast. The next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre will be the latest comedy triumph from the pen of Clyde Fitch. It is called "Girls" and comes here from a run of one year at Daly's Theatre, New York. It is said to be a side-splitting comedy and has proven everywhere that theatre-goers are ever ready to laugh at clean fun. The original and satirical treatment of the eternal feminine and her relations to man has probably caused more laughter and sympathetic attention than any play staged in years. H. S. Northrup appears in one of the leading roles.

Mitchell Comes With "The Babes"

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will say good-bye to San Francisco at the American Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening and at the Sunday matinee Victor Herbert and Glen McDonough's "Babes in Toyland," one of the wittiest and most entertaining musical successes of the past decade, will begin an engagement limited to one week. This tuneful light operatic offering is said to be far and away the most pleasing light musical offering on tour this season. It was making a tremendous success in this city at the Columbia Theatre three years ago when the fire closed that and every other place of amusement in San Francisco. The entire New York production and a company comprising a carefully selected cast of twenty principals, headed by Eddie Redway and Gene Ormond and a capable chorus of twenty people, comes here under the personal direction of Julian Mitchell, America's foremost producer of unique stage effects. In the staging of "Toyland" Mr. Mitchell has even surpassed his previous great successes. Where many producers are content to be sensational, Mr. Mit-



HELEN M. LEOD.

One of the clever principals in "Babes in Toyland" at the American.



EDMACE DE BEAUX.
In Charles Dillingham's production of "The Red Mill" at the Van Ness.

chell insists upon being artistic. "Marrying Mary," Edwin Milton Royle's clever musical play, with Florence Gear in the titular role, will follow "Babes in Toyland" at the American.

The Third Greenbaum "Pop" Concert

This Sunday afternoon at Lyric Hall the Third Lyric "Pop" Concert will be given. The late arrival of the parts of the Carreno quartette preventing adequate rehearsal the Quartte Op. 13 by Mendelssohn will be substituted in honor of the centennary anniversary of the composer's birth. The rarely heard "Sonata for viola and piano" by Rubinstein will be played by Nathan Firestone and Eugene Blanchard, and the latter will also play the difficult piano part in the Rubinstein "Trio" in B flat minor. Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the box office will be at the hall after 10 a. m. The last concert of this brilliantly successful season will be given March 28th, and the quartette will be assisted by Mrs. Celia Decker Cox, contralto, and Miss Therese Ehrmann, pianist, in "An Afternoon with Schubert."

Third Week for "The Rose"

With drawing power undiminished "The Rose of the Rancho" will be started on its third consecutive week next Monday evening at the Alcazar. It promises to break the long-run record of the Sutter street playhouse, for the demand for seats is hardly less pressing today than it was a fortnight ago. Many of the orders come from out of town. A delegation of fifty-three came down from Sacramento to witness the performance last Thursday evening, and seats, single and en bloc, have been reserved for folk residing as far distant as Nevada. The fact that "The Rose" will never be seen elsewhere in Northern California than at the Alcazar may have something to do with our country cousins flocking to town to see it. David Belasco has imparted to Stage Director Butler many little bits of "business," seemingly unimportant when considered singly, but mighty effective in rounding out the interest of the play and contributing to the wonderfully-realistic atmosphere.

"Secret Service"

Although William Gillette's always interesting war drama, "Secret Service," could easily run for another week at the Valencia Theatre, the last performances will be given this Sunday afternoon and evening and on Monday night the celebrated comedy-melodrama, "The Fatal Card," by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson and which created a great sensation when first presented in this city, will be revived on an elaborate scale. The scenes are laid in western America and England and in the prologue Gerald Austen, a young Englishman who is traveling in Colorado, is thrown in contact with George Forrester, a desperado and adventurer, whom he saves from being lynched by a mob of infuriated men who hold him accused of nearly every crime on the calendar. Forrester, in lieu of a personal card, tears a Jack of clubs, which he finds in his pocket, in half, presenting one portion to his rescuer and retaining the other himself. The action then changes to England, where Forrester, under the name of Marrable, is living with his daughter, Margaret, whom Austen loves. Marrable is at the head of a gang of crooks who murder Austen's father and for a while the son is suspected of the crime. In the last act the members of the gang have young Austen in their power and are about to blow him up by aid of an infernal device prepared by Marrable and his associates, but Austen, who is now clean shaven and who at their first meeting wore a beard, reveals his identity by giving his half of the card to the villian, who, true to his pledge, releases him and meets death in his place. There is much comedy relief to lighten up the more sombre scenes of the play, supplied by Harry Burgess, a young London cockney, and his sweetheart. Mace Greenleaf, as Gerald Austen, will make an ideal hero, and Darrell Standing, who has been devoting his entire time of late to staging the Valencia productions, will reappear as Marrable, and Thomas Lowell will play Jim Dixon, his confederate.



JOSEF LHEVINNE
The Russian pianist who will appear at Christian Science Hall, Sunday afternoons, March 7th and 14th.



MACE GREENLEAF.

The graceful actor who is winning laurels at the head of the Valencia Stock Company.

"The Rounders"

The musical comedy season at the Princess Theatre will open Monday night with a beautiful and elaborate production of Ludwig Englander's musical skit, "The Rounders," which created a furore at the Casino Theatre, New York, where it ran for many months to packed houses. "The Rounders" possesses a clever, interesting and original story which is told in witty and amusing language and is frequently interspersed with tuneful and catchy melodies. Its action affords plenty of opportunity for beautiful scenery and costume. The following cast speaks eloquently for itself: His Excellency Maginnis Pasha, Frank Moulan; The Duke de Paty du Clam, Fred Mace; The Marquis de Bacarrat, James Stevens; Siegfried Gotterdammerung, Bud Ross; Joseph (a waiter), Bert Phoenix; Call Boy, D. S. McFadden; Old First Nighter, Arthur Messner; Footman, H. J. Capion; Thea, principal actress at Theatre des Varieties, Paris, May Boley; Priscilla, Marquise de Baccarat, Helen Darling; Stella Giltedge (an American heiress), Zoe Barnett; Madame Seraphine (Thea's mother), Ethel Du Fre Houston. Kolb and Dill will conclude their engagement this Sunday night with "Playing the Ponies."

The Lhevinne Concerts

Manager Greenbaum's next great star will be Josef Lhevinne, a Russian pianist who is hailed as Rubinstein II. According to the critic of the New York Evening Post, "he possesses the great Anton's technique, his dash, his brilliancy, his bravura and considerable of his leonine power, and he can make the piano sing, too." And strange enough all the other critics agree. His concerts will be given at Christian Science Hall on Sunday afternoons, March 7th and 14th and Thursday night, the 11th. Complete programs are to be had at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s where the sale of seats opens next Thursday morning. Lhevinne plays in Oakland Friday afternoon, March 12th at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting a special program made up from the three to be given in this city. While Lhevinne is almost unknown here as was Mme. Langendorff it is time our people learn to know that if Will Greenbaum presents an artist it must be one well worth while. He has never fooled his patrons thus far.

Farce Comedy at Ye Liberty

The special season of Richard M. Hotaling at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will be brought to a close with the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be given this Sunday afternoon and evening. This production of Shakespeare's comedy has proved to be the the most noteworthy of any of the productions made by Manager Bishop with the popular clubman as the star, and the result is that it has been generously encouraged by playgoers across the bay. For the week commencing next Monday evening, Manager Bishop will present his company, minus the services of Hotaling, in one of the best known farces of the English language, "The Prince of Liars." It was adapted from the German by Sydney Grundy. It had a long run at the old Globe Theatre in London, with William Hawtrey in the star part. It is written purely for laughing purposes, and interpreted by the splendid cast that has been selected for it, should provide an excellent week's diversion for Oakland theatregoers. Miss Helene Lackaye, a sister of Wilton Lackaye, seen here recently with one of our stock companies, makes her first Oakland appearance in "The Prince of Liars." Others prominent in the cast are Isabelle Fletcher, Lillian Elliott, George Friend, E. L. Bennison, George Webster and Walter Catlett. "The Walls of Jericho" is announced to follow, after which comes George Ade's masterpiece, "The College Widow."

The Orpheum Bill

Harry Foy and Florence Clark will head the Orpheum bill for the week beginning this Sunday matinee. These favorite comedians have always been very popular in this city and their reappearance will be cordially welcomed. They will present a new comic skit, entitled "The Spring of Youth," which is said to be a worthy

(Continued on Page 30.)



AGNESS MAHR.

The American Tommy Atkins.



The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

It is interesting to observe that while we derive many of our fashions from abroad the Europeans are not averse to borrowing ideas from us. My readers will doubtless find much to interest them in the following excerpts which I have taken from advance sheets of "Mayfair Fashions":

"The silk hat, mark of dignity, although much abused, still stands alone, top of all for popularity. For a frock, or a morning coat it is absolutely indispensable, the one demands the other. The sides are now straight, and the brim has only a slight curve. It is yet to be seen if this model will have much of a run. A jacket suit whether plain or fancy requires a bowler. This latter also, changing with fashion is now highly crowned with straight sides and flat brim. The soft felt in green usually associated with the Tyrol, is now quite expelled from town, and is only worn for sporting or the country.

He who would not be careless of personal appearance must pay attention to his hair. Even in following all details and changes of mode of simple arrangement of one's capillary covering is the best taste. The hair is brushed nearly flat not unlike those who do not boast of much, but not so much as to give the wearer a "Soft" appearance. On the other hand, a high combing or undulating waving must be avoided.

The collar and tie play a very important part in a man's dress. Unlike a woman, a man must wear a collar, but anything will not do. A high collar round a short neck putting the wearer's head, as it were in a vice is as bad as a swan like neck with a collar like a tape. A collar a shade shorter than the neck is a happy fit and gives a well dressed appearance. With evening dress a straight collar is most comfortable; it must have round corners and the "V" opening very narrow. The winged collar is also a great favourite. For sporting purposes a low double collar with very round corners, is easiest, comfortable and good looking.

A man's taste is judged by his tie, this should be of subdued shades toning nicely with that of the garment being worn. With a frock or morning coat, a black tie with a simple design in a quiet color is the best, and a white slip or demi-vest is unnecessary. A mixture of colors is not good taste, but self shades interwoven into designs are neat and gentlemanly, any shades do providing they are quiet and modest. The favorite regatta tie is still the same shape, but if the vest openings continue to get bigger we shall have to fall back on the Ascot, and finally (this we sincerely hope not) the breastplate.

A plain light colored waistcoat, always looks well with any suit, I say plain because so many inharmonious colors are woven into the vestings of to-day, these highly colored vests give a man a vulgar appearance, like that given to a self-made man who wears a big heavy gold Albert right across his waistcoat. The opening of a light vest should be high enough to show just 3-4 to 1 inch above the opening of the coat, but if the same material it should be just as low, as it becomes ugly and reasonless. A small thin watch chain from pocket to pocket via a button-hole is neat and looks best.

Light colored striped trousers suit any coat and are better looking than dark. But care must be used in the choice of trousers, many cloths for this garment do not carry their value visibly, but hide it in the weaving, and these are the kind to choose, and may I take the liberty to advise my readers not to buy colored striped trousers, or those with a high design? A quiet design is certainly preferable, to a loud one, whether produced by the weaving or the coloring. What looks nicer than a dark coat, light vest, and not too dark trousers, and the tight fitting long lapelled coats lend charm to the whole thing?

Big square toed, heavy soled boots, known as "Americans" are clumsy, and not suited for dressy suits. How often does one see an otherwise elegant well dressed man spoiled by those atrocities. For a country walk they are all very well, but to finish off the man as I have depicted him, the boots must be well shaped, to harmonize with what they carry.

Finish off a smart suit with a pair of delicate boots, and leave the others to policemen."

¶ ¶ ¶

Mr. C. C. F. H.

In answer to your query as to whether it is proper to wear a black bow tie with Full Evening Dress. A decided "no." A white pique or lawn tie is the only proper thing.

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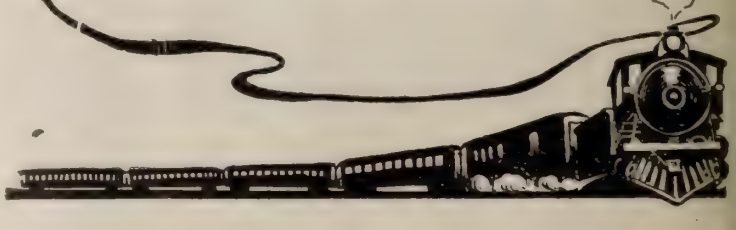
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Drawing-room Stateroom Sleeping Cars---staterooms, drawing-rooms, sections and berths. Observation, Parlor and Library Car equipped with latest literature and magazines. Gentlemen's Smoking Room. Ladies' Rest Room. Spacious Open-air Rotunda.

Southern Pacific--Rock Island Lines



Off Guard

(Continued from Page 10.)

were no visible marks of physical violence, and neither money nor valuables were missing. His circumstances in life had been such as to preclude supposition of suicide. Indications pointed rather to an unfortunate accident or a murder through some other motive than that of robbery.

Mr. Deleutre was asked to appear before the prefect of police. Being a man of good standing in the community he was treated with consideration. In response to question by the prefect, he related without the slightest show of embarrassment how he had accompanied Mr. Naviere from the banquet hall to the bridge and how, after offering to escort him home and having been refused, he left him there and returned to his own residence. He remained silent as to what Naviere had told him of his various business plans, but indulged in warm words of praise concerning the character and habits of the deceased, deploring at the same time the horrible fate that had befallen him. When he had concluded the prefect thanked him and he was allowed to leave.

The following day he attended the funeral obsequies of his friend. He was disturbed neither by a sense of fear nor lulled into an incautious repose. Moreover he felt no necessity for the exercise of any great amount of self-control. The part he played came to him quite naturally, as if he were carrying out a preconceived plan, carefully rehearsed in every detail. But he did it all in a rather perfunctory, mechanical sort of way, much as one reads a newspaper without stopping to spell the words or analyze the sentences.

A week passed and he gradually lapsed into his former staid and exemplary mode of life, apparently oblivious to the excitement he had caused or the possibility of further developments. Then there arrived another summons from the prefect. The officer of the law was as courteous and affable as at their first meeting and explained that the matter had practically been disposed of, that all the evidence tended toward the confirmation of the accident theory, and that Mr. Deleutre's presence had only been requested for the purpose of obtaining from him some light on the man's business prospects and plans, which perchance he may have revealed to so close a friend. Deleutre again appeared perfectly at ease and in a voice devoid of any trace of emotion or suppressed excitement, proceeded to tell at some length all Naviere had confided to him. The prefect listened attentively and, as Deleutre progressed, began to manifect an obsequiousness of conduct bordering on friendly interest. When Deleutre had concluded he assured him that this was the last time he would be importuned and, handing him a pen, bade him affix his signature to the transcript of the statements he had just made. Deleutre mechanically took the pen and wrote:

"In reply to your favor of the.....inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of the.....inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

He had written very rapidly, not so rapidly, however, that his action escaped the notice of the watchful official, who said:

"What are you doing, Mr. Deleutre? I asked you only for your signature."

Deleutre looked blankly at the official. "I am through," he mumbled, "all you need now is the date—" He started. The veil of oblivion lifting as suddenly as it had enshrouded his mind, exposed to him with awful vividness the harrowing consequences that would follow in the train of this fatal lapse. An ashy pallor spread over his features. In speechless terror and with trembling knees he tottered forward and reached for the document—too late.

The latest, and undoubtedly the most novel stunt in a demonstrating line, is that of having to pull a prospective customer out of your car. This happened to Calvin C. Eib of the Pioneer Automobile Company yesterday. Upon being asked by a supposed casual visitor and prospective buyer for a look at the new 20 horsepower Oldsmobile, the hustling sales manager of the Thomas, Chalmers-Detroit and Oldsmobile cars volunteered to show the man. "I did not notice anything unusual about the man," said Eib. "We started and the fellow talked a great deal about the speed of the car and I thought I had a live prospect, but on the return to the salesroom the prospective purchaser became quiet and when I stopped in front of the office he did not show any inclination of getting out of the car. It was only then I realized he was intoxicated. I asked him if he did not want to come inside and he replied that he liked to sit in the car and thought he would stay there for a while. He weighed fully 200 pounds and I tried to pull him out of the seat, but could not move him. He was not angry, he simply laughed and told me to let him alone, as he liked the car and would stay in it for a while. After ten minutes of useless persuasion and effort to remove him, two of the salesmen came to my assistance and we finally pulled him out of his comfortable seat in the tonneau, repeating that he liked the car better than any he had ever seen and would call again.



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AMERICAN PLAN, Reopened.
Rates per day, $2.50 Rooms without Bath
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$1.00 per day and up.
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We have the wall paper in stock that made this room. We made this mantel; we furnished the rugs, floorings, electric fixtures.
Can we make you one?

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TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Murine Doesn't Smart—It Soothes Eye Pain.
Try Murine For Your Eyes.

Stage

(Continued from Page 27.)

successor to their "Under the Sea," in which they made such a tremendous hit. Mr. Foy will always be remembered as the "man who ate the goldfish." Many of the comedy effects he has introduced in vaudeville have been widely copied. For "The Spring of Youth" they carry a special set of apparatus for it is the most pretentious production they have yet attempted. Bowers, Walter and Crooker, "The Three Rubes," will introduce an entirely novel act. Agnes Mahr, the well known dancer, will present her creation, "The American Tommy Atkins" which is vivacious, fascinating and clever. Miss Mahr has an international reputation. She has appeared in every capital of Europe, Australia and the Orient. The daintiness of her art and the excellent taste displayed in her costumes appeal strongly and make her offering most welcome. Jack Connelly and Margaret Webb will present what they term a cyclone of comedy, melody and action. Mr. Connelly is a sprightly acrobatic pianist and Miss Webb a very pleasing vocalist. A special feature of this week's program will be the appearance of the celebrated traveler and lecturer, Lloyd Scott, who will deliver a brief travel talk on Egypt, beautifully illustrated by views, moving pictures and panoramas showing the Nile, the Pyramids and other historic places. Dick Crolius, who recently scored an immense hit in the brief race track incident, "Shorty," will return for next week only which will conclude the engagements of Frank Nelson & Co.; Goldsmith and Hoppe, and Jwan Tschernoff's wonderfully trained horses and dogs.

In the Limelight

The great Russian actress Madame Alla Nazimova is announced for early appearance at the Van Ness Theatre with her entire New York company with whom appears the celebrated actor Brandon Tynan. Twenty-five people are in the organization carried by the star for the Pacific Coast tour. Although the casts of some of her plays is short, twenty acting people are carried, special players being engaged for individual roles.

It is said that no more catchy and tuneful music has been written for an American song play than that furnished by Silvio Hein for Edwin Milton Royle's play, "Marrying Mary," which will follow "Babes in Toyland" at the American Theatre with Florence Gear and a large singing company. From the opening waltz, a waltz, by the way, as popular and full of rhythm as the famous "Merry Widow" waltz, to the final measures when Marrying Mary Montgomery is whirled into the arms of her true love, the songs, duos, sextettes and choruses were written for the purpose of entertainment. Full of simple gallantry, they may well be likened to the graceful and charming melodic romances of the best of the modern school. They are sprightly, graceful and gay.

Bright and pretty Beatrice Nichols, who scored such successes as "Puckers," in "The Prince Chap," "Lorena Watkins" in "The County Chairman" and "Caroline Mitford" in "Secret Service," has renewed her contract for one year at the Valencia Theatre. She is young, talented and a hard student and already numbers her admirers in San Francisco by the thousands.

Otis Skinner is to come to San Francisco with his production of "The Honor of the Family," the four act play adapted by Paul M. Potter from Emile Fabre's work after Balzac. Skinner triumphed most signally in "The Duel" and theatregoers here will be pleased to hear that he is to bring his latest success.

Easter Monday, April 12, has been determined upon as the date for producing "Peter Pan" at the Valencia Theatre. Barrie's delightful fantasy will be staged upon the sumptuous scale for which the Valencia is noted and the cast will be made up of the best artists obtainable.

"The Master Power," which was awarded the prize of one thousand dollars offered by New York Town Topics for the best play submitted within a certain period, will be the attraction to follow "Marrying Mary" at the American Theatre.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that he has arranged with Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans (Fighting Bob) for two lectures in this city, the subjects to be "From Hampton Roads to San Francisco with the fleet" and "Our War with Spain." Evans is said to be a fine orator and a witty raconteur and he will receive a warm welcome here, for every American will want to hear Fighting Bob's stories.

GREENBAUM'S THIRD "POP" CONCERT

This Sunday Afternoon at Lyric Hall. Seats 50 Cents and $1.00 at Hall.



JOSEF LHEVINNE

The Russian Pianist

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL

Sunday Afternoons March 7th and 14th,
Thursday Evening, March 11th.

Seats $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 next Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s where complete programs may be obtained.

OAKLAND CONCERT—Friday Afternoon, March 12th,
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE.
Steinway Piano Used.

Coming—DAVID BISPHAM.

VAN NESS THEATRE

Cor. Van Ness and Grove
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Tonight, Sunday Night and for a Second and Last Week,
Beginning Monday, March 1st, Charles Dillingham's Complete Production of Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom's Musical Comedy Success,

THE RED MILL

Big Cast of Principals, Splendid Chorus and The Famous Dutch Kiddies
Big Cast of Principals, Splendid Chorus and The Famous Dutch Kiddies.
March 8th—Clyde Fitch's Comedy "GIRLS."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE

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BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Monday Night, March 1st, Starts the Third Week of

THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO

By David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully.
Prices: Evenings, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.
Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday.

PRINCESS THEATRE
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S. LOVERICH, MANAGER

Ellis Street, near Fillmore
Absolutely Class "A" Building
Matinee, Saturday and Sunday

BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY NIGHT
OPENING OF MUSICAL COMEDY SEASON
The New York Casino Success,

THE ROUNDERS

Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander.
May Boley, Frank Moulan, Helen Darling, Zoe Barnett, Ethel Du Fre Houston, Fred Mace, James F. Stevens, Dudd Ross, Bert Phoenix and a great cast.
CHORUS OF FORTY.
Prices—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinees (Except Sundays and Holidays, 25c, 50c, 75c

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Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.
FOY & CLARK, in "The Spring of Youth;" BOWERS WALTER AND CROOKER, "The Three Rubes;" AGNES MAHR, The American Tommy Atkins; CONNELLY & WEBB; DICK CROLIUS & CO.; LLOYD SCOTT'S ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL TALK ON EGYPT; FRANK NELSON & CO.; GOLDSMITH & HOPPE. Last Week JWAN TSCHERNOFF'S UNIQUE CIRCUS TROUPE.
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Valencia Street, between
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The Only Steam Heated Theatre in the City.
Sunday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "Secret Service."
Commencing Monday Evening, March 1st, Elaborate Production of

THE FATAL CARD

A Comedy-Melodrama by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson.
Cast to the Full Strength of the Valencia Stock Company.
Regular Matinees, Wednesday and Sunday, Prices 25c to 50c.
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.

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One Week, Commencing Sunday Matinee, February 28th,
The Gorgeous Musical Extravaganza,

BABES IN TOYLAND

Music by Victor Herbert. Book and Lyrics by Glen MacDonough.
Staged by Julian Mitchell.
Prices: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c $1.00. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c. No Higher.
Next—"Marrying Mary."

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Oakland, Cal.
Direction
H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, March 1st. Every Evening, Matinees Saturday & Sunday.
BISHOP'S PLAYERS.
Offering the famous farce-comedy success,

THE PRINCE OF LIARS

Prices, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c.
Next—"The Walls of Jericho." Soon—"The College Widow."

Auto Notes

"My speedometer shows over 4,800 miles, and I have not had to touch my car during the six months I have owned it," said R. L. Huffman, a well known motorist of this city, who was one of the first purchasers of Chalmers-Detroit cars. "I have toured all over the southern part of the State, including a trip to Yosemite, and have never encountered the word 'trouble.' I think a great deal of the troubles of motorists are due to the owners themselves. An automobile has to be taken care of the same as an animal, only it is not as expensive. With the minimum amount of precaution and care, an automobile, such as mine for instance, will not cause a motorist any trouble or expense year in or year out. The average owner of an automobile is better off without any tools to work with. Then he cannot monkey around the car, taking it apart and never putting it back properly. That is the main cause of my success. I simply give my car plenty of oil and let her go."

Record breaking deliveries of Studebaker E-M-F "30," cars are being made by the Studebaker Bros.' Company of California. Yesterday J. F. Chadbourne of Irvington, Cal., took delivery of his car and being an expert driver himself took the machine for a spin around this city and was so pleased with the splendid behavior of the new Studebaker that he drove from here down to his home town from which point he phoned the Studebaker people a few hours later, saying he had arrived safely and that the car was already attracting the populace. Other cars delivered yesterday by the Studebaker company were: San Jose Implement Company of San Jose, Rosenthal-Kutner Company of Madera, W. H. Ward of Fort Bragg, C. A. Yordi of Cloverdale and Francis Underhill of Santa Barbara.

Going over a steep hill at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, suddenly going into a mud hole over the front wheels, was the experience of Jean Bemb, the expert from the Chalmers-Detroit factory, who made a trip last week with a party of friends over the road in Marin County. "With J. L. Ray and three others we started out for a tour of the country," said Bemb. "I was driving Ray's Chalmers-Detroit car, and was hitting up a clip of about twenty-five miles an hour over one of the grades, when on crossing the summit, I saw a hole across the road and although I threw on the brakes and shut off the power, we were so close to the hole our car plunged to the top of the wheels in about two seconds. After an hour's strenuous work by all of the party, we again got the car on the dry ground. Of all the roads in the country, those in Marin County are certainly the worst I have encountered. I would advise all motorists to drive over them with care."

Through snow and mud, over ice and rough roads, Harry Hall White of the Studebaker E-M-F "30" factory at Detroit, Mich., has just established a new record in motordom in Utah by crossing the State in the dead of winter in one of the new Studebaker E-M-F "30" cars. The route which White and his two companions followed took them through some treacherous canyons and in some instances he was compelled to drive for miles over the ties of the railroad tracks. Despite the heavy obstacles against which the car was pitted it came out almost "without a scratch," so to speak, as there was never a moment's time lost on the run with engine trouble or with tire trouble. Besides the run was made in the shortest time that an automobile ever crossed the Mormon State.

The Howard Auto. Company delivered last Saturday to Mr. W. N. McCaw of the White House one of their '09 40 horsepower touring cars. This machine is equipped with a delivery body, and is to be used by the White House for making quick deliveries. This is probably the finest and most expensive delivery car in the city.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson is just in receipt of advice that the Diamond Tires lead in the Chicago show as they did in the combined shows of New York. In the Chicago the Diamonds equipped 24 7-10 per cent of all the cars with pneumatic tires, which was 20 per cent more than the second highest make; in other words, there were 79½ sets of Diamond Tires on 321 cars. Fourteen other makes of tires divided the remainder. Diamond Tire popularity was also shown in the Philadephia show where they equipped 36 cars out of 152, fourteen makes dividing the remainder. In the Cincinnati show 22 of the 63 cars were equipped with Diamonds, eleven cars being equipped with the nearest competing makes. Nine other makes divided the remainder.

Three Golden Gate avenue hills on the high speed with five people in the cars is the unusual stunt of the 20 horsepower baby Oldsmobile. This feat, which only the best of the higher powered cars do, is considered remarkable by the local motorists and chauffeurs. The fact that the car is light and compact is one of the advantages necessary for such unusual hill climbing ability. "I did not think the car would do it," said C. R. Parmenter, demonstrator for the Pioneer Automobile Company, in speaking of the stunt. "I had to slow down before hitting the first hill at Steiner street, but she went up and gaining momentum on the level block between Pierce and Scott streets, we shot up to and over Devisadero street and on up to Broderick without having to touch the throttle. It is certainly a remarkable climb for a low power car."

Rudolph Barth, watchmaker and jeweler, now permanently located at 36 Kearny street.

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Much the Best Place to Get Fine Things to Eat and Listen to Choice Music at Popular Prices.

Letters

A Volume of Quotations

Volumes made up of quotations selected with reference to their application seem to grow in popularity, and the established habit of careful readers—that of transcribing the thoughts and ideas which make a special appeal to them, is so well known that the compilers of these various collections are but supplying a staple demand. They are always appropriate and never untimely and one has but to decide on the virtue or grace desired and then make choice. Mary Aylette Ayer, who is already well known as the editor of a number of these favorite compilations, offers now "Keep up Your Courage," the selections having in mind the inspiration of persistence and will to accomplish all things. An appropriate gift book, especially for the young, published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

The Philosophy of Love

"One Immortality," H. Fielding Hall's new novel is quite as much a philosophy as it is a romance. The whole action, if we may use the term where the field was so restricted as to make any action next to impossible, took place on board a steamer making a slow passage from Venice to India. "There are three loves that make and keep the world—the love that binds man and woman into one flesh and soul, the love that draws families into nations, the love that holds the world to God. Each love is justified in its own immortality," and though this story concerns itself with the first love, it is not confined entirely to that one view of the great passion. Amongst the passengers and in their relation to each other and to the world there is exemplified in some degree every phase of love and love making. There are the Holmans, man and wife, an ideally happy couple with two young children. Holman is a soldier. His wife has the art and wisdom to keep her hand off his purely masculine and official affairs, and he likewise recognizes his limitations and allows her supremacy in her own field. In direct contrast to them are the Grahams. Mrs. Graham, worth money of her own, dominating and masterful prevailed upon her husband to resign his commission. He was a soldier, happy in his profession, good for nothing outside of it and dissatisfied with himself for having given in to Mrs. Graham's dictation, while she was equally discontented because he did not accomplish the impossible and make fame and fortune in some other profession. The result was discord and discomfort, for the women sympathized with the wife while the men saw the other side of the shield. The inevitable and only end came when Graham, worn out by the constant nagging and the discomforts of the voyage, deserted at Aden and cast in his lot with an old German professor on his way to East Africa in search of botanical specimens—in some sort—a return to the life of adventure which was the only life. Holt and Warden were two unmarried men potential suitors for the hand of Miss Ormond, a cousin of Mrs. Holman's. Warden soon concluded that his regiment was his only love and stepped aside for his friend Holt, who really did not want to fall in love, but found resistance vain. Miss Ormond was a very modern type of girlhood. She had been brought up in the belief that marriage was the true and only aim of women and she resented it. She was in the transition stage when she might have become an obstreperous suffragette if a sense of public decency would not have restained her. She was more or less imbued with the ideas of independence, careers, and all the modern notions. In contrast to her was an Indian girl who had spent three years in Europe and now was returning to her native land. She, too, was a singular mixture of the occidental and oriental, the east overlaid with a veneer of west, and it is an interesting study to watch how the west was laid aside as she neared her east. The "Princess," too, had two potential lovers—a Dane and an Italian—rechristened Hamlet and Othello by their fellow voyagers. They were each infatuated by the romance and mystery of the girl, and thought themselves in love even, to such a pitch of jealousy as to fight a duel only then to discover that neither of them cared as much for her as for each other. Besides these there was a group of German girls on their way to the far east to be married to missionaries whom they had never seen, in order to enter the missionary field as their assistants, and another group of Catholic sisters vowed to celebacy in the pursuit of their religious calling. Miss Ormond and Mr. Holt are the characters who occupy the main foreground. Neither is desirous to be won, but both are in the grasp of the inevitable. She occupies a middle place, between the Indian girl, who upholds her country's system of infant marriages, and the nuns who discourage her in her tentative suggestions that she shall join their order and so escape what she has taught herself to rebel against—submission to a man in a world ordered for and by men. Apart from all these an interested and often an amused on-looker is the old German professor who whiles away his time by writing a review of a book on primitive marriages—and making his comments from his observations on the various dramas played out under his vision by his fellow voyagers. "One Immortality" is not to be confused with the innumerable romances of steamer flirtations, usually the frothiest of light reading. There is much more between its covers than a relation of the vicissities of courtship of a pair of foreordained lovers. Some of the purely descriptive passages could stand alone without their context and the moral, for in spite of the disinclination for the old-fashioned term, books still have morals of some sort, is the wholesome one that marriage is not a state to be suddenly entered into as one steps from one room to the next and closes a door between, but a growth and an evolution, and that this is neither a man's world nor a woman's, but the world of both in which they should strive not each to overstep and surpass the other, but to work in harmony, each in his own part of the field, looking not to the blended result. Published by the Macmillan Co.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13477.

EDWARD FRANCIS McKITTRICK, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Edward Francis McKittrick, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and county, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Street and running thence Northerly along said line of Folsom Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said Easterly line of Folsom Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Mission Block Number 54.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTEN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco. 1-9-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SHANNON DOUGLAS NOE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of SHANNON DOUGLAS NOE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of G. Clark, Room 317, New Post Office Building, corner Seventh and Mission Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selectes as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SHANNON DOUGLAS NOE, deceased.

J. H. MITCHELL,
Administrator of the estate of Shannon Douglas Noe, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1909.

G. CLARK, Attorney for Administrator,
New Post Office Building. 7th and Mission Streets. San Francisco. 2-27-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4065 N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of DENNIS McCARTHY, Jr., an insane Person.

Central Trust Company of California, a corporation, guardian of the estate of DENNIS McCARTHY, Jr., an insane person, having presented to the Court its verified petition for an order of sale of certain real and personal property belonging to said insane person, setting forth the condition of the estate of said insane person, and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity and expediency of such sale, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the said insane person that all of the real estate of said insane person, to wit, the real property hereinbelow described, and certain parts of the personal estate of said insane person, should be sold, and said petition having been by the Court ordered to be filed, and having been filed herein,

Now, therefore, it is ordered that the next of kin of said insane person, and all persons interested in the said estate, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before the Court, at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Thursday, the 25th day of March, 1909, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real and personal estate;

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three (3) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed in the said City and County of San Francisco.

The following is a description of the real estate hereinabove referred to and of which a sale has been petitioned for as aforesaid:

All those certain pieces, parcels and lots of land situate, lying and being in the City of Vallejo, County of Solano, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Lots No. fourteen (14), fifteen (15) and sixteen (16) in Block No. four hundred and forty-four (444) of said City of Vallejo, forming one tract of land lying on the southwest corner of Alabama Street and Sutter Street, fronting about 150 feet on Alabama Street and 130 feet on Sutter Street.

Dated, February 19, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

BISHOP & HOEFLER, Attorneys for Guardian,
363 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-4



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13834.

DENNIS J. HORGAN, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Dennis J. Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Scott street, distant thereon northerly from the northerly line of Haight street one hundred and thirteen (113) feet and six (6) inches; thence running northerly along said easterly line of Scott street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the easterly line of Scott street and the point of commencement. Being a part of the Western Addition Block number four hundred and thirty-nine (439), and also right of way over passage extending the length of the above described property and a width of those three (3) feet six (6) inches on the South of the same.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff: The German Savings and Loan Society, whose address is No. 526 California street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2490. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE G. RUNDLE, Deceased.

Hannah C. Rundle, administratrix of the estate of George G. Rundle, deceased, having filed her verified petition herein for an order of sale of the real property of said estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and in the County of San Bernardino, and it satisfactorily appearing to me from such petition that it is necessary, and it would be for the benefit, advantage and best interests of the estate of said deceased and those interested therein, to sell the whole, or some portion, of the said real estate to pay the debts outstanding against the decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration of said estate, as in said petition set forth:

It is therefore ordered that said petition be set for hearing by said court on Monday, the 15th day of March, A. D. 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Superior Court, in Department Ten (10) thereof, in room number 603 of the Grant Building, situate at the southeast corner of Market and Seventh streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the above-named Superior Court at said time and place then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell said real property of said estate described in said petition, or as much thereof as may be necessary, for the purposes hereinbefore and in said petition stated.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published weekly in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, February 6th, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

AITKEN & AITKEN, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Monadnock Building, Rooms 997-998-978-982, San Francisco. 2-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIA NICOLAS, formerly known as MARIA GONSOLIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Charles Carpy, Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the estate of MARIA NICOLAS, formerly known as MARIA GONSOLIN, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of P. A. Bergerot, Esq., Room 505, No. 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said MARIA NICOLAS, formerly known as MARIA GONSOLIN, deceased.

CHARLES CARPY,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Maria Nicolas, formerly known as Maria Gonsolin, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1909.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Administrator, with the Will annexed,
Room 505, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN MARIE BOYER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Joseph Palacin, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JEAN MARIE BOYER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of P. A. Bergerot, Esq., Room 505, No. 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said JEAN MARIE BOYER, deceased.

JOSEPH PALACIN,
Executor of the Last Will of Jean Marie Boyer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1909.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Executor,
Room 505, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2133. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of RANDOLPH WILSON SMITH, and ROBERTA GENEVIEVE SMITH, Minors.

EMILY MAY SMITH, guardian of the estate of the above named minors, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order directing the sale of certain real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and more particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and will be beneficial to said minors, and each of them, and to their respective estates, that said real property should be sold, and good cause appearing:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors and each of them, and all persons interested in their or either of their estates, appear before the above entitled court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situated on the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 2nd day of March, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property; and

It is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks next preceding said day, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, January 30th, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

W. H. ORRICK, Attorney for Guardian,
617 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-4

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 13512.

MARY A. DALY, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY A. DALY, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this SUMMONS, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Parcel Number One. Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-three (63) feet nine (9) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Jackson Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five feet (25) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 497.

Parcel Number Two. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Clay Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Devisadero Street, and running thence Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Clay Street twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-eight (28) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 463.

Parcel Number Three. Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of Bush and Powell Streets; running thence Easterly along the Southerly line of Bush Street forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Powell Street; and thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Powell Street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot Number 314.

Parcel Number Four. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Folsom Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety (190) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Place; running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Folsom Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Folsom Street, and the point of commencement. Being Lot Number 32, as per Kingston's Map of Lots Numbers 148 to 153, Precita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, July 20, 1865, and recorded in Map-Book E and F of Maps, at page 29.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: A. TURTURICI and E. TURTURICI, residing at ————, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have and claim an interest in Parcel Number Four of the land in said Complaint and hereinabove described, under a certain Agreement of Sale.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Bldg., 870 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRI HOURCADE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Henri Hourcade, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as place of business in all matters connected with said estate of [illegible]

PAULINE HOURCADE,
Administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Henri Hourcade, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix with the Will annexed,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13833.

MARY HORGAN, a Widow, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Liens Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mary Horgan, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the Court of the above entitled City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Fulton street, distant thereon one hundred and forty-six (146) feet ten and one-half inches (10½) inches westerly from the intersection of the westerly line of Baker street with the northerly line of Fulton street, and then running thence westerly along the said line of Fulton street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the northerly line of Fulton street and point of commencement. Being Block No. 592, a portion of the Western Addition.

You are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: For a judgment of said Court as follows:

1st. Ascertaining and determining all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd. Establishing the title of plaintiff to said real property and determining all adverse claims thereto, and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in severalty and in fee simple absolute of said real property and every part thereof.

3rd. For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem proper and for costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of January, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 23d day of January. A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said real property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is on the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister streets, San Francisco, California.

JOSEPH H. TAM, Attorney for Plaintiff,
511 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7042, New Series. Dept. Nine. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE BASTIAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned William Bastian, Executor of the last will and testament of the above named George Bastian, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909), to the said William Bastian, executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, deceased, at the office of his attorney, John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said George Bastian, deceased.

WILLIAM BASTIAN,
Executor of the last will and testament of said George Bastian, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said Executor,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 5103, N. S. Dept. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an Incompetent Person.

CATHERINE COLE, guardian of the person and estate of JOHN M. COLE, Jr., an incompetent person, having presented her petition herein duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said incompetent, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that the next of kin of said incompetent person, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 2nd day of March, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted directing, empowering, and authorizing the said guardian to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said incompetent person as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 29th day of January, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 29, 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk 2-6-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7058, New Series. Department Ten.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH CHAPMAN DYAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS, Administrator of the estate of Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 6th day of February, 1909), to the said Edwin Joseph Dyas, administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased, at the office of of his attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, Number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, deceased.

EDWIN JOSEPH DYAS,
Administrator of the estate of said Joseph Chapman Dyas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 6th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administrator, Room 1255 Flood Bldg., S. F. 2-6-5

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. 10—No. 20497.

ANNA D. ROLLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALVA AARON and M. CLIFFORD AARON, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Alva Aaron and M. Clifford Aaron, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 1-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 20725.

ADELE RAYNAL, Plaintiff,

vs.

HENRI RAYNAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Henri Raynal, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfull desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of January, A. D. 1209.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-16-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THERESA FRAPOLLI, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last Will and Testament of THERESA FRAPOLLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of THERESA FRAPOLLI, deceased

FRANK FRAPOLLI,

MADELAINE FRAPOLLI,

Executor and Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Theresa Frapolli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executors, 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

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